

**Pocatello Public
Library**

Class 150 **Book** 278
v. 119

Accession 5580

DAVID O. MCKAY
LIBRARY

AUG 19 2003

BYU-IDAHO



Digitized by the Internet Archive
in 2014

<https://archive.org/details/harpersnew119various>

HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOLUME CXIX.

JUNE, 1909, TO NOVEMBER, 1909



NEW YORK AND LONDON
HARPER & BROTHERS PUBLISHERS
1909

CONTENTS OF VOLUME CXIX

JUNE—NOVEMBER, 1909

Along the Great Wall of China.
William Edgar Geil, F.R.G.S.
254, 341, 562

Illustrated with Photographs.

Alternative, The. A Story.
Gwendolen Overton. 755
Illustrations by Will Foster.

Antitoxin for Fatigue, An.
F. W. Eastman. 897

"Antony and Cleopatra."
James Douglas. 583
Illustrations by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

Apple Tree Cottage, The. A Story.
Elinor Macartney Lane. 352
Illustrations by Frank Craig.

Art of Frank W. Benson, The.
Charles H. Caffin. 105
With Reproductions in Sepia of Paintings by Mr. Benson.

Auction, The. A Story...Alice Brown. 19
Illustrations by S. M. Chase.

Aurélie. A Story.
Arthur Sherburne Hardy. 383
Illustrations in Color and Tint by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Autumn Fan, The. A Story.
Georg Schock. 903
Illustrations by Harry Townsend.

Barga.....Mary Heaton Vorse. 599
Etchings in Tint by B. J. O. Nordfeldt.

Body with the Sequins, The.
Marie Van Vorst. 264
Illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens.

Burning of Babel, The. A Story.
Una L. Silberrad. 764
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Castle on the Dunes, The. A Story.
Josephine Daskam Bacon. 531
Paintings in Color by Howard Pyle.

Charles Dickens in Genoa.
Deshler Welch. 374
Illustrated with Photographs.

Chief Operator, The. A Story.
Elizabeth Stuart Phelps. 300
Illustrations by F. E. Schoonover.

Children, The. A Story.
Josephine Daskam Bacon. 327
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Chinago, The. A Story...Jack London. 233

Crapy Cornelia. A Story. Henry James. 690

Danube, The.....Marie Van Vorst. 29
Illustrations by André Castaigne.

"Dorinda Dares." A Story.
Marjorie Bowen. 180
Paintings in Color by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Dulcimore, The. A Story.
Emma Bell Miles. 949
Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton.

Editor's Drawer.
155, 317, 479, 641, 803, 965

INTRODUCTORY STORIES

"The dressmaker in the House," by Carolyn Wells (illustrations by May Wilson Preston), 155; "Captain Parkinson's Ghost Cure," by Clarence B. Kelland (illustrations by Peter Newell), 317; "Diversions of the Re-Echo Club," by Carolyn Wells (illustrations by Strothmann), 479; "The Crating of Edna's Hat," by J. D. Whitney (illustrations by W. Sherman Potts), 641; "A Little Black Sheep," by George Weston (illustrations by Peter Newell), 803; "Beverly's Protective Mechanical Goat," by Thomas A. Janvier (illustrations by Strothmann), 965.

Editor's Easy Chair....W. D. Howells.
147, 309, 473, 633, 795, 957

Editor's Study.....The Editor.
151, 313, 476, 637, 799, 961

Exiles, The. A Story..Elsie Singmaster. 666
Illustrations by F. E. Schoonover.

Exploring the Glaciers of the Himalayas.
Fanny Bullock Workman, F.R.S.G.S.
Officer of Public Instruction, France. 651
Illustrated with Photographs.

Fakir, The. A Story.....Mary Austin. 556

Fear of Death, The....E. L. Keyes, M.D. 208

Getting the Traffic Through.
Edward Hungerford. 876
Illustrations by Thornton Oakley.

Gout, The. A Story.
Margarita Spalding Gerry. 735
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green.

Higgins—A Man's Christian.
Norman Duncan. 165
Illustrations by Lawren S. Harris.

House Surgeon, The. A Story in Two Parts.—Part I.....Rudyard Kipling. 489
Part II.....720
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor.

- How Animals Find Their Way Home.
John B. Watson, Professor of Comparative and Experimental Psychology, Johns Hopkins University. 685
- Incubus, The. A Story. Johnson Morton. 245
Illustrations by Will Foster.
- Inner Shrine, The. A Novel. (Concluded.) 70
Illustrations by Frank Craig.
- In the Earth Beneath.
William Gilmore Beymer. 774
Illustrations by Denman Fink.
- Into the Unknown Land of the Onas.
Charles W. Furlong, F.R.G.S. 443
Illustrations by the Author.
- "I Wish I Were Bretherton." A Story.
Justus Miles Forman. 138
Illustrations by M. Leone Bracker.
- Lamb That Mary Had, The. A Story.
Margaret Cameron and Eva Cannon Brooks 427
Illustrations by W. D. Stevens.
- Landegon. William Gilmore Beymer. 854
Illustrations in Color by Howard Pyle.
- Little Dress with the Blue Ribbons, The.
A Story... Margarita Spalding Gerry. 590
- Little Romance, The. A Tale out of Season..... Norman Duncan. 841
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
- London Society in the Sixties.
Lady St. Helier. 833
Illustrated with Portraits.
- Lydia. A Story. Olivia Howard Dunbar. 60
Illustrations by Alice Barber Stephens.
- Man in the Cloister, The. A Story.
Alice Brown. 786
Illustrations by J. A. Williams.
- Man on the Hilltop, The. A Story.
Irving Bacheller. 370
Illustration by W. Herbert Dunton.
- Martin Van Buren, Diplomat.
Montgomery Blair. 274
- Mermaid Club, The. Edmund Gosse. 189
Illustrated with Reproductions of Old Prints.
- Mother. A Story..... Alice Brown. 465
Illustrations by Marion Powers.
- "Music Room, The." By James McNeill Whistler. Comment by W. Stanton Howard 424
Engraved on Wood from the Original Painting by Henry Wolf.
- "Neighbors." A Story.. Marie Manning. 282
Illustrations by Oliver Kemp.
- New York—City of Romance.
Harrison Rhodes. 914
Illustrated with Etchings by Joseph Pennell, and Photographs in Tint.
- Offence of Stephen Danesford. The. A Story..... R. E. Vernède. 942
Illustrations by Will Foster.
- Old Edinburgh. Archibald Henderson. 705
Illustrated with Photographs in Tint by Alvin L. Coburn.
- Older Siam, The.
Charles S. Braddock, Jr., M.D. 933
Illustrated with Photographs by H.R.H. Prince Damrong.
- Optimist? An—Why Not?
Edward S. Martin. 364
- Other Fellows, The. A Story.
Roy Rolfe Gilson. 43
Illustrations by W. V. Cahill.
- Other Way, The. A Story.
Justus Miles Forman. 624
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
- Our Coastwise Caravans. W. J. Aylward. 393
Illustrations by the Author.
- Portrait of a Lady, by Francisco de Zurbaran. Comment by W. Stanton Howard 888
Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting.
- Queer Folk of the Maine Coast, The.
Holman Day. 521
Illustrated with Photographs by Frederick Thompson.
- Raid of the Guerilla, The. A Story.
Charles Egbert Craddock. 196
Illustrations by W. Herbert Dunton.
- Resignation. A Story.
Muriel Campbell Dyar. 213
Illustrations by Harry Townsend.
- Rowand. William Gilmore Beymer. 3
Paintings in Color by Howard Pyle, and Photographs.
- Ruinous Face, The. A Story.
Maurice Hewlett. 456
- Second Chance, The. A Story.
James Branch Cabell. 679
Painting in Color by Howard Pyle.
- Secret Chambers. A Story.
Mrs. Wilson Woodrow. 95
Illustrations by Will H. Foster.
- Shipyard, The. Thornton Oakley. 52
Illustrations by the Author.
- Simplicity of English, The.
James Champlin Fernald. 618
- Sleepyhead. A Story.
Muriel Campbell Dyar. 611
Illustrations by H. E. Townsend.
- Soldier of Delhi, A.. Robert Shackleton. 673
Illustrated with Photograph.
- Son of Martha, A. A Story.
G. B. Lancaster. 115
- Southernmost People of the World, The.
Charles W. Furlong, F.R.G.S. 126
Illustrated with Photographs, Drawings, and a Map.

- State Insurance of Germany, The.
Madge C. Jenison. 727
- Stolen Mirror, The. A Story.
Richard Le Gallienne. 83
Illustration by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
- Suitable Child, The. A Story.
Norman Duncan. 511
Illustrations by Elizabeth Shippen Green.
- "Titus Andronicus"....William Sharp. 747
Illustration by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.
- Triumphs of Bird Protection.
Herbert K. Job. 290
Illustrated with Photographs.
- Trix and Over-the-Moon. A Story in
Two Parts.—Part I....Amélie Rives
(Princess Troubetzkoy)..... 407
Part II..... 540
Illustrations by F. Walter Taylor.
- True Hero, A. Melodrama.
W. D. Howells. 866
Illustrations by Lucius W. Hitchcock.
- Two Little English Episodes.
William Dean Howells. 241
- Venetian Beads, The. A Story.
Jennette Lee. 573
Illustrations by Marion Powers.
- Wardour Street English.
Thomas R. Lounsbury, Emeritus Pro-
fessor of English, Yale University. 87
- Weaving of the Bridge, The.
Edward Hungerford. 221
Illustrations in Tint by Thornton Oakley.
- When the Gods Sneer. A Story.
Leo Crane. 926
- Wild France.....André Castaigne. 813
Illustrations by the Author.
- "Williams, C.S.A."
William Gilmore Beymer. 498
Illustrated with Photographs and a
Painting in Color by Howard Pyle.
- Winning Lady, The. A Story.
Mary E. Wilkins Freeman. 823
Illustrations by S. M. Chase.
- Youth. A Story.....Keene Abbott. 889
Illustrations by Howard E. Smith.

POETRY

- Aftermath.....Charles Buxton Going. 406
- All in the Bud and Bloom o' the Year.
Sarah Piatt. 726
- All Loves in One.....Julia C. R. Dorr. 932
- By This I Know.
Mildred McNeal Sweeney. 941
- Dead Folk, The..Fannie Stearns Davis. 28
- Detachment.....Ellen M. H. Gates. 754
- Dove's Nest.....Joseph Russell Taylor. 382
- Earth Has Her Blossoms.
Florence Earle Coates. 589
- Flower and the Leaf, The.
Rosamund Marriott Watson. 392
- Friends With the World.
Edith M. Thomas. 957
- Gargoyle....Mary Norsworthy Shepard. 822
- Greatest of These, The..Georgia Davies. 763
- Hills of Rest, The..Albert Bigelow Paine. 719
- I Gave My Grief to Winter.
Charlotte Louise Rudyard. 94
- Last Days, The.....Ellen M. H. Gates. 82
- Life-Mask, The..Margaret Root Garvin. 114
- Lines for a Sun-Dial...H. M. Stegman. 18
- Leave-Taking....Florence Earle Coates. 373
- Losses.....Ellen M. H. Gates. 340
- Night-Born.....John B. Tabb. 610
- Playmates.....Joseph Russell Taylor. 689
- Pool, The...Mary Norsworthy Shepard. 734
- Poplars, The.....Louise Morgan Sill. 865
- Room!.....Ellen M. H. Gates. 497
- Sea-Born, The...Charles Buxton Going. 785
- Snows of Yesterday.
Rosamund Marriott Watson. 925
- Song.....Sara Teasdale.
363, 582
- Sunlight.....Joseph Russell Taylor. 598
- Surprise, The.
Mary Norsworthy Shepard. 86
- Tides.....John B. Tabb. 244
- Transmigrant.....Alice Brown. 220
- When Old Age Comes..Burgess Johnson. 426
- Wild Wishes.....Ethel M. Hewitt. 232
- Youth of the Year.
Mary Norsworthy Shepard. 240



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "Rowand"

SHERIDAN'S FIRST INTERVIEW WITH ROWAND

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIX

JUNE, 1909

No. DCCIX

Rowand

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

Every chapter in the history of our Civil War has been told—save one—and full measure of tribute has been paid to all who wrought great deeds—save to one little, now well-nigh forgotten group of men who of necessity did their work alone and obscurely, the men who, unhonored and unsung, dared greatly in the face of ignominious death—the spies and scouts and men of the Secret Service.

For more than a year Mr. Beymer has been engaged in gathering from original sources the true stories of the daring deeds of these men. His story of Rowand, and others which will appear later, will form a most fascinating and important addition to the records of American heroism.

To Major H. H. Young, of my staff, chief of scouts, and the thirty or forty men of his command, who took their lives in their hands, cheerfully going wherever ordered, to obtain that great essential of success, information, I tender my gratitude. Ten of these men were lost.—*From General Philip H. Sheridan's report of the expedition from Winchester to Petersburg, Virginia. February 27—March 28, 1865. Official Records, Vol. 46: 1: 481.*

“THIRTY or forty men, of whom ten were lost.” It was not chance which worded that phrase. Sheridan has chosen his words well. Of the ten, no one of them died as do men in battles; two were found by their comrades hanging by their own halter-straps; several more died like trapped animals, fighting desperately, at bay. And the others—never returned. Until the Great Book opens it will never be known where, or how, they died; they never returned, that is all. Of the ten, not a man was wearing the uniform of the country for which he died.

How many more went down in the re-

maining twelve days of the war I do not know; those twelve savage days that saw Five Forks and Sailor's Creek, Dinwiddie Court House, Deep Creek, Farmville and Appomattox Station and the Court House; those days when the scouts worked night and day, and were in their own lines only long enough to give “information.”

To-day, of all that brave band to whom Philip Henry Sheridan tendered his gratitude, there remain but three—Sergeant McCabe, “Sonny” Chrisman, and Rowand. This is the story, in part, of Archie Rowand—“Barefoot” Rowand of “the Valley,” one of the two scouts for whom Sheridan himself asked that greatest distinction the nation can give a soldier—the little bronze star on whose reverse is read:

“The Congress — to — Archibald H. Rowand, Jr.—FOR VALOR.”

When the dusk of the winter day had fallen, and we had thrown away our cigars, when the story—such a small part

of which I may retell here—was done, I asked two questions:

“Should war come now, would there be found men who could do as you have done?”

“Yes,” he said, and the answer came grimly, “if they begin as young as I began, and have no better sense.”

And, “Why did you ever begin?”

“It was as I told you—Company K had been on detached service—scout duty—for some time. When the company was drawn up in line, and the Captain called for volunteers for ‘extra, dangerous duty,’ I looked at Ike Harris and Ike looked at me, and then we both stepped forward. They took us to headquarters and gave us two rebel uniforms—and we wished we had not come.”

“But why did you volunteer?”

He peered at me over his glasses. “I don’t know! We were boys—wanted to know what was the ‘extra, dangerous duty,’ and”—chuckling to himself at a hidden recollection—“when we found out, we hadn’t the face to back down.” And that’s how it all began.

This, you must know, is not the story of a spy, but, gray clothes and all, of a *scout*! The point was rather insisted upon.

“This,” he said, “is what I would say is the difference between a scout and a spy: The regular spy was a man who generally remained inside the enemy’s lines, and was not supposed to fight except in self-defence.” (And, let me add, was usually a civilian.) “We scouts were men who dressed in the enemy’s uniform in order to deceive their pickets and capture them so that the main body could be surprised. Or, we would ride up to a Southern citizen, man or woman, for information, and since we were dressed in the Confederate uniform they would tell us everything they knew. Of course, under strict military law, we were subject to the penalty of spies if taken within the enemy’s lines.”

It was in the fall of ’62 that Rowand and Ike Harris had looked into each other’s eyes, discovered that they were of one mind, and had stepped forward—into the gray uniform. Since July 17th of that year Rowand had been with Company K of the First West Virginia Cavalry, under General Milroy. He had

come to the cavalry from a Pennsylvania infantry regiment, which—he all but whispered it, lest Disgrace should find him out—was “not much better than a home guard,” and where “the musket was too heavy to tote.” But the cavalry just suited him, and in the rough scouting through rugged West Virginia he grew from the stoop-shouldered, cough-racked railroad clerk into the tireless young daredevil who would volunteer for extra dangerous duty just to see what was extra dangerous about it.

“It was exciting,” he said.

It must have been! With each day of service in the ranks of the scouts, danger became more imminent; the chances increased of meeting again some party of rebels with whom previous lies and explanations would not tally with present movements. Also, in the Federal army there were sure to be Southern spies whose business it was to report descriptions of the scouts, and, if possible, their movements; within the rebel lines recognition because of these descriptions might take place at any moment. That meant death by the noose, or, at best, to be shot down in a last-stand fight. Rowand tells how a man rode into their lines at Salem and claimed to be one of Averell’s scouts. He was recognized as being a particularly dangerous rebel spy, and they shot him where he stood, without even the formality of a drumhead court martial.

And then there was the danger of meeting death at the hands of their own men. It happened not once, but many times, that, discovered and hard pressed by the enemy, the scouts in their gray uniforms rode for their lives for the safety of the Union lines, only to be met by the murderous volley of their own mistaken pickets. But, it was exciting!

As compensation they had freedom and privileges beyond those of any men in the army. For them there were no camp drudgeries, no guard or picket duty; their courage and their duties bought them immunity from camp discipline; and their quarters, where they all lived together, were the best that could be obtained in the field. Each man was entitled to keep four horses—the pick of the command. In their scoutings through the countryside they lived on the best

that the land afforded; in those parts nothing was too good for the "boys in gray," and the gulled Confederate sympathizers fed them like wedding-guests.

Then there was the money, good gold—no less. They were paid in proportion to the value of the information they brought in and the services they performed; expense money was portioned out with a prodigal hand from the Secret Service chest. They were the Aristocracy of the Army! But most of all they risked their necks because it was exciting.

Training came chiefly from dear-bought experience, except that given them by "Old Clayton," one of the scouts who had come with General Frémont from the West. He conceived a great fancy for "the boys," and gave them a deal of advice and instruction. There was one thing that even old Clayton could not give Rowand—Rowand's command of the Southern manner of speech. The years spent at Greenville, South Carolina, as a child of from two to seven, stuck the speech to his tongue—so that not even the next ten years in Pittsburg could entirely efface the mark of the South, and now, with the need, he slipped easily back into the tongue that seemed to identify him with the gray; it was too obviously un-assumed not to deceive. To this, Rowand attributes his great success as a scout.

Courage, too, must have had something to do with it! It was Rowand and Ike Harris who carried General Milroy's despatches to Halls town, West Virginia. They were discovered and recognized as

couriers the moment they left the Union lines, and a rebel battery turned its entire fire on them in an effort to check the message known to be for help; theirs was a wild ride under the bursting shells.

It was Rowand who, in the Winchester battle the next week, rode General Milroy's wounded and hobbling horse across the battle-field, and brought back the great white charger of the General. In that same fierce fight the man on either side of him was killed, and Ike, poor Ike Harris—that was his last battle. He was killed soon afterward. The Confederates, Lee's advance, brushed aside and scattered Milroy's little command, and swept on unchecked till rolled back from the high-water mark of the Northern field of Gettysburg. Rowand was back in his regiment, but Custer needed scouts, and Rowand was chosen. And there he



ROWAND IN HIS CONFEDERATE UNIFORM

proved that he possessed the great qualification of the born scout—the illusive seventh sense. He had been in the locality but once before, and at that in the confusion of a fight at Piedmont Station, yet he established a "V" of couriers through nineteen miles of a country cross-hatched by innumerable byways, and reported them placed that same dark night. That was no small achievement.

But it was in "the Valley" (the Shenandoah) that he felt at home, and he was glad when he was ordered back there to report to General Averell in the fall.

"Nothing much happened to me that

winter," he said. (I wonder what really did!) "So I'm going to tell you about the second Salem raid in the next spring.

"To begin with, I hanged a man. It was this way: On the first Salem raid a citizen named Creigh had, with an axe, killed a Union soldier and thrown his body into a well. The scouts now discovered this; Creigh was captured, tried by a drumhead court martial, and sentenced to be hanged.

"As I was going up to headquarters the next morning I met Captain Jack Crawford, of Averell's staff, who said to me, 'Rowand, you hang the prisoner.' I indignantly told him I would do nothing of the sort—I hadn't enlisted for an executioner. It was the General's order, he told me angrily; and of course that settled it. I sent a couple of the boys for some rope from a bed (have you ever seen the beds of that day?—with an interlacing of rope in lieu of bed-springs), and put the rope around the prisoner's neck, tied the other end to the limb of a tree, mounted him on the scout's wagon, and drove the wagon from under him." He paused; then, more slowly, "I have seen civil executions since, but then I didn't know enough to tie the hands and feet of the condemned."

I hastened to break the silence. "After all, it was the General's order—you could only obey." I spoke in sympathy—if I could see, how much more clear would the sight be to the eyes that had really seen!

He only said: "That was the joke of it! Averell had never mentioned me; it was Crawford's job, and he foisted it off on me.

"Well," he went on, "I was captured that raid—for the first and last time. Four of us were started in the late afternoon, about dark, to get through Breckinridge's lines and bring back General Duffié, whose brigade had been sent to go around Lynchburg. We did not know then that Hunter's scouts had tried to get through and had been driven back. We rode for some hours, and then, about half past ten, spied a light in a house; we rode up and asked for something to eat—offering to pay. There was a woman sitting up with a sick child; she looked at our gray uniforms; then, her eyes shining, 'Pay?' she said. 'I do not charge our boys anything!' The other

two were left outside to watch; Townsend and I went in. The woman gave us bread and cold meat, and milk to drink; we thanked her and went out to take our turn at watching while the others ate. The men were gone. There was a fence about twelve feet from the house, and from behind the fence came the order to surrender; it was very dark, but we could see a dozen heads above the top of the fence and the gleam of the levelled carbines.

"Are you Yanks?' I called.

"No!"

"Oh"—as though relieved. "That's all right, then; we surrender!" They came in and took away our revolvers. Then I remembered that in my pocket there was a pass, naming me as scout and passing me through the Union lines at all times; I managed to get the small pocketbook, and by a flip of my fingers shoot it up my sleeve and hold it in the hollow of my arm. Then they took us into the house and the inquisition began."

As he talked, the memory of that night seemed to grow and brighten till he lived it in the present—yes, and made me live it, too.

"See," he said, getting to his feet and moving swiftly about the room. "Here is the fireplace, a big one, and there is a window—there where that one is; and there another one, and here is the door into the hall—open, and there is one into the next room that is closed. And here am I with the light strong on my face, so that they could see the flicker of an eyelid or the twitch of a muscle, and the captain, with his back to the light, sits facing me, with our chairs close together. Townsend and a scout, close facing too, are over there more in the shadow."

See? Of course I saw: the guards at the windows, dim seen in the night outside; the guards at the door into the big bare hall; behind them, peeping in, the frightened, white-faced woman with the sick child in her arms; and, strong in the glare of the unshaded lamp, the slender boy of eighteen, lounging easily in his chair, fighting coolly and shrewdly for his life—a half-smile on his face, and the damning pass held in the hollow of his arm.

"Townsend and I never even glanced

at each other, but each strained his ears for the other's answers. If we had been examined separately, we would have contradicted each other in something, and—been hung. But we kept our stories straight. Townsend was in grave danger, because he was a deserter from the Confederate General Jenkin's command, and the man who was questioning him was one of Jenkin's scouts; but that very fact saved him, for he was so well posted that he quickly allayed suspicion.

"We were couriers from McCausland—I told the captain—with verbal messages. Why were they not written?—ask McCausland that! As to what the messages were, that was different; they were for General Breckinridge at the Rockfish Gap, and could not be told to any captain met in the road who asked for them. Describe General McCausland? Certainly; and the number of his regiments and the number of guns—(that was easy; I had been in his camp two nights before!)

"The scout examining Townsend called over, 'This man is all right, Captain.' But the captain shook his head over me—he was troubled; something did not ring quite true. 'Where are you from?' he sharply asked. 'Lewis County—West Virginia,' I told him. In Weston? Yes; I know Lawyer Jackson, and old Doc Hoffman, and—Describe them? Sure! (You see, we had been camped there in August and September, '62.)

"'My name is Hoffman,' the captain said. 'Lee Hoffman, of Hampton's Legion.' He was still looking at me with a frown of perplexity, and I laughed in

his face. 'You think I am a deserter?' I asked. 'No, I don't. I don't understand you—you puzzle me. You are a Southerner—you are no Yankee, I am sure of that.' 'Then to make sure what we are, you had better send us under guard to Breckinridge's headquarters.' It was that that shook down his last

doubts. 'I have a letter,' he said, abruptly, 'for General Breckinridge. Take it and get through as quick as you can. Hurry.'

"'Hurry!' I sneered. 'We'll need to!—you've kept us here an hour and a half now.' We took the letter. It is the one found on page 759, vol. xxxvii., of the Official Records; it begins: 'New Fairfield, Va., June 12, '64. 11 P.M. Major-Gen. J. C. Breckinridge. General:—The enemy are now at Lexington, camped; not moving to-day. . . .'

Rowand gleefully gave this letter to General Averell next morning, but

not before he and his companion had again come near to being hanged. They gave up the attempt to reach Duffié, and trusted that their comrades had got through. All the rest of that night they rode by a circuitous route over the mountains to the Lexington and Staunton Pike, and so toward Lexington. At dawn they struck the Union pickets—an Ohio volunteer infantry regiment, by whom they were arrested, haled before the colonel, who would believe nothing except that they were in gray uniform, and who cursed them for spies, and vowed to hang them both within the hour. Rowand demanded to be sent to headquarters; the colonel said he was insolent, and



ISAAC HARRIS

cursed him again. But finally they were sent to Averell—footing it, while their captors rode their horses; and then “somebody else caught ——.”

He told how Jubal Early had defeated them at Lynchburg, and of how, in that awful retreat through a world of mountains to Charleston, he had seen men and horses in the very midst of the army fall down in the road and die of fatigue and starvation.

He told of lying in a clump of bushes on a little hill in Pennsylvania at the edge of ill-starred Chambersburg—he and his partner John Lamis—momentarily expecting Averell at the head of his cavalry to come and save the town. They had sent their companion to tell him to hurry, but still he did not come. Nor did he come all the long, hot July morning, and they lay in the bushes and watched the Confederate cavalymen of McCausland and Bradley Johnson burn and pillage the town.

He told of the nine-day pursuit back into West Virginia, and of how, near Moorefield, the scouts had captured the picket without firing a shot; and of the surprise of the camps at dawn, and the scattering of the commands of Bradley Johnson and McCausland to the four winds.

His face wreathed in smiles and he shook with laughter as he told of the snake and the frog. How he and four other scouts had reconnoitred the enemy near Bunker Hill, and were riding leisurely back to Averell in Maryland; how, as they rode through Hedgesville, he had stopped to chat with a young girl who was an old friend; and then had rejoined his men in a great wood near the Potomac, and there they had found a big blacksnake which had half-swallowed a large bullfrog that was fighting stoutly against taking the road that lay before it. And instantly there was no war, and they were not scouts in an enemy's country in peril of their lives, but they were boys again and it was summer, and here in the cool woods was one of nature's fierce battles—to be wagered on! In a moment they were off their horses, and now they cheered the snake, and now for the frog: Mike Smith held the stakes. He told how there had suddenly flamed a volley from out the wood, and they

had flung themselves on their horses and made a dash out of the ambush—all but Smith; Smith the stakeholder! His horse was down, shot through the side, struggling and thrashing on the ground; Smith ran in silence for the river. And how as he passed he caught Smith by the collar and dragged him across his own big gray horse; then, firing as they rode, they all had dashed for the ford. The disappointed enemy maliciously told the girl in Hedgesville that they had killed the Yank on the big gray horse; and she grieved for many a day.

He told of a lonely duel in the middle of a great, sunny field. There was neither sight nor sound of armies nor of war: only summer sights and sounds—wind in the long grass, and bees; and the great white clouds overhead. And he was going toward the rebel lines, and that other boy was headed for the lines of the Blue. Each knew that the other must not go on; they fired. Of all the memories of those harsh, savage days, the one of most bitter regret is that of the lonely, sunlit field where lay the huddled body of the other boy. They were only boys.

“And now this,” said Rowand, “is the last scouting I did for Averell; it came near being the last that I ever did.”

He told how he and John Lamis had been sent to go around Martinsburg, get in the Confederate rear, and find what cavalry were there. And how as they rode through a wood, believing themselves to be in the rear of the rebel army, there sounded the rebel yell behind them, and the cavalry came charging through. They were swept into the charge against their own men. They yelled as loud as any one, but kept edging out to the flank so as to drop out at the first chance. But they had to keep right on into the town, and as they went charging through, he was next the sidewalk, and a young lady whom he knew—her name was Miss Sue Grimm—stood with her mother at their doorway. She was so surprised to see him in such a place that she called, “Why, Archie Rowand, what are you doing with—”

“Shut up your mouth!” he yelled—he was frightened half to death; had she finished—“with the rebels”—he would not have been with the rebels long; he



Painting by Howard Pyle

A LONELY DUEL IN THE MIDDLE OF A GREAT, SUNNY FIELD

would have been with the angels! But she was too astonished and too angry to say another word, and so he and Lamis got through and joined the Federals a mile and a half north of the town. It took him three months to make peace with that young lady.

Of such stories a score, and I reluctantly pass them by. All that he had done up to this time was but the novitiate of his service.

Then Sheridan came to the Valley. His coming meant much to the nation; it meant much to Rowand, too. It meant the opportunity to do work that was of great value to his flag; it meant such an increase of the dangers and the excitement he loved as to make most of what had gone before seem but playing. For him it meant friendship—almost intimacy—with this greatest of cavalry generals; and a hero worship begun as a boy has continued to this day.

From their first interview Sheridan seemed to take to the boy, perhaps for his very boyishness, perhaps for his audacity and independence of speech, as much as for his cool daring in his work. "I'd like to report to you personally, General, or not at all; if not, please send me to my regiment," he said at that interview. This was because under Averell the scouts reported to Major Howe, who repeated the reports to the general. He got one of Rowand's mixed; as a consequence Averell lost a number of men, and angrily ordered Rowand to his regiment in disgrace. Rowand was able to prove he had reported correctly, and that he *had* reached a certain point (he proved it by the dead body of his comrade who fell at that place). After that he refused to report except to Averell, and his demand was acceded to. He meant to start right with Sheridan.

"I wanted to stay with Averell; begged to stay. He said he was sorry to lose me, but that I would have to go. I went accordingly. I had never seen General Sheridan, never had him described. Averell and Milroy were big men—somehow I expected to find another big man; he was big only in fight. (Sheridan was but five feet five.) He was pointed out to me in front of headquarters, and I went up and saluted. He looked me up and down.

" 'I asked General Averell for his oldest scout,' was all he said.

" 'I am his oldest in point of service—in knowledge of the Valley,' I answered.

" 'How old are you? How long have you served?' he inquired. I was nineteen, I told him, and had scouted for over two years in the Valley. He took me into headquarters and pumped me for an hour and a half; then sent me for four or five good men as 'quick as you can get them.' I got Jack Riley, Dominic Fannin, Jim White, Alvin Stearns, and John Dunn. A scout named James Campbell came to Sheridan from the Army of the Potomac."

These men, and two or three others, seem to have been the nucleus of Sheridan's scouts in the Valley of the Shenandoah—the Secret Service organization which a little later, having been recruited up to forty, under command of Major H. H. Young, became the most efficient, the most noted, in the Federal army.

"Months afterward, General Sheridan asked me what I supposed he saw when I first reported to him: 'Two big brown eyes and a mouth, Rowand; that was all!' I weighed less than a hundred and forty then—you mightn't believe it now—and I was six feet tall. He had that way with us, that easy friendliness; we would have done anything for him. He was a fine man!"

Silence fell; he stared unseeing out the window, musing; the office, and me, and the stenographer with poised pen, I saw he had quite forgot. And I envied him that inner sight of the great dead leader—the chance to live over again in memory his close service with Philip H. Sheridan, the beau-ideal of the war.

Presently he began again, slowly: "General Sheridan was the best officer by all odds that I have served under. He stood by his scouts in everything, and they one and all would have gone to any ends to get for him the information that he desired. He himself gave his orders to us—his 'old' scouts, that is, those of us who were with him before Major Young took command—and he personally received our reports. He was impulsive, but not in the least the rough bully that some writers have tried to make him out. I saw him very angry

only once—and that was at me.” (The chuckle left no doubt as to how it had come out.) “It was on the James River Canal raid, one very dark night just after a storm—it did nothing but storm those days (early March, ’65)—that a party of us scouts found, unguarded, a great warehouse containing about \$300,000 of supplies. We galloped back, and I was sent in to Sheridan to report.

“‘Did you burn them?’ he asked, sternly.

“‘Why, General,’ I said, ‘we did not have orders—’ He was getting madder all the time; and at that he roared: ‘Orders hell! Why didn’t you burn those things—why didn’t you think!’

“It was only a couple of days after that that we ran across more stores. Of course we burned them. When I came to that part of my report about finding the stores he gripped the arms of his chair and, leaning forward, asked, ‘You didn’t burn *those*?’

“‘Yes,’ I said, proudly, ‘I set them on fire.’

“He leaped from his chair and shouted: ‘What in hell did you burn those for! I’m going up that way tomorrow.’ He kind of glared at me for a minute, and then he remembered the last time I had reported to him, and he burst into a big laugh.

“After General Sheridan came to the Valley I made several uneventful trips into the enemy’s lines” (unless he escaped by a hair’s breadth, any trip was “uneventful,” and he could not be got to say much about it). “The night before Cedar Creek, I had got in from a hard trip to Moorefield and Romney; Sheridan was away, and I came back to Scout’s Headquarters and went to sleep. About 2 A.M. or later I was wakened by Dominic Fannin and Alvin Stearns getting in, and damning Crook right and left. They had been sent up the Valley to New Market and Woodstock at the same time I was sent to Romney, and when coming back they fell in with some of Early’s stragglers at Fisher’s Hill, where the enemy was camped, and with them, under cover of night, they had worked their way into the Confederate lines, and discovered that the Federals were about to be flanked in their camp

on the banks of Cedar Creek. With all speed they withdrew from the rebel lines and made for the Union camp. Sheridan was in conference with Halleck in Washington, and so they reported to General Crook, who commanded the Eighth Corps—known as the Army of West Virginia. ‘The enemy will attack at dawn!’ said they. Crook poohpoohed the idea; treated the news very lightly; made them feel like a five-cent shin-plaster, as Fannin said to us at the Scout’s Headquarters.

“‘We’ll be attacked at daylight—you see!’ they grumbled, and then they fell to swearing at Crook again, and wishing Sheridan had received their report. They made such a fuss that I said, finally: ‘Lie down, you two fools, and let me sleep. If Crook can stand it, we ought to!’ And I fell asleep.”

In the light of what followed it is not surprising that General Crook has made no report of the information brought him by the scouts that night before Cedar Creek. That he should have treated their report so lightly is because he had, as he believed, good reason to think such an attack impossible. At eight o’clock that very evening he had reported to General Wright that a brigade reconnoissance sent out by him that day had returned to camp, and reported nothing was to be found of the enemy in their camp, and that they had doubtless retreated up the Valley. This seemed sound, General Wright goes on to say in his official report, because the enemy was known to be without supplies. Yet the mistake was not easy to explain. Probably the reconnoitring party had not advanced so far as it supposed—had not really reached the enemy’s lines, which were some miles in advance of the Federal.

This reconnoitring party from the Army of West Virginia returned to camp through its own lines (where the first blow fell next day), and undoubtedly, as they passed the pickets, confided their belief that the rebels were in retreat up the Valley. How else, except for this fancied security and lulled suspicion, could the enemy next morning have swept over their entire picket line without firing a single shot?

This is the new story of what might

have been, what should have been, at Cedar Creek, October 19, 1864. General Crook was given by these two scouts the chance to redeem the incomprehensible blunder of his reconnoitring brigade, but he refused to credit their report, and the battle of Cedar Creek was fought and lost, and fought again and won, between day dawn and dark. Had Crook heeded the scouts, there would have been no surprised army in the cold fog of an autumn morning, no routed and panic-shaken army to pour down the Valley to Winchester twenty miles away, no chance for General Phil Sheridan to make his famous ride on Rienzi and turn the tide of fugitives, and with them at his back change defeat into victory. . . .

That night there came down through the deep, wooded ravines of Fisher's Hill an army as gray and as silent as the river fog that rolled to meet it and envelop it with a cold, sheltering veil. The march was a march of gray shadows; canteens and the very swords of the officers had been left behind lest their jangle sound a warning; the fog muffled into a low patter the rush of thousands of footfalls. In the half-light of coming dawn they struck—in flank, in front, in rear. Solid battle lines, without skirmishers, swept up and over every picket post, swallowing picket, patrol, and reserve, whose scattered firing was as pebbles flung into the sea. So swift and certain was the attack, so sure the surprise, that they were in the camp and upon those regiments of the Army of West Virginia, where reveille had been sounded, ere the unarmed men at roll-call had time to arm and form. It was but a matter of minutes before all were swept together into a panic-stricken mob, on whom the Confederates turned their own cannon and mowed them down as they ran. In other regiments, men, heavy with sleep, their arms laden with

their clothing—having been wakened only by the attack—plunged out of their tents into a twilight of fog and low-rolling, ever-densening smoke, in which they ran here and there in bewilderment. Officers, no less confused, raged about, desperately trying to rally the fleeing men; here and there groups held for a moment and

turned to fight, but, overwhelmed by numbers and attacked on two sides, they scattered, and, like the rest, fled once more for the support of the Nineteenth Corps. The wreck of the Army of West Virginia, like driftwood on the crest of a wave, shattered and demoralized the Nineteenth; surprised and already attacked in flank, they too crumbled and ran; and the unchecked Confederates swept victorious over the camps of plenty. Pillage began.



DOMINIC FANNIN

To the sleeping scouts the attack, expected though it was, came in its suddenness with equally bewildering surprise. Rowand tells how a bullet that cut through a blanket over the window was their first warning that the rebels were so near. There was no time to change to blue uniforms; capture for them meant certain death; they made a rush for the door and flung themselves on their horses and galloped away. Once across the creek, they rode more slowly, often looking back.

And he tells of General Wright, harassed though he was with the anxiety of command, yet recognizing them as they passed, and shouting, "You scouts had better fall back—this will be no place for those uniforms in a few minutes!"

The roads were filled now with struggling teams fighting for a passage to the rear; long lines of wounded staggered and lurched along the roadsides, desperately afraid of the plunging teams, and of the enemy behind, and of their own bleeding wounds. On either side, and far out into the fields that bordered

the roads, there hurried hundreds of uninjured stragglers in groups of twos and threes and tens—groups of hundreds. Now and again the cry would go up, "They're coming!" and the panic would spread, and in a moment every man would be running again, flat-footed, furious, in a blind haste to escape from the terrified comrades who pressed hard on his heels; in the roads, teamsters stood up on the seats of the lurching wagons and lashed their horses and screamed at drivers of wagons ahead who blocked the way; from where the wounded, frantic at being left behind, struggled to keep up, there rose one long wail of pain and terror. From behind there came ever the roar of battle where the Confederates who would not pillage fought the Federals who would not run.

And then Sheridan came up the Valley. Rowand and Campbell, who had stuck together all the morning, were already north of Newtown when they met him.

"I looked across a large clear field and saw a black horse at full speed coming out of the woods, and I said to Campbell, 'There comes the "Old Man"'—we always called General Sheridan the 'Old Man'; and he said, 'Can't be; he's in Washington.' I looked again for a moment, and then said, 'It's him; there come a couple of his staff officers a hundred yards behind.' We stopped, and General Sheridan came up, pulled in his horse, and said, 'Boys, how is it?' Campbell replied, 'General, it's a rout!' He threw his eyes quick at me, and said: 'Not quite that bad! The Eighth and Nineteenth are scattered, but the Sixth is solid!'

"A young lieutenant, with a Nineteenth Corps badge on his cap, was hurrying by; Sheridan wheeled around to him. 'Lieutenant, where is your command?' 'I don't know,' the lieutenant shouted, and was hurrying on again. 'Damn you, turn back and find it!' Sheridan yelled, and passed on. The lieutenant stopped. 'Who was that, scout?' 'That was General Sheridan,' I said. 'I'll turn back!' he cried.

"It was the same all along the road; the men were coming back up the Valley faster than they had run down it; ahead of us they were running toward the road,

and lining up on either side, and as we rode along there was just one great roar of cheers."

He told of the ride back to the front, where the Sixth Corps and remnants of the Nineteenth had been sullenly battling—holding off the Confederate army all the day; of how the ebb-tide that had turned came roaring back to the fight in a flood of men who could scarce be held back from the attack until the lines were sufficiently reinforced and reformed. And when he told of Sheridan, bareheaded, riding along in front of his battle line where it waited the command to advance, he rose from his chair, and his eyes alight with the old battle fire, he pounded the desk with his fist. "There has been a lot told and a lot written of what Sheridan said that day, but here is what he did say—the very words; *I* was there, *I* heard, and these are his very words. A man, out of the ranks, called, 'General, where will we sleep to-night?' General Sheridan stopped his horse and turned; he didn't speak loud, but in the hush that fell his words seemed to ring: 'We'll sleep in our old camps to-night, or we'll sleep in hell!' And a moment or two after that he gave the signal to advance, and the whole line moved out, cheering like mad. History tells the rest."

What a different story history would tell of the battle of Cedar Creek if General Crook had heeded the message of the two long-since-forgotten men of the Secret Service.

There was little enough for the army to do for a time, but for the scouts there was no rest. For as many times as they left the Federal lines so are there stories—nearly all untold. Untold, because familiarity breeds contempt—they were just scoutin', like the night they shot Captain Stump. They had been in the mountains—"Oh, just some little scout, I don't remember why!"—and at a house where they had stopped they had "gathered in" a rebel captain—Stump. It was bitterly cold that night, the roads heavy with snow; to have bound his hands would have meant that he would freeze; they put him in their midst and rode swiftly away. He was an oddly genial soul—he kept up a continual gay chatting with the men. An angry shout

went up from one of the scouts; the prisoner had been caught in the act of stealing a revolver from a drowsy member of the band. He was defiant, yet laughing as he talked: he had a right—he had not surrendered, only been overpowered, and they would never get him into the Federal lines, he said.

"I'll have you killed if you try that again," Major Young told him.

It was savagely cold; the worn men, drowsy with the frost, nodded in their saddles; only the prisoner was wide awake; he rode now at Major Young's side, talking gaily, laughing at his own jests. Rowand, close behind, woke from a doze in time to see the prisoner straighten in his saddle and snatch his hand from behind Major Young's back.

"He's trying to get *your* gun," Rowand called, sharply.

Young reined in his horse with a jerk. "I told you!" he calmly said. "Ride aside, boys—plug him, Rowand!"

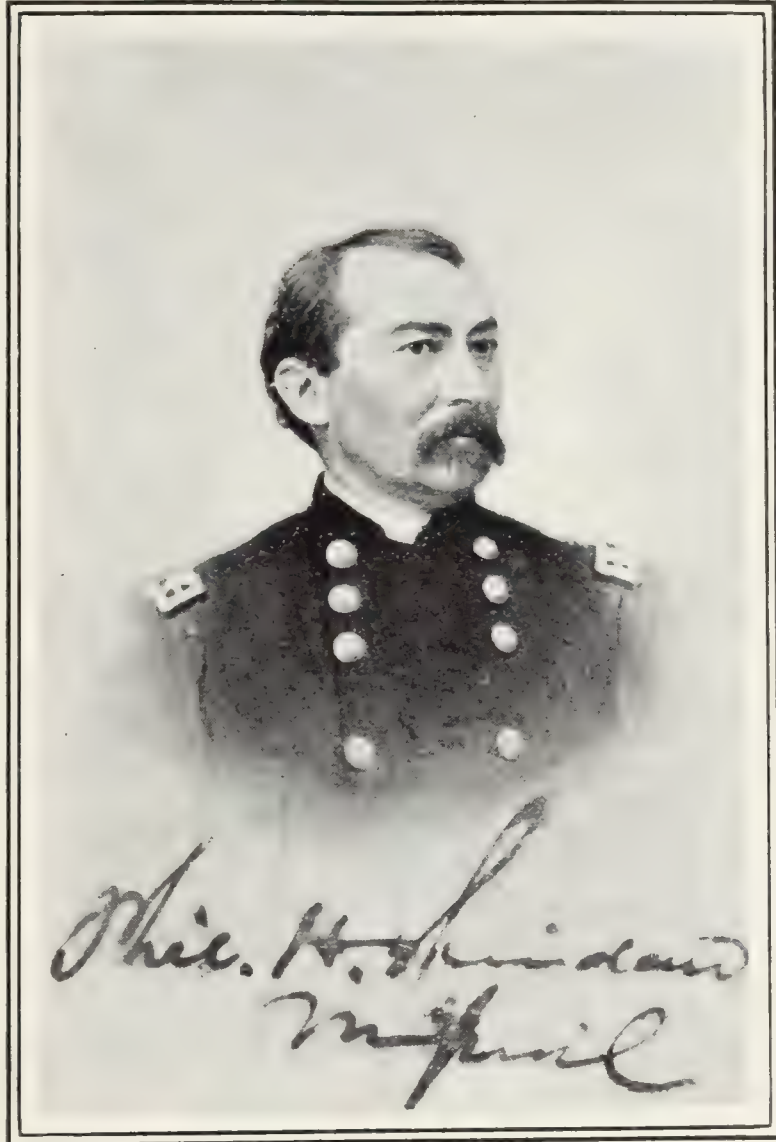
Half a dozen men fired on the instant. They left him lying in the snow where he fell.

Night after night the "Jessie Scouts" rode out. The odd name they bore was an inheritance handed down to them since the days of Frémont in the Valley; in the command of this general of pomp and panoply there had been a company dear to his heart because of their rich uniforms faced with velvet, and to them, in honor of his wife, he gave the name "Jessie Scouts." Long after Frémont and his Jessie Scouts had left the Valley the name lingered in the minds of citizens and soldiery, and at

last it came to be attached to those Federal scouts who wore the gray uniform. Where they rode and what they did no man now remembers—few men but themselves ever knew—and they left no written record of their service; the vague memories of those many nights are held in dusty, inner chambers of the

mind, to which, long since, the tongue has lost the key.

But, one night—the 21st of January—is in no danger of being forgot. It is not because they captured the enemy's picket reserve at Woodstock that I tell it here; nor because of the desperate fight that followed in the cold winter dawn, when two hundred Confederate cavalry swooped down on them before they had left Woodstock a mile behind. Some one had blundered; the fifty "picked cavalymen" sent for the scouts' support were but



GENERAL PHILIP H. SHERIDAN

From a photograph presented to Mr. Rowand by General Sheridan

the rawest of raw recruits, who stampeded at the first fire. The twenty scouts covered their panic-stricken flight, fighting like madmen when overtaken, breaking away and pushing their jaded mounts to topmost speed until overtaken again. For ten miles the fight lasted, until at Fisher's Hill the pursuit was given up and those that were left were safe. Those that were left! The prisoners were all gone; among the cavalry there galloped wildly many riderless horses; and of the scouts, one was dead, two mortally wounded, one seriously hurt, and in the hands of the enemy were four, of whom one was Cassidy, the only one dressed in full Southern gray. And it is because of Cassidy, and

because of a keen-eyed Southern girl who nearly ended Rowand's story here, that I tell what follows.

He would be hanged!—Cassidy, one of the best of them all. Sheridan, in an effort to save him, sent a staff officer, Major Baird, under a flag of truce with an offer of exchange. And Rowand, wearing again his blue uniform, was sent as part of the escort, to pick up any information that might come to his trained hand; among the escort he would never be recognized—nor would he have been by men.

At Woodstock Major Baird was met by Major Grandstaff of the Seventeenth Virginia Cavalry, who received his offer of exchange.

"Cassidy was taken in our uniform inside our lines; we will hang him," he said.

"He was not in your lines, for we captured your pickets," Major Baird argued.

Grandstaff laughed. "We will hang Cassidy," he jeered.

"Then, by God! there'll be a rebel officer swing in Winchester to-night," shouted Baird.

They had met in the street of Woodstock; as they talked, a group of town-folk gathered close about them, listening in eager curiosity; there were men and many women, even, some children too. Suddenly a young girl ran forward and pointed her finger almost in Rowand's face.

"Hang this one, too," she cried. "He is one of their 'Jessie Scouts.' I saw him here yesterday, in gray. He is a spy—spying now!" She stood, still pointing; her shawl had fallen back and the wind was whipping her hair across her angry eyes; she, too, would serve her South—let this be "one" for her. It was a shocking surprise; it seemed long before any one moved or spoke. A Confederate cavalryman pushed his way through Grandstaff's escort; a sullen, vindictive fellow he was, with murder in his eyes.

"I'll kill him *now*; he is one of them that killed my brother yesterday," he snarled.

Rowand, glad of any distraction, drew his revolver and sprang to meet him half-way. "Step out to one side and we'll settle it, then," he challenged.

Major Grandstaff rode between them and drove them to their respective commands, then he turned angrily to Major Baird. "Is this one of your scouts—one of your spies?" he asked. It was Rowand himself who answered; the place was a bit too tight to trust any one else's wit than his own.

"You know, or ought to know, that I belong to the first West Virginia Cavalry. I was one of the thirteen men under Lieutenant Smith that charged through your command on the top of Fisher's Hill!" And this story was true, and it was one the Confederates much preferred to forget.

Grandstaff curtly closed the interview, and the Federals rode slowly back. Rowand was safe in their midst, but Tom Cassidy they had to leave behind.

Rowand was fumbling among a bundle of old letters, and I sat silent and watched eagerly; such worn, yellow letters they were—broken at all the creases, frayed along the edges; the faded words had been written in a vigorous, boyish hand.

"Letters home—from the front!" he said. He picked one up and cleared his throat to read, then sat silent, staring at it in his hand. . . . The boy of nearly fifty years ago is to come back and speak again of deeds that were done but yesterday—not of what happened in the Civil War, but what he did yesterday. What weight have words written to-day to compare with those faded letters on that yellow page? "At the Front!"—that front to which we cannot follow even could he lead the way; that front where for four years—*Four Years*, you reader—letters home were written by men with weapons in their hands, by men with throbbing, unhealed wounds. By some this letter will be read aright, as I and you may not read it. Old gray-heads will read and nod: the Grand Army of the Republic, they will know—they know! . . .

MY DEAR FATHER,—I received a letter from you some days since. As I had just written to you the same day, I thought I would wait a few days before answering it. I have just returned from a three days' trip to Wardensville, Moorefield, and Romney.

Our trip was a perfect success. Succeeded in capturing the notorious Major Harry Gilmor and fifteen men of different commands. On Tuesday I was ordered with one man to go to Moorefield. By order of Gen. Sheridan, went to Moorefield and returned on Thursday, reported to the General the whereabouts of Harry Gilmor and command. The General requested me to send in a written report to be filed. On Saturday morning a force of cavalry (300) and twenty scouts left this place for Moorefield, distant fifty-eight miles. Travelling all Saturday night, we arrived at Moorefield Sunday morning just before day. Leaving the town surrounded by a strong picket, we struck the South Fork river road. I advanced with five scouts. Two miles from town we came in sight of two large, fine houses: William's and Randolph's, where Major Gilmor was supposed to be.

On coming in sight of them we started on a gallop for Randolph's house, when an order came from Major Young to go to William's house. Dashing across the fields, we surrounded William's house and caught one of Rosser's men. Major Young went on to Randolph's and there caught Harry in bed. He was a little astonished, but took things coolly. You may be sure that we gave him no chance to escape. He is now under strong guard in our quarters. To-morrow three of us will take him to Baltimore, so I will have a pleasant trip. I spoke to you of going to Ebenburg and capturing the picket post and of being followed and whipped by a superior rebel force.

The following Sunday we again surprised them and captured the lieutenant and twenty-two men. So we more than got even with them, as they got only sixteen of our party. So, you see, for the last

three Sundays I have had some doing in the fighting line. On the last trip I captured two fast horses; I have now three number one horses. . . .

Your son,

ARCHIE H. ROWAND.

Not as we would have written it? Years of fighting, of marches, and of hardships make details seem trivial and commonplace; the result is the thing. His "to Moorefield, distant fifty-eight miles," sounds like a railroad journey. It was a forced march of hardship and exhaustion, in bitter cold, and over mountain roads that were alternately sheeted with ice and deep in snow-drifts. It would have been good reading for us had he described the imminent, constant peril he was in during all the lonely trip when gathering "that great essential of success — information"; the letter

was not written to us; it was to the father and mother at home, and it is kinder and braver as it stands. My quarrel with his letter is in not telling how well he did his work; it was great work to have done.

Sheridan in his Memoirs says: "Harry Gilmor(e) was the most noted of these [West Virginia guerillas] since the death of McNeil. . . . Thus the last link between Maryland and the Confederacy was carried a prisoner to Winchester, whence he was sent to Fort Warren. The capture of Gilmor(e) caused the disbandment of the party he had organized at the 'camp-meeting'; most of the



CASSIDY

men he had recruited returned to their homes, discouraged. . . ."

This "camp-meeting," Rowand learned, was nothing less than the rendezvous of Gilmor's band, who were reorganizing and preparing for the spring campaign. A party of about twenty young Marylanders were expected soon; the Federal scouts in their gray uniforms, by their own story, became these expected Marylanders; their desperate haste was caused by the pursuit of Yankee cavalry—no other than Colonel Whitaker's support of three hundred cavalymen, who followed the scouts at a distance of fifteen miles. The whole countryside gave the gray-clad scouts Godspeed and much help on their way; coming back, they shot at them from the dark!

Nor does the letter tell of the quarrel between the scouts and the cavalry as to the custody of the prisoner; it ended by Major Young and his scouts angrily riding away from the cavalry with whom they had been obliged to leave him. But by the time they had reached Big Capon Springs, Rowand and Young were so fearful for the safe keeping of the prisoner that Rowand, in spite of his exhaustion from having been almost constantly in the saddle for a week, went back with three men to take charge of Gilmor; they arrived in the very nick of time. It was years afterward before they knew how critical had been the moment.

In his book, *Four Years in the Saddle*, Gilmor says: "We were then some distance ahead of the main column . . . none in sight except the colonel and his orderly, the surgeon, H—— [Gilmor's cousin, who had been captured with him], and myself. We halted, and the orderly was sent back to hurry up a fresh guard for me. The doctor and H—— were on their horses, while the colonel and I were standing in the road in advance of them. The place, too, was a good one, on the side of a small mountain, and I made up my mind to seize the colonel before he could draw his pistol, throw him down, and make my escape. I was about three paces from him when I formed this plan, and I moved up close to carry it into effect. . . . I put my hands on H——'s horse, when suddenly up dashed four scouts."

It was the end of Major Harry Gilmor's military career.

"It is growing late," Rowand said. "Just time for one more letter—my big letter—and then that must be all. It is dated 'City Point, Virginia, March 13, 1865,' and it begins:

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I suppose you will be surprised to receive a letter from me from this place.

"I arrived here yesterday afternoon from Gen. Sheridan's raiding forces with despatches for Gen. Grant. There were two of us. We left Gen. Sheridan at Columbia on the James River Canal, one hundred miles west of Richmond. At the time we left he had destroyed the Virginia Central Railroad between Charlottesville and Staunton; blew up both bridges of the Rivanna River near Charlottesville. It will be impossible for the Rebels to rebuild their bridges during the war. We were forced to stay in Charlottesville two days on account of the heavy rain. Leaving there, we struck out for Lynchburg, destroying the Railroad as we went; burned the large bridge over the Tye River, eighteen miles from Lynchburg. By this time the Rebels had collected a large force of infantry and cavalry at Lynchburg. When Gen. Sheridan got all of the Rebels at Lynchburg he turned around and came north, destroying the Canal beyond repair during the war. He burned and blew up every lock, culvert, and aqueduct to Columbia—a distance of forty miles.

"We left at one o'clock Saturday morning and came into our pickets near Harrison's Landing on Sunday morning at eleven o'clock. Came from there here in a special boat under charge of Gen. Sharp of Gen. Grant's staff. On arrival at Headquarters, after delivering our despatches, the Acting Adjutant-General took us around and introduced us to Mrs. Gen. Grant and several other ladies whose names I have forgotten. They had expressed a wish to see the two men that came through the Rebel lines in open day. Gen. Grant was well pleased with our success in getting through. The staff was surprised at our getting through at all. They quite lionized us last night. Several of them invited us to drink with them. We took supper with them. Then the Sanitary Commission took charge of us. We had a nice bath, good underclothes given us, and a bed that felt better than all, considering we had no sleep for forty-eight hours. We rode one hundred and forty-five miles in thirty-six hours, and walked ten miles, and came north of Richmond. Of course we came a roundabout way, or rather a zigzag way. Several times



MEDAL OF HONOR AWARDED TO MR. ROWAND BY CONGRESS

we were within ten miles of Richmond and talked to some fifty Rebels, gained valuable information. We had quite a confab with four of Gen. Lee's scouts, passed ourselves off for Gen. Rosser's scouts. Being dressed in gray, they never suspected us. They, in fact, never expected to see two Yankees right in the midst of their lines in broad daylight. We were never suspected until we were within two miles of the Long Bridges, where suspicion was raised, and we were forced to leave our horses at the Bridges and paddle across in a small boat to the south side. When we came to the river there was a small boat floating down the river. I swam with my horse to the boat, got off my horse into the boat, and went back for my partner. We left our horses and made quick time across these swamps. We got into the woods before the rebels got to the river. They, of course, got our horses—the two best in the Sixth Cavalry. The fleetness of our horses alone saved us, as we had time to get across the river before the rebels got to the bank. Although we could see them coming down the road, they did not follow us any further than the bank of the river, as there is no boat, and they could not swim their horses across. Then we got from there to our pickets, most of the time being in the woods; the compass father gave me has done me great service,

as I have a military map of Virginia. With both, it is not difficult to go the nearest way to any point. When I swam my horse I got my clothes wet and boots full of water. When I got to our pickets I was perfectly dry, but was so crippled in my feet I could scarce walk. I am all right to-day.

"We are to-day quartered with Gen. Grant's scouts. They think it is the biggest and boldest scout trip of the war.

"We will start back in a couple of days. We are to be sent to the White House [Landing] on the York River gunboat, and with good fast horses start for our command again.

"Love to all. Hoping that these few lines will find you in good health, I remain,

Your Affectionate Son,

ARCHIE H. ROWAND."

It was as though I had heard read a crisp, succinct scenario of one act of a brilliant drama. I wanted to take the letter in my own hands and read it over and over in order to bring back such pictures—the boy on the horse in the river, struggling in pursuit of a drifting boat—a boat which only a great God could have placed in reach at such a moment. . . . The man on the shore, pistols drawn, grimly waiting, his eyes

on the road, and his ears strained for the sound of galloping hoofs. . . .

I have read it again, a score of times, have planned where to amplify and detail; it is not for me to meddle with; the story is told, the pictures already painted for those who care to see.

He was talking again, and I but half heard.

"Of the wind-up of the war, when we were around Petersburg, I could tell as many stories as I've told already, but—not to-night. Every proper story should have a climax, and this is the climax of mine. I missed the Grand Review! I had to leave Washington the very day before. General Sheridan had sent for a few of us 'old' scouts—he needed us along the Rio Grande. But I didn't stay long, for I was tired of war, tired of fighting, and half sick besides. August 17, 1865, I got myself mustered out at New Orleans, and came home.

"And now," he said, good-humoredly, "I am tired again. My tongue has made a long march to-day. Look at this, if you want to, and then we must say good night." It was a copy of a letter of Sheridan's, and I give it here, because its terse, soldierly words form a greater and finer appreciation than could any words of mine:

To the Adjutant-General of the Army,
Washington, D. C.:

SIR,—I respectfully recommend that a Medal of Honor be given to private Archibald H. Rowand, Jr., First W. Va. Cavalry, for gallant and meritorious services during the War.

During the James River Raid, in the winter of '64-5, private Rowand was one of the two men who went from Columbia, Va., to General Grant, who was encamped at City Point.

He also gave information as to the whereabouts of the Confederate scout Harry Gilmor (e), and assisted in his capture, besides making several other daring scouts through the enemy's lines. His address is L. B. 224. Pittsburg, Penna.

I am, sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,
(Signed) P. H. SHERIDAN,
Lieut.-Gen. U.S.A.

When I had done he handed me in silence a small morocco case. Its contents stood for so much of work, and of achievement, and of honor, that I took it almost with reverence; presently I closed the case softly and said good night.

I looked back when I had reached the door. All the room was vague in shadows except where, from the shaded lamp, there fell on the desk before him a circle of brilliant light in which he was slowly reopening the little leather case, and with him I seemed to read, graved in the dark bronze, the shining words, "FOR VALOR."

Lines for a Sun-Dial

BY H. M. STEGMAN

I KEEP the tale of hours that flit,
With shadow pencil, moving back.
The annals of your life are writ
In shade as fleeting and as black.

The Auction

BY ALICE BROWN

MISS LETITIA LAMSON sat by the open fire at a point where she could easily reach the tongs for the adjusting of any vagabond stick, and Cap'n Oliver Drown, in the opposite angle, held dominion over the poker. No one else would Miss Letitia have admitted to partnership in the managing of her fire; but Cap'n Oliver wielded an undisputed privilege. The poker suited him because he had a way, in the heat of friendly dissension, of smashing a stick much before it was ready to drop apart of its own charring; and that Miss Letitia never resented. She herself was gentle and persuasive with a fire; but the Cap'n's more impetuous method seemed to belong to him, and she understood, without much thinking about it, that when he blustered a little, even over a hard-working blaze, it was because he must. He was a tempestuously organized creature of a martial front and a baby heart, most fortunate in his breadth of shoulder, his height, and the readiness of the choleric blood to come into his cheeks, the eagerness of his husky voice to bluster. These outward tokens of an untrammelled spirit helped him to hold his own among his kind, though his oldest friend, Miss Letty, prized him for different reasons. In her soul she had always regarded him as "real cunning," and had even, when she passed to bring up the dish of apples from the cellar, or a mug of cider, longed to touch the queer lock that would straggle down from his sparsely covered poll in absurd travesty of a baby's tended curl. Probably no one, and certainly not the Captain himself, knew exactly how Miss Letty regarded him. Miss Letty had been forty-seven years old the last November that ever was, as she had just told him, in talking over her forthcoming departure from the house where she had lived all the forty-seven years, and he knew, she

added, just how she felt about the place and all that was in it. The Cap'n nodded gravely, thinking, if it paid to say so, that he knew how the town looked upon her. She was good as gold, the neighbors said, and at that moment she especially looked it, in a still, serious way. She was a wholesome woman, with nothing showy to commend her and little to remark except the extreme earnestness of her upward glance. From her unconscious humility, she seemed to be always gazing up at people, even when their eyes were on a level with hers. It might have indicated a habit of mind.

It was only to-night that the rumor of her going had reached Cap'n Oliver, and he had come in to talk it over. Miss Letty's heart quieted as she saw him take her father's capacious arm-chair, and settle on the appliqué cushion, so sacred to him that whenever the cat stole a nap out of it stray hairs had to be brushed scrupulously off lest Cap'n Oliver should appear for an evening's gossip.

Miss Letty's house was at the end of a narrow way bordered by cinnamon roses and stragglers from old gardens, and some of the neighbors said it would make them as nervous as a witch to be so far from the road. But it did not make Miss Letty nervous. For some reason, perhaps because of long usage, it helped her feel secure.

"Well," she was saying, mildly, to Cap'n Oliver, "I'm gettin' along in years. What's the use of denyin' it? That's what Ellery said in his letter. 'You're 'most fifty, Aunt Letty,' says he. 'Time to quit livin' alone an' come out here an' let us take care o' you.'"

Cap'n Oliver scowled at the fire as if he found the freshly burning sticks too strong to be smashed, and resented it.

"Well," said he, "I'm fifty-four. Let 'em come to me."

"Now be you really?" asked Miss Letty, in a pretty surprise, though she

knew all the calendar of his life from the day she went to school for the first time and heard him, in the second reader, profusely interpreting a martial declaration of the Romans. "Well, who'd have thought it!"

"I don't know," said Cap'n Oliver, staring into the fire, "as I'm any less of a man because I'm fifty-four year old. S'pose anybody should come to me an' say: 'Now you're fifty-four, Cap'n. You better shut up shop an' go an' live in Washington Territory.'"

"It ain't Washington Territory," said Miss Letty, setting him right with a becoming air of humility. "It's Chicago they live to, Ellery and Mary."

"Be that as it may," said the Cap'n, "I've eat off my own plates an' dranked out o' my own cups a good many year, an' if anybody should try to give me a home, I'll bet ye, Letty, I'd be as mad as a hornet. I wisht you'd be mad, too. I'd think more of ye if ye was."

"You've been blest in a good house-keeper," said Miss Letty, in a gentle recall. "It ain't many men left alone as you be that's got anybody strong an' willin' like Sarah Ann Douglas to heft the burden an' lug it right along."

"It ain't Sarah Ann Douglas," said the Cap'n. "Sarah Ann's a good girl, worth her weight in gold, an' growin' more valuable every day, but it ain't she that's kep' a roof over my head. I've kep' it myself because I would have it. So there ye be."

"Well, I dun'no' how 'tis," said Miss Letty. She was staring placidly into the fire. "But I don't seem to have so much spirit as you have, Oliver. Seems to me if Ellery an' Mary are goin' to feel worried havin' me livin' on here alone, mebbe I'd better sell off an' go back with 'em. That's the way I look at it."

"You never had any way of your own," said the Cap'n.

Miss Letty put out a firm, plump hand and presented him with the poker.

"That stick's 'most fell apart," she said, pacifically. "Mebbe you'd better give it a kind of a knock."

The Cap'n did it absently and was soothed by the process. Then Miss Letty laid the shortened pieces together in a workmanlike way and they blazed afresh.

"What you goin' to do with your

things?" asked the Cap'n, pointing a broad and expressive thumb about the place.

"Sell 'em off. That's what Ellery wrote. He says I could have an auction mebbe a week 'fore Thanksgivin'—that's about now—an' then when he an' Mary come we could all go over to Cousin Liza's to stay, an' start for Chicago from there. Seems if 'twas all complete."

The Cap'n was staring at her.

"You ain't goin' to sell off your things without ay or no?" he inquired. "Don't ye prize 'em—the table you've eat off of an' chairs you've set in sence you were little?"

Miss Letty winced, and then recovered herself.

"Yes," she said, "I do prize 'em. But it seems if they'd got to go."

"Why don't ye take 'em with ye?"

"I couldn't do that, Oliver. Ellery has got his home furnished all complete—oak chamber sets an' I dun'no' what all. There wouldn't be no room for my old sticks."

The Cap'n meditated.

"Letty," said he at length, "if there was anybody you ever set by after your own father an' mother, 'twas my wife Mary."

"Yes," said Letty, with one of her warmly earnest looks. "Mary an' I was always a good deal to one another."

"Well, do you know what she said to me once? 'Twas in her last sickness. She was tracin' back over old times, that year you an' I was together so much, goin' to singin'-school an' all. You had a good voice, Letty—voice like a bird. You recollect that year, don't ye?"

"Yes," said Letty. Her voice trembled a little. "I recollect."

"That was the spring Mary kinder broke down an' went into a decline, an' you journeyed off to Dill River, an' made that long visit. An' when you come back, Mary an' I was engaged. Well, I'm gettin' ahead of my story. What Mary said was: 'Oliver,' says she, 'you don't know half how good Letty is. Nobody knows but me. It's her own fault,' says she. 'She gives up too much, an' it makes the rest of us selfish.'"

"Did she say that?" asked Letty. She was awakened to a vivid recognition of something beyond the significance the words had for him. Then she seemed to



Drawn by S. M. Chase

"WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO WITH YOUR THINGS?" HE ASKED

lay her momentary emotion aside, as if it were something she could cover out of sight. She laughed a little. "Well," she said, "I guess I don't give up much nowadays. I ain't got so very much to give."

Cap'n Oliver rose and carefully arranged the fire as if there would be no one to do it after he was gone. Miss Letty loved that little custom. It seemed a kind of special service, and often after he had done it and taken his leave she went to bed earlier than she had intended because when his fire had burned out, she could not bear to rearrange it.

"Well," said he, "you bear it in mind, what Mary said. Sometimes you give up too much. You've gi'n up all your life, an' now you're goin' to give up to Ellery an' Mary. You think twice, Letty, that's all I say. Think twice."

He shook hands with her gravely, according to their habit, and she heard his steps along the frozen lane. Then she opened the door softly a crack—this was old custom, too—that she might hear them farther. This time she was sure she actually knew when he turned into the road. She went back into the room and stood for a moment, her hand resting on the table, looking at the orderly fire and then at the chair which seemed to belong more to him than to her father. The cat got up from the lounge where, as she knew perfectly well, she had to content herself when Cap'n Oliver came, stretched, and walked over to the chair as if to assert her ownership. She was gathering her muscles for the easy leap when Miss Letty pounced upon her, gently yet with an involuntary decision.

"Don't you get up there, puss," she said, jealously. "Do you think you've got to have a share in everything that's goin'?"

Then she laughed at herself in a gentle shame, lifted puss into the seat of desire, and stroked her ruffled dignity, and still laughing, in that indulgent way, sat down to see the fire out before she went to bed.

The next day Miss Letty set about cleaning her house, the actual first step toward leaving it, and suddenly, as she worked, at a moment she could never identify, it came over her that things

which had been hers by such long usage that they were as unconsidered as her hand that wrought upon them, were to be hers no more. Then, as she dusted and rubbed, she stopped from time to time, to regard the rooms and their furnishings musingly and wonder if she should remember every smallest touch of their homely charm. She hoped she should at least remember.

All the week she did not see Cap'n Oliver. He was over at the Pinelands, she understood, making his married sister a little visit, as he always did in the fall of the year. If she thought it a little hard that he should be away the last week her home was to wear its accustomed face, she did not say so, even to herself. It seemed to her a very poor habit to wish for what was obviously not to be, and all by herself she set upon the day for the sale of her goods and sent for the auctioneer to come.

An auction was a great event throughout the countryside. It ordinarily happened in the spring, as if people had taken all winter to get used to parting with their possessions, and then wagons of every sort came from whatever region the county paper had reached, and families brought their lunches in butter-boxes and went about scrutinizing the household gear that was to come under the hammer, glad at last to know what the house walls had really held; or they visited with their neighbors in little groups. But this was a day of fall sunshine and drifting leaves. Miss Letty, standing at an upper window looking out on her pear tree, the leaves leathery brown, felt a twitching of the lips. She gazed farther over her domain, and it seemed to her that it had never been so pleasant before, so mellowed and softened by the last light of the year. She knew there were neighbors in the yard below, and could not bring herself to glance at them. A line of horses stood there, and, she was sure, all the way up the lane, and she remembered that was the way they had stood when her mother was buried. Then some one laughed out in a way she knew, and she looked down and saw Cap'n Oliver. He was staring up at her window, as he answered a neighbor's greeting, and he gave a little oblique nod at her, and stumped along

up the path. At once she recalled herself to the day, and went down-stairs to meet him. It seemed very simple and plain now he had come.

The neighbors standing in the entry stood aside to let her pass, but she could not notice them. It began to seem as if she must reach Cap'n Oliver, and then all would be well. The Cap'n was in vigorous condition. His face was ruddier, and he was shaking her hand and saying, as if she had endowed him with her state of mind:

"Soon be over, Letty, soon be over. Don't you give it a thought."

"No," said Miss Letty, choking, "I won't. I won't give it a thought."

But at that moment Hiram Jackson, who knew everything and was fervidly anxious to be the earliest herald, came stammering out his eagerness to tell.

"Say, Miss Letty," said he. "Say, you won't have no auctioneer to-day. Old Blaisdell's wife's sister's dead, down to East Branch, an' he's gone."

Miss Letty, breathless, looked at the Cap'n.

"Well, there!" she said. It was in her mind that now she might not need to have the auction at all; and again she wondered, since she must have it, how she could ever make up her mind to it again. "Oh dear!" she breathed, "I'm sorry."

The Cap'n was frowning at her, only because he was so deep in thought. He threw up his head a little then, bluffly, as if he had reached a clearer decision he meant to stand by.

"Not a word, Letty," said he. "Don't you speak a word. I'm goin' to auction 'em off."

She stared at him, her lips apart in protest.

"Why, Oliver," she said, "you ain't an auctioneer!"

"Well, I shall be after this bout. Now you come straight into the sittin'-room an' set down in the corner underneath the ostrich egg, where I can see you real plain. An' if I come to anything you want to bid in, you hold up your finger, an' I'll knock it down to you. You understand, don't ye, Letty?"

It was hard to realize that she did, she looked so like a frightened little animal, turning her head this way

and that, as if she longed for leaves to cover her.

"You understand, Letty, don't ye?" the Cap'n was saying, with great gentleness; and because she saw at last some sign of distress in his face also, she quieted, in a dutiful fashion, and nodded.

"Yes," she said. "I'll be where you can see me. But I sha'n't bid nothin' in, Oliver. I don't prize 'em specially, more'n I prize everything together. If I can give up an' go out West, I guess I can get along without my furniture. Shouldn't you think so?"

She went hurrying away across the hall and into the sitting-room, and Cap'n Oliver, his head bent a little, stroked his chin and watched her from under his brows. Then he followed and made his way through the friendly crowd in hall and sitting-room and mounted the dry-goods box prepared for the auctioneer. He looked about him and smiled a little, partly because people were gazing sympathetically at him and partly over his own embarrassing plight. For he was a shy man. Nobody knew it but himself, and he was afraid that after to-day everybody would know.

"Well, neighbors," said he, "I feel as if I was runnin' for President or goin' to speak in meetin'. But I ain't. I'm goin' to auction off Letty Lamson's things, an' I ain't been to an auction myself sence I was seventeen an' set on the fence an' chewed gum while old Dan'el Cummings' farm was auctioned off down to the last stick o' timber. Well, I don't know's I know how 'twas done, or how it's commonly done now, but I can take a try at it. Now, here's some books Miss Letty's brought down out o' the attic. I don't know what they be, but they look to me as if they might have come out of her gran'ther's libr'y—old Parson Lamson, you know."

"Yes," said Miss Letty, from the low rocking-chair a neighbor had insisted on giving up to her, "they did. Many's the time I've seen him porin' over 'em winter nights with two candles."

"There, you see! they're Parson Lamson's books. Many a good word he got out of 'em for his sermons, I'll bet ye a dollar. Why, ye recollect how much Parson Lamson done for this town, how he got up sewin'-circles in war-time an'

set everybody to scrapin' lint, an' climbed out of his bed after he couldn't hardly stand with rheumatism to say good-by to the boys when they enlisted, an' how he wrote to 'em an' prayed for 'em—why, them books are wuth their weight in gold. How much am I offered for Parson Lamson's books? A dollar-seventy— Why, bless you, Tim Fry, there ain't a book there but's wuth a dollar-seventy taken by itself! Why, I'll start it myself at thirteen—”

“Oh, don't you do it, Cap'n, don't you do it!” called Miss Letty, piercingly. “I don't want 'em to bid on gran'ther's books. I want them books myself, if I have to work my fingers to the bone.”

The Cap'n took out his beautiful colored handkerchief with Joseph and his brethren on it and wiped his face.

“Gone!” said he, “to Miss Letty Lamson. Now, ladies an' gentlemen, here's a little chair. I know that chair, an' so do you. It's the chair little Letty Lamson used to set in when she wa'n't more'n three year old, an' her mother used to keep her out under the sweet-bough tree in that little rocker whilst she was washin' or churnin'! What?” He paused, for Miss Letty had waved a frantic hand. The tears were running down her cheeks. The others had before them the picture of little Letty Lamson swaying and singing to herself, but she saw the brown apple stems over her head and smelled the bitter-sweetness of the blooms. She saw her mother's plump bare arms as they went up and down with the churn-dasher or in and out of the suds, and felt again that pang of love that used to tell her that mother was the most beautiful creature in the world.

“Why,” said she, regardless of her listeners, “I wouldn't part with that chair for a hundred dollars. How ever come you to think I'd part with my little chair?”

The Cap'n was looking at her in despairing embarrassment.

“The chair,” said he, “remains the property of our friend and neighbor, Miss Letty Lamson. Now, ladies an' gentlemen, here's a fire-set—tongs, shovel, an' andirons. That fire-set has been in this very settin'-room as long as I can remember. Summer-times the andirons have been trimmed up with sparrergrass an'

the like o' that, an' winter-times they've been shined up complete an' the fire snap-pin' behind 'em. What am I offered—”

Miss Letty was standing.

“Oh,” she cried, “I never meant to put that fire-set in. Why, don't you remember—” She was facing the Captain, and the appeal of her voice and look ran straight to him over the heads of the others, like a message. It bade him recall how he and she had sat together and talked of sad things and happy ones, night after night, for many years. The talks had been mostly cheerful, for the Cap'n would have it so, and whenever she felt poorly she had taken pains to put on a lively front, because she reasoned that men folks hated squally weather. Now, with the passing of the andirons and all they stood for, it looked to her as if a door had shut on that pleasant seclusion where they two had communed together and there would be no more laughter in the world. “Oliver!” she said, and stopped, because the coming words had choked her.

The Cap'n was looking at her over his glasses with extreme benevolence.

“Letty,” said he, “I guess you better go up-stairs an' sort out some o' the bed-linen an' coverlets. I understood they wa'n't quite ready, an' we shall get to 'em before long. If I come to anything down here I think you set by particularly an' that you can pack up as well as not, I'll bid it in for ye.”

The neighbors were nodding in a kindly confirmation, and Miss Letty also understood it to be for the best. She made her way through the friendly aisle cleared for her, and Cap'n Oliver waited until he heard her on the stairs above. He drew a heavy breath.

“Now,” said he, “I guess we can poke along. It ain't to be wondered at anybody should want to bid in their own things, but it's kind of distressin' to an auctioneer that wants to earn his money. Now here's this high-boy. I'll rattle it off before Miss Letty gets time to have a change of heart an' come down again. What am I offered for old Parson Lamson's high-boy, bonnet-top an' old brasses all complete?”

Timothy Fry, a bright-eyed youth in the background, started it at twenty dollars. Timothy had hitherto in his twenty



Drawn by S. M. Chase

"I WOULDN'T PART WITH THAT CHAIR FOR A HUNDRED DOLLARS"

years shown no sign of enthusiasms more sophisticated than that of shooting birds in their season and roaming the woods in a happy vagabondage while the law was on. When he made his bid there was a great turning of heads. Some looked at him, but others fixed the Cap'n with a challenging glance, because he and the Cap'n were great cronies, and it had been jocosely said that they were thick as thieves, and if one lied t'other would swear to it. But Timothy, in his Sunday suit, with a blue tie and an elaborate scarf-pin, looked the picture of innocence, and it was concluded that although no one had suspected it, he was thinking of setting up housekeeping for himself. The Cap'n's face had an earnest absorption. He was evidently occupied only in being auctioneer.

"Pshaw!" he said, with a conversational ruthlessness. "Twenty dollars! Why, I'd give that myself an' set it up out there at the cross-roads for autos to bid on while they run. It's wuth—well, I wouldn't say what 'twas wuth. Maybe you'd laugh, an' I ain't goin' to be laughed at, if I be an auctioneer."

"Twenty-five," piped up Deacon Eli King, won by the lure of city rivalry.

"Twenty-six," Timothy offered, quietly.

"Twenty-eight," trembled Hannah Bond, who lived alone and braided mats for the city trade. She had always wanted a high-boy, but the sound of her own voice made it seem as if bidding might be almost too steep a price to pay for one.

"Twenty-nine," said Timothy.

After that there was very little competition. Nobody wanted a high-boy except for commercial possibilities, and about the time the bidding reached thirty-five dollars a foreshadowing timidity began to overspread the assembly. An autumn wind came up and set the bare woodbine sprays to beating on the window, to the tune of nearing snow. Summer buyers seemed far away. When one considered the drifted leaves and the cold sky, it looked as if full purses and credulous minds were a midsummer dream, never to come again. So the high-boy, in this moment of commercial panic, was knocked down to Timothy Fry. Five or six chairs followed, and these also became his.

Then the crowd pressed into the west sitting-room, where there was richer treasure. Here, too, Timothy's unmoved voice beat steadily on, raising every bid, and here, too, he came out victor. In the next room also he swept the field, and now at last the crowd murmurously compared certainties, one woman darkly prophesying he never'd pay for them, because he hadn't a cent—not a cent—laid up, and a man returning that nobody need worry. 'Twas only a joke of Tim's; but Miss Letty'd be the one to suffer. Timothy's eyes and ears were closed to comment. His commercial onslaught continued, and when, in the early dusk, horses were unhitched and there was time for comment at the gate, it was clearly understood that, save for what Miss Letty had bid in at the start, Timothy Fry was the possessor of every stick of furniture, every cup and bowl even, and all the ornaments and articles of common usage in the house. Timothy himself had gone. The men had looked about for him, to rally him on his approaching nuptials, the women for the ruthless cross-questioning his madness had invited; but he had slipped away softly, like the wood creatures he hunted. Even Cap'n Oliver, who might be supposed to know his inner mind, had betaken himself to the porch, and stood there, hat in hand, wiping his heated brow.

"Don't ask me," he returned to queries and conclusions in the mass. "I'm nothin' in the world but an auctioneer. Now I've learned the road, I dun'no' but I shall go right along auctionin' off everything I come acrost. You better be gettin' along home. Mebbe I'll sell your teams right off under your noses, if the fit comes over me."

"Timothy ain't goin' to be married, is he?" inquired Aunt Belinda Soule, who sent items to the *County Star*.

"S'pose so, sometime," concurred the Cap'n, jovially. "It's the end o' mortals here below. Dun'no' but I shall be married myself, if it comes to that."

"When's he goin' to take his furniture away?" continued Aunt Belinda, with the persistence of her kind.

"Don't know. Mebbe he ain't goin' to take it. Mebbe he's goin' to marry Letty. 'Pears to me I heard a kind of a rumor she was goin' to marry 'fore long."

Aunt Belinda shook her head at him.

"Don't talk so about a nice respectable woman," said she. "An' she goin' to move away from us an' live nobody knows where. It's a shame."

The Cap'n burst into a laugh that Aunt Belinda privately thought coarse, and turned back into the house, while she joined a group of matrons and went away home, discoursing volubly.

Cap'n Oliver stopped for a minute at the window in the empty parlor, watching their departing bulk, and then went into the hall, where the tread of many invading feet had left the moist autumn soil, with bits of grass and now and then a yellowed leaf.

"Letty!" he called, roundly.

There was a light step above, and then Miss Letty's voice, a very little voice suited to the dusk and stillness, came down the stairs.

"Be they gone?" she faltered.

"Yes," said the Cap'n, "they're gone, every confounded one of 'em."

"Did they take the things with 'em?" inquired Miss Letty. "I didn't dast to look. I knew I couldn't help feelin' it if I see 'em all loaded up with things I knew."

"You come down here, Letty," said the Cap'n. "I want to say a word to you."

She did come, wondering, her face sodden with tears and a miserable little ball of a wet handkerchief in her grasp. The Cap'n met her at the foot of the stairs and, without warning, took her by the shoulders and shook her slightly; why, he did not know, except perhaps as a warning to put a prettier face on the matter. Then he drew her into his arms with a conclusiveness it would have been difficult to resist, and kissed her soft wet cheeks. He kissed them a good many times, and ended by touching her trembling mouth.

"There," said the Cap'n; "I don't know's I ever kissed you before, Letty, but I expect to a good many times again, off 'n' on."

"Oh yes, you did once," said Miss Letty, with unexpected frankness and simplicity. "'Twas the eighteenth of November, thirty years ago this very fall."

The Cap'n looked at her and broke into a wondering laugh.

"Letty," said he, "you're the beateree, an' I'm a nat'ral-born fool. You're goin' to marry me right off as soon as I can get the license."

"And live over to your house an' not go to Chicago?" inquired Miss Letty, beatifically.

"'Course you won't go to Chicago, unless we go together some spring or fall an' make 'em a visit an' show off how we've got suthin' to live for as well as they have."

"Then I needn't have sold my furniture," said she, with a happy turn of logic.

"Sold your furniture? You ain't sold it. I had Tim Fry bid it all in for me, an' I was goin' to have it crated up an' tell Ellery, when he come, he'd got to let me pay it on to Chicago, whether or no. An' then when I stood up there like a rooster on a fence, auctionin' of it off, it all come over me 'twa'n't the furniture an' the house I should miss. 'Twas you. I made up my mind then an' there I'd keep ye if I had to hopple ye by the ankle like Tolman's jumpin' steer."

Miss Letty withdrew from him and took a timid step to the west room door, where, though the dusk was gathering, she could find the familiar shapes of her beloved furnishings.

"I don't see how in the world I ever made up my mind I could," she said, a happy tremor in her voice. It sounded to Cap'n Oliver strangely like a voice out of his past, unquelled by fears and abnegations. It was the voice that used to greet him when, in his splendid blue suit and shining satin tie, he had called for Letty Lamson, some thirty years ago, to take her in his sleigh to singing-school.

"Could what?" he inquired, hilariously, out of his dream where the present made the fire on the hearth and the past lent him figures to sit by it.

"Why, get along without my old things."

"I s'pose you never so much as thought you couldn't get along without me," suggested the Cap'n, in a kindly rallying.

"Yes," said Miss Letty, soberly, "I did think that. I knew I couldn't."

The Dead Folk

BY FANNIE STEARNS DAVIS.

THE dead folk live in decent rows;
Their houses all are neat.
But through their doorways no one goes,
With dull or dancing feet.

The dead folk are a harmless host.
I have not ever seen
One single, cautious, moon-gray ghost
Slip o'er the shadowy green.

I doubt if they are ever glad
Or sorry; though indeed
It often makes me still and sad
To think they give no heed.

But in a few years, more or less,
I shall not care at all
How many people peer and guess
Above the churchyard wall.

And when they step about my house,
And read my door-plate,—why,
I shall be quiet as a mouse,
No matter how they cry.

Or, if too long ago I went
Down yonder, for their tears,—
I do not think I shall resent
The silence of the years.

My body is a curious thing.
My soul's not half so strange,
Who may go forth on gleaming wing
And take no touch of change.

But that my body should lie still,
And never dance or run,
And never climb a crooked hill,
And never see the sun:—

This is a strange, strange thing to me;
And stranger yet it grows
Each time I stop awhile, to see
The dead folk's decent rows.





THE DANUBE AT NIGHT—GRAN

The Danube

BY MARIE VAN VORST

SEA-GRAY silver glaciers, slipping, crushing, ever-moving ice seas—moraine glaciers—celestial heights of Alpine snow, give the impulse to two streams whose conjunction in a corner of the Black Forest makes the Danube River. The source, not far from the Rhine stream, was originally discovered by Tiberius Cæsar, after Herodotus (whose geographical guesses were not always fortunate), sailing upon the Danube, decided that the head waters were in Russia.

Once launched upon its way, the colossal invader starts forth on its journey of nearly two thousand miles to the coast. Like those lords of medieval

times whose boats have rocked upon Danube waters, the river goes riding down through its domain. Twice as long as the Rhine, savage, untravelled, little known, the Danube is severe in its isolation. Its ancient history is written on Austrian highlands, on Hungarian *puszetas* and scarred old mountain ranges, its jewel-like cities are stars in its crown, and over the varied lands of its possession histories of Crusade invasion, of Tartar and Mongol, lie like a scarf, faded but still brilliant.

Itself unscarred, unmarked, and impersonal, there is a sombre and barbaric charm in this river of central Europe, something untouched and illusive; its

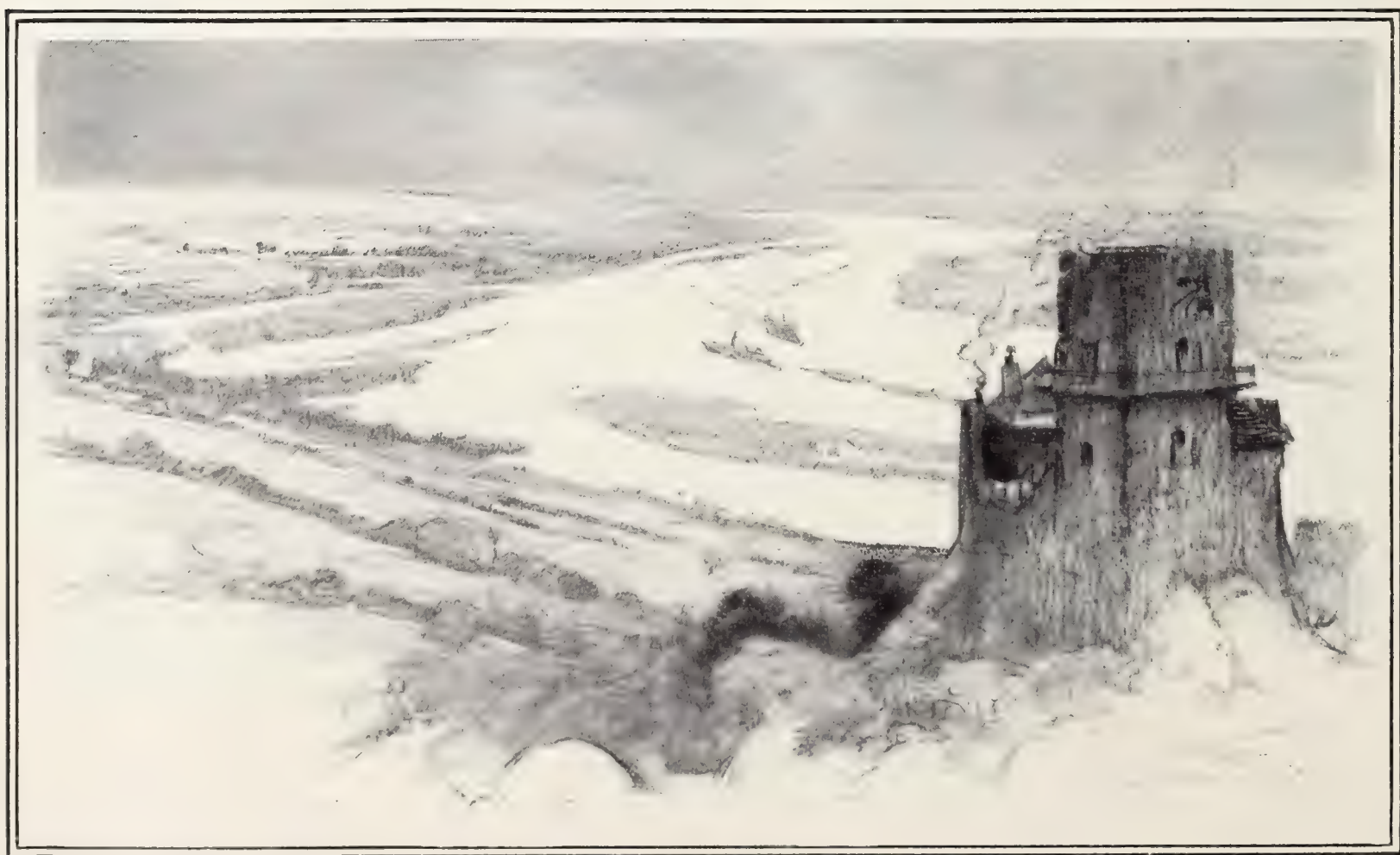
stormy waters seem scornful of the progress along the shores, and it appears to wear a mail which could only be penetrated by the lances of ancient peoples. During the centuries it has folded up the mountains on either side like scrolls, cut through them, laid them by, and rushed proudly through Carpathian walls, through Transylvania, through the mighty Balkans. Nothing has proved an obstacle to the flood but the sea; and at the Iron Gates, mastered and engulfed there, the lord, whose dominions have numbered ten different countries, meets defeat, and sees on one hand Turkey approached by his ardor, and Russia unreached through the mist.

Ulm and notably Ratisbon, the picturesque German town of which Browning wrote and which they say the French "stormed," mark the upper German Danube. At Passau the river receives the Inn. Down to Vienna the Alpine inheritance is visible, and the waters are tawny, turgid, ice-stained, and the river like an Alpine torrent. Never far from neutral in tone, impetuous and swift with an imperious current, there is to be observed in many places a sea-like aspect in the Danube—subject as the river is to the ocean, for once the Miocene seas surrounded the Carpathians, before the big torrent cut out its trough.

There are countries which have many rivers, but the Danube has reversed this and possesses many countries. It washes the feet of seven cities and the shores of seven kingdoms. Its mountains are the dark Carpathians, whose peaks rise forty-three hundred feet in the clouds; the blue, serene Transylvanians, the rude Balkans, whose summits mark the southeastern sky-line.

Once Austria is passed, the Danube has expanded into a swift, light-green river, an eighth of a mile wide, and on its bank the capital of upper Austria—a compact, brown town—stretches out its comfortable length along the stream. Linz is commercial, ugly, and uninteresting. Below it, on either side, the lowland sands reach to rich growths of forests and to the hills. The shores are rude and rugged; their edges softened by a golden growth of rush; and in the autumn light, as the steamer pushes its way like a bird, it severs mellow shores, the green waters spread behind the boat, and the rococo houses of Linz, with their Byzantine cupolas, disappear.

Varied legends, customs, and types are found in towns through which the river runs in the constant change of country and frontier, and at Linz the Orient has begun to leave its mark. The steamer piers are thronged with peasants



THE DANUBE NEARING VIENNA—GREIFENSTEIN



A QUAY ON THE RIVER AT VIENNA

from the mountains; with commercial travellers from town to town; and all the way from Austria to the sea one sees nothing that suggests the more travelled West.

From Linz to Vienna the Danube's course is known as the Wachau. The Austrians are very proud of these miles of beauty, through which the generous stream flows like a sea, its green waves whitecapped. Wooded slopes and shore extend along the left, and velvet hills rise dark and shadow-like. The valley's cups are filled with mists that float out over the green river, at every mile gaining in width and volume.

Here and there nestles a farmhouse, surrounded by fertile lands. The yellow stucco of the Austrian building becomes familiar, the houses are overgrown with vines, and on all sides the landscape is tilled and pastured, the generous forests black and rich with magnificent growth of timber. Plenty and fecundity, care

and dignity, mark the Austrian borders of the Danube. Fine-foliaged Austrian willows and young birches border the shores, and between the hills is drawn the outline of a modern château, white-stuccoed, with green blinds and steel-gray roof. From then on miles and miles of unbroken landscape without life or motion, ruined towers, melancholy, isolated, or far in the distance the languid smoke of a lonely farm, lost in a lonely land. . . . The river country is unbroken and silent save for the lap of the broad stream's waves against the deserted shore. A little farther on an Austrian boat slips into the stream, and the green waters drop from the long oars. These boats are offspring of the Oriental *fellah* barks in design and shape, long brown boats with peaked yellow prows, plied by slender oars fixed in the stern. The commonplace never enters in the Danube scene, which, though lonely, desolate, savage, impersonal, and varied, difficult to grasp

in its psychology, is never monotonous or dull. There are Nibelungen legends in these hill crevices as the Carpathian Mountains begin to take imposing forms, and ancient ruins appear upon the hill crests. Wallsee hangs its little white village against the rich fruit trees, and throughout the Austrian country the vineyards are superb. Here the harvests are generous, and the hospitality of the Austrian noble has become a proverb.

Between the tall walls of the dense hills the pilgrim church of St. Ottilia hides its mysterious shrine. The pilgrims who make their way to this lonely forest convent should well receive a miracle, and the votive offerings hang about the altar as witnesses of a thousand gratuities.

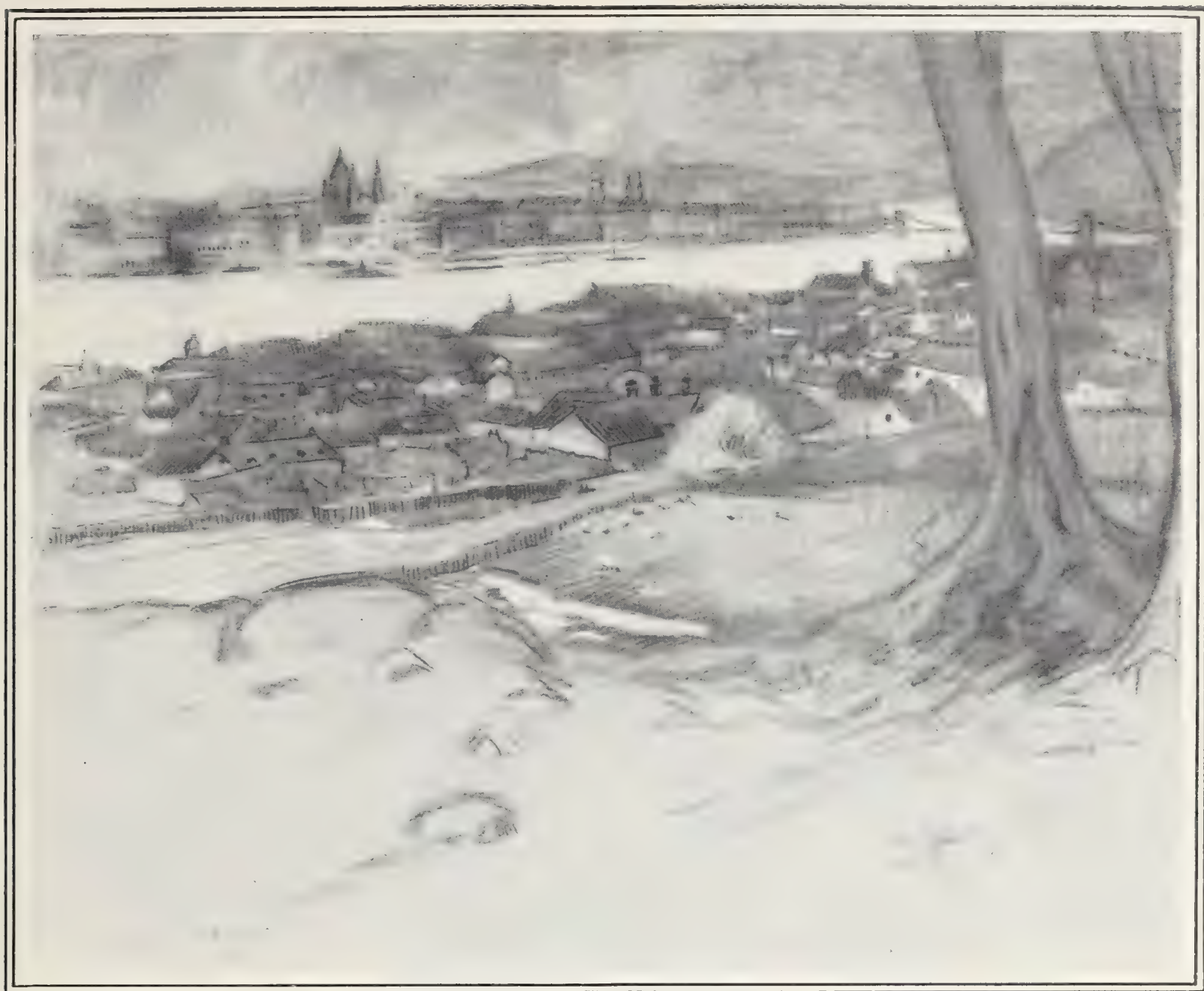
Lovely islands break the monotony of the waterway, the river is more than ever sea-like in proportion, and a friendly, cordial cluster of houses rises on the right bank, where the township known as the Danube's pearl surrounds the castle of the Duke of Cobourg (Grein). The picturesque village, with its quaint inn painted over with grape-vines and cavaliers, fronts the river. The shores are mountainous and palisade-like; on the hilltops rest the ruins of a donjon tower, or of some mellow abbey where the old monks prayed; and these crumbling landmarks, these weird eagles' nests, mark mile after mile of the Danube's beautiful course through the Wachau.

Under the yellow walls of the Presburg Schloss lies a beautiful modern château of cream-colored stucco, with cloistered galleries overgrown with crimson vines—a picture of luxury and beauty—and in such dwellings as these is to be tasted the very best of living, wines such as no country in Europe can surpass, and a cuisine such as even the *chefs* of France cannot excel. Between mountains and *aföld* the low farm villages gleam out, with their rich stucco tinting, fat and well furnished, thrifty, luxurious, and Austria is a goodly land to inhabit—a goodly heritage. Odors of pine and balsam float on fragrant winds from the brown old forests, from splendid woods stretching their curtains along the mountains up to the clear sky. Like eagles' nests from which the king-like birds have flown, the splendid castles perch on the

desolate crests of the peaks; seem to have drifted to mountain shores, derelicts of time, forever held there; and between the deeply wooded defiles, around the curves and bends, the river, gray and sombre, dashes, a savage thing, defiant and unchained, its waves undefaced by age. These old keeps of medieval days have as well a hostile and defiant attitude, as though they mocked the things of this progressive age. The river is their friend, has heard their histories: knew these fortresses, brave, impregnable, and mighty; and to the crumbling remnants of Crusade and medieval times the Danube sings as it flows through the Austrian wilderness.

Below the castle of Grein, gray ridges of rock cut into the water and form whirlpools whose frothing waves are dashed around the island of Wörth, until it would seem that the ancient remains were far more numerous than any other evidence of life. Like withered leaves the aged brown stones strew the forests, until their climax is reached on the crest of Aggstein, and the rosy clouds gather back of the sightless, paneless windows of this ancient *Schloss* raised on a jutting bit of land, and dominating the Danube north and south. So dark and impenetrable are the mountains hereabout, they stretch away so dense and black, that one wonders how any paths can pierce such mighty shades, and whether errant life or gloomy necessity could have perched these vulture nests so high! Their halls echoed to the cries of Turk and Saracen, and from these battlements flew the banners of half a dozen different conquering hordes.

The ruins of Durnstein date from the twelfth century, and around it cluster charming legends. These waters at its feet were crossed by the Crusaders themselves, when from France and England those bright ecstatic bands came trooping under their crimson standards; and the people along the Danube, whether Christian or pagan, did not withstand the inroads of these idealists. Movable bridges were built for the Crusaders, and white garments and red banners flashed all along the Austrian border-land as their Christian cry went up from the river banks. Bent on holy conquest or on his more war-like errand, Richard Cœur de Lion



MORNING AT BUDAPEST

came to Durnstein. Here in the old *Schloss* he found a fair-bearded lord on whom the English king's charm worked no effect! Still, the blond noble feared Richard, feared him as women feared him, and although Engelhart (Angel Heart, in other words, so different from the Lion Heart) was at home and surrounded by his vassals, he did not dare to make prisoner of the king. What to do? Well, the Austrian and Hungarian races have not a reputation for the power of their music to no purpose. While Richard sat lordly in his enemy's hall, his host sent for the gipsies, and they played to the Lion Heart those things that were sure to move him—that moved him over war and over the pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. They played him their wild love-songs; and Richard, stirred and moved, wept as he sat at the great oak table; and when the gipsies had finished he slept with his head on his arms, and the Angel Heart made him prisoner at Durnstein.

The vines hereabout hang their lovely curtains against the hills, and the Benedictine monastery with its cloisters knows well how to drain the liquor from Austrian grapes to the best advantage. One after another the old eyries hang like the mouldy nests in immemorial eaves upon the hills, and their ancient memories drift down like leaves flung upon the Danube's tide. Behind them forest lands make one long wall of beauty, of wild grandeur, and the castles are like rough-set jewels in some barbaric crown.

And from then on and then on there is nothing to watch but the tone and the temper and the curtain of the wonderful willow pastures against the tone and the temper of the autumn sky. The shores are low as prairie lands, but the river is broad and milky, and low shores and river seem to make one broad way down through the land. Of this tremulous, delicate effect one has something like fifty miles below Vienna.

Yellow and violet trunked pines—forests so deep that their obscurity is terrifying and fairly takes the breath away—make the noble background; and over the far-reaching willow country, whose frail bracken quivers in the autumn winds, long-winged flocks of river birds fly and are lost in the distance.

Each river possesses a different personality; the Danube has stamped its shores with distinct characters, and the large river seems like a giant's signature across central Europe, whereon the force and civilizing power of a great body of water has written its name.

Near Vienna are pine-covered hills, great boulders; and high on a jutting rock rises the last ruin, charming and ghostly, a queer town at its foot—with wooden steeples and stucco walls,—then comes a glare of lights and Vienna bursts upon the view. The Austrian metropolis, new, ardent, modern, and progressive, rises along the Danube banks out of a very medieval mist, and coming down from its prison, from its fastnesses, finds the same indomitable spirit, the same stern simplicity in Austria as that which distinguished the great lords of medieval days.

From Vienna to Budapest the sweep of the Danube is majestic, its current milk-white, and legend and story for the most part leave the river here to its native, unspoiled character. The road the great stream chooses to cut into Hungary leads between the Carpathians and into the Transylvania range; and the Austro-Hungarian Campagna is lovely with leafy abundance, full of golden autumn lights. In the last mile of Austria, below Vienna, the king of European rivers glides between birch groves, between willow groves and beech copses. Birds sing and call from their nests on the banks, and the scene is one of vernal placidity and uninterrupted gentle charm. The river is jewel-like, opalescent; the mountains dominate the shores, and sheer cliffs rise, against which the birds fly like butterflies—poise, float, and shine out sharply white against the thick green trees. A few more miles of suave green border, delicate filmy bowers of willows, mysterious veil-like forests of willows, fine and illusive against the Danube's Campagna; then to the right a big green island rises up, vivid and dazzling.

Cargo-boats as pagan as if made in the far East slip into the stream and file between the hills; the white cliffs are



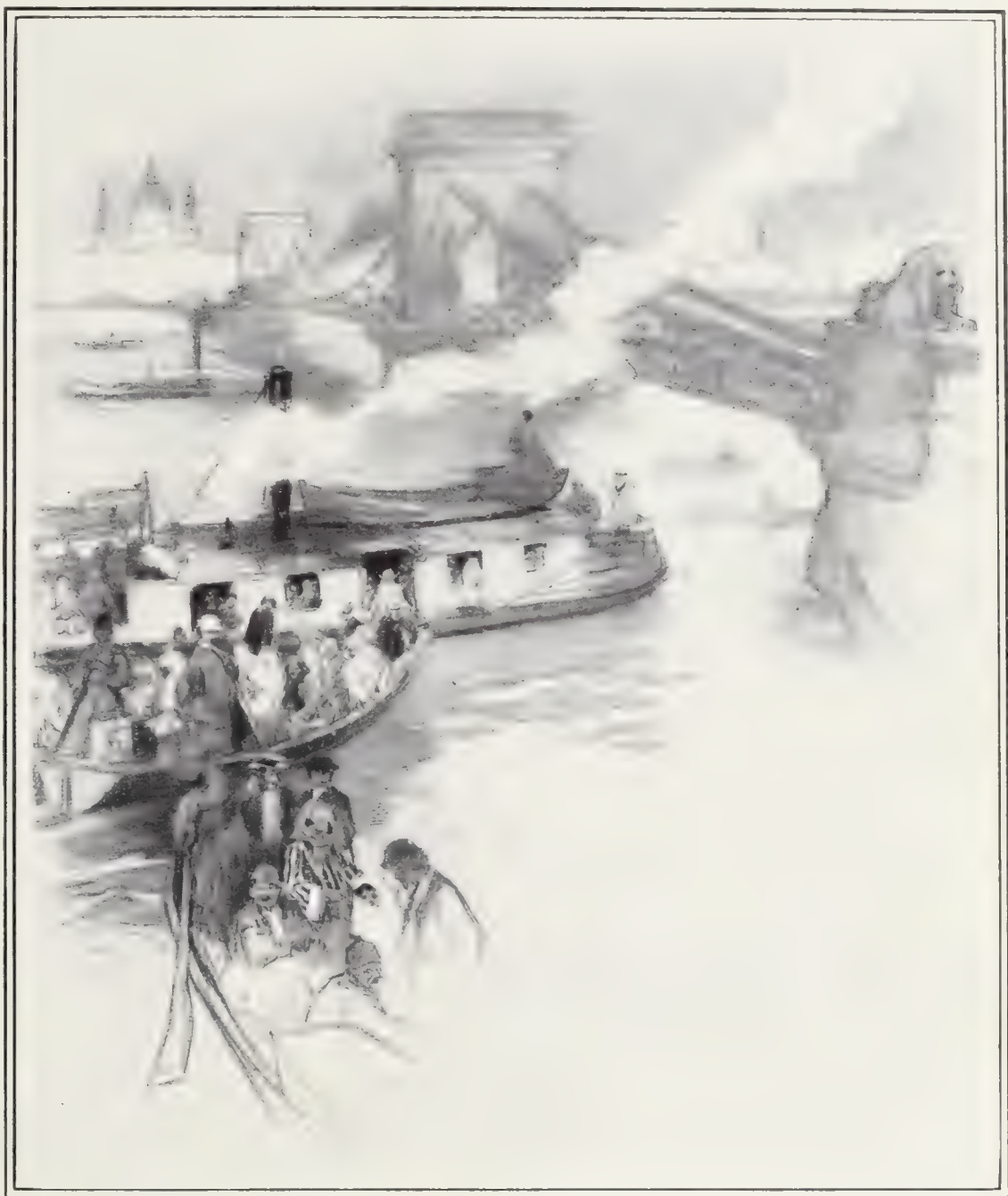
MOUNTAINS DOMINATE THE SHORES

covered with purple flowers. An unhistoried castle stares through its blank windows from the feathery hill, and at Deveny—a tiny little township—the Danube enters Hungary. The river possesses here a charmed domain. Autumn reddens in the Carpathians, the first harvests are all in; but there is a second harvest, and the vines have poured their luscious richness into press and basket. The curves of the river are many, and one after another the beautiful views are shut away as the river winds in and out. The country seems swallowed up by the big forests—forests full of the haunts of old warrior spirits, full of the legends and stories of those brave barbarians who conquered the Moguls and the Turks.

Far out in the river, on the logs, sit the black-throated penguins, and to the left, at Pazony, rise the long square castles of the Hapsburgs, where Marie Thérèse was crowned and held her court.

The Carpathian ranges ring round like an evergreen garland through the Hungarian country and shadow with their splendid forest walls the Danube shores. The river's course through this forest is charming, and the Danube counts no less than six hundred miles in Hungary. The Hungarian land has been stormed across, ridden across, by most of the conquering forces of the world. Magyar, the hero of the dawn of years, riding one day across the steppes, saw at the river's brink the beautiful daughters of a wood-cutter at their evening meal. Magyar of the steppes had ridden and ridden, without bridle or stirrup, over Heaven knows how many miles of plain; he was

wild to look upon, but very beautiful; he was barefoot, but he sat his horse like a god. With the winds of the steppes blowing in his hair, his brows bathed by the dews of the evening, he looked down upon the wood-cutter's daughters and



A HOLIDAY AT BUDAPEST

took the one he loved the best and rode away. From this wild rape sprang the race of Magyars whose language all Hungary speaks to-day, and whose blood is full of fire and romance.

Then Attila, the Scourge of God, the robber, the land pirate, the king whose dreadful fame has yet so much of charm—Attila the Hun—conquered and drove out the invaders and possessed the plain. The Hungarians are his seed and race, and here at Estergom, on the jutting hill, with sunset soft around it, his palace rose and he held his court—Attila's wayward, wandering, loving heart was here. It was after his warfare that he came to the Danube, and if anything could bring

peace to that wild breast, any couch rest those great limbs, such peace and rest were here. So the plains with their warm odors and the river with its song made a spell for Attila and fetched him home.

Of this mysterious, changeful sweep of country there are thirty-five thousand miles in Hungary, and there are no high-roads through it and no paths; and to-day, just as Magyar rode, so the peasants, without bridle or stirrups, ride from farm to farm, into the vast inland villages that are like a dozen towns in one.

There is something wild, barbaric, about Hungary, something which proclaims that the spirit of its people is one which will never be defeated—a spirit close and stern and real. The bridge that spans the twin cities of Buda-Pest is a most picturesque example of the unity of Hungary at the time of the Austro-Hungarian alliance, when the country was lifted out of disruption and disintegration into a unit. The earth to build the bridge foundations was brought from the Carpathian and Transylvania mountains by the different nations that people Hungary—Croat, Slav, Magyar—and in 1867 the place took form. The very cry of Hungary, the war-cry and the greeting, is inspiring and speaks for the future—"Eljen!"—which means, with all the force of millions of throats, "Long live!"

The only place of interest between Vienna and Budapest is where Attila had his palace, Estergom, and its mosque church rises around a bend on its hilly eminence. Pungent odors are brought out from the shores, wonderful odors of warmed harvest lands, of rich earth, of spicy woods and vines, of late-lit fires. These Hungarian steppes are fragrant, and in the sunset the hills glow spirit-like, soft as velvet. The peasants then seek the waterside, driving down their cattle to the brink of the Danube. Strange rafts and boats fill the stream, striped boats, black and yellow, manned by oarsmen in loose white clothes. In rows along the shore are the Hungarian water-wheels, built into the stream itself, to which the corn is brought and ground for the entire countryside. The river has become a golden stream and flows between golden shores, and the mill wheels turn in the light, and the splashing drops are drops of glory. Alongside of the dock

one of the Danube barges—a great black canal-boat—is drawn. In the starlight, for the night has fallen, the sailors and the peasants group in the stern, and the plaintive music of the Hungarian gipsy fills the night. From warm farms, from the steppes and the forests, comes odor of agrarian life, the happy odor of hearth and home, the perfume of the open, the intoxication of the harvest. Slowly the great hills dip and rise; the Carpathians form a great vista into which the boat steals under the stars. Brighter than the stars even, there is a glare along the sky as the lights of Budapest begin to glow, and after one more turn the circle and ornament of the lights of the Hungarian city shine out upon the Danube and cast their reflection upon the stream, and bright as daylight the city spreads along the shore.

Budapest, whose front is circled with lights like a crown, whose hills rise dark and feathery above the river, whose Parliament buildings run along the bank and are second to none but Westminster—Budapest, bright, flashing, gay, beautiful, modern and rich, ardent and executive, close-built and amalgamative—blender of peoples—is the product of only a few decades, and yet at its last exposition it celebrated its thousandth birthday. Pest, to the right of the river—for the cities are twin and divided by the Danube—Pest dates back to 1200; and Buda was the Ofen of the Romans. Buda climbs up the opposite hill, to-day magnificently new, but sown round with green crumbling walls that mark the passing of the original founders whose painted galleys came up the Danube from the Black Sea. The twentieth-century civilization, sharply new and powerful, must for a moment be brushed aside and the Buda of medieval times put in its stead. Not to Roman planting and occupation, certainly not to its Germanic stamp, is owed the individuality of these Hungarian cities. The very land itself, the forests, the proud mysterious plains, the *aföld*, the Carpathians, have bred and fostered these people, who not only leave their strong mark and personality on the twin towns, but who possess Hungary to-day, who are its very veins and sinews, and who have made its history. Sinister and yellow, the Mongolians swarmed and



Drawn by Andre Castaigne

A MIGRATION OF GIPSIES ALONG THE DANUBE

A. Castaigne
(Bordeaux 1907)

penetrated and menaced Hungary. That tide of darkness and horror was repelled; but from Turkey, steady, continuous, the Levantine invasion, the hordes of the Sultan came, until the Turkish court was in Budapest, until the mosques filled every town, until Turkey on the Danube extended all the way from Budapest to the sea. But more determined than the Oriental invaders under Soliman, whose court was held in Budapest, were the sons of the soil, the people whose characteristics, clear cut, decisive, determined, and conquering, were like those of Attila, and Attila once reigned king on the *aföld* soil. The Hungarians, whose attributes were like those of Magyar who stole the maiden from her father's feast, cleaned their land of Turkish and Chinese invaders.

Budapest is to-day the seat of the Austrian government; the Parliament and the courts are held here; the twin cities are royal, and they number eight hundred thousand souls. Bela, the Beloved, medieval king and knight, built this city, and his palaces rested against the hills of Buda. In the river's path the ship-like island of Marguerita lifts its verdant trees, where St. Marguerita was confined for all her maiden life, because, although she was a saint, she was also a beautiful woman and looked too long through the convent bars!

In Budapest one hears the Czgane music in all its weird charm, its rude original character. Its passion and fire kindle in the heart of the poorest *aföld* peasant. The fingers of the skilful Hungarian musician call this enchantment from the most primitive instruments, and before a tiny fruit-shop in the poor quarter of Budapest one may see, in his white cloth dress, a rude laborer from the *aföld*, and watch him touch with the knowledge of a connoisseur one after another of the primitive fiddles there for sale, drawing from their strings a rhapsody of sound as sweet as the notes of the birds upon the Carpathian upland, or as alluring as the waves of the Danube as it washes his river farm.

The restaurants and cafés in Budapest are famous for this music; but the most perfect voice of the steppes is to be heard in the Hungarian villages themselves. At the table of some rich peasant,

as the wine fills the glass and the housewife prepares the delectable *golyas*, the native musicians gather, in the gay dress whose fashion has not changed for five centuries. These dark faces are aflame with ecstasy, and their art is wild and original. They seem to bring back the past itself, and to keep prisoner for a time the magic of the wild old days. They seem lords again—kings of the plains—kings of the river country—and the ruins and the desolate peaks light up, watch-fires burn on the hillsides, and the Hungarians and Magyars of ancient time file by through the low farm room as the musicians play.

There is no prouder nobility than the Hungarian, and entry into the society of Austria and Hungary is the most difficult in Europe.

The Danube's course from Budapest to Belgrade is the only uninteresting part of the river; here the mountains seem to have slipped away, and the landscape is monotonous. But all of Bulgaria and Servia send their waters in the Drave and the Save to the Danube, near Belgrade, and through the scattered town itself, since the year 400, all nations have forged their way—Roman, Byzantine, Magyar, Servian, Croatian, and Turk—all have passed and left their mark. Belgrade is a polyglot, dreary, gloomy little city, its only charm the port, where the Danube reaches out toward four islands, and where the Save, joining the great river, makes a wide sea. The old fort, with its peculiar, pointed towers, dates back to Turkish times. In and out of its arches the short-statured Servian soldiers pass in their gray uniforms, stolid, moody. It is the only picturesque thing in Belgrade. The Servian soldier is celebrated for his courage and patience, and for his obstinate, tenacious hold of country. Not many years ago the military uprising in Servia changed the rule of the country. King Alexander was unpopular because he had married a woman beneath him in rank. One calm morning when the town was asleep the royal guard of the King, reinforced by the high officials of the army, killed the king and the queen and threw their bodies out of the window. Sixty people perished that day; the Archduke Peter was called

up from the Riviera, where he was playing roulette and sleeping well, very loath to take the place of his assassinated relative. No justice whatsoever was meted out to the murderers; to-day they go unchallenged in the little streets of Belgrade, smoking and drinking in the restaurants at their ease, murrers and makers of kingdoms, in full uniform, a dozen decorations across their breasts.

Servia is still savage, and under the bright sky and in the streets, filled with peasants from the islands, one feels the spirit of agitation and revolt. The peasants wear fur-lined boots and fur hats like the Russians, and it is a singular sight to see these wild country creatures, whose portion should more naturally be the fields, armed with a pickaxe or shoving a wheelbarrow with the common workmen in the streets of Belgrade. It has taken the band of workmen three years to lay a sewer, and it shows little sign of completion.

In order to see the Servian peasant as he is in his fast-disappearing native state, a drive over a poor road some five hours in an ox-cart into the hill country will bring one to a vineyard farm. The women are tall, fine-eyed creatures, with superb hair and quick smile; their dresses are embroidered by hand, worn with great pride, and set the good looks off to perfection. During the winter these women pass their time in carving, and decorating eggs for gifts at Easter. The pictures and decorations upon these eggs are beautiful, done with art and skill. And around the primitive hearth, where the fire is built on the floor or in a hole in the ground, they gather with their musical instruments when their work is done.

Belgrade to them is a great metropolis, but though they live on what they believe to be the border of civilization, these peasants are as primitive as in ancient days, and their rites and customs date back a thousand years. There is no servility in the Servian peasant, for there is no aristocracy here; each man is as noble as his fellow, and his very carriage shows his race and pride.

When a farm and a household are destroyed by fire, the unfortunate owner erects a wooden cross on the site of his charred hearthstone and calls all his

neighbors in to a solemn feast. One by one, after drinking a stoup of wine, each man lays a stone at the foot of the cross, and invariably when the time of the guilty incendiary comes he bursts into tears, cannot lay the stone in place, and confesses his fault. If a dog barks at night or a crow flies over the vineyard, the omen is carved on a piece of stone and kept as a token. On feast days cakes are baked in various forms and shapes and material for every member of the family—for the master and his wife, for the son and the baby in the cradle, for the cat and the dog, for the pig and the swallow in the eaves—each has his little pastry. In such quaint and naïve pastimes the Servian peasant of the Danube follows his pastoral existence until he comes in his ox-cart to Belgrade and takes a hand at the new work, and little by little begins to find that his native costume is out of place—the thick woollen clothes, the slippers, the embroidered stockings, and the high fur hat.

Below Belgrade the Danube spreads out into a wide calm sea. The river is deep and splendid here, ever more marvellous, more vast and absorbing. The hills to the left are yellow and soft, overgrown with a peculiarly beautiful vine. On either side for miles the river has both Hungary and Servia for its shores. The road, the Hungarian Corniche, built by Prince Scelem, not yet known to the automobilists, extends for a hundred miles through Hungary and Servia. The river takes her verdant way between the high defiles like palisades from Belgrade to Orsova. The land is desert-like and the shores mysterious and desolate, and over the steppes one can fancy again the hordes of the past gathering for battle. The Danube itself is filled with caviar fisheries; the industry is a priceless one to the Balkan States. All the way to the Iron Gates, through the splendid pass of Kasan, the scenery is superb. Down here the channel was impassable a few years ago, and now long conical rocks in mid-stream show where the bed has been blown out by dynamite.

Autumn lies upon the land in golden light; Hungary has ended, and the Bulgarian and Rumanian possessions of the lord river lie on right and left of the vast flood. Close as are these countries one

to another, they are vastly different in spirit and character; rural towns mark Rumania, and the small, uncomfortable little cabins crowd down to the river edge. The Orient more and more vividly colors the scene, ruined walls dating back to Roman times mingle with the new stucco, and over the plenteous grain fields, yellow with the second harvest, and on the grave beauty of the Balkan hills, the September light lies warm. A kingfisher flies out and sweeps for his meal, the heron perches on his coral legs in the reeds, along the shores the quaint stork flies with his mate, and the tent-like roofs of the small Rumanian town catch the reflected light of the sun which is spread over the Danube like a red cloak. Tarbooshes are discernible on the heads of the men at the riverside; the

East is very close to Rumania here. In the rowboats the men wear the fez, and in the curving barks that float out like birds into the stream sits a group of women closely veiled. The severity and loneliness of Hungary is all gone, Rumania is more cordial and friendly; it smiles upon the traveller, although in the picturesque villages and the swarming dock at Giurgevo the sight of a stranger is a thing to be remarked but not to cause any distrust. There is a welcome here, a bright naïve cordiality, a simple cheer, and even the aspect of the land is changed. This part of the Danube country is peopled by a race different from the Slav, Teutonic and German—a hospitable people, free from greed or self-aggrandizement, a people with strong religious sentimentality, much faith, and

a deep poetic sense.

They are pure Latin. The Rumanians sprang from the Romans, and in the clear skin, fine traits of face, noble carriage, and beauty the Rumanian peasant holds his own with any indigenous inhabitant of the globe.

Near to Russia, near to Turkey, invaded by Cossack and Servian and Slav, reigned over by a king who is a Hohenzollern, the Rumanians keep nevertheless the stamp of their own individuality, and it is an agreeable die. The lyric gift and talent of the Rumanian is well known, and the folk-songs are classic. Far in the mountain fastnesses, in the rich grain farms, in the vineyard country, the Rumanian keeps his traditions still and his beautiful



THE IRON GATES

native dress. As far as the women are concerned, costume is almost a law. Ladies wear the native dress in Bucharest, and on Sundays all the villagers, the mayor as well, wear the peasant costume. How long this deviation from modern ugliness and uniformity will be possible is hard to say. Petroleum wells and granite quarries, commercialism, are changing Rumania very slowly, perhaps surely, and stiff white skirts, fur-lined boots and slippers, do not make a practical costume for workaday life. But Bucharest is remote as yet, even from the docks of the Danube, and it is full of charm. It fraternizes little with the Balkan States, and its one sympathetic bond is with France. Bucharest, with its royal palaces, with its sun-filled streets, where the fruit-sellers sit in cheery groups around their luscious wares, where the horses from the Russian steppes, with flowing manes and flowing tails, dash like mad through the thoroughfares, where the altars of the Orthodox churches are thick inlaid with gold and silver, and long-haired Greek priests bow before the relics—Bucharest, where Byzantine and middle ages have left their imprint, is Oriental and delightful, and is like to be so for some time.

But not in Bucharest itself, in spite of its individuality, is the Rumanian to be found at his best. Not far from the banks of the Danube, in the little cloth-covered huts, at the open door before her spinning-wheel, which the Rumanian girl still uses, she of the long braids and dark,



WAYFARERS AT A SHRINE

doe-like eyes sings as she spins. She believes in ghosts and phantoms, she believes in spirits and omens, she wears a knife in her girdle still and an amulet upon her breast. The married women only have a right to cover their heads, and the Rumanian girls' braids are free in the breeze. And she dreams with the rest of her kind of a hero who shall come. And meanwhile she dances in the evening, after work or on a holiday, the *hora*, played to by the *cobza* on his flute.

There is no more thrilling or picturesque character than the hero of which the Rumanian girl dreams. He is called the *Heiduck*; he must be beautiful and brave, he will come from some distant



DELTA OF THE DANUBE NEAR THE BLACK SEA

mountain valley or from some river village, and he will make love to her and break many hearts on the way. This, indeed, the *Heiduck* is too often likely to do! But nevertheless, something like the great Magyar of old, the *Heiduck* comes of an evening on his Russian horse, if he chances to be a native of the northern part of Russia; and after a long moment in the moonlight at the well brink, or after a hidden whispering in the vineyard where the grapes are less sweet than the lips he kisses, the *Heiduck* will take Mariska and lift her on his horse, and will ride away with her, and those who see them go will think that they have seen a vision, and Mariska of the white embroidered dress and the silver earrings will never dance the *hora* again with her companions, and will never wear a wedding-veil over her braids.

Flat pasture lands, pale and lavender-hued, stretch between Rustchuk and Giurgevo. The campaign is yellow and sterile as the plains, Bulgaria lies to the right, and the sweep now to the sea is between wild, wide countries, desolate and ragged. The heat is semi-tropical. The passengers who board the Danube steamer are of the most curious. Turkish women in their black gowns sit cross-legged, with their cigarettes between their stained fingers: dreary peasants from the far-distant plains, or from the villages at the wa-

ter's edge, lonely simple groups, are carried from town to town like so many bundles of grain.

The Bulgarian lands are not without their rugged attraction as they stretch flat to the Balkans. On one side the beautiful cliffs are sheer and deep, covered with a growth of heather. The spirit of the Danube as it takes its way down to the Orient is more tranquil and indolent; it seems to have swept into a certain measure of rest. Beautiful hills and farm lands, even the magical plains, are left behind, and the landscape ravel out into sterility as the stream goes down to the port on whose harbors ride the ships of all nations. Broad and gray, white and tawny, never blue, never vivid, the Danube flows; and at Sulina, cosmopolitan, noisy, brawling little port, filled with Greeks, Bulgarians, and Rumanians, the mouth of the river is reached. There the straight white flow of the Danube makes a tawny path far out: the white stream goes into a blue as deep and powerful as the sky above the great sea waters. They change to violet, they change to purple like a royal cloak, to jasper like a jewel, then to pink as though a coral reef lay beneath. They change as by some unseen chemistry, and the expanse before the eye becomes sombre as the cloak of death: the water claims and wins its title, and the Danube is lost at length in the Black Sea.

The Other Fellows

BY ROY ROLFE GILSON

AT the rectory there was a small reception-room, where Margaret was to be found on certain evenings, reading or embroidering by a porcelain lamp adorned with cupids, ecstatic cherubs shooting little golden darts and strewing roses in the air. On such occasions the rector, pausing in the doorway to observe the solitary fairness and diligence of his child, would plaintively lament her deserted chair in the family circle, and the alarming frequency with which of late she had preferred this cold seclusion to the cheerful company by the other lamp.

"Don't *you* shut yourself up, father, to think?"

"Ah, well," he confesses, "if it is to think, my dear, that you sit here so forlorn—"

"But this is such a quiet little room."

"True—and nearer the door-bell. Your mother, at your age, liked always to be handy to the door, evenings. A good, old-fashioned, hospitable trait, too, when you come to think of it."

"Well, father, it *is* unpleasant to be kept waiting on the steps."

"Doubtless. Especially with a pocketful of peppermints."

"He doesn't bring peppermints!"

"Which—doesn't bring peppermints?"

"Why, I thought you meant David. He's the only one who ever does bring candy. But he doesn't bring peppermints!"

"Well, *I* brought peppermints," the rector retorts. "You needn't turn up your nose at peppermints. Your mother didn't."

"I like chocolates better," she replies.

"And David—does he like chocolates better?"

"Doesn't a man always bring a girl—what *he* likes, father?"

She asks it with such a mimicry of his own dry tone that the rector laughs, and lingers on, smoking, in the doorway, and musing upon that lovely head.

"There is a grave deficiency in these youngsters of yours," he remarks, thoughtfully. "Never were suitors so unmusical, my dear. Not even a mouth-organ in the lot! Devotion should be breathed melodiously on the moonlit air. It was so in my day—but in my day the troubadours were not yet dead. How does your modern wooer announce his heart, breaking with emotion?—and his pocket, bursting with chocolates? Why, he steals up cautiously and plays upon a button!—upon a button, my dear!—think of it—*ting-a-ling-a-ling-love*, on an electric bell!"

And as if to illustrate this preposterous serenade, the bell *does* ring, and the rector, startled by the phantom his words have conjured up, retires as meekly and speedily as possible into the innermost recesses of the house.

Margaret rises, and advancing more deliberately than usual to the door, opens it with a smiling and expectant face. "*Oh*—why, good evening, Wilbur!"

Wilbur, obviously pleased, but inarticulate as yet, permits his hat to be taken from his helpless fingers, and, still in a flustered silence, bolts for a chair.

"That other one is easier," Margaret informs him, but too late: he has crossed one leg over the other, and is trying several promising methods of disposing of his hands—none of which, however, proves satisfactory, so that he is forced at last to leave them to their own devices.

"How good of you to come!" There is such pitying sweetness in the voice that the evil spell upon his tongue vanishes. Wilbur's pent-up joy finds utterance—but with a polite, premonitory tuning of the vocal chords before he will entrust them with these blushing words:

"I thought you'd be—wondering—why I hadn't been around."

Margaret herself is conscious of relief. Henceforth, as she knows very well, it will be easier for Wilbur. It is these

beginnings that are so difficult, and for him, of all youths, they are the veriest bushels hiding his light from a sceptical and deriding world. With most girls he never gets beyond them, these shy and tentative prologues to conversation, and of all his young hostesses Margaret alone does not propose some childish game, or candy-making project, that shuts off forever all blissful avenues to consolation, and all opportunities to ventilate a lonely and suffocating soul. She alone knows that he is serious—*very* serious—and the still more profound and incredible secret, that he can talk! Indeed, if there is any subject upon which he is really, hopelessly dumb, it is the gratitude he bears her for her patient listening.

"Tell me," she inquires, "how goes the Epic?"

"Ahem! I've written—f-four hundred lines since I last saw you."

There is a touch of pride in his tone, and a gleam of it in his eyes. One hand wanders irresolutely toward an inner pocket, but wavers there, and finally brushes an imaginary something from his chin.

"*Don't* tell me that you haven't brought them with you!"

"No, I—ahem!—thought maybe—you might be interested." Fumbling in his pocket, he draws from it the precious roll. But the pages slip from his fingers and flutter to the floor; and he has scarcely recovered them when the door-bell rings again.

Margaret rises with a deprecative "Oh!" And Wilbur—just Wilbur now, the poet having hastily retired into that inner consciousness of which only Margaret is aware—stuffs the trembling sheets back into his coat, and patiently resumes those futile experiments with his empty hands.

It is David who has arrived; and Wilbur, listening, notes with a glimmer of satisfaction that Margaret's greeting is more subdued than his own recent welcome at the door. David, apparently, says little upon the threshold; Margaret even less, and in so moderate a tone that no word is clear to the interrupted bard, twiddling his fingers and tremulously awaiting their approach. But they are speaking animatedly enough as they enter now, after a little, almost silent

pause outside—a rustling pause that might seem strange to any one but Wilbur—and David, radiant, stretches forth a hearty hand.

"Hello, Wilbur! How's Wilbur?"

Perhaps there is a hint of patronage, or too great assurance, in this breezy tone. At any rate, it is so overwhelming that the man who was just now a poet suddenly becomes something even less than man, and murmuring unintelligibly, collapses into the refuge of his chair.

Again the door-bell!

"This promises to be a party," David remarks, moving familiarly about the room; and then, attracted by the sounds of a prolonged and exclamatory welcome in the hail: "I wonder who's come? Some friend of the family, I guess. She's taking him back into the living-room. Charming girl!" he murmurs, examining her embroidery.

"Ahem! Yes."

Margaret reappears, entering radiantly with a Mr. Vail, a noticeably handsome and well-dressed young man, with expressive eyes.

"Stephen and I made mud-pies together!" she explains, when she had introduced him.

"Oh yes," the young stranger acknowledges, with a tender smile. "Madge and I've played house, and quarrelled, and made up many a time—eh, Madge?"

She casts a furtive glance in the direction of her other guests. But Wilbur has been turned to stone, David to ice—though scrupulously courteous—ice with the sun upon it. "Mr. Vail—" she begins.

"Stephen," he corrects her, chidingly.

"Stephen," she continues, smiling sweetly, "lives in New York, and has stopped, between trains, to see me. Isn't it nice of him?"

"Very," says David.

"Madge and I," the New-Yorker explains, with a gallant inclination of his head, "were neighbors so long, I didn't have the heart to pass."

"I should think not!" David agrees, very handsomely.

"We haven't seen each other—let's see, Madge—how long has it been?"

"Oh, *ages*, Stephen!"

"Yes. *Two* ages, to be exact. It has been two years since I teased you, Madge!"

"And did you play house together so recently as that?" inquires David, in mellifluous accents.

"Why, *David!*" The exclamation is in one voice, but there are two tones in it—one in general, and the other in particular. The young man Stephen laughs very heartily.

"No! Madge and I parted rather coldly, I fear."

"Coldly, Stephen!"

"Why, yes. Don't you remember? All this," he explains, turning with elaborate courtesy to David, "took place in a little one-horse town—about the size of this one, I should think—called Merri-vale. And our parting took place at a farewell reception given to her father, the rector of St. Nicholas' Church."

"But you say we parted coldly," cries the arch young lady.

"Yes," was the answer. "We were eating lemon-ice!"

"Oh, I do remember!" she exclaims. "*Out of the same spoon!*"

At this the handsome young stranger laughs delightedly, observing David with the corner of an eye. "Yes. And I've got that spoon yet!"

"Why, Stephen! Surely you didn't—"

"I did. It was only a plated one."

"Why, that was *stealing!*"

"Consider," he protests, "the provocation! I'll leave it to your friends. Was I justified?"

Wilbur, looking a little scared, lifts up his eyes, and drops them again. David, however, rises to the emergency. "I shouldn't have been content with a spoon!"

But no one hears him, unless, just possibly, it is Wilbur. Margaret does not—she is busy with her maidenly horror of Stephen's crime. And as for Stephen, with his eyes upon her, he has become stone-deaf!—to all but Margaret.

"It is doubly dreadful," she points out, "to take anything at a church affair."

"And I," David interposes, in a voice that is calculated to be heard this time, "would have waited to gain *m̃y* booty at another kind of church affair!"

Still, Stephen is oblivious.

"And to think," Margaret protests, "that you can sit there and look me in the eye! You *ought* to feel guilty. I do, myself. You should send the spoon back, for my sake."

"I was only in jest. I didn't take the spoon. Really. I wanted to, of course—you ought to know that—but I refrained, for your sake."

"Stephen! I never could believe one word you said—never! And even now, I don't know what to think. But I'll leave it to your conscience."

"Ho, ho!" laughs David, hilariously. But the one called Stephen (with such tiresome frequency) turns absently to Wilbur, as if silent guests were more to his liking—or as if, awearied of but one antagonist, and having (humpf! as he appeared to think!) vanquished that one, he would proceed to demolish the other one as well.

Now, as to Wilbur, it is not to be imagined, because the poet has been dumb to these subtle interchanges, that he has been deaf, or blind; he has, indeed, been furtively vigilant, although the instant eyes are clapped upon him, his own are studiously upon the floor. Stephen, in consequence, with a raising of the eyebrows, abandons whatever may have been his dark designs, and inquires of Margaret: "The express is due at 9.30, is it not? And it is now"—he examines his watch—ostentatiously, it might appear, or significantly, to those who may choose to have their wits about them—"a quarter to nine."

David settles down firmly in his chair. Wilbur is a rock!

The invader sighs—"It does seem good to see you, Madge!"—gazing at her with something of resignation and something of disappointment in his wistful air.

"And to see you, Stephen."

"Do you remember," he asks, "the May-baskets we used to hang each other?"

"Oh yes."

"It was a pretty custom," he observes, thoughtfully. "Did you ever hang May-baskets?" he asks, turning upon David.

"I have no recollection of it, if I did. I used to play football when I was a boy."

"Well, the custom," Stephen begins, fixing his eyes upon the wall above David's head—

"Oh, I know the custom," David assures him, blandly.

"Never mind the custom, Stephen," murmurs Margaret. "We were very young then—the merest children."

"And the Christmas mistletoe you had one year, Madge! Do you remember that?"

"N-no. I don't seem to remember that."

"Why, you must remember it! You were horribly embarrassed!"

"Oh," she protests, nervously, "but I've been embarrassed so *many*—" She is charming when she blushes.

"Oh, you *do* remember it!" Stephen cries, delightedly.

But at this, Wilbur—*Wilbur!*—clearing his throat, remarks in a voice that may possibly have been intended to be fierce, "A woman's memory, my lord, is a—matter of choice."

There is a bewildered silence. Why "my lord" nobody can surmise, until Margaret has a sudden intuition that Wilbur is quoting, appropriately enough, but perhaps rather more than he intended, from the *Epic!*—one corner of which, in his agitation, peers over his lapel.

"Bravo, Wilbur!" cries David, nodding approvingly; but the valiant boy, content apparently that one knightly deed should speak for his devotion, has retired incontinently from the battle-field, to strive no more.

Stephen, attacked so suddenly from the rear, and perplexed by that medieval manner of rebuke, stares first at Wilbur and then at Margaret—but seeing amazement in her face as well, recovers his composure, and not to be outdone in gallantry, gravely replies:

"Sir Tristram, thou hast spoken more rarely than thy countenance had led me to anticipate!" And with that he rises. "I must be gone!"

"Don't hurry, Stephen."

But he shakes his head at her, murmuring: "Aye, we must part, Madge! Again—and coldly."

"Stephen, behave—*do!* It is early yet."

But he takes her hand and holds it an instant, fondly, in his own. "St. Swithin's chimes ring out the hour of nine!"

"*Stephen!*"

"Farewell!" he sighs, and turns to David with a melancholy stare. "My noble duke—farewell! And thou, Sir Dumps," seizing the astonished Wilbur

warmly by the hand, "if in thy wanderings thou chancest ever upon York, come drink a bumper with me at the Zoo!" And with a laugh, and one parting sally of the eyes of David fuming by his chair, Lord Stephen vanishes with the helpless Margaret.

She returns presently with a doubtful and embarrassed air. "You mustn't mind him," she tells them, nervously. "He is always like that. He doesn't mean anything. It is just his way. No one ever *could* do anything with Stephen."

"What is he," David languidly inquires, "when he attends to his business?"

"He's an actor."

"Oh!"

"Very promising, I believe."

"Very!"

David looks at Wilbur—and Wilbur at the floor—and Margaret at the embroidery which she has zealously resumed. Conversation, barely awake, and proceeding by little fits and starts, that begin in nothing and end where they began, now falls into a quiet doze.

"Well," David remarks at last, with a sigh that is a yawn as well, "I suppose I—must be going."

"Oh no!" Margaret protests. "It's only half past nine."

So he remains. Truth to tell, he cannot take his eyes from Wilbur. But at a quarter to ten he rises and moves restlessly about the room. "I really ought to be going. I don't seem to remember this picture, Margaret. Have I ever seen it before?"

"Why, we talked about it only the other night. Don't you remember?"

"Did we?"

At ten David gets his hat; but attracted suddenly by a volume of sermons upon the table, and losing himself in a survey of its absorbing contents, the general silence becomes profound. The ticking of the clock in the hall becomes plainly audible, and Wilbur at last shows signs of a returning consciousness. He twists uneasily, sighs, opens and shuts his hands, and clears his throat—but all to no purpose. And at ten-fifteen he is still embedded in his chair.

But at ten-fifteen there is a voice from the dead!—one mighty *basso profundo* *Bow-wow-wow!* outside the window. It



Drawn by W. V. Cahill

"YOU AREN'T NICE A BIT. WHY DON'T YOU SIT DOWN?"

is Margaret's Leo, barking at the moon. But it has the most astonishing effect on Wilbur! Unable to move himself, the youth, to the astonishment of the beholders, is hoisted, *vocally*, from his seat!—and set by the same mysterious power of that canine voice upon his legs, which bear him instantly to the door. One triple bark and the miracle is performed. One solemn hand-shake on the threshold, and Wilbur is no more!

Margaret is convulsed. David takes the thing more calmly, smiling indulgently, by way of courtesy to her mirth, but refusing to be carried off his feet by any mere absurdity of Wilbur's! He declines to put aside his hat, and when invited to sit down, remains stiffly by his chair. Nor is he aware, apparently, that Margaret is most alluringly situated now upon the sofa.

"David!"

"What?"

"You aren't nice a bit. Why don't you sit down?"

"Oh, I must be going."

"Not yet!"

"It is so late."

"Please sit down. You don't have to catch a train."

"*I!* No!" The emphasis is eloquent.

"David, surely you aren't so foolish as to be jealous of Stephen Vail!"

"Jealous! Of *that* jumping-jack!"

"But you were testy with him, David."

"And who wouldn't be testy?"

"But it was all in fun!"

"Pretty kind of fun, to hold a girl up to ridicule before two men! To make game of an old playmate! I won't say anything as to his treatment of *myself*—that's of no consequence; but to sit there and hear him make light of *you*—and Wilbur!"

"Perhaps he did go a little too far with Wilbur," she assents, "just at the end. But it was Wilbur's fault. He brought it on himself."

"Leaving Wilbur out of the question," David replies, "I must say I was surprised, Margaret, to see you permit such—familiarities."

"Why, David, we have known each other from our cradles!"

"All right. If you can endure it, I suppose *I* oughtn't to object. But you can trust a man's judgment of a man

every time; and *I* tell you that a fellow who sits around making eyes at a girl in the presence of other men—"

"Why, he didn't make *eyes* at me, David!"

"Didn't he! Oh, they're handsome, I admit, but I wouldn't trust a man with eyes like that. Eyes that don't look you in the face, but look *around* you, and *over* you—humpf! They don't fool *me*."

"But, David, you exaggerate so!"

"Why, I'm not telling half! I don't say a word, for example, about—well—holding your hand, and trying to play Romeo and Juliet, in the presence of two utter strangers! Oh, *I* knew what he wanted: he wanted us to *leave*. Heavens! Even Wilbur could see that. But Wilbur wouldn't budge—hah!—I guess not! Wilbur's no fool! And do you think *I* would have left you alone with that fellow?"

"Why, David, you talk as if Stephen were a thief."

"Well, he is—and by his own confession."

"But he said he didn't take the spoon."

"Aw! Of course he did."

"Do you really think he did, David?"

"I *know* he did."

"But how can you tell?"

"Why, by his eyes! I tell you, Peggy, it hurt me, more than I can say, to think that you would turn your back on your—natural protector, to encourage a poppinjay!"

"Why, I *didn't*, Davy!"

"You egged him on!"

"David!"

"If you hadn't," David insists, "do you think he would have been so free with his everlasting 'Madge this and Madge that,' and his 'Don't you remember *this* kissing game and *that* kissing game and the *other* kissing game?'"

"David, I *didn't* egg him on. It's just your imagination."

"You wouldn't look at *me*," David protests.

"Why, David, I don't remember it that way at all. I never cared for Stephen, except as a playmate. Surely you don't think I did?"

"You ate ice-cream out of the same spoon!"

"But that was long before I met you, David. And it was only in fun."

"Oh, I'm not so petty as to care about a little thing like that, my dear. That's a minor affair."

"And as to his eyes," Margaret protests, "I didn't notice them so very particularly, David."

"How could you help it? In a woman they'd be glorious—glorious! But a man never makes any good use of eyes like that. And you can't trust an actor with *any* kind of eyes, under *any* circumstances."

Margaret sighs. "I suppose you are right, Davy. You know the world so much better than I do—and I'm so sorry that I didn't realize—everything."

"Well, it's over now," he replies, as magnanimously as possible. "But even Wilbur didn't like the way things were going. By the way, what a numbskull that fellow is, anyhow! How can you put up with him?"

"How can I *help* putting up with him?"

"Well, he's honest, at any rate," David concedes. "He's not like that other grasshopper. Humpf!—'My noble duke'!"

"Oh, Davy," Margaret implores, "don't be so hard upon them! I should think," she ventures, with a gentle, *very* gentle, reproachfulness in her voice, "that when you can see so plainly what they are, you would know why I chose *you*. And that there could never, *never* be any question between you and such other men. And besides—have you thought of it from *their* standpoint, Davy?"

David concedes that he has not.

"Suppose *they* cared for me?" she goes on, pleadingly. "Mind, I only say *suppose*, David."

Well—it is not too difficult a matter for David to suppose.

"Mightn't that excuse them a little, don't you think, for being so—forward, or—backward, or—even a little jealous, David, of *you*?"

Yes. David imagines that in a case like that it might account somewhat for two men making themselves generally disagreeable. But, on the other hand, nobody is supposed to be aware of his superior advantages.

"But mightn't they *feel* it, perhaps, in the air, Davy? Just as you felt that Stephen was not to be trusted, by just looking at his eyes?"

Possibly. David is not so sure that two such irritable fellows deserve so much consideration.

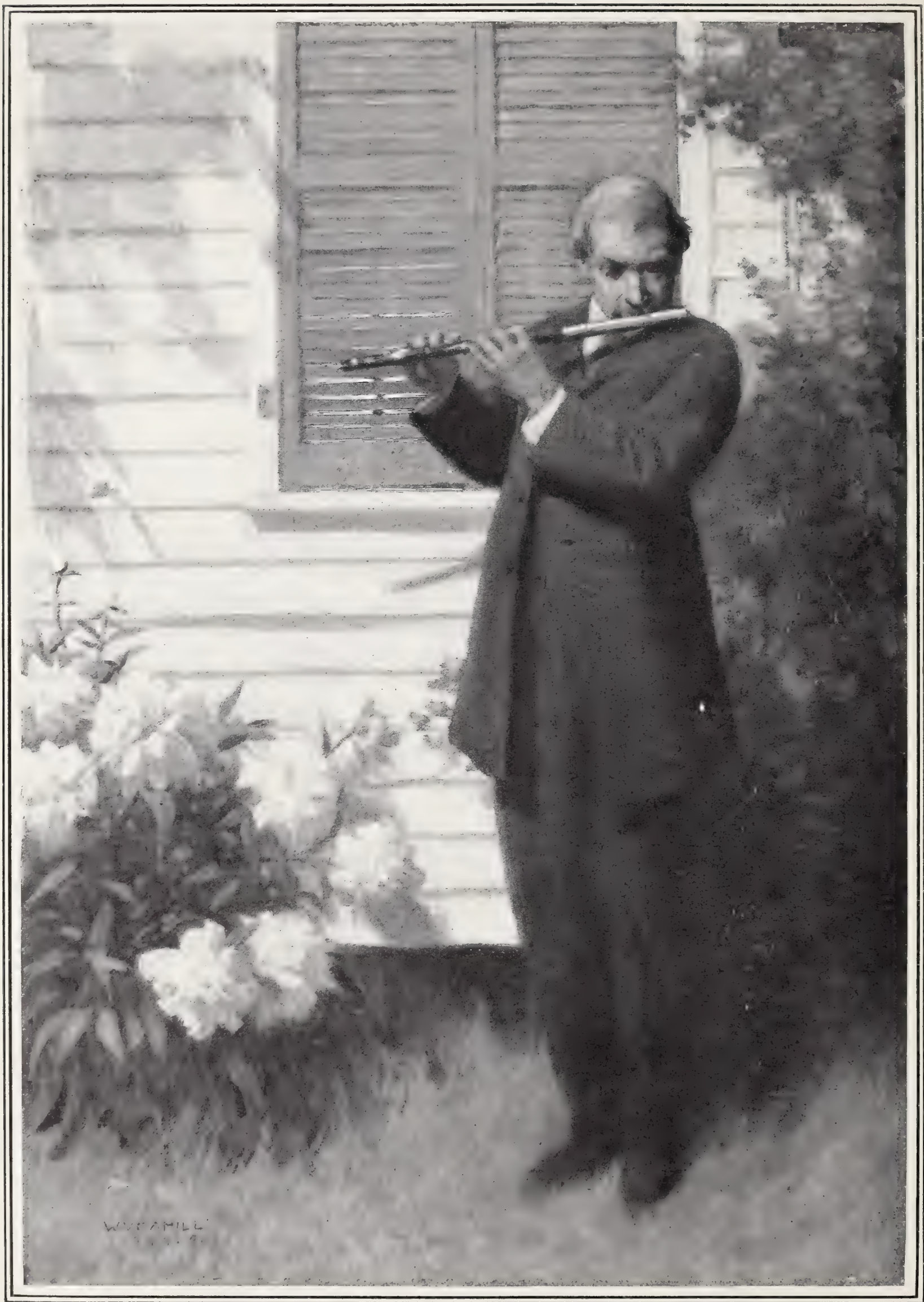
But at half past eleven he is confident enough to rise reluctantly, soothed, and fortified against all lingering qualms, and departs—with the time-honored ceremonies accorded to the victors of these bloodless conflicts.

The storm is over. But for Margaret, at least, it has left behind it no calm, but a confused and melancholy sense of headache and disaster. In her room upstairs she undresses moodily, oppressed by phantoms: the most trivial words, the merest glances, remembered now, loom larger and ever darker, gathering to themselves like clouds all the vapors of a sensitive and tortured imagination—all conjectural meanings and portents, all those regrets with which she reviews the evening's failures and cross-purposes. Lingered by the open window, she looks out upon the moonlit night. Astronomy, as Margaret studies it, wistfully, stars watching stars, contains nothing mathematical; her computations are not made in the Arabic notation, nor are her conclusions intended for the world—yet if other observatories have records of this soft, sweet summer's night, it is to be gravely doubted that they chronicle phenomena of more weighty import, or that they make any mention whatever of certain heavenly disturbances which Margaret sees through those priceless lenses of her tears.

Suddenly she starts!—recalled to earth again by certain strange sounds beneath her window—unintelligible breathings, as of some uncouth animal!—or, rather, on an instant's reflection, it appears to be a kind of low, hollow whistling—though scarcely human!—at which she shudders and draws back into the shadow of the room. It is like nothing that she has ever heard. But presently, as she listens with a beating heart, the notes of a flute float out upon the still night air—shyly, hesitatingly, as if the performer were a little embarrassed by his own pipings, and would fain retire:

Oh, love,
dear love,
be troo-o-o-o—

And there he stops. But he begins



Drawn by W. V. Cahill

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

THE NOTES OF A FLUTE FLOAT OUT UPON THE NIGHT AIR

again, more boldly, more desperately than before, and with variations:

Oh, love,
dear love,
be troo—
 too-dle-doo-dle-doo!
This heart
is on-
ly thine—
 too-dle-doo-dle-doo!
When the war is o'er
we'll part no more,
at Ehren on the Rhine—
 too-dle, doo-dle, doo-dle,
 doo-dle, doo-dle—

"*Father!*" she calls, peering hysterically over the sill.

But the musician, having risen at last to the occasion, gains confidence with every note, and oblivious now to all but these tender and inspiring strains, toots on. At last, however, and with a final, more ambitious flourish, he rests from labor, and is conscious of the laughter up above.

"Is it thou, my love?"

"Oh, it *is*! But, father dear, what will the neighbors think?"

"They'll never guess that it is I."

"Father, *darling*, come up!"

"I come."

When she has scurried into bed, and pulled up the coverlet, as she lies there listening she hears him ascend the stairs. And presently he appears, to be gathered, flute and all, into one ecstatic hug, and to be smothered with her laughter.

"Oh, father, you are the only *nice* suitor I have had to-night!"

"I am astonished. Wasn't Wilbur here?"

"Oh, *Wilbur!*"

"And David?"

"Yes."

"But surely *he* was nice."

"Well—yes—no, he wasn't, either! He was as cross as two sticks."

"What, *David!*"

"He was a regular bear."

"But your old friend Stephen?"

"I wish he had stayed away! I do. It was he who spoiled everything."

"And made David a bear?" inquires the rector. But there is no response.

"Well, well, well! I'm surprised," he continues. "Do you know, my dear, I haven't played that flute in years! How did it sound, anyway?"

"Oh, it was *beautiful*, father!"

"Well, sir, I didn't think I could do half so well. I played that tune to your mother once."

"You did! And did mother know that you were going to serenade me?"

"Oh yes. *She* was listening."

Margaret watches him with glistening eyes. "Dear old daddy!"

"I didn't start off very well," he concedes, "but after I got warmed up to it and caught the pucker—it's awfully easy to forget, the pucker is—why, it went pretty well, I thought, for an old duffer out of breath and practice."

"It was *lovely*, father!"

"That flute was given me by one of the best chaps that ever lived. *He* liked your mother, too."

"Poor fellow!" Margaret murmurs. "But I'm glad he didn't get her, father."

"Naturally. So am I."

"It's hard, isn't it," she suggests, "to be the other fellow?"

"I suppose it is. I never was—but I can imagine how it feels."

"Weren't you jealous of him, father?"

"Well, no—that is to say, I—I kept my eye on him, of course; but I don't seem to remember that I was ever what you would call downright jealous of him."

"Just a *little* jealous, father!"

"No—anxious, rather," he defines it.

"I suppose it's natural, after all," she sighs. "Poor David!"

"Why, is *he* jealous?"

"He is very like *you*, father, in many ways."

"Indeed!"

There is a silence. The rector's eyes are on the flute, which he still holds thoughtfully in his hands. But suddenly he feels himself drawn down softly, so that his face is hidden from her sight.

"Father—*don't* be surprised if he should—speak to you sometime—about me."

It is a breathless moment until he answers, while she holds him fast.

"You'll be sure, of course, before he—"

"Oh, I'm sure *now*, father!"

And she releases him. And the rector—laying the flute upon the coverlet, slowly, and with an infinite care, as if some sudden shock might shatter it to bits—replies:

"It is for you to say. And as for us—us other fellows—we must not be jealous. Only a little—anxious, my dear."

The Shipyard

BY THORNTON OAKLEY

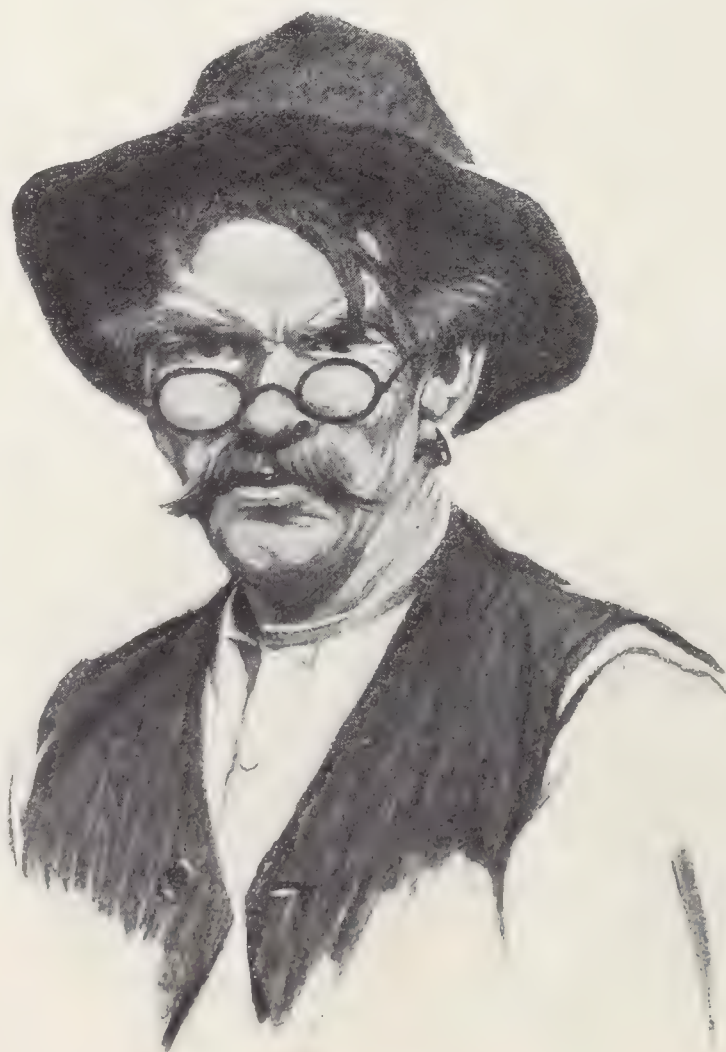
I REMEMBER how as a boy I used to roam about the old shipyard at the bend in the river below the town. On long, hot summer afternoons I would sprawl in the shade beneath the bulge of a schooner's planks and watch the workmen as they climbed about the scaffoldings. I loved the spicy smell of the wood, the carpet of chips that gave beneath my feet, the pitch and oakum, the clatter of the mallets, the scrapings of the saws. Out upon the river, over the tops of the rushes waving at the water's edge, I could see the white sails of the ships dropping down to sea, the foam gleaming at their bows, the little black figures of their crews tugging at the halyards, and I would long to get on board of one, with my green sea-chest stowed beneath my bunk, and sail away into the great blue ocean down beyond the bay.

From day to day I watched ships grow upon the ways; watched them from the first long stretch of keel to the final day when, with the last shoring knocked away, they slid softly down the tallored boards and dipped into the water. I knew each boat from stem to stern, from every rib to the last plate upon her bottom, to the last bit of tar and fibre stuffed into her seams. As I lay on my back beneath the overhang of a ship's

prow, gazing up at the great stretch of bowsprit sailing against the summer clouds, I grew to wondering of her fate, dreaming of her life to come in the dim mystery of the future. Visions of coral reefs passed before me, of dark oceans and roaring surfs, blazing sands, palms towering against depths of blue. I saw her crew delving after treasure, scanning parchments yellow with years, stained with rusty blotches, spotted with arrow-heads and thumb-prints. I saw her at strange ports, surrounded by craft of curious build, filled with dark-skinned men in white, and dusky women with bangles that glittered and clinked about their necks and ankles.

As the afternoons waned and I grew tired of dreaming, I would leave the boat and go into the little lean-to shed of the old wood-cutter in the corner of the yard. He was a small man with a stoop,

long bony hands, and eyes that peered quizzically at you over a pair of wood-rimmed spectacles that he kept far out on the tip of his nose. He was always working at an elaborate bit of carving or figure-head, and it seemed magic the way a face would grow beneath his chisel. Sometimes the daughter of the owner of a ship building in the yard would pose for him, and I would sit absorbed, watching the modelling of her hair spring from



THE WOOD-CUTTER



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE OLD SHIPYARD

the block of wood. The old wood-cutter seemed always glad to see me. He had been a sailor in his day, had been in fights with buccaneers upon the Main, chased by South Sea pirates, and was full of yarns and snatches of sea tales that made my blood run cold. When it began to grow dark, and he put away his tools, I would climb down from the stool I always perched upon and wander homeward, my mind attem with swarthy visages, cutlasses, low black hulls with raking masts, and chests of Spanish gold.

That was years ago. The city has spread down the river, far beyond the



T.O.

THE CAPTAIN ASHORE

bend, and engulfed the old shipyard. The great iron sheds of a modern plant have sprung up upon the spot where once I sprawled and watched the scudding ships upon the whitecapped river. Traffic roars about its walls; office buildings tower skyward; humanity throngs the streets, surges through countless ferry slips, pours into the vortex of the city. Against the sky stand jagged outlines of mills and gas-tanks, factories, warehouses, elevators, networks of structural steel. Whistles shriek; street-cars clang; railroads stretch their tangled webs along the bank; and back and forth the engines shift, shunting lines of cars, their bells clashing, their stacks vomiting billows of black vapor. The air blowing from the water is laden with river sounds, hollow blasts from liners, shrieks of tugs; and now and then come whiffs of oil from the refineries upon the opposite shore, or maybe of spices from a West-Indiaman close by heaving forth her cargo on the wharf. In midstream a frowning battleship, with soaring turrets, rides at anchor, the light gleaming on her guns, and behind her, through a haze of smoke, there comes a glimpse of docks and masts and funnels, and farther on down-stream a tangle of war-vessels at the navy-yard.

Within the plant is concentrated energy. Hulls loom upon the ways—vast frames and ribs of new leviathans; huge ships of iron, lost amid a maze of scaffoldings. Here grow towering shapes of steel, fighting war-ships of the nation; cargo vessels, liners, excursion-boats, river steamers, schooners with many masts, revenue-cutters, barges. Some are destined for foreign seas and traffic on strange waters; some will plough the deeps laden with a country's products; some will patrol the coasts, or ride at anchor in hostile ports with lowering guns, emblems of a nation's power; some there are will put to sea and vanish from man's ken, their fates locked up forever in a waste of heaving water.

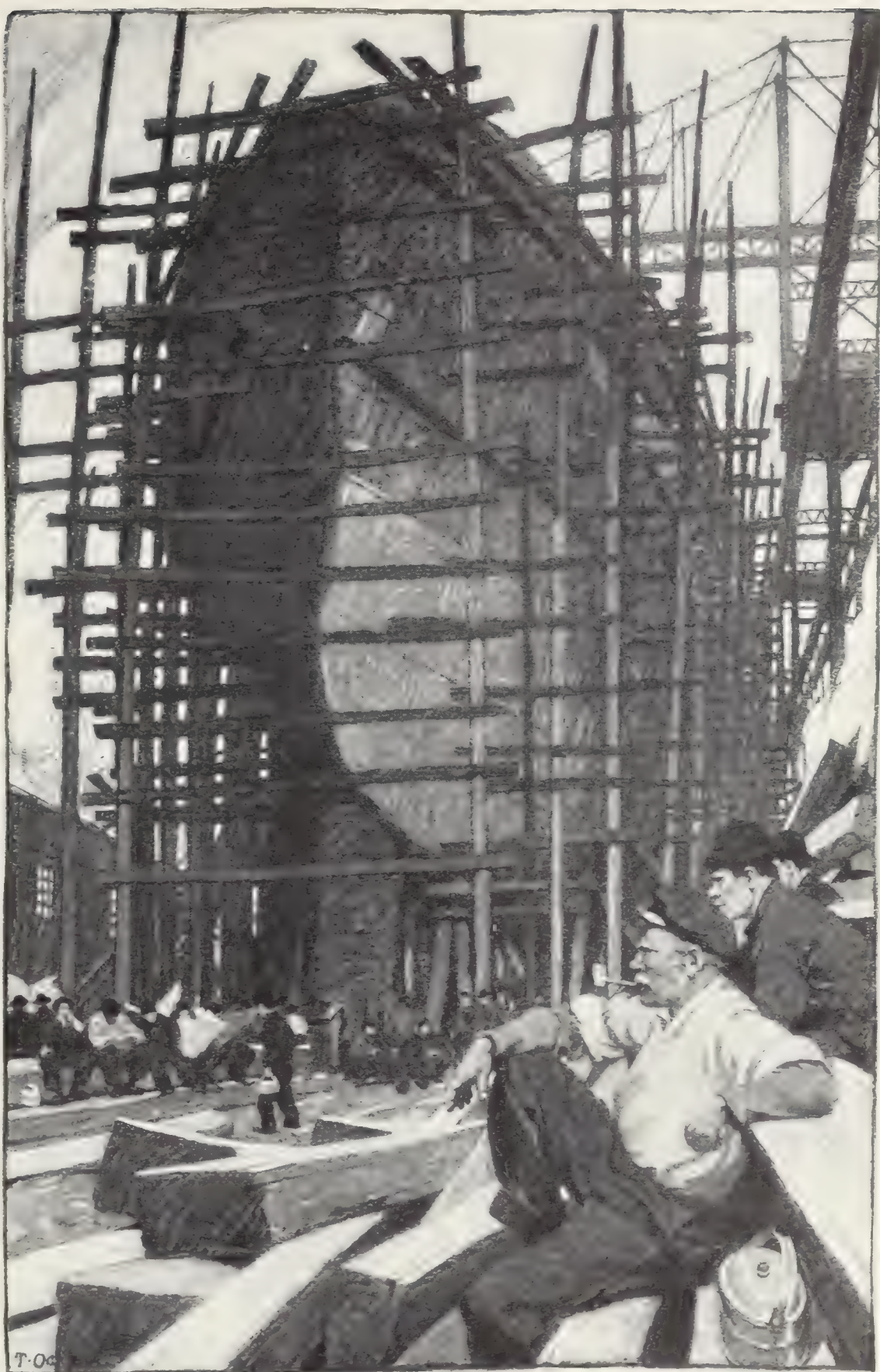
Into the shipyard invention pours limitless achievement. Called by modern progress, she brings forth greyhounds, turbines, giant crafts of battle. She harnesses the primal forces and adapts them to her need. Driven by her

goad, ships grow mighty on the ways. They fling aside the waves, annihilate the leagues of ocean, gulp down a nation's freight, track the seas with foam.

From all directions men are drawn into the shipyard's grasp—working hordes, swarming from out the hovels of the city; sallow clerks, herded over draughting-tables; architects, chemists, engineers, conning blue-prints, poring over analyses of metals, pondering diagrams of forces; managers behind their desks, buried in a rush of letters, besieged by telephones, office-boys, importuning agents; companies and corporations; government officials; captains of industry.

For it forests fall; mines give up mountains of red ore; mills thunder and furnaces fling out tongues of flame; railroads pour into its maw an avalanche of steel. Labor crowds its gates. Industry and commerce wait upon its mood. Before it nations empty out their coffers.

It is almost noon. Within the shipyard work is at its height. Foundries roar, machine-shops clamor, the powerhouse resounds with the clang of engines, the whir of dynamos. There come the crashings of metal upon metal; of steel piercing steel; of huge machines punching, biting, trimming armor plate; of cranes with great hooks hovering,



HUGE SHIPS AMID A MAZE OF SCAFFOLDINGS

dropping, soaring with giant loads; and over all, the thunder of hydraulic hammers, the roar of rivets driven into iron. It pours from mighty shells of ships, from unknown depths beneath the overhang of hulls, from bowels of battleships and liners. Among the meshes of lofty scaffoldings flicker yellow spots of flame where riveters are busy with their charcoal fires. The bits of red-hot iron describe glowing arcs of light as they are flung from man to man. The ground is littered with heaps of shorings, teakwood, chains, sections of engines and of boilers, huge propeller blades of

gleaming bronze, vats of scarlet paint. There is a smell of turpentine and grease. In vast interiors, through openings in walls of corrugated iron, men can be seen toiling in the midst of whirling belts.

All at once a whistle blows, sounding loud and shrill above the clamor of the yard. Work breaks off abruptly. The roar of the hammers ceases. A great steel section of a ship, which has been lifted from the ground and is swinging swiftly to the ways, stops in its flight, and hangs motionless between the earth and sky. Through the sudden lull is heard a surging tramp of feet, a multitude of voices, and out from deep re-

cesses of the scaffoldings, from black shadows beneath the ships, down gangways and through machine-shop doors, pour torrents of humanity, motley crowds of many handicrafts; carpenters and joiners, machinists and electricians, boiler-makers and iron-workers, painters, riggers, calkers, jacks of all trades. Of many lands they are, and tongues—Americans, English, Irishmen, Greeks, Portuguese, Italians with dangling earrings, herculean negroes, Slavs and Huns, Northmen with shocks of hair showing startlingly white upon their grimy faces. They climb over the lumber piles, sit in rows upon heaps of shor-

ings, here and there crowd into chattering groups. They fall upon their dinner buckets; tobacco smoke hangs in a blue cloud about their heads. The ships are deserted, save here and there, upon a deck or scaffolding, a figure or two may still be seen intent on rolls of plans, their coats blowing against the sky.

The yard grows rife with tales. Laborers, foremen, clerks, fill one another's ears with gossip. You hear of tragedies at sea, of ill-fated liners and bankrupt steamship companies, of human lives lured from foreign shores by prospects of vast wealth and stranded in the city's streets, of new contracts signed and pay-rolls to be doubled, of battleships and rumors of wars, of strikes and unions and the fall of wages.



A SHIPYARD WATCHMAN



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

OVERHAULING A VESSEL IN THE DRY DOCK

Down at the river's edge a watchman stands. The huge iron stern of a battleship rises above him. It is punched with rivet-holes; the great steel plates are vivid with red paint. The water is thick and oily. It breaks sluggishly over the broad boards of the ways which run out from beneath the vessel. The man is oldish-looking, with a long face, deep shadows beneath his cheek-bones, and tattoos of strange design upon his temples. His eyes roam ceaselessly about the yard.

"Yer right," he says, drawing his brows together. "Times 'ave changed. Things ain't what they used to be. It's all rush an' go now. It ain't ships. It's machines. Take that gang of Hunkies there. What do they know about a boat? They're only here to hammer rivets. They might as well be on a sky-scraper, or workin' in the Subway. See that chap up in the crane? He used to run an engin' on th' Elevated. There was a fellow like him killed th' other day in the shop. It was after pay-day, an' he was careless, an' didn't rig the chain up proper when they were liftin' plate. The tackle slipped an' the plate dropped on him. If he'd been a sailorman, he'd 've knowed how to hitch the hook."

Half past twelve. The whistle blows. The grimy workmen stream slowly back to work, and again the hydraulic hammers roar.

A snarl of vessels lies moored at the dry dock. They are old and battered and weather-beaten, and show the brunts of years. Once, the white bones gleaming in their teeth, they made proudly down the bay, intent on conquest of the seas. Now, vanquished by time and fortune, they have come back to their place of birth, some but shapeless hulks, huddling together amid a jam of riffraff, as they await their turns within the basin, or to be drawn once more upon the ways. Here are hulls with black holes yawning in their sides; stackless liners with broken engines, dilapidated boilers, and cracked propeller shafts; tank ships with loosened plates, careening heavily, their holds half full of water; steamers of every sort with cabins torn away, shreds of rigging dangling like devastated cobwebs from their masts, rudderless,

paintless, streaked with rust. Broken, beaten, stained with salt and seaweed, they speak of distant lands, of mysteries of strange horizons, of storm and tempest and typhoon.

Within the basin a steamer is docking. The hydraulic gates are shut, the pumping-engines clang, an exhaust-pipe on the engine-house puffs out clouds of steam. Men rush about waving signals, lowering props against the ship. There come sharp orders from the master of the dock, who stands with folded arms at the edge of the basin. The crew are still on board. They line the rails, chattering and gesticulating; thrust curious heads through rows of ports.

The water sinks rapidly. The steamer settles on the blocks, and soon her battered bottom comes to view. She is an old boat, scarred by seas. The great plates beneath her water-line are seamed with rust; the paint has vanished; the iron is eaten into furrows by years of seething water; barnacles sprout about her keels, clustering thickly on one another, here and there heaping into chains of hills, spurs of which run off in all directions and disappear into the shadows beneath her hull; growths of seaweed cling upon her sides, oozing moisture, combed into dark-green traceries. At length the dock is empty. Its wooden, step-like walls are dripping and covered with slippery moss. Little rivulets trickle down and run out beneath the ship into broad, dark, slimy pools. Water splashes through leaks in the gates; the air smells dank and marshy, and reeks of river mud.

Men scramble down into the basin and attack the steamer. Clad in oilskins, they duck in and out beneath the hull, cleaning, scraping, painting, hosing down the sides. Beneath the stern, they gather in a knot about the screw. One blade is missing, the others are twisted and blunted and caked with rust. The blows of a sledge-hammer ring out loudly; the men shout at one another as they strive to loosen the propeller from the shaft. One of the owners of the boat—a tall man in a long rain-coat that flaps about his ankles—watches them anxiously. His patent-leather shoes are flecked with mud.

The foreman hurries about, giving



LAUNCHING A BATTLESHIP

directions. "Oh, this ship's all right," he says, in answer to your question. "She only wants a bit of washing and a screw. She fouled a buoy down-river going on a week ago, and left a blade there in the chain so's to remember their meeting. But she needed a new screw bad. The old one was all but done for, as it was, by the ice last winter."

The river is aflame with bunting. A battleship is to be launched, and throughout the shipyard it is holiday. The cranes are still, the foundries quiet, the shops have ceased their tumult, lofty skeletons of ships wait silent and deserted. The war-ship, stripped of scaffoldings, towers on the ways.

The crowds arrive; the grand stands are thronged with people. Photographers go about with black cloths flying; reporters jot down notes, statistics of the battleship, results of wars. Upon the christening platform, beneath the great red battle prow, the launching party chatters gayly. Uniforms glitter; naval officials strut around importantly; the

president of the yard goes to and fro, worried and preoccupied. The Governor's daughter, sponsor of the ship, buried in a wealth of roses, waits nervously the launching signal.

The tide is at the flood. At the river's edge workmen stand expectant. The last block has been knocked away.

A hush. The crowds grow still. Suddenly there is a shout. The mighty mass of steel begins to move—glass crashes on her prow, there comes a burst of cheering, a din of whistles, a thunder of a cruiser's guns, and the battleship, sliding down the smoking ways, plunges into the water.

Sundown. Through the shipyard's gates a horde of workmen pours, and is swallowed by the city. The air blows cold from the river. From the navy-yard there comes a distant bugle-call, the sound of evening-gun fire. The lights of ships twinkle, and in the soaring office-buildings a myriad windows gleam. The shipyard's day is over. The watchman makes ready for the night.

Lydia

BY OLIVIA HOWARD DUNBAR

ELIOT BARSE waited until his client had for the last time haltingly restated his case and the door was closed behind him. Then he turned his serious face away from the pert, inquisitive glance of his stenographer and took up the note from Candace Whitredge. Even now he could not look calmly at a note of Candace's, cool and brief as these always were, and practically certain though he might be of the nature of their message. That he should come with the promptness of an ambulance when sent for, and otherwise, for the most part, remain away, had been for so long an unwritten condition of his informal friendship with Candace and Miss Cheever. The cases in which they definitely wanted him were not, it is true, flatteringly frequent; but there could be no doubt that whatever the need might be, whether that of a fourth at dinner, an escort for the theatre, or a strong, interloping voice in a dispute with the landlord, he met it with a copious efficiency. He had only to wonder now, or thus it cheerfully appeared to him while he tore open the envelope, which of these functions he was shortly to discharge.

"My dear Eliot," Candace had written, "if you can come up this evening, you may be of help to me. Something has happened that makes all the imaginary troubles I have ever had seem childish enough. My friends are being very kind, but the lovely things they do cannot really lessen my desolation. It is impossible to write, but I will tell you about it all, and about poor Lydia. Hurriedly yours, C. W."

It was five o'clock. With a hurried sentence of direction to the stenographer, who, having "outside interests" of her own, had an indulgent air of perfectly understanding the situation, Barse slammed his desk and strode out to join

the throng that was joylessly surging up Broadway. The walk from Wall Street to Gramercy Park would give him no more than the opportunity he believed he needed to think over the few vague, disturbing lines poor Candace had written. Whatever the calamity was, there was the only too glaring intimation that he had not been the first to hear of it. The "friends" who had thus far vainly exerted their consolatory powers had come first with her, as they always did. Yet he had always believed that it was not so much jealousy as contempt that they provoked in him, the horde of women that was always running in and out of Candace's and Lydia's home. For years he had patiently swallowed and resolutely digested his irritation at these friends of Candace's; women who appeared to his ultra-masculine vision as ungracefully mature, yet as perversely cherishing an arrested girlishness of voice and manner and anecdote—each sentimentally occupied with her own insignificant and fruitless destiny, nervously averting her eye-glasses from the common lot of woman. The one great satisfaction to their biassed critic was that though they might surround Candace perpetually and keep her from him, they could not make her like themselves—could not blight or chill or make trivial what seemed to him the divinely significant quality of her youthfulness. It was nevertheless they who—though always to a far less degree than the incomparable Lydia Cheever—filled Candace's life as they did her home, and who, at all events, had so far successfully excluded him.

It was still a few minutes before eight when Barse arrived at the apartment in Fifty-seventh Street; that spot so daintily austere as to give the effect of cool fragrance, yet so perplexing in its hard little immutabilities that he had always had the feeling, even on the most de-

liberately festal occasions, of being half-grudgingly received. To-night Candace herself was at the door, but in sober morning dress, and with her, bidding her farewell, were three women whose narrow backs and durable hats—his own taste in dress tended toward the riotous—the visitor recognized as drearily familiar. His first look at Candace's face smote him terribly, her un conjectured misery seemed to have so shrunk and blanched it, and the always half-pathetic effect of her little pointed chin was pitifully deepened. Without a smile, she sent Barse into the sitting-room to wait for her, and lingered with the others.

"Does he know?" Barse heard one of them whisper; and another, excluding him from the circle of compassion, flouted, "But he could never understand!"

A moment later Candace entered the room and sank limp and stricken into a chair. She was silent at first; but her strained eyes invited him to witness their story of suffering. The sympathy that he knew he should feel, that he did feel, struggled resolutely through the distracting consciousness that he was alone with her. It was extraordinary how few times he had seen her alone in all these years. Even now he found his patient ears listening for a sound of Miss Cheever in the next room; and he almost saw, from between the soft curtains, her broad, cheerful apparition emerging.

"Can't you tell me what it is?" Barse asked at last, very kindly, but not, he had so carefully trained himself, too tenderly.

"Yes, I can—I must." She paused, and the effort that she visibly made not to weep seemed to him more pitiful than a flood of tears. "Lydia is gone!"

"Oh!" the exclamation came almost happily. "Is that—"

She caught the unspoken word and gave him a cold, accusing look. "It's not kind of you to say that. It seems to you very little, then, that my life is torn in two?"

Barse flushed. "No trouble could seem small to me that made you suffer so. But you see I don't yet understand. Don't tell me about it until you feel that you can. I will wait—hours, if you like."

Candace turned her face away. "Lyd-

ia's father was killed in an accident—I can't remember which day it was—it seems long ago. From the shock of it her mother, who is frail, has become very ill. You know they live in California—I let Lydia go to them only a few months ago. Now, because there is no other daughter, Lydia has gone to be with her mother—gone to stay indefinitely, given up her work here, and left me—*left me here alone!*" The last words were heavy with wonder, as of a thing incredible and unexplained.

"Of course she could do nothing else," said Barse, half to himself. "You poor, poor child!" he then ventured. "How could you think I wouldn't understand what a great loneliness this has made for you! But still it's not as heart-breaking—for you—as though Miss Cheever herself were ill. It isn't, after all, a tragedy—is it?"

"That is as you look at it," was the astonishing reply.

"Oh—don't think me heartless," Barse added, hurriedly. "I'm very deeply sorry for Miss Cheever's grief, if that's what you call a tragedy. I can imagine that at least it must seem so to her now."

"Yes, dear Lydia has hers. But I mean mine." The girl now made a valiant effort to steady her voice, and her wide-open eyes were fixed unwaveringly on her friend's face. "It is only a week ago that we were supremely happy. Everything that I needed in life she supplied. She was my comfort and sympathy and delight—Oh, she was more; she was *Lydia!* Our life was utterly perfect—you know, Eliot, that it was. And now she has chosen to leave me, and I am no more than a wretched waif."

"I think you must know that I can't agree with what you say," he gently answered her, "and it would be brutal to dispute you when you're so unhappy. So—"

"No, don't stoop to me as if I were a child! You think I am exaggerating my misfortune," she accused him. "You are the first friend who *has* thought so."

"My dear Candace—" Barse became suddenly resolute. "Am I not the first friend who hasn't been a sentimental woman?"

The girl's eyes closed for a moment, as if to indicate that she was hardly

equal to the burden thus brutally thrust upon her. When she opened them he saw that she had withdrawn herself by many distances. "Are you like all other men, Eliot?" her chill voice demanded. "And do all men feel that way about women's friendships? Do they speak lightly of them and disparage them? Are you all so blind and so petty?"

"Friendship, a perfect friendship, is always a miracle of beauty," he answered her, seriously. "No one regards it less lightly than I. But it does seem to me a little preposterous that two women—at least when one of them is you—should establish a co-operative hermitage and declare it a perfect life!"

"You have never said these things to me before," she reproached him, coldly. "Isn't it a grotesque sort of consolation for you to offer me now?"

The man's earnestness made him bend forward and look straight into Candace's sweet, dark, shadowy eyes. "I am saying cruel things because—to you—I can't say untrue things. I have never said them before because precisely this issue hasn't come up, and because I did not dream how definitely you were committed to all this by conviction." The patient explanation halted; then the lover in him broke out impetuously: "I know I could have given you happiness, that I still can give it to you—if I had only the power to make you feel that this is true. Oh, Candace, you dear, mistaken child!"

Candace stiffened. "The reason that I sent for you," she set forth, naïvely explicit, "is that almost as soon as Lydia was gone I thought of you and the comfort you would be. But now, no sooner are you come than you imply you have been jealous of poor dear Lydia, and that you want—"

"But you know, Candace, that I have always 'wanted,'" he gently insisted. "And you must forgive me for not having talked to you to-night as I suppose you wished to be talked to—" He stopped suddenly. There was no gain in being direct with Candace. But it had always been that way. And now, as always, it was her stubborn helplessness that most abundantly drew forth his tenderness. He rose to leave her. "Dear child," he said, hopelessly, "you

know so little of yourself or of me. Is there no way of making you understand?"

Four weeks later Candace promised to marry Eliot Barse. It is not the part of an accepted suitor to protest that the lady who has honored him is the victim of a morbid logic. He cannot quarrel with her mode of arriving at a conclusion so flattering to himself. On being told, as Barse had desperately resolved once more to tell her, how he had longed for her, hoped for her, for years, how his life had no other meaning than this long-enduring love had given it, Candace had conscientiously scanned the moral horizon for a vision of a larger and more immediate duty than his case now suddenly presented. Finding none, her course became clear; and it was clearer, as she had specifically told him, from the fact that the case held for her no confusing allurements. She did not wish to marry; which, in her forlornly perverse frame of mind, and with her oddly narrow intensity of nature, seemed to her the best of reasons why she should. From the complacent, half-pitying looks which he imagined that his sudden presence, now and then, in their compact group, elicited, Barse divined that she had been no less candid with her friends than with him. More than one of them, as he knew, would have overturned her own arrangements for the sake of sharing Candace's dramatic loneliness, had the bereaved young woman been willing to tolerate such prompt and easy assuagement. But such a programme would have seemed to her a too facile treachery to Lydia, whereas her marriage—since nobody knew better than Lydia herself that she was not "in love" with Eliot Barse—could admit of no such interpretation.

The aptitude for concession that his long waiting had taught him was taxed mercilessly during the fortnight before their marriage. In spite of Candace's unflattering explanation of her course, Barse really believed that he had made his capture by reason of the extravagant magnanimity he had so long displayed, and he was therefore the less inclined to abandon his most successful virtue. In his own mind the first question to come up had been that



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.

"CAN'T WE GET AWAY FROM THIS IDEA OF LYDIA?"

of the place where they should live; and his impulse had been, from the first moment of romantic satisfaction, to abandon all dull, familiar things—"office hours," habits of industry, meticulous responsibilities—and fly with his bride to the ends of the earth, for it was scarcely more definitely that he pictured this desirable goal. When Candace, in chill amazement, declined to hear of anything that would impose such severe restrictions upon her correspondence with Lydia Cheever, the only reasonable alternative, to her lover, seemed that of renting a house which should give them room to live a large and gracious life. "Flats" he detested; his unconfessed fancy being for a broad, leisurely staircase which Candace, in flounces and trains, should mount with unfettered airiness of motion. But to the second, soberer suggestion she had proved no more hospitable. Wasn't it too soon, she asked him, pitifully, to ask her to detach herself from *everything* that had made life sweet to her? The rooms had always been large enough for two; why should they not still be?

The discomfited man looked about him. With its oppressively low ceiling, its severely spare draperies, the unflecked gloss of its mahogany, the reticent lustre of its few porcelains, the room seemed to him like some polished little cabinet, suitable enough, perhaps, to have held his precious Candace for a time; but—convertible into a *home*?

"It's not, after all, the place where, that matters," the submissive lover, after only a moment's hesitation, assured her. "We will by all means live here if you so much prefer it."

He was now privileged to come daily to the little apartment, although, at Candace's suggestion, his visits were made in the late afternoon, her other friends, she reminded him, being so occupied during the day that she could only see them in the evening. It was not long, however, before he concluded that whenever he might come it was impossible to find Candace otherwise engaged than in writing to Miss Cheever or attending to some matter that concerned her; and it was thus that his jealousy became quite patent even to himself. He felt no dislike, or thus, during his lonely

hours, he patiently defined to himself his own emotions, of Lydia Cheever; of that stout, sandy, voluble woman in whom one could object to nothing, after all, but her solid pervasiveness, her way of being always on hand. The inexplicable, the almost unbearable thing was that Candace's steady drift of affection in that uninteresting direction left even for him no tender overflow; a situation which her promise to marry him appeared not in the slightest to have changed. He saw now that he had innocently taken it for granted that an "engagement" could magically transmute the quality of a reluctant affection. But nothing of the sort had come about, perhaps never could come about, with Lydia Cheever's good-natured ghost so securely housed there.

The one point that the unromantic bride had yielded was that after their marriage they should spend a week on Long Island. A week only, but even seven days spent together outdoors in October would supply, Barse was willing to believe, the necessary magic. This matter once settled, however, it seemed to him that her preparations for the excursion that he himself regarded with such sacred rapture had almost wholly to do with having her mail forwarded.

They were married at noon; and the greater part of the autumn afternoon would be consumed by their journey. To her eager bridegroom, Candace appeared rather less interested by the momentous ceremony than she had lately been by the rite of signing the lease for the apartment for another year. In the weeks of his difficult happiness he had nervously acquired the conviction that Candace did not care for a conversation that clung about personal pronouns; so the result of a determined effort to recommend himself was that the first hour that they had together on the train was devoted to loosely impersonal themes. At last Candace leaned back in her chair with a suggestion of fatigue.

"Eliot, don't feel that you must stay with me. Don't you want to smoke?"

"No," he laughed, frankly. "I don't. But I'll give you a chance to rest a little."

When, some time later, he returned, having devoutly withheld himself from the sacrilege of a cigar, Candace had lost her languor and was applying her-

self with cheerful concentration to some writing in her lap.

"What are you writing, dear?"

"I am writing to Lydia."

"You are writing about us?"

She looked at him vaguely. "About you? Why—no. I am telling her about the Maeterlinck books that she wanted, and that, you remember, I could not get for her yesterday."

"Oh! Did she know we were to be married to-day?"

"Certainly. She telegraphed, you remember, this morning."

"And you are not mentioning it—our marriage? Are you writing to her just as usual, as though nothing had happened?"

"But what has happened?" Candace turned squarely from her writing and looked at him. "Nothing, you know, that affects the relation between Lydia and me. We three are the same people that we were before—are we not?"

"Nothing has happened?" he repeated, staring at her. "You can say that?"

"Nothing is different," she persisted. "How could it be? We are the same."

He became silent and Candace finished her letter, called a porter and gave it to him. Then she turned to her husband.

"Dear Eliot," she remarked, cheerfully, "you look so bored. Wouldn't you like to look at some magazines?"

But Barse was looking wistfully beyond her, to outlived hours. "I am dull, Candace, and slow to see things. But you are a woman, and should have seen. And you did not tell me of my grotesque mistake."

"Mistake?" she repeated, indifferently.

"In believing that in the moment you promised to marry me something had happened. That afterward it would always be different between us."

"I gave you what you asked, Eliot," came in a low voice.

"What is it that you have given me?" He seemed to be asking the question more of himself than of her. "I foolishly imagined, when I had gained your promise, that I had myself achieved something. I saw it as a sort of romantic victory. You do tempt one so to visions, Candace! I forgot that to have made my prowess of any significance I should have had to take you from Miss Cheever, to have—"

"Ah, *that*—" Candace began, with an unmistakable intonation.

"You are going to say that it would have been impossible. Yes, I know. . . . But only in that case would our marriage have had the meaning that it should have. For I only got you, as it were, by default. You have given me nothing. We are all, as you say, precisely what we were before."

The words came very heavily. Candace seemed scarcely to hear them.

"Oh, but I have lost Lydia!" she interposed, her face becoming suddenly wan with recollection. "I shall never have her again."

"Dear child, that was what I mistakenly took for granted. I supposed, too, that she had gone away. But she is with us more than ever. It is always Lydia. Our home is filled with her. Your mind is filled with her. The car is filled with her now. She is much more here than I am, because I can walk out. She is almost more here than you are." Barse looked out over the meadows, and there was a silence between them. Then he turned toward her with a blaze in his mild eyes that she had never seen before. "To dispel her, that would be the feat!" he exclaimed. "Then, for the first time, something, for us, would have happened!"

Candace looked at him in a terror that yet glitteringly defended itself. "Ah, that must never happen!" she half-whispered, turning away.

And Barse, obsessed and resolute, his heart aching wildly for the happiness of which an intrusive woman had hatefully defrauded him, said slowly, "But it shall happen!"

How persistently, during the months that followed, this dialogue, with its unpremeditated defiances, its half-formulated warnings, recurred both to Candace and to her husband, neither would have confessed. The two smiled and talked and walked and read together, each with full consciousness that the other had never dared lay down the invisible spears with which that dreadful wedding-day of theirs had armed them. Barse, who had felt at the time a heady stimulus from his mere declaration, shortly saw that by putting his purpose into words he had practically defeated it. Yet the echo of his boast in his ears, and the constant



Drawn by Alice Barber Stephens.

LYDIA HAD FALLEN IN LOVE

dreadful distension of the space that Lydia, like some unlovely, nightmare-swollen phantom, occupied between them, spurred him again and again to attempt its accomplishment.

One after another, he tried the expedients his generously fervid love suggested. He affected a bland forgetfulness of the tyrannous spectre between them—and knew that Candace critically saw the affectation in his eyes. He tried to overturn the scale of her affections by making love to her—demonstrations to which too scrupulously, too submissively, she yielded. He tried to disarm her by talking of Lydia—when, like a perverse child who holds her treasure behind her back, Candace would unforgivingly shield from him her supreme affection. It seemed that there was scarcely an hour in their lives free from the unconscious interferences of Lydia. A square blue envelope, addressed in an uneven hand, that lay each morning by his wife's plate at breakfast, had permanently disinclined Barse for a ceremony in which he had once found frank enjoyment. Within her own sealed circle he knew that Candace still faithfully wore her willow garland, and the commiserating, tender conversations between the bride and her friends, of which Lydia was the subject and heroine, and into which, every day or so, he inadvertently plunged, gave him almost a terror of his own threshold.

For Barse came to believe, as the problem of his estrangement from his wife more and more beset him, that Candace would not have had the strength to preserve her schoolgirl infatuation, as he considered it, in the presence of his own love for her, without the constant nourishing applause of the coterie of women to whom she persistently clung. It was they, he believed, who kept her delusion alive in her, who defeated her own happiness by their cruel admiration of her folly. It was they, too, he discovered, who had encouraged in Candace the peculiar vanity that marriage had not "changed" her—although even Barse himself was obliged to agree with her friends that his own wife was still the woman that Lydia Cheever had made and stamped. Freedom from that exigent companionship had not liberated her. Marriage had not bound her.

Lydia having become between them a gulf of silence whose perilous edge they both avoided, it was tardily and by chance that Barse learned of the unexpected death of Miss Cheever's mother. He had not supposed that among her consistent reticences his wife would have included a matter of this sort; and at last he burst out with the frank inquiry why she had not told him.

Candace blushed. "I thought you would rather not know anything about Lydia."

But the next day, in his office, distant from the bewilderment of her presence, Barse remembered something his wife had said that at the time had sounded merely perverse. "Why should I be sorry?" she had asked, of Lydia's mother's death. Did that mean that she had, on the other hand, some cause for joy? Could it, could it mean that Lydia was thereby freed and would come back to New York?

He smiled dismally at his own innocence in accepting Lydia's exile as final. Well, suppose she came—she could scarcely be more disastrous in the flesh than her interfering ghost had been. After all, Candace was his; and delicately though this must be suggested to Candace herself, the husband grimly felt that it would not be painful to put the matter quite brutally, if need be, to Miss Cheever. Lydia was strong, unsensitive, experienced; if for the defending of one's home one had to enter into a contest with a woman, he could think of no antagonist less discomfiting to one's chivalry.

There was no doubt that, like the reluctant spectre at a futile "séance," Lydia was continually being invoked, besought, in anxious councils; yet she amazingly lingered. But the delay brought Barse no reassurance, brought his obsessed wife no nearer. Candace's reserve had become complete. So, gradually, her husband was forced to a humiliating extremity: he came to peer, as one looks over another's shoulder into a mirror, in the reflecting faces of the women who came to see her, who were in her confidence; but the mysteries of Candace's heart were not written on those complacent countenances. It was sufficient abasement, he was obliged to remind himself, to concede that these women knew more about his

home than he did, without suffering also the smug condescension that they smiled at him—at him, who had contributed to their lives such fresh, incalculable zest! And yet, was he not unreasonable? What man would wish to deprive his wife of all other companionship?

The absence, one morning, of the blue envelope from Candace's place at table gave her husband courage to take a deliberately bold step. Candace had never been in Europe; but the conjecture that she had devoutly formed of the betravelled continent had always been a fetish to her. Except for a certain prepossession in favor of English cathedrals and Swiss mountains, she impartially revered and yearned for every red or blue or yellow pin-point on that almost sacred map. Her husband's suggestion, therefore, was that they should spend two of the summer months in England.

"Oh, I should *love* it," she came out, "if—"

He waited.

"But I cannot go this year." She was stubbornly the child again.

"And you will not tell me why?"

"But I think you know why." Her voice quivered. "You are simply trying, Eliot, to—"

"Yes. To—"

"Oh, to bring all this up again—about Lydia. When each of us knows how the other feels, it is perfectly plain that there is nothing to say about it. And yet again and again you— One would almost suppose, Eliot, if it weren't so vulgar, that you really wanted to—to quarrel with me!"

"My darling!" Barse seized her little clenched hands and kissed them, over and over; then held them in his own. "Can't we get away—oh, can't we, Candace!—from this idea of Lydia? Don't you feel that it has been a curse to us, and that it is going to kill our happiness?—that we must get away from it—or sacrifice each other?"

Candace drew herself away and looked at him unforgivingly. "Sacrifice each other?" she repeated. "It may be that we shall. But you will never succeed in making me untrue to my friends, Eliot, not in a thou—" She paused as a maid stood in the doorway. "A telegram—for me?" She seized and tore it open.

Then, her defiance melted, she looked, half-frightened, at her husband.

"Well?" he said, knowing what was to come.

"She is coming—to-morrow," Candace stammered.

Barse was silent for a minute; then he said, calmly: "It's been a long time since you've seen each other. I imagine you would like to be together for a time. If Miss Cheever won't think me an ungracious host, I'll go over to the club for a few days—till you've had a chance to talk a bit."

"Yes, it would be kind. Thank you," she faintly assented.

That evening Barse went out, leaving his wife alone. It had occurred to him that she might wish, unscrutinized, to prepare for her guest; while, for his part, to watch the purple carpets spread and the crimson canopies raised for Lydia was an ordeal to which his excited nerves felt unequal. On leaving home rather earlier than usual the next morning he asked Candace, in a matter-of-fact way, to have his bag sent to the club. She looked at him, he grimly noticed, with a sincerer expression of gratitude than any other action of his had ever drawn from her.

As he left her—waiting for Lydia among the unchanged surroundings that she and Lydia had together chosen and embellished—and noted with a sudden sharpness how devoid of any trace of his own tenancy the little place had been preserved, it seemed to him that his own life there had been artificial and misplaced, and that what he had instinctively made way for was the permanent reality. And if he could know and face this, how much more surely did the others know and face it. Like crystals, they were recovering their mysteriously true relation to each other; Candace and Lydia together, he apart, outside.

The next evening, dining unwillingly at the club, he was told that Candace was at the telephone.

Dimly, at what seemed the far-distant end of the wire, hung a weary voice: "Yes, it is I. Were you thinking of ever coming home again, Eliot?"

"I am thinking of being there in fifteen minutes. Shall I find you?"

"Oh, don't come if you—"

"I shall be there in fifteen minutes."

At the door he jumped into a hansom. Then, suddenly, the image of Candace slipped from him. How could he have forgotten—*Lydia was there!* And *that* image was fatally easy to seize and hold. One never forgot how Lydia looked; there was something so brutally definite about her smooth rolls of yellowish hair, her round cheeks, her wide laughter, her too tightly fitting clothes—bright blue these garments usually were, Barse remembered. He knew the chair he should find her sitting in; it had fallen to his own lot these latter days. He knew what she would say to him, and how; people like Lydia didn't alter.

There was no sound of voices as he entered the apartment. As he closed the door, Candace appeared in the hall.

"Dear, you are not in any trouble?" he asked her, eagerly. "Where is—"

"Lydia? She has gone to Philadelphia for a few days. I should not have sent for you except that I thought you might not like to have me stay alone overnight—"

"Oh, I intended calling you up, anyway," he said, easily. "But I'm glad you got ahead of me."

She led the way to the library. "I have not heard from you or spoken with you since you went away. You didn't mind letting me see that you were glad not to be here for a little."

"Glad? Candace!"

"Weren't you—?"

"Why, my dear, I supposed you would hardly think of me—that you would be so busy. What did Miss Cheever think of you? Did she tell you you were looking extremely pretty?"

"What did Lydia think of me?" She paused. Barse saw that tears were coming. "She didn't see me at all. She didn't—look at me!" The tears had come.

"You must tell me, dear. Tell me everything. Has she, has any one, been unkind to you?"

"You may as well know, I suppose—the reason Lydia stayed so long in California is that she has been—falling in love! Isn't that dreadful, isn't it—commonplace? She met him only a few

months ago. He's a fruit-grower or something not the least bit distinguished—but she's infatuated. I never thought I should see— Oh, Eliot, she doesn't think of anything else, she doesn't hear anything or see anything else. I am nothing to her. There's a kind of thick, moist, romantic cloud about her all the time. I breathe it when I come near her. Ugh! it's suffocating.

"Of course she doesn't *know* she's this way, poor thing," Candace went on. She did not directly address her husband. It was the relief of speaking that she seemed to crave. "She thinks she was glad to see me. She thinks she has been just the same to me. It would be almost easier if I had never seen her again—if I had simply clung to our beautiful memories—rather than see her this way, so changed, so preoccupied, so almost—foolish! She's not my Lydia—she doesn't even see how hard I have tried to keep the relation between us clear and untainted. I have sacrificed everything to it—and she simply turns her head away. I suppose, Eliot, I've not even been very nice to you—" She stretched out a timid hand. "And she treats me like a child, although I've been married so long, because she thinks it is she who has had what she calls the emotional experience— Oh, I oughtn't to tell you this; I oughtn't!"

"Dear child, it's so much better for you to tell me everything—"

"Oh, but I haven't told you everything. And I must tell you. . . . I know you have noticed that I have been troubled. It was because of a decision that I had come to. I felt that I had done a dreadful thing in marrying you, because you—seemed to hate Lydia so. So to keep perfectly faithful to my friendship for her I had made up my mind to—go away from you. . . . Would you rather I did, Eliot—would you rather I went away?"

Barse took her in his arms. "Is that all, dear?"

"Not quite," she said. "I wanted you to know that—I have needed you . . ."

"Needed me! . . . Has something 'happened,' then, at last?" he exclaimed, breathlessly. "Oh, Candace, it will be different now!"

The Inner Shrine

A NOVEL

CHAPTER XXIII

“**M**ADEMOISELLE has sent for me?”

Bienville kissed the hand that Miss Grimston, without rising from her comfortable chair before the fire, lifted toward him. The hand-screen with which she shielded her face protected her not only from the blaze, but from his scrutiny. In the same way, the winter gloaming, with its uncertain light, nerved her against her fear of self-betrayal, giving her that assurance of being mistress of herself which she lacked when he was near.

“I did send for you. I wanted to see you. Won’t you sit down?”

“I’ve been expecting the summons,” he said, significantly, taking the seat on the other side of the hearth.

“Indeed? Why?”

“I thought the day would come when you’d be more just to me.”

“You thought I’d—hear things?”

“Perhaps.”

“I have. That’s why I asked you to come.”

During the brief silence before she spoke again he was able to congratulate himself on his diplomacy. He had checked his first impulse to come to her with his great news immediately on his return from Lakefield. He had seen how relatively ineffective the information would be, were it to proceed bluntly from himself. He had even restrained Mrs. Bayford’s enthusiasm, in order to let the intelligence filter gently through the neutral agencies of common gossip. In this way it would seem to Miss Grimston a discovery of her own, and appeal to her as an indirect corroboration of his word. He had the less scruple in taking these precautions, in that he believed Diane to have justified anything he might have said of her. It was no small relief to a man of honor to know he had not been guilty of a gratuitous slander even though

it was only on a woman. He awaited Miss Grimston’s next words with complacent expectancy, but when they came they surprised him.

“I wondered a little why you should have been at Lakefield.”

“I’m afraid you’ll think it was for a very foolish reason,” he laughed, “but I’ll tell you, if you want to know. I went because I thought you were there.”

“I? At three o’clock in the morning?”

“It was like this,” he went on. “You’ll pardon me if I say anything to give you offence, but you’ll understand the reason why. On the day when we all lunched together at the Restaurant Blitz, you, madame your aunt, your friend Monsieur Reggie Bradford, and I—I was a little jealous of some understanding between you and him, in which I was not included. You spoke together in whispers, and exchanged glances in such a way that all my fears were aroused. Afterward you went away with him. That evening, at the Stuyvesant Club, I heard a strange rumor. It was whispered from one to another until it reached me. Your friend Monsieur Bradford is not a silent person, and what he knows is sure to become common property. The rumor—which I grant you was an absurd one—was to the effect that he had persuaded you to run away and marry him; and that you had actually been seen on the way to Lakefield in his car.”

“I was in his car. That’s quite true.”

“Ah? Then there was some foundation for the report. Madame your aunt will have told you how I hurried here, about eleven o’clock that night. You had disappeared, leaving nothing behind but an enigmatic note saying you would explain in the morning. What was I to think, mademoiselle? I was afraid to think. I didn’t stop to think. I determined to follow you. It was too late for any train, so I took an auto. I reached the Bay Tree Inn—and saw what I saw. *Voilà!*”

A smile of amusement flickered over her grave features, but she made no remark.

"If I was guilty of an indiscretion in following you, mademoiselle," he pursued, "it was because of my great love for you. If you had chosen to marry some one else, I couldn't have kept you from it; but at least I was determined to try. Though I thought it incredible that you should take a step like that, in secrecy and flight, yet I find so many strange ways of marrying in America that I must be pardoned for my fear. As it is, I cannot regret it, since, by a miracle, it gave me proof of that which you have found it so difficult to believe. It has grieved me more than I could ever make you understand to know that during all these months you have doubted me."

"I'm sure of that," she said, softly, gazing into the fire. "But haven't you wondered where I was that night when you followed me to Lakefield?"

"If I have, I shouldn't presume to inquire."

"It's a secret; but I should like to tell it to you. I know you'll guard it sacredly, because it concerns—a woman's honor."

Though she did not look up she felt the startled toss of the head, characteristic of his moments of alarm.

"If mademoiselle is pleased to be satirical—"

"No, Marquis. There's no reason why I should be satirical. If, in spite of everything, my confidence in you wasn't absolute, I shouldn't risk a name I hold so dear as that of Dorothea Pruyn."

"*Tiens!*" he exclaimed, under his breath.

"Miss Pruyn is a charming girl, but she's been very foolish. What she did was not quite so bad in American eyes as it would be in French ones, but it was certainly very wilful. If you heard rumors of an elopement, it was hers."

"*Mon Dieu!* With the big Monsieur Reggie?"

"Not quite. I needn't tell you the young man's name; it will be enough to say that the big Monsieur Reggie, as you call him, was in his confidence. It was Reggie who undertook to convey Dorothea to Lakefield, where she was to meet the bridegroom-elect and marry him."

"And then?"

"Then Reggie told me. It was silly of any one to entrust him with a mission of the kind, for he couldn't possibly keep it to himself. He told me while we were lunching at the Blitz. That's what he was whispering. That's why I went away with him after lunch and left you with my aunt. I saw you were annoyed, but I couldn't help it."

"You wanted to dissuade him?"

"I tried; but I saw it was too late for that. Reggie wouldn't desert his friend at the last minute. The only concession I could wring from him was that he should let me take his place in the motor."

"You?"

"I drive at least as well as Mr. Bradford. I made him see that in case of accident it would make all the difference in the world to Miss Pruyn's future life to be with a woman, rather than a man."

"Did you make her see it, too?"

"I didn't try. The arrangements these wise young people had made rendered the substitution easy. Dorothea had apparently considered it part of the romance not to know with whom she was going, or where she was being taken. At the time and place appointed she found an automobile, driven by a person in a big fur coat, a cap, and goggles. It was agreed that she should enter, and ask no questions."

"And did she?"

"She fulfilled her engagement to the letter. As soon as she was seated I drove away; and for six hours I didn't hear a sound from her."

"Six hours? Did it take you all that time to reach Lakefield?"

"I didn't go to Lakefield. I took her to Philadelphia. My one object was to keep her from meeting the young man that night; but perhaps that's where I made my mistake."

"But why? It was better for her that she shouldn't."

"For her, perhaps; but not for every one else. You see, I lost my way two or three times; though, as I had been over the ground twice already, I was always able to right myself after a while. Near Trenton, Dorothea got frightened, and when I peeped inside I could see she was crying. As all danger was over then, I stopped and let her see who I was."

"Was she angry?"

"Quite the contrary! The poor child was terrified at her own rashness, and very much relieved to find she had been kept from being as foolish as she had intended. I got in beside her, and let her have her cry out in comfort. After that we ate some sandwiches and took heart. It was weird work, in the dead of night and along the lonely roads; but we pushed on, and crept into Philadelphia between one and two in the morning."

"That was a very brave act, mademoiselle." Bienville's eyes glistened and his face lighted up with an ardor that was not dampened by the casual, almost listless, air with which she told her story.

"It might have been better if I had let the whole thing alone."

"Why so?"

"You can rarely interfere in other people's affairs without doing more harm than good. If I had let them go their own way, Diane Eveleth wouldn't have been put in a false position."

"Ah?"

"That's the other part of the story. If I had known, I should have left the matter in her hands. She would have managed it better than I. As it was, she made my bit of help superfluous."

"I should find it hard to credit that," he said, twisting his fingers nervously.

"You won't when I tell you."

In the quiet, unaccentuated manner in which she had given her own share in the action she gave Diane's. Shading her eyes with the hand-screen, she was able to watch his play of feature, and note how the first forced smile of bravado faded into an expression of crest-fallen gravity.

"You see," she concluded, "they were frantic at Dorothea's failure to appear. When you arrived they naturally thought it was she; and if Derek Pruyn hadn't lost his head when he saw you, he wouldn't have tried to thrust her out of sight as though she were caught in a crime. It was so like a man to do it; a woman would have had a dozen ways of disarming your suspicion, while he did the very thing to arouse it. I don't blame you for thinking what you did—not in the least. I don't even blame you for telling it, since it would seem to bear out—

what you said before. I should only blame you—"

"Yes, mademoiselle? You would only blame me—?"

"I should only blame you if—now that you know the truth—you didn't correct the impression you have given."

"Are you going to begin on that again?" he asked, in a tone of disappointment.

"I'm not beginning again, because I've never ceased. If I say anything new on the subject, it is this—that it's time the final word was spoken."

"I agree with you there; it is time for that word; but you must speak it."

There was a ring of energy in his voice which caused her to turn from her contemplation of the fire and look at him. When she did he had taken on a new air of resolution.

"I think it's time we came to a definite understanding," he went on, "and that you should see how the matter looks from my point of view."

He took another minute in which to brace himself, and when he continued, it was with the set expression and burning gaze of one who is face to face with the primal realities of existence, as he sees it.

"You speak of doing right, mademoiselle, as if it were an easy thing. You don't realize that, for me, it would have to be the last act, but one, in life."

In spite of the shock, she ignored his implied confession, going on to speak in the tone of ordinary conversation.

"The last act, but one? I don't understand you."

"Really? I'm surprised at that. You're so good a sportsman that I should think you'd see that if I do what you ask, there will be only one more thing left for me."

For a few minutes she looked at him silently, with fixed gaze, taking in the full measure of his meaning.

"That's folly," she said at last.

"Is it? Not for me. It might be for some people, but—not for me. You must remember who I am. I'm a Frenchman. I'm an aristocrat. I'm a Bienville. I'm a member of a class, of a clan, that lives and breathes on—honor. I can do without almost everything in the world but that. I can do without money, I can do without morals, I can do without most

kinds of common honesty, I can do without nearly all the Christian virtues, and still keep my place among my friends; but I can't do without that particular shade of conduct which they and I understand by the word honor."

"But aren't you doing without it as it is?"

"No; because there again our code is special to ourselves. With us the crime is not in suspicion or supposition; it isn't even in detection. It's in admission. It's in confession. All sorts of things may be thought of you, and said of you, and even known of you, and you can bluff them out; but when you have acknowledged them—you're damned."

"Even so, isn't it better to acknowledge them—and *be* damned?"

"That's the question. That's what I have to decide. That's where you must help me decide. If you had allowed me, I should have made up my own mind, on my own responsibility; but you won't let me. Now that the incident at Lakefield is no good as evidence, I see that you will never rest until we come to the plainest of plain speech. The problem I've had to solve is this: Is Diane Eveleth to be happy, or am I? Is she to rise, while I go under, or shall I keep her down, and stay on the surface? Since it's her life or mine, which is it to be? The alternative may be brutal, but there it is."

"And you've decided in your own favor?"

"So far. I've been actuated by the instinct of self-preservation."

"And are you going to persist in it?"

"That's for you to tell me. But I should like to remind you first of this, that if I don't—I go."

"And what if—if I went with you?"

"You couldn't. The journey would be too long."

"But you needn't go so far if I'm there."

"I couldn't take you with me. You must understand that. I once knew an American girl who married a man who cheated at cards, and buried herself alive with him. I wouldn't let a woman do that for me."

"But if she wanted to?"

"In that case she ought to be protected from herself. There's no use in ruining two lives where one will do."

"There's such a thing as losing your life to find it."

"If so, it's something for me to do—alone."

"Isn't it a kind of moral cowardice to say that?"

"I don't think so. To me it seems only looking things squarely in the face. I'm not the sort of man for whom there's any possibility of beginning life anew. A man like me can't live things down. When once, by his own confession, he has lost his honor, there's no rehabilitation that can make him a man again. Like Cain, he has got to go out from the presence of the Lord; only, unlike Cain, there's no land of Nod waiting to receive him. There's no place for him anywhere on earth. A few years ago, when I was motoring in the Black Forest with the d'Aubignys, we dropped into a little hole of an inn, as nearly out of the world as anything could be. As we approached the door a man got up from a bench and shambled away. When he had got to what he considered a safe distance he turned to look at us. I knew him. It was Jacques de la Tour de Lorme."

"Really?"

"The poor wretch had hidden himself in that God-forsaken spot, where he supposed no one would ever be able to track him down; but we had done it. I've never forgotten his weary gait or the woebegone look in his eyes. It is what would come to me if I waited for it."

"I don't see why. There's no similarity between the cases. Jacques de la Tour de Lorme did wrong he never could put right. You'd be doing the very thing he found impossible."

He shook his head.

"It wouldn't make any difference in my world. Nobody there would think of the right or the wrong; they'd only consider what I'd owned to. It's the confession that would ruin me."

"Surely you exaggerate. You could do it quietly. No one need know—outside Derek Pruyn and two or three more of us."

"I don't do things in that way," he said, with an odd return of his old-time pride. "If I put the woman right, it shall be in the eyes of the world. I don't ask to have things made easy for me. If I do it at all, I shall do it thoroughly."

I'm not afraid of it or of anything it entails. It's a curious thing that a man of my make-up is afraid of being ridiculed or being given the cold shoulder; but he's not afraid to die."

Though he was looking straight at her, he was too deeply engrossed in his own thoughts to see how proudly her head went up, or to note the flash of splendid light in which her glance enveloped him.

"I was all ready to die," he pursued, in the same meditative tone, "that morning in the *Pré Catalan*. George Eveleth could have had my life for the asking. I'd never known him to miss his mark, and he wouldn't have missed me—if he hadn't had another destination for his bullet. I've regretted it more than once. I've had pretty nearly all that life could give me—and I've made a mess of it."

"You haven't had—love," she ventured.

"Love?" he echoed, with a short laugh. "I've had every kind of love but one; and that I'm not worthy of."

"We get a good many things we're not worthy of; but they help us just the same."

"This wouldn't help me," he returned, speaking very slowly. "I shouldn't know what to do with it. It would be as useless to me in my new conditions as a chaplet of pearls to a slave in the galleys. So, what would you do?"

"I'd do right at any cost."

She scarcely knew that the words were spoken, so intent was her thought on the strange mixture of elements in his personality. It was not until she had waited in vain for a response that she found the echo of her speech still in her mental hearing and recognized its import. Her first impulse was to cry out and take it back; but she restrained herself and waited. It was an instant in which the love of daring, that was so instinctive in her nature, blew, as it were, a trumpet-challenge to the same passion in his own; while they sat staring at one another, wide-eyed and speechless, in the dancing firelight.

CHAPTER XXIV

ON the following day the Marquis de Bienville found the execution of any intentions he might have had toward Derek Pruyn postponed by the

circumstance that Miss Regina Van Tromp was dead. The helpless inarticulate life, which for three years had served as a bond to hold more active existences together, had failed suddenly, leaving in the little group a curious impression of collapse. It became perceptible that the hushed sick-room, where Miss Lucilla and Mrs. Eveleth were the only ministrants, had in reality been a centre for those who never entered it. Now that the living presence was withdrawn, there came the consciousness of dispersing interests, inseparable from the passing away of the long established, which gives the spirit pause.

The days before the funeral became a period of suspended action, in which Life refrained from too marked a manifestation of its energies, out of reverence for Death. Even when the grave was filled in, and the will read, and the family face to face with its new conditions, there was a respectful absence of hurry in beginning the work of reconstruction. The lull lasted, in fact, till James Van Tromp arrived from Paris; and it was broken then only by the banker's desire "to get things settled," with all possible speed, so that he might return to the rue Auber.

The first sign of real disintegration came from Mrs. Eveleth. She had waited for the arrival of the man whom she looked upon now as her confidential adviser, to make the announcement that, since Miss Lucilla would no longer need her, she meant to have a home of her own. The economies she had been able to make during the last two years, together with a legacy from Miss Van Tromp, would, when added to "her own income," provide her with modest comfort for the rest of her days. There was something triumphant in the way in which she proclaimed her independence of the daughter-in-law who had been the author of so many of her woes. It was the old banker himself who brought this intelligence to Diane.

During the fortnight he had been in New York he had formed an almost daily habit of dropping in on her. She was the more surprised at his doing so from the fact that her detachment from the rest of the circle of which she had formed a part was now complete. She

had gone to see Miss Lucilla with words of sympathy, but her reception was such that she came away with cheeks flaming. Miss Lucilla had said nothing; she had only wept; but she had wept in a way to show that Diane herself, more than the departed Miss Regina, was the motive of her grief. After that Diane had remained shut up in her linen-room, finding in its occupied seclusion something of the peace which the nun seeks in the cloister.

There was no one but the old man to push his way into her sanctuary, and for his visits she was grateful. They not only relieved the tedium of her days, but they brought her news from that small world into which her most vital interests had become absorbed.

"So the old lady is set up for life on your money," he observed, as he watched Diane hold a white table-cloth up to the light and search it for imperfections.

"It isn't my money now; and even if it were I'd rather she had the use of it. She would have had much more than that if it hadn't been for me."

"She might; and then again she mightn't. Who told *you* what would have happened—if everything had been different from what it is? There are people who think they would have had plenty of money if it hadn't been for me; but that doesn't prove they're right."

"In any case I'm glad she has it."

"That's because you're a very foolish little woman, as I told you when you came to me three years ago. I said then that you'd be sorry for it some day—"

"But I'm not."

"Tut! tut! Don't tell me! Can't I see with my own eyes? No woman could lose her good looks as you've done and not know she's made a mistake. How old are you now?"

"I'm twenty-seven."

"Dear me! dear me! You look forty."

"I feel eighty."

"Yes; I dare say you do. Any one who's got into so many scrapes as you have must feel the burden of time. I don't think I ever saw a young woman make such poor use of her opportunities. Why didn't you marry Derek Pruyn?"

Diane kept herself quite still, her needle arrested half-way through its stitch. She took time to reflect that it

was useless to feel annoyed at anything he might say, and when she formed her answer it was in the spirit of meeting him in his own vein.

"What makes you think I ever had the chance?"

"Because I gave it to you myself."

"You, Mr. Van Tromp?"

"Yes; me. I did all that wire-pulling when you first came to New York; and I did it, just so that you might hook him."

"Oh?"

"I did," he declared, proudly. "And if you had been the woman I took you for, you could have had him."

"But suppose I—didn't want him?"

"Oh, don't tell me that," he said, pityingly. "Why shouldn't you want him?—just as much as he'd want you?"

"Well, I'll put it that way if you like. Suppose he didn't want me?"

"Then the more fool he. I picked you out for him on purpose."

"May I ask why?"

"Certainly. I saw he was getting on in life, and as he'd been a good many years a widower, I imagined he'd had some difficulty in getting any one to have him. If he's good-looking, he's not what you'd call very bright; and he's got a temper like—well, I won't say what. I'd pity the woman who got him, that's all; and so—"

"And so you thought you'd pity me."

"I did pity you as it was. It seemed to me you couldn't be worse off, not even if you married Derek Pruyn."

"It was certainly good of you to give me the opportunity; and if I had only known—"

"You would have let it slip through your fingers just the same. You're one of the young women who will always stand in their own light. I dare say, now, that if I told you I was willing to marry you myself, you wouldn't profit by the occasion."

"I should never want to profit by your loss, Mr. Van Tromp."

"But suppose I could afford—to lose?"

Unable to answer him there, she held her peace, though it was a relief that, before he had time to speak again, a page-boy knocked at the door and entered with a card. Diane took it hastily and read the name.

"Tell the gentleman I can't see him,"

she said, with a visible effort to speak steadily.

"Wait!" the banker ordered, as the boy was about to turn. "Who is it?" Without ceremony he drew the card from Diane's hand and looked at it. "Heu!" he cried. "It's Bienville, is it? Of course you'll see him; of course you will; of course! I'll go."

Arrived in Gramercy Park, the banker pottered about his apartment until, on hearing the door bell ring, he looked out of the window and recognized Derek Pruyn's chauffeur. On the stairs, as he went down, he heard Miss Lucilla's voice in the hall.

"Oh, come in, Derek. Marion isn't here yet, but she won't be long. I asked you to come punctually, because I gathered from her note that she wanted to see you very particularly, and without Mrs. Bayford's knowledge. She has evidently something on her mind that she wants to tell you."

"Hello, dears!" the old man interrupted, suddenly, as, leaning heavily on the baluster, he descended the stairs. "I've got good news for you."

"Good news, Uncle James?" Miss Lucilla said, reproachfully. With her long, grave face and in her heavy crape, she looked as though she found good news decidedly out of place.

"The very best," the banker declared, reaching the hall and taking his nephew and niece each by an arm. "Come into the library and I'll tell you. There!" he went on, pushing Miss Lucilla into an armchair, when they had entered the big, sombre room. "Sit down, Derek, and make yourself comfortable. Now, listen, both of you. Perhaps you're going to have a new aunt."

"Oh, Uncle James!" Miss Lucilla cried, in the voice of a person about to faint.

"You're going to be married!" Derek roared, with the fury of a father addressing a wayward son.

"The young woman," the banker went on to explain, "is of French extraction, but Irish on the mother's side."

Derek grasped the arms of his chair and half rose, making an inarticulate sound.

"'Sh! 'Sh!" the old man went on, lifting a warning hand. "She'd had

reverses of fortune; but that wasn't the reason why she came to me. Though her husband had just died, leaving nothing, she had her own *dot*, on the income of which she could have lived. But that didn't suit her. Her husband had left a mother, who had neither *dot* nor anything else in the world. At the age of sixty the old woman was a pauper. My little lady came to see me in order to transfer all her own money secretly to her mother-in-law, and face the world herself with empty hands."

"My God!" Derek breathed, just audibly. Miss Lucilla sat upright and tense, hot tears started to her eyes.

"Plucky, wasn't it?" the uncle went on, complacently. "I didn't approve of it at first, but I let her do it in the end, knowing that some good fellow would make it up to her."

"Don't joke, uncle," Derek cried, nervously. "It's too serious for that."

"I'm not joking. It's what I did think. And if the world wasn't full of idiots who couldn't tell diamonds from glass, a little woman like that would have been snapped up long ago."

Derek sprang up, and strode across the room.

"Do you mean to tell me," he demanded, turning abruptly, "that she made over all her money to Mrs. Eveleth—a woman who has deserted her, like the rest of us?"

"That's what she did; but there's this to be said for the old lady, that she doesn't know it. She thinks it's the wreck of her own fortune, and Diane wouldn't let me tell her the truth. Since you seem to be interested in the little story," he added, with sarcasm, "you may hear all about it."

With tolerable accuracy he gave the details of his first interview with Diane, three years previous. Long before he finished, Lucilla was weeping silently, while Derek stood like a man turned to stone. Even the banker's own face took on an expression of whimsical gravity as he said in conclusion:

"And so I've decided to give her a home—that is," he added, significantly, "if no one else will."

"Do you mean that for me?" Derek asked, in a tone too low for Lucilla to hear it.



Drawn by Frank Crang

"AND SO I'VE DECIDED TO GIVE HER A HOME—IF NO ONE ELSE WILL."

"Oh no—not particularly. I mean it for—any one."

"Because," Derek went on, "as for me—I'm not worthy to have her under my roof."

The banker made no comment, sitting in a hunched attitude, and humming to himself in a cracked voice while Derek stared at him.

They were still in this position when Marion Grimston was shown in.

CHAPTER XXV

GREETINGS having been exchanged, it was Miss Lucilla's policy to draw her uncle away to some other room, leaving Marion free to have her conference with Pruyn; but the old man settled himself in his chair again, with no intention of quitting the field. Derek, too, entered on the task of dislodging him, but without success. Nursing his knee, and peering at Marion with bulgy, short-sighted eyes, the banker kept her answering questions as to Mrs. Bayford's health, blind to the fact that her heart was breaking.

The cousins exchanged baffled, impatient glances, while Lucilla managed to say in an undertone: "Take Marion to the drawing-room. We'll never get him to go."

Pruyn was about to comply with this suggestion, when the footman threw open the library door again. For half a minute no one appeared, though a sound of smothered voices from the hall caused the four within the room to sit in strangely aroused expectancy.

"No, no; I can't go in," came a woman's whispered protest. "You can do it without me."

"You *must*," was the man's response; and a second later the Marquis de Bienville was on the threshold, standing aside as Diane Eveleth entered.

Derek sprang to his feet, but, as if petrified by a sense of his own impotence, stood still. Miss Lucilla, with the instincts of the hostess awake, even in these strange conditions, went forward, with her hand half outstretched, and the words "Monsieur de Bienville" on her lips. The old man sprang up, and taking Diane's hand, drew it within his arm, with a protection for which she was

grateful, while she suffered him to lead her some few steps apart. Marion Grimston alone, seated in a distant corner, did not move. With her arm resting on a small table that happened to be beside her, she watched the rapidly enacted scene with the detachment of a spectator looking at a play. She had thrown back her black veil over her hat; and against the dark background her face had the grave marble-whiteness of classic features in stone.

During the minute of interrogatory silence that ensued, Bienville, with quick reversion to the habits of the drawing-room, was able to re-establish his self-control. With his hat, his gloves, and his stick, he had that air of the casual visitor which helped to give him back the sensation of having his feet on accustomed ground.

"I must beg your pardon, Miss Van Tromp, for disturbing you," he said, addressing himself to Miss Lucilla, who stood in the foreground. "I shouldn't have done so if I hadn't something of great importance to say."

His voice was so calm that Miss Lucilla could not do otherwise than reply in the same vein of commonplace formality.

"I'm very glad to see you, Monsieur de Bienville. Won't you sit down? I was just going to ring for tea."

"Thank you," he said, with a wave of the hand that declined without words the proffered entertainment. "Perhaps I had better say what I have to say—and go."

"Oh, if you think so—!"

Having fulfilled her necessary duties as mistress of the house, she felt at liberty to fall back a pace, leaving Bienville isolated in the doorway.

"Mr. Pruyn," he said, after further brief hesitation, "I come to make a confession, which can scarcely be a confession to any one in this room—but you."

Derek grew white to the lips, but remained motionless, while Bienville went on.

"On the way up from South America last spring I said certain things about a certain lady, which were not true. I said them first out of thoughtless folly; but I maintained them afterwards with deliberate intent. When I pretended to take them back, I did so in a way which, as I knew, must convince you further."

"It did."

As he brought out the two words, Derek tried to look at Diane, but she was clinging to the arm of old James Van Tromp, while her scared eyes were riveted on Bienville.

"I'm telling you the truth to-day," Bienville continued, "partly because circumstances have forced my hand, partly because some one whom I greatly respect desires it, and partly because something within myself—I might almost call it the manhood I've been fighting against—has made it imperative. I've come to the point where my punishment is greater than I can bear. I'm not so lost to honor as not to know that life is no longer worth the living when honor is lost to me."

He spoke without a tremor, leaning easily on the head of the cane he held against his hip. The pallor of his face gave to his hair and beard a certain ghostly blackness, while his brown eyes glowed with the luminosity of burnished copper.

"I must do myself the justice to say that the wrong of which I was guilty had its origin, at the first, in a sort of inadvertence. I had no intention of doing any one irreparable harm. I was taking part in a game, but I meant to play it fairly. The lady of whom I speak would bear me out when I say that the people among whom she and I were born—in France—in Paris—engage in this game as a sort of sport, and we call it—love. It isn't love in any of the senses in which you understand it here. We give it a meaning of our own. It's a game that requires the combination of many kinds of skill, and if it doesn't call for a conspicuous display of virtues, it lays all the greater emphasis on its own few, stringent rules. Like all other sports, it demands a certain kind of integrity, in which the moralist could easily pick holes, but which nevertheless constitutes its saving grace. Well, in this game of love I—cheated. I said, one day, that I had won, when I hadn't won. I said it to people who welcomed my victory not through friendship for me, but from envy of—her."

The perspiration began to stand in beads upon his forehead, but he held himself erect, and went on with the same outward tranquillity. His eyes were

fixed on Pruyn's, and Pruyn's on his, in a gaze from which even the nearest objects were excluded.

"In the little group in which we lived her position was peculiar. She was both within our gates and without them. While she was one of us by birth, she was a stranger by education and by marriage. She was admitted with a welcome, and at the same time with a question. She was a mark for enmity from the very first. There was something about her that challenged our institutions. In among our worn-out passions, and moribund ideals, she brought a freshness we resented. She made our prejudices seem absurd from contrast with her own sanity, and showed our moral standards to be rotten by the light of the something clear and virginal in her character. I can't tell you how this effect was brought about, but there were few of us who weren't aware of it, as there were few of us who didn't hate it. There was but one impulse among us—to catch her in a fault, to make her no better than ourselves. The daring of her innocence afforded us many opportunities; and we made use of them. One man after another confessed himself defeated. Then came my turn. I wasn't merely defeated. I was put to utter rout, with ridicule and scorn. That was too much for me. I couldn't stand it; and—and—I lied."

"Oh, Bienville, that 'll do," Diane cried out, in a pleading wail. "Don't say any more."

"I'm not sure that there's any more I need to say. The rest can be easily understood. Every one knows how a man who lies once is obliged to lie again, and again, and yet again, unless he frees himself as I do. When I began I thought I had it in me to go on heroically—but I hadn't. I can't keep it up. I'm not one of the master villains, who command respect from force of prowess. I'm a weakling in evil, as in good, fit neither for God nor for the devil. But that's my affair. I needn't trouble any one here with what only concerns myself. It's too late for me to make everything right now; but I'll do what I can before—before—I mean," he stammered on, "I'll write. I'll write to the people—there were only a few of them—to whom I actually used the words I did. I'll

ask them to correct the impression I have given. I know they'll do it, when they know—"

He stopped helplessly. The lustre died out of his eyes, and his pallor became sallowness.

"But I've said enough," he began, again, making a tremendous effort to regain his self-mastery. "You can have no doubt as to my meaning; and you will be able to fill in anything I may have left unspoken. Now," he added, sweeping the room with a look, "now—I'd better—go."

"No, by God! you infernal, black-hearted scoundrel," shouted Derek Pruyn, "you shall not go."

All the suffering of months shot out in the red gleam of his eyes, while the muscular tension of his neck was like that of an infuriated mastiff. In three strides he was across the room, with clenched fist uplifted. Bienville had barely time in which to fold his arms and stand with feet together and head erect, awaiting the blow.

"Go on," he said, as Derek stood with hand poised above him. "Go on."

There was a second of breathless stillness. Then slowly the clenched fingers began to relax, and the open hand descended, softly, gently, on Bienville's shoulder. Between the two men there passed a look of things unspeakable, till, with bent head and drooping figure, Derek wheeled away.

"I'll say good-by—now."

Bienville's voice was husky, but he bowed with dignity to each member of the company in turn, and to Marion Grimston last.

"Raoul!"

The name arrested him as he was about to go. He looked at her inquiringly.

"Raoul," she said again, without rising from her place, "I promised that if you ever did what you've done to-day, I would be your wife."

"You did," he answered, "but I've already given you to understand that I claim no such reward."

"It isn't you who would be claiming the reward; it's I. I've suffered much. I've earned it."

"The very fact that you've suffered much would be my motive in not allowing you to suffer more."

"Raoul, no man knows the sources of a woman's joy and pain. How can you tell from what to save me?"

"There's one thing from which I *must* save you: from uniting your destiny with that of a man who has no future—from pouring the riches of your heart into a bottomless pit, where they could do no one any good. I thank you, mademoiselle, with all my soul. I've asked you many times for your love; and of the hard things I've had to do to-day the hardest is to give it back to you, now, when at last you offer it. Don't add to my bitterness by urging it on me."

"But, Raoul," she cried, raising herself up, and finding support by clinging to the carved work of a cabinet against the wall, "you don't understand. We regard these things differently here from the way in which you do in France. It may be true, as you say, that in losing your honor you've lost all—in French eyes; but we don't feel like that. We never look on any one as beyond redemption. We should consider that a man who has been brave enough to do what you've done to-day has gone far to establish his moral regeneration. We can honor him, in certain ways—in *certain* ways, Raoul—almost more than if he had never done wrong at all. None of us would condemn him, or cast a stone at him—should we, Lucilla, should we, Mr. Pruyn?"

"No, no," Miss Lucilla sobbed. "We'd pity him; we'd take him to our hearts."

"She's right, Bienville," Derek muttered, nodding towards Marion. "Better do just as she says."

"I'm a Frenchman. I'm a Bienville. I can't accept mercy."

"But you can bestow it," the girl cried, passionately. "Any one would tell you that, after all that has happened—after *this*—I should be happier in sharing your life than in being shut out of it. I appeal to you, Lucilla! I appeal to you, Diane! wouldn't any woman be proud to be the wife of Raoul de Bienville after what he has done this afternoon, no matter how the world turned against him?"

"These ladies, in the goodness of their hearts, might say anything they chose; but nothing would alter their conviction that for you to be my wife would be only to add misery to mistake."

"That's so," the old man corroborated, smacking his lips; "but you wouldn't be much worse when you'd done that than you are now; so why not just let her have her way?"

Bienville tried to speak again, but his dry lips refused to frame the words.

"Noble . . . impossible . . . drag you down . . ." came incoherently from him, when, by a quick backward movement, he stepped over the threshold into the semi-obscurity of the hall.

The act was so sudden that seconds had already elapsed before Marion Grimston uttered the cry that rent her like the wail of some strong, primordial creature without the power of tears.

"Raoul, come back!"

With rapid motion she glided across the room, and was in the hall.

"Raoul, come back!"

She had descended the hall, and had almost reached him as he opened the door to pass out.

"Raoul, I love you!"

But the door closed as, falling against it, she sank to the floor. Before Miss Lucilla and James Van Tromp could reach her she was already losing consciousness.

CHAPTER XXVI

"**N**O; stay where you are; I'll go."

Derek spoke with the terse command of subdued excitement, almost pushing Diane back, as she, too, attempted to go to Marion's assistance. She sank obediently into one of the great chairs, too dazed even for curiosity as to what was passing in the hall. Derek closed the door behind him, and though confused sounds of voices and shuffling feet reached her, she gave them but a dulled attention. It was not till he came back that her stunned intelligence revived sufficiently to enable her to think.

He closed the door again, throwing himself wearily into another of the big leathern chairs.

"They've taken her into Lucilla's room. She'll be all right now. It was better that it should end like that."

"I'm not so sure. I'm afraid for him."

"Oh, he'll survive it."

"You don't know our Frenchmen. They're not like you, nor any of your

men. With their sensitiveness to honor and their indifference to moral right, it's difficult for you to understand them. I shouldn't be surprised at anything he might do."

"I'll go and see him to-morrow and try to knock a little reason into him."

"If it isn't too late."

"Oh, I dare say it will be. Everything seems to be—too late."

"It's better that some things should come too late rather than not at all."

"What things do you mean?"

"I suppose I mean the same things as you do."

He gave a long sigh that was something of a groan, slipping down in his chair into an attitude not of informality, but of dejection. For the moment neither was equal to facing the great subjects that must be met.

"I wonder what Bienville will do to himself?" he asked, suddenly, changing his position with nervous brusqueness, leaning forward now, with his elbows on his knees.

"I wish you'd go and see him to-night."

"Well, perhaps I will. I've a good deal of fellow-feeling with him. I can't help thinking that he and I are in much the same box, and that he has shown me the way out."

"Derek!"

She sprang up with a cry of alarm, standing, with hands crossed on her breast, in a sudden access of terror.

"Oh, don't be afraid," he laughed, grimly, staring up at her. "I'm not his sort. There are no heroics about me. Men of my stamp don't make theatrical exits; we're too confoundedly sane. Whether we do well or whether we do ill, we plod along on our treadmill round, from the house to the office, and from the office to the grave, as if we never had anything on the conscience. But if I had the spirit of Bienville, do you know what I should do?"

"No, no, no," she burst out. "Don't say it! Don't say it!"

"Then I won't. But if Bienville thought of it, why shouldn't I? What has he done that is worse than what I've done? What has he done that's as bad? For, after all, you were little or nothing to him, when you were everything to me. I knew you as he didn't know you. I



Drawn by Frank Craig

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

SHE CROSSED THE ROOM TOWARD HIM

had lived in one house with you, watched you, studied you, tried you, put you to tests that you never knew anything about, and had seen you come through them successfully. I had seen how you bore misfortune; I had seen how you carried yourself in difficult situations; I had seen the skill with which you ruled my house, and the wisdom with which you were more than a mother to my child; I had seen you combine with all that is most womanly the patience and fortitude of a man; and it wasn't enough for me; it wasn't enough for me!"

He threw himself back into his seat, with a desperate flinging out of the hands, letting his arms drop heavily over the sides of his chair, till his fingers touched the floor.

"My God! My God!" he groaned, ironically. "It wasn't enough for me! I doubted her. I doubted her on the first idle word that came my way. I did more than doubt her. I haled her into my court, and tried her, and condemned her, and, as nearly as might be, put her to death. I, with my ten hundred thousand sins—all of them as black as Erebus—found her not pure enough for me! It ought to make one die of laughter. Diane," he went on, in another tone—a tone of ghastly jocular— "didn't it amuse you, knowing yourself to be what you are—knowing what you had done for Mrs. Eveleth—knowing the things Bienville has just said of you—didn't it amuse you to see me sitting in judgment on you?"

"It doesn't amuse me to see you sitting in judgment on yourself."

"Doesn't it? I should think it would. It seems to me that if I saw a man who had done me so much harm visited with such awful justice as I'm getting now, it would make up to me for nearly everything I ever had to suffer."

"In my case it only adds to it. I wish you wouldn't say these things. If you ever did me wrong, I always knew it was—by mistake."

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" He laughed outright, getting up from his chair and dragging himself heavily across the room, where, with his hands in his pockets and his back against the bookshelves, he stood facing her. "What do you think of Bienville's attitude towards Marion Grim-

ston?" he asked, with an inflection that would have sounded casual if it had not been for all that lay behind.

"I can understand it; but I think he was wrong."

"You think he ought to allow her to marry him?"

"Weighing one thing with another—yes."

"Would you marry a man who had shown himself such a hound?"

"It would depend."

"On what?"

"Oh, on a good many things."

"Such as—?"

She hesitated a minute before deciding whether or not to walk into his trap, but as his eyes were on the ground and she felt stronger, she decided to do it.

"It would depend, for one thing, on whether or not I loved him."

"And if you did love him?"

Again she hesitated, before making up her mind to speak.

"Then it would depend on whether or not he loved me."

She had given him his chance. The word he had never uttered must come now or never. For an instant he seemed about to seize his opportunity; but when he actually spoke it was only to say:

"Would *you* marry *me*?"

"No." She gave her answer firmly.

"No?"

"No."

"Why?"

She shrugged her shoulders and threw out her hands, but said nothing in words.

"Is it because I haven't expressed regret for all the things I have—to regret?"

She shook her head.

"Because if it is," he went on, "I haven't done it, only for the reason that the utmost expression would be so inadequate as to become a mockery. When a man has sinned against light, as I've done, no mere cries of contrition are going to win him pardon. That must come as a spontaneous act of grace, as it wells out of the heart of the Most High—or it can't come at all."

"That isn't the reason."

"Then, there's another one?"

"Yes; another one."

"One that's insurmountable?"

"Yes; as things are; that's insurmountable."

With a look of dumb, unresenting sadness, he turned away, and leaning on the mantelpiece, stood with his back toward her, and his face buried in his hands.

Minutes went by in silence. When he spoke it was over his shoulder, and, as it were, parenthetically:

"But, Diane, I love you."

He stood as he was, listening, but as if without much expectation, for a response. When none came, and he turned round inquiringly, he beheld in her that radiant change which was visible to those who saw the martyred Stephen's face, as he gazed straight into heaven.

For a long minute he stood spellbound and amazed.

"Was it that?" he asked, in a whisper.

She gave him no reply.

"It was that," he declared, in the tone of a man making a discovery. "It *was* that."

"Why didn't you tell me so before?" she found strength to say.

"Tell you, Diane? What was the use of telling you—when you knew? My life has been open, for you to look into as you would."

"Yes, but not to go into. There's only one key that unlocks the inner shrine of all—the word you've just spoken. A woman knows nothing till she hears it."

He looked at her with the puzzled air of a man getting strange information.

"Well," he said, after a long pause, "you've heard it. So what—now?"

"Now I'm willing to say that I love you."

"Oh, but I knew that already," he returned. "A man doesn't need to be told what he can see. That isn't what I'm asking. What I want to learn is, not what you feel, but what you'll—do."

She smiled faintly.

"I'm asking what you'll—do," he repeated.

"If you insist on my telling you that," she said, glancing up at him shyly, "I'll say that—since the inner shrine is unlocked—at last—I'll go in."

"Then, come, come."

He stood with arms open, his tone of petition still blended with a suggestion of command, as she crossed the room toward him.

THE END.

The Last Days

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

AH, Dearest, these are the last, last days,
 Their moments swiftly run;
 The hills are lost in purple haze,
 We scarce can see the sun;
 With drooping wings, through endless space,
 Our old illusions flee,
 And silence comes, with sacred face,
 And stares at you and me.

Ah, Love, my Love, in last, last days,
 How sweet the roses seem;
 While yet a little light delays,
 Back comes the morning dream.
 In tents of peace, with perfect trust
 That youth may never know;
 Though half our idols lie in dust,
 How fond the heart can grow!

The Stolen Mirror

BY RICHARD LE GALLIENNE

THE sun was scarcely risen, but the young princess was already seated by her window. Never did window open upon a scene of such enchantment. Never has the dawn risen over so fair a land. Meadows so fresh and grass so green, rivers of such mystic silver and far mountains so majestically purple, no eye has seen outside of Paradise; and over all was now outspread the fairy-land of the morning sky.

Even a princess might rise early to behold so magic a spectacle.

Yet, strangely enough, it was not upon this miracle that the eyes of the princess were gazing. In fact, she seemed entirely oblivious of it all—oblivious of all that was passing in the sky, and of all the dewy awakening of the earth.

Her eyes were lost in a trance over what she deemed a rarer beauty, a stranger marvel. The princess was gazing at her own face in a golden mirror.

And indeed it was a beautiful face that she saw there, so beautiful that the princess might well be pardoned for thinking it the most beautiful face in the world. So fascinated had she become by her own beauty that she carried her mirror ever at her girdle, and gazed at it night and day. Whenever she saw another beautiful thing she looked in her mirror and smiled to herself.

She had looked at the most beautiful rose in the world, and then she had looked in her mirror and said, "I am more beautiful."

She had looked at the morning star, and then she had looked in her mirror and said, "I am more beautiful."

She had looked at the rising moon, and then she had looked in her mirror, and still she said, "I am more beautiful."

Whenever she heard of a beautiful face in her kingdom she caused it to be brought before her, and then she looked in her mirror, and always she

smiled to herself and said, "I am more beautiful."

Thus it had come about that her only care was to gaze all day at her own face. So enamoured had she become of it that she hated even to sleep; but not even in sleep did she lose the beautiful face she loved, for it was still there in the mirror of dreams. Yet often she would wake in the night to gaze at it, and always she arose at dawn that, with the first rays of the sun, she might look into her mirror. Thus from the rising sun to the setting moon she would sit at her window, and never take her eyes from those beautiful eyes that looked back at her, and the longest day in the year was not long enough to return their gaze.

This particular morning was a morning in May—all bloom and song, and crowding leaves and thickening grass. The valley was a mist of blossom and the air thrilled with the warbling of innumerable birds. Soft dewy scents floated hither and thither on the wandering breeze. But the princess took no note of these things, lost in the dream of her face, and saw the changes of the dawn only as they were reflected in her mirror and suffused her beauty with their rainbow tints. So rapt in her dream was she that when a bird alighted near at hand and broke into sudden song she was so startled that—the mirror slipped from her hand.

Now the princess's window was in the wall of an old castle built high above the valley, and beneath it the ground sloped precipitately, covered with underbrush and thick grasses, to a highroad winding far beneath. As the mirror slipped from the hand of the princess it fell among this underbrush and rolled glittering down the slope, till the princess finally lost sight of it in a belt of wild flowers overhanging the highroad.

As it finally disappeared she screamed so loudly that the ladies-in-waiting ran

to her in alarm, and servants were instantly sent forth to search for the lost mirror. It was a very beautiful mirror, the work of a goldsmith famous for his fantastic masterpieces in the precious metals. The fancy he had skilfully embodied was that of beauty as the candle attracting the moths. The handle of the mirror, which was of ivory, represented the candle, the golden flame of which swept round in a circle to hold the crystal. Wrought here and there on the golden back of the mirror were moths with wings of enamel and precious stones. It was a marvel of the goldsmith's art, and as such was beyond price. Yet it was not merely for this, as we know, that the princess loved it, but because it had been so long the intimate of her beauty. For this reason it had become sacred in her eyes, and as she watched it roll down the hillside she realized that it had gained for her also a superstitious value. It almost seemed as if to lose it would be to lose her beauty too. She ran to another mirror in panic. No! her beauty still remained. But no other mirror could ever be to her like the mirror she had lost. So, forgetting her beauty for a moment, she wept and tore her hair and beat her tiring-maids in her misery; and when the men returned from their searching without the mirror, she gave orders to have them soundly flogged for their failure.

Meanwhile the mirror rested peacefully among the wild flowers and the humming of bees.

A short while after the serving-men had been flogged and the tiring-maids had been beaten, there came along the white road at the foot of the castle a tired minstrel. He was singing to himself out of the sadness of his heart. He was thirty-four years old, and the exchange that life had given him for his dreams had not seemed to him a fair equivalent. He had even grown weary of his own songs.

He sat, weary, amid the green grasses, and looked up at the ancient heaven—and thought to himself. Then suddenly he turned his tired eyes again to earth, and saw the daisies growing there, and the butterflies flitting from flower to flower. And the road, as he looked at it, seemed long—longer than ever. He

took his old lute in his hand—wondering to himself if they could play another tune. They were so in love with each other—and so tired of each other.

He played one of his old songs, of which he was heartily weary, and, as he played, the butterflies flitted about him and filled his old hair with blue wings.

He was thirty-four and very weary. He was alone. His last nightingale had ceased singing. The time had come for him when one thinks, and even dreams, of the fireside, the hearth, and the beautiful old memories.

He had, in short, arrived at that period of life when one begins to perceive the beauty of money.

As a boy, he had never given a thought to gold or silver. A butterfly had seemed more valuable to him than a gold piece. But he was growing old, and, as I have said, he was beginning to perceive the beauty of money.

The daisies were all around him, and the lark was singing up there in the sky. But how could he cash a daisy or negotiate a lark!

Dreams, after all, were dreams. . . . He was saying this to himself, when suddenly his eyes fell upon the princess's mirror, lying there in the grass—so covered with butterflies, looking at themselves, that no wonder the serving-men had been unable to find it.

The mirror of the princess, as I have said, was made of gold and ivory, and wonderful crystal and many precious stones.

So, when the minstrel took it in his hands out of the grass, he thought—well, that he might at least buy a breakfast at the next town. For he was very hungry.

Well, he caught up the mirror and hid it in his faded doublet, and took his way to a wood of living green, and when he was alone—that is, alone with a few flowers and a bird or two, and a million leaves, and the soft singing of a little river hiding its music under many boughs—he took out the mirror from his doublet.

Shame upon him! he, a poet of the rainbow, had only one thought as he took up the mirror—the gold and silver and the precious stones. He was merely thinking of them and his breakfast.



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HER ONLY CARE WAS TO GAZE INTO THE MIRROR

But when he looked into the mirror, expecting to see his own ancient face—what did he see? He saw something so beautiful that, just like the princess, he dropped the mirror. Have you ever seen the wild rose as it opens its heart to the morning sky; have you ever seen the hawthorn holding in its fragrant arms its innumerable blooms; have you seen the rising of the moon, or looked in the face of the morning star?

The minstrel looked in the mirror and saw something far more wonderful than all these wonderful things.

He saw the face of the princess—eternally reflected there; for her love of her own beautiful face had turned the mirror into a magic glass. To worship oneself is the only way to make a beautiful face.

And as the minstrel looked into the mirror he sadly realized that he could never bring himself to sell it—and that he must go without his breakfast. The moon had fallen into his hand out of the sky. Could he, a poet, exchange this celestial windfall for a meal and a new doublet? As the minstrel gazed and gazed at the beautiful face, he understood that he could no more sell the mirror than he could sell his own soul—and in his pilgrimage through the world he had received many offers for his soul. Also, many kings and captains had vainly tried to buy from him his gift of courage.

But the minstrel had sold neither. And now had fallen out of the sky one more precious thing to guard—the most beautiful face in the world. So, as he gazed in the mirror, he forgot his hunger, forgot his faded doublet, forgot the long sorrow of his days—and at length there came the setting sun. Suddenly the minstrel awoke from his dream at the sound of horsemen in the valley. The princess was sending heralds into every corner of her dominions to proclaim the loss of the mirror, and for its return a beautiful reward—a lock of her strange hair.

The minstrel hid himself, with his treasure, amid the fern, and, when the trumpets had faded in the distance, found the highroad again and went upon his way.

Now it chanced that a scullery-maid of the castle, as she was polishing a

copper saucepan, had lifted her eyes from her work and, looking down toward the highroad, had seen the minstrel pick up the mirror. He was a very well known minstrel. All the scullery-maids and all the princesses had his songs by heart.

Even the birds were fabled to sing his songs as they flitted to and fro on their airy business.

Thus, through the little scullery-maid, it became known to the princess that the mirror had been found by the wandering minstrel, and so his life became a life of peril. Bandits, hoping for the reward of that lock of strange hair, hunted him through the woodland, across the marshes, and over the moors.

Jews with great money-bags came to buy from him—the beautiful face. Sometimes he had to climb in trees to look at it in the sunrise, for the woods were so filled with the voices of his pursuers.

But neither hunger, nor poverty, nor small ferocious enemies were able to take from him the beautiful face. It never left his heart. All night long and all the watching day it was pressed close to his side.

Meanwhile the princess was in despair. More and more the fancy possessed her that with the lost mirror her beauty too was lost. In her unhappiness, like all sad people, she took strange ways of escape. She consulted the stars, and empirics from the four winds settled down upon her castle. Each, of course, had his own invaluable nostrum; and all went their way. For not one of these understood the heart of a poet.

However, at last there came to the aid of the princess a reverend old man of eighty years, a famous seer, deeply and gently and pitifully learned in the hearts of men. His was that wisdom which comes of great goodness. He understood the princess, and he understood the minstrel; for, having lived so long alone with the Infinite, he understood the Finite.

To him the princess was as a little child, and his old wise heart went out to her.

And, as I have said, his heart understood the minstrel too.

Therefore he said to the princess: "I know the hearts of poets. In seven days I will bring you back your mirror."

And the old man went, and at length found the poet eating wild berries in the middle of the wood.

"That is a beautiful mirror you have by your side," said the old man.

"This mirror," answered the poet, "holds in its deeps the most beautiful face in the world."

"It is true," said the wise old man. "I have seen the beautiful face . . . but I too possess a mirror. Will you look into it?"

And the poet took the mirror from the old man and looked; and as he looked, the mirror of the princess fell from his left hand. . . .

"Why," said the old wise man, "do you let fall the princess's mirror?"

But the poet made no answer—for his eyes were lost in the strange mirror which the wise old man had brought him.

"What do you see in the mirror," said the old man, "that you gaze so earnestly in it?"

"I see," answered the minstrel, "the infinite miracle of the universe, I see the august and lonely elements, I see the solitary stars and the untiring sea, I see the everlasting hills—and, as a crocus raises its rainbow head from the black earth in spring-time, I see the young moon growing like a slender flower out of the mountains. . . ."

"Yet, look again," said the old man,

"into this other mirror, the mirror of the princess. Look again."

And the poet looked—taking the two mirrors in his hands, and looking from one to the other.

"At last," he said, gazing into the face he had fought so long to keep—"at last I understand that this is but a fleeting phantom of beauty, a fluttering flower of a face—just one beautiful flower in the innumerable meadows of the Infinite—but here . . ."

And he turned to the other mirror—

"Here is the Eternal Beauty, the Divine Harmony, the Sacred Unfathomable All. . . . Would a man be content with one rose, when all the roses of all the rose-gardens of the world were his? . . ."

"You mean," said the wise old man, smiling to himself, "that I may take the mirror back to the princess. . . . Are you really willing to exchange her face for the face of the sky?"

"I am," answered the minstrel.

"I knew you were a poet," said the sage.

"And I know that you are very wise," answered the minstrel.

Yet, after all, the princess was not so happy to have her mirror back again as she had expected to be; for had not a wandering poet found something more beautiful than her face!

The Surprise

BY MARY NORSWORTHY SHEPARD

WHEN Love stoops low in merry guise—
His hands sweet bars against our light—
We thrill to guess the dear delight
He holds above our blinded eyes.

With that great love that men name Death
Shall it be, too, upon that wise?
Is it for rapture and surprise
He first veils eyes and hushes breath?

Wardour Street English

BY THOMAS R. LOUNSBURY

Emeritus Professor of English, Yale University

A STORY once used to be current that Lowell took Thackeray to task for employing in *Henry Esmond* such a modernism as *different to*. That single expression, he is reported as saying, proved that the work could not have been written in the period to which its authorship was assigned. The novelist, it was added, admitted the blunder. The story itself is certainly doubtful and probably false. Its truth would argue a lack of familiarity with the language of Queen Anne's time on the part of two men who were exceptionally familiar with its literature.

Assuredly let us hope that it is false for the sake of the one criticising and of the one criticised. If it be true, it is evident that Thackeray was as ignorant that he was all right in his practice as was Lowell that he was all wrong in his criticism. Both must have met the usage in question in works which they had read, even if they had failed to heed it. Thackeray may have been censurable for using it as often as he did; but not for using the expression itself. So far from being a modernism, the employment of it goes back at least to the early part of the seventeenth century. Ever since, it can be found more or less frequently. In the reign of Queen Anne, Esmond could have heard it from the lips of his friends Addison and Steele; at least he could not help seeing it in print if he read their writings. To find it we have only to turn to one of the most noted pamphlets of the time, with which both Lowell and Thackeray were unquestionably familiar. This was the famous treatise entitled *An Argument against Abolishing Christianity*. "Not that I am in the least of the opinion," wrote Swift, "with those who hold religion to have been the invention of politicians to keep the lower part of the world in awe; unless man-

kind were then very different to what it is now."

It is the antiquity of the construction that is here under consideration; not its nature or propriety. But one of the lessons which this fable teaches, to use the phraseology of Æsop, is that while it is perilous to attempt the reproduction of the speech of the past, it is also perilous to criticise him who sets out to perform the feat. Still, of the two, the former is the much more difficult task. To accomplish it with perfect safety requires a fuller and preciser knowledge of the words and constructions of our speech than has yet been secured. Accordingly a spurious linguistic manufacture is sure to be foisted upon us as the genuine article. It is largely made up by intermingling certain well-known phrases of the period in question with many later verbal and grammatical coinages. Even were the imitator to succeed with the words—which with our present dictionaries is gradually becoming more possible of achievement—he is sure to break down in the employment of idioms or syntactical constructions. Instead of the language of a particular century we are supplied with a hodgepodge gathered from the language of centuries before or after. Accordingly, as Wardour Street justly or unjustly gained the reputation of having been the great mart for the sale of imitation old furniture, it seems fair to apply the term Wardour Street English to those productions which set out to show us how men spoke in a particular age and succeed only in giving us something which men never spoke in any age.

In these attempts writers great and little, but especially little, have been concerned. With the latter we have naught to do here. Of the former Spenser was the first to undertake the practice. The archaic appearance of his writings was

not indeed due entirely to an attempt to reproduce the language of the past. It was part and parcel of the general liberties he took with the English tongue. These approached at times dangerously near license, if they did not actually reach it. He had invented a stanza which required a large number of rhymes. But for scarcity of rhymes English is more remarkable than for abundance. In consequence, Spenser, with all his ability to make the most of the resources of the language in this matter, was often at a loss to fill out the line in his complicated verse. Accordingly, to secure the requisite number of rhymes he sometimes varied the spelling of a word, sometimes he imposed upon a word a meaning in which no one else had ever thought to use it. There is no intention of conveying the impression that this happened often. It did not. Had such been the case, his work would have been largely unintelligible. Nevertheless it happened occasionally. These variations from authorized forms and accepted senses are sufficient in number to arrest the attention of the linguistic student and occasionally puzzling enough to confound him; for he is obliged to strain the signification in order to give to the sentence the meaning it was evidently intended to convey.

A few examples will make this point clear. Spenser gave, for instance, to *inquire* the sense of "name"; for he speaks of "Cantium which Kent we commonly inquire." He mentions a castle-roof as being "decked with flowers and herbars daintily." *Herbar* is an obsolete variant of *arbor*, but here apparently has the sense of "herbs." Among the creatures, real or imaginary, which are painted on the walls in the castle of Alma are "infernall hags, centaurs, feends, hippodames." No fauna, truthful or legendary, has had the good fortune to include among its specimens the hippodame. It strictly means a "horse-breaker." Spenser may have mistaken it for *hippotame*, an obsolete form of *hippopotamus*, but probably for the mythological sea-horse called *hippocamp*. Finally—for it is hardly worth while to multiply examples—Sir Guyon is entertained at the castle of the courteous dame Medina, who meets him at the

threshold and him "well did enterprise." By this last word Spenser meant that she received him with cordial welcome—a sense which *enterprise* is hardly fitted to bear, and which is probably not to be found in any other author of our speech.

There is, therefore, a good deal of truth in Ben Jonson's observation that "Spenser writ no language." He employs words no one ever used before or since. He employs words in a sense no one else has ever given them. It was not, however, this disregard of ordinary usages to which Jonson was referring specifically. His condemnation, as the context shows, was of the whole practice of attempting to reproduce the language of a previous period. In his eyes it was clearly not practicable, and even if practicable not desirable. The whole business of "affecting the ancients," as he phrased it, was objectionable in whatever language attempted. He praised Virgil for his rare use of older forms and terms. He censured Lucretius for his fondness for the rugged survivals and revivals of the past. "He seeks them," says Jonson, "as some do Chaucerisms with us, which were far better expunged and banished." As the greatest scholar of his time, at least among men of letters, Jonson could not have failed to be struck both by Spenser's evident attempts to imitate the diction of his predecessors and by his frequent failure. He saw clearly then, what is far clearer now, that the poet, while trying to use the language spoken by the men of a former generation, was often using a language which had never been spoken by men at all.

A devoted admirer and follower of Chaucer, Spenser had studied the writings of the elder poet with peculiar care. It was easy enough to revive inflections which had fallen away entirely or had been cut down. He could introduce, as he did again and again, such forms as *seeken* for "seek" and *hostès* for "hosts." But when it came to the exact sense of words or exact employment of inflections which had become obsolete, he was always liable to be misled in an age in which few facilities existed for mastering the special peculiarities of the speech of the fourteenth century. It was almost inevitable, therefore, that he

should sometimes be betrayed into defiling the speech of him whom he termed the well of English undefiled. This was not from the lack of intimate familiarity with his writings, but from occasional lack of comprehension of the words and forms he used. Two examples may be deemed sufficient to put the fact beyond dispute. One illustrates the poet's ignorance of the signification of old words, the other the confusion in the employment of grammatical forms into which he fell.

One of the senses in which Chaucer uses the noun *chevisaunce* is that of "furnishing money on good security." Spenser supposed it to mean "achievement, noble enterprise." Fortune, for illustration, is spoken of by him as "the foe of famous chevisaunce." But an error in the use of a grammatical inflection is always more impressive than one merely in the use of a word. The early English preterite of *go*, for which *went* had been substituted, was *yede* or *yode*. Spenser did not recognize the two words as variant forms of the same tense. He looked upon *yede*, the first of them, as an infinitive and present—frequently spelling it *yeed*—of which *yode* was the regular preterite. Thus we are told that Sir Guyon "on foot was forced for to yeed." Such a usage would have been as strange to Chaucer as to us. Spenser had, in fact, offered to the language a new strong verb, *yede*, *yode*, formed after the analogy of *steal*, *stole*, or *freeze*, *froze*. This the language has declined to accept.

If, however, Spenser, a reverent student of Chaucer, used words and inflections that would have astonished his master, his own eighteenth-century imitators contrived to invent or misemploy them in a way that would have confounded him. They not only misunderstood the meaning of his terms, but introduced some new ones which are only known now, so far as they are known at all, by being found in their pages. Let us turn to a production of one of these imitators, which has enough vitality and charm of its own to insure it an independent existence. This is *The Castle of Indolence* of James Thomson. Without spending too much time on details, it is enough to say that Thomson was

not satisfied with merely reproducing the errors of Spenser, he improved upon them. He likewise used in his text "they yode" and used it rightly. In his glossary, however, he wrongly explained it as "the preter tense of *yede*." But further, on his own account, he turned a weak verb into a strong one when he spoke of having "depainten" a certain scene. But his most unpardonable blunder was his using the ending *-en* of the infinitive and the plural as a singular. "These I passen by," he says in one place. "Taunts he casten forth most bitterly," he writes in another. Grammatical atrocities of this sort are all Thomson's own. They would have made Spenser himself shudder.

In the eighteenth century it was the imitators of Spenser who were responsible for most of this spurious manufacture. In the nineteenth century it was mainly the imitators of Scott. In this particular, as in so many others, the great novelist showed the superiority of his genius to those who strove to follow in his footsteps. The action of his story was laid in periods with whose general characteristics long previous study had made him familiar. What he sought, therefore, was to produce upon the reader the impression of it which he himself had come to entertain. The correctness or incorrectness of his view is not in question. It was the truth of life, as he looked at it, that he sought to reproduce. If he could secure that effect, he was as indifferent to the truth of petty detail as was Shakespeare himself. Not that he failed to make the fullest use of the knowledge of the past with which he abounded, whether it pertained to manners or to language. But unlike his imitators he never studied up the subject for the express purpose of unloading upon his unfortunate readers the knowledge he had acquired.

Of his attitude in this matter he has not left us in doubt. In the preface to *Ivanhoe*, in the shape of a dedicatory epistle to the Reverend Doctor Dryasdust, he set forth his own course of action in dealing with the manners and language of the past, in contrast to that followed by the antiquary Strutt in his romance of *Queen-hoo Hall*. "I neither can nor do pretend," he wrote, "to the

observation of complete accuracy, even in matters of outward costume, much less in the more important points of language and manners." He was as conscious of the folly of such a course as he was of its futility. The liberty of confounding times and speech must indeed be confined, as he said himself, within legitimate bounds. But within these bounds it is more than reasonable; it is necessary. Outside, therefore, of the words and phrases which came naturally to his thoughts as the result of previous reading, Scott made no effort to revive the peculiar expressions and idioms of the past. He was glad to make use of them when they came in his way; but he did not go out of his way to search for them, still less did he purpose to confine himself to them. He was trying to give a picture of the times, as he viewed it, not to furnish materials for the compilation of a dictionary or the composition of a grammatical treatise.

Naturally it was inevitable that Scott should occasionally employ expressions with which his previous reading and studies had made him familiar. By the immense and permanent popularity of his writings he brought again into use words which had died out. He occasionally started them on a new course of life in senses they had never previously known. *Damosel*, for instance, was a variant of *damsel*. This form he revived and made current, in the signification particularly of a lady of high degree. So he brought once more into vogue the obsolete *henchman* and gave it the meaning of personal attendant. The term has now become fairly familiar. He added also to current use words which in their origin were blunders. One of the most stirring scenes in *Ivanhoe* is where Rebecca tells the wounded hero of the story of the indifference displayed by the Black Knight to the beams and stones rained upon him as he is battering down the postern of the castle of Front-de-Bœuf. *Ivanhoe*, ignorant that the assailant is Richard himself, is astounded to learn that there is any one in England besides the king who could perform such a feat. "Singular," he mutters, "if there be two who can do a deed of such derring-do." This last word, adopted by Scott's imitators,

though far from common, is now fairly established in the language of poetry and romance. Yet it owes its existence to a series of blunders. It was taken by Spenser from Chaucer. The earlier poet gives it simply its proper sense of "daring to do," with the not unusual omission of the preposition after *dare*. Thus he describes Troilus as being

"In no degree second
In daring do that longeth to a knight."

Spenser combined the two words into one in the form *derring-do*, and glossed it as "manhood, chivalry." Then came Scott in the passage just quoted. In a note to it he explained the compound as meaning "desperate courage." Strictly speaking, therefore, the word is a pseudo-archaism. The form it has had given it is a corruption, the meaning it has assumed is a modern imposition in both senses of that word. Spenser had mistaken Chaucer, and Scott had mistaken them both. Etymologically this is all wrong; but the language is to be congratulated that a series of blunders has given it an expressive word of great poetic beauty.

But Scott, while not averse to using occasionally ancient words and phrases, if he could use them effectively, never inserted them for their own sake. Nor did he seek to obtrude them upon the reader. In this respect his course was not followed by his imitators. These vainly strove to make up for lack of genius by fulness and preciseness of information. They paid close heed to the reproduction of the dress and speech of the period, or what they supposed to be its speech and dress. In the matter of language they thought to cast about the subject the air of antiquity by lugging in on all sorts of pretexts obsolete or dialectic words which were supposed to characterize the speech of the past, since they were not known to the cultivated speech of the present. The practice, indeed, was sometimes resorted to by men who were in no sense imitators of Scott. Take, for instance, Charles Reade's fascinating romance of *The Cloister and the Hearth*. The action takes place in the fifteenth century, and there is at times a pretence of imitating its language. We can pardon in a work which stands in no need

of adventitious linguistic aids such provincialisms, or rather Scotticisms, as *anent* in the sense of "concerning," as *nor* in the sense of "than," as the use of the verb *behove* with a personal subject; such late forms as *anan*, denoting the desire to have a remark repeated, a word frequent on the lips of Cooper's hero, Leatherstocking; such vulgarisms as *yourn* and *hisn* had even thus early become. But what can we say of *eftsoons*, which means "moreover, afterward, speedily," but is used by Reade to signify "lately"? Even worse, what are we to think of such plurals as *placen* and *pricen* and *cowen* for "places" and "prices" and "cows"? No human being ever thought of using such forms seriously. Probably no human being before Reade ever thought of writing them.

Reade's linguistic offences, however, are all lost to sight in the absorbing interest of the story. In another fifteenth-century romance there prevails a similar confusion of the past and the present, of the dialectic speech and the literary. This is the *Black Arrow* of Robert Stevenson. The condition of this work is even worse than that of Reade's, because its archaisms, real or reputed, are not merely brought in occasionally, but systematically and regularly. As a result its errors are constantly forced upon the attention. But among all these crude imitations the palm must be awarded to Bulwer's *Last of the Barons*. Like that of the two previous works its action goes on in the fifteenth century; but much of the language used in it belongs to no century with which modern man is acquainted. Even in matters which lie on the very surface it fails to represent the speech of its period. Take, for illustration, the use of the pronouns. The characters constantly employ the objective *you* as a nominative. It conduces to the comfort of the reader that they do so. But it was not the way people did at that time. *You* as a nominative is a corruption which in the sixteenth century became a common usage and later became the common usage. Nobody thinks now of employing ordinarily the grammatically correct *ye*; but men did so in the age of which Bulwer was writing. Exactly the same thing can be said of *its*. All the characters in this

work use it, though this pronominal form was not even in existence until more than a hundred years after.

Offences such as these may be pardoned as permissible or at least as venial. But not so others in which the novelist's defiance of the recognized usage not only of the period he has taken, but of any period whatever, fairly runs riot. We need not waste time on words which had no existence in the fifteenth century. There is *banter*, which did not come into the language till the end of the seventeenth, and *starvation*, which made its first appearance in the second half of the eighteenth. But words occur in this work which may perhaps be found somewhere else, but which the most comprehensive dictionaries have as yet failed to record. Bulwer speaks, for instance, of "the raptril vulgar" and of the "Lancastrian raptrils." One feels that this must be a peculiarly disparaging epithet, but exactly what it means or where it came from is no easy matter to ascertain. Like Mrs. Malaprop, indeed, Bulwer in this romance is quite the lord of the language and bestows upon the particular word on which his favor falls any meaning he chooses to have it convey. "Cling to me, gentle donzel," says one of his characters to a terrified maiden. *Donzel* is a word which made its first appearance in the speech in the reign of Queen Elizabeth. It designates a page, a squire. Bulwer made it do duty for a young woman. With *God wot* in the sense of "God knows" we are all familiar. Bulwer turned this present tense into a noun and gave us an exclamation, *God's wot*. What he meant by it nobody can tell, nor probably could he have told himself. His whole work, indeed, furnishes a fertile field for the gathering of these artificial linguistic flowers, and it would need many a page to describe all the specimens.

It may be urged that Bulwer put forth no direct claim that he was designing to reproduce the language of the fifteenth century. He did not indeed do so expressly. But he did it by implication. Otherwise there would be no excuse whatever for the peculiar phraseology employed throughout the work. But not even this plea can be set up in the case of *Henry Esmond*. About the suc-

cess of Thackeray in giving us the speech of the early eighteenth century the most extravagant statements have been made. It has been asserted again and again that hardly an anachronism can be detected in the romance. No one, we have been told, says in it anything that would not have been said in the time in which the action goes on. One indeed gets the impression from the dedication of the work to Lord Ashburton that Thackeray himself shared in this belief. In that he says expressly that the book copies the language and manners of Queen Anne's time.

So far as regards language, if he meant that he had confined himself to the speech of the period in question, the claim is altogether unwarranted. It was no hard matter to catch certain superficial characteristics of the style of the first half of the eighteenth century. It was easy to begin sentences and clauses with *'tis* and *'twas* and to stud the page with certain phrases which turn up with unfailing regularity in the writings of the reign of Queen Anne. They cannot well be missed by the most unobservant reader. The difficult thing to do is to avoid the use of words and constructions which came in later. In this part of his work Thackeray failed signally. No small number of his modernisms were long ago pointed out by Fitzedward Hall; and there are others which escaped even that scholar's wide-embracing drag-net.

Take first the case of a single word. Greville tells us in his *Journal* that when Queen Victoria read her speech to the council in June, 1837, everybody was satisfied with the composition of it save Brougham. He appeared in a state of considerable excitement. The noun *amelioration* had been used. Brougham turned to Sir Robert Peel and made about it the speech we all do when we object to some particular expression. "*Amelioration*," said he, "that is not English. You might perhaps say *melioration*, but *improvement* is the proper word." "Oh," replied Peel, "I see no harm in the word; it is generally used." In spite of its modernness there could be no real objection to the employment of it in the reign of Queen Victoria. It is objectionable, however, for a writer to introduce it who sets out to portray the language of the

reign of Queen Anne. Yet this is precisely what Thackeray does. In one of the earliest chapters of *Henry Esmond* mention is made of "a notable amelioration of the infant's health." If any contemporary of the hero of the story used the word, the fact has not been as yet ascertained.

Restriction of utterance in order to conform to the grammatical practices of a previous period, furnishes, however, the hardest test of imitation. Two of Thackeray's errors in this particular are so striking as to deserve special mention. Take the case of the conversion of the adverbs *directly*, *immediately*, and *instantly* into conjunctions with the sense of "as soon as." This is a usage rarely heard in America, but is not uncommon in England. But even in England it was not known till the very end of the eighteenth century. But in this romance all three of these adverbs are so employed. In the very first chapter we are told that the little heir of Castlewood "ran across the grass, instantly he perceived his mother." But lapses such as these are as nothing compared with the not infrequent use of that new passive form, often illustrated by the expression "the house is being built" as contrasted with "the house is building." During the middle of the last century—at the very time indeed when the novelist was writing his story—there raged so fierce a controversy about this particular construction that it hardly seems possible that any writer could have been ignorant of its comparatively recent introduction into the speech. The language, in fact, was doing one of the rarest things a language ever does after having come into the possession of an established literature. It was evolving a new grammatical inflection. Mighty and protracted are the throes which a cultivated tongue goes through in giving birth to a creation of this sort. In this particular instance the cries of pain echoed almost down to the end of the century. It is certainly strange that Thackeray should have been unaware of the clamor that attended the introduction of this new inflection; or if aware of it should have been indifferent to the violent anachronism of attributing it to the speech of a period which he was

professedly aiming to imitate. Yet in his very prefatory chapter he spoke of a resolute old loyalist as staying with the king "while his house was being battered down." This, too, is but one of several instances.

In justice to Thackeray it is fair to say that the verb-phrase in question had made its appearance in the speech before his hero was born. In the second act of Major Porter's play of *The Villain*, which was published in 1663, occurs the earliest known instance of the construction which is now far from being uncommon. It is in these following lines:

"The fear of thieves is worse than the loss
we can
Sustain by them: We're still a being
rob'd."

But a single example does not constitute a usage any more than one swallow makes a summer. A hundred years went by before the new verb-phrase began to be used at all; two hundred before it had triumphed over the opposition it encountered. Not an instance of its employment has been pointed out in a writer belonging to the reign of Queen Anne and the first Georges.

It may be said, too, of this construction that its history furnishes a peculiarly interesting illustration of the efforts, in this instance the successful efforts, of a language to supply itself with means of expression which it feels to be lacking. To use the example already cited, "the house is building" was itself in its origin a corruption. A verbal noun "building," governed by a preposition, came by the dropping of the preposition to be considered a constituent part of the verb. Still the inflection thus begot was so useful that the offence was condoned. The language accepted it and employed it. The trouble with it was that it did not go far enough. It could be used only when the subject was impersonal or rather inanimate. One could say that "the dinner is preparing" and nobody would assume that the dinner was taking upon its own shoulders the burden of getting itself ready. But all the possibility of such interpretations of the meaning disappeared when the subject of the verb had life. "The dinner is preparing" could serve as a sort of

quasi-passive. But such an expression as "the man is eating" could not. No one could or would draw from it the conclusion that the man himself was serving as a sort of food supply. This one example reveals the fatal defect of the inflection. It lacked universality. But it was only after long and abortive efforts to reach a satisfactory solution of the problem that the users of language hit upon the expedient of forming a new verb-phrase out of the substantive verb and the compound past participle, with which personal and impersonal subjects could alike be employed. Even this it required years of agitation and controversy to induce men to accept. But in the days of Queen Anne the probation of the new inflection had not even been begun. Consequently in using it as he did several times in the course of his story Thackeray was unfaithful to the speech of the period he was depicting.

There are two lessons to be drawn from the facts here given. One is that attempts to reproduce the language of the past are fairly sure to end in failure. The utmost that can ordinarily be hoped for is to drag in those characteristics of the speech of any period which lie on the surface, and by this means cast about the work in the minds of the ignorant and unwary a false glamour of antiquity. Whether this is worth doing at all is another question. But even if absolute success could be secured in the matter, it would be gained at the expense of spontaneity. We must keep before our eyes the unnecessary burden with which the author weighs himself down who sets out to represent the past in the language of the past. He must sedulously refrain from the use of no small number of words and phrases which would naturally occur to him as best expressing the ideas he seeks to convey. He would be compelled to sacrifice a greater beauty in order to secure a less.

The second lesson to be drawn is that the fact of failure here set forth is in itself of no special importance. It detracts little if at all from the value of the works just mentioned that in them errors of this particular kind appear. It is the business of the creative imagination to portray the truth of life in order

to delight, to inspire, to uplift. It is not its business to satisfy the cravings of the antiquary by its fidelity to precise fact. Of course a writer ought not to set at naught the knowledge which may be considered the common property of all men, unless by so doing some higher purpose is subserved. But he is misapplying his time if he spends it in seeking to secure accuracy in matters not germane to his purpose, in which also few will know if he fails and which fewer will appreciate if he succeeds. But any blunders into which he may be betrayed by his ignorance will be of slightest importance as contrasted with the blunder of the critic who insists that the non-essential shall be treated as essential. A work of the imagination is to be judged by its success in its own field and not by its failure in some other field into which its creator has inadvertently strayed or consciously intruded. Were a writer to set out to furnish a scientific description of the valley of the Susquehanna, he would justly draw upon himself contempt and derision were he to represent the flamingo as disporting in its waters or palms adorning its hillsides. Yet these were contributions made to the flora and fauna of the region by Campbell in his *Gertrude of Wyoming*. Whatever value we attach to the poem as poetry is not affected in the slightest by his action. As regards

this same truth of fact it would also have been better had Kingsley in his *Westward Ho* refrained from supplying Virginia with the palm. It would furthermore have been better if Thackeray had not allowed George Warrington, in narrating his escape from Fort Duquesne in the autumn of the year, to observe that he had fallen in with hunters who were making sugar from the sap of the maple.

Lapses of this sort may impart a momentary amusement to him who is aware of the actual truth; but if he has an atom of sense they will not detract from either his enjoyment or appreciation of the work wherein they are found. It is exactly the same with the linguistic errors into which he falls who with insufficient equipment sets out to tell the story of the past in the language of the past. The mistakes he is sure to make will not impair perceptibly the worth of what he has accomplished. They will indeed never be suspected by the vast majority of readers. It is only indeed by some wretched pedagogue like myself that they will ever be recognized at all. Even to such the main regret they cause is that writers should take up or rather waste time in efforts to secure for their works a sort of ornament which, if genuine, would be of slightest value, and which can be trusted to turn out almost universally to be spurious.

I Gave My Grief to Winter

BY CHARLOTTE LOUISE RUDYARD

I GAVE my grief to Winter,
And over it fell the snow;
I said, So sleep—
I shall not weep
Till the new Spring air shall blow.

I stooped with the Spring to find it,
We parted the snow with a breath;
I had buried it deep—
A long, long sleep,
Unstirred by the Spring, is Death.

Secret Chambers

BY MRS. WILSON WOODROW

NATURALLY, they were discussing the Commission as they sat drinking their coffee in the drawing-room after dinner—Arnold Hartzfield, the artist who had received it, his mother, and Sylvia, his wife; and although it had been the one topic mentioned among them for the last few days, it still remained the immediate and exclusive interest in the lives of these three people. Why not? It was a matter of vast importance in Arnold's career. One of the larger American towns had recently builded a magnificent public library, and Hartzfield had been asked to paint ten pictures to fill the ten large panels.

"Isn't it odd, mother," Arnold's hazel eyes were brilliant with twinkling reflections, and there was a sparkle, even a momentary content, on his keen, eager face, "and isn't it fortunate that I should actually have a studio to my hand so near L——? A railway runs through the village now, and it's only an hour's ride to town. A beautifully restful old spot! I'm speaking of Altamont, Sylvia, the place mother owned and gave to me, and where I built an outdoor studio. Whew! The dreams I used to dream there!" He passed his hand across his brow in brief reverie, his face again assuming its customary expression in repose, a sort of baffled, disappointed eagerness, repression, even a faint cynical bitterness; but these in turn faded in the glow of purpose, the new determination of achievement which the bestowal of the Commission had aroused in him.

"Of course," he went on, "it is absolutely necessary that I should be near the library for a time and give a thorough study to the lighting and proportions. So," in quite matter-of-fact tones, "we will go back there instead of my trying to do the work here."

Sylvia looked up bewildered, and gazed about the harmonious room, admittedly one of the most artistic in Paris, with its

pieces of silver and pewter shining against the subdued peacock hues of walls and hangings, blues and greens and bronzes suavely blended. What had he been saying? Impossibilities.

But although her first quick glance about had been one of dismay, she said nothing. That was like Sylvia. She was not in the least impulsive, and this quality of inner balance and harmony, the antithesis of his own mercurial temperament, was what had at first attracted Hartzfield to her.

His mother was the first to break the silence. "Do you remember the picture of Love that you painted at Altamont, Arnold? I wish—" she paused suddenly, with a hasty, almost furtive glance at Sylvia.

Hartzfield threw back his head with a flash of storm in his eyes. "I beg you will never mention that subject to me again," he cried, with harsh irritability. He pushed back his chair gratingly and left the room; a few moments later the two women heard him open the piano and begin to play, crashing volcanic chords.

"Mother," said Sylvia presently, her clear, gray eyes fixed steadily on those of the older woman, "what did you mean and why was Arnold annoyed when that picture, of Love, was mentioned?"

"Nothing, really," she said, hesitating, and frankly appearing to ponder. "I assure you of that, Sylvia. A buried incident in his career. Since he has not spoken of it to you, and since you are a wise woman, I advise you to let it sink into oblivion, but—" she spoke with an earnestness and depth of feeling unusual with her. "Take my advice. Amuse yourself by having the whole house done over as soon as you get to Altamont."

"But why?" asked Sylvia, in surprise. "Arnold said that it was charming."

"He forgets," said Mrs. Hartzfield,

shortly. "All men forget. He has never been near the place since Adele died, and at that time, in the first—" she hesitated—"sentimentality," Sylvia noticed that she did not say grief—"he gave orders that nothing be changed; but I stayed there a month, two years ago, and let me tell you, my dear, that I have never had anything get so on my nerves. I am not impressionable nor superstitious, but—" she shivered and lifted her eyebrows expressively.

"Why?" asked Sylvia.

Mrs. Hartzfield threw out her hands with an expansive gesture. "The whole place is full of her," she said—"full of her. She was a feminine Narcissus, and every person she met must be a pool and reflect her. She would tolerate no backgrounds, nor vistas, nor any relieving scenery; she wanted to fill the whole picture from frame to frame, and she could not even have conceived the idea of being one of a group. When she entered a room, she filled it. She filled a house. She took complete possession of your imagination, your will, or she knew the reason why, and she crowded everything else out of Arnold. In the few years they were married, the promise of his youth, his high dreams, his consecration of purpose, all went down in ashes. You did not know him in those first years after her death. When you met him, his interest in his work was gradually reviving, his individuality was beginning to assert itself, to flutter vaguely its maimed wings; and you, Sylvia," the bitterness of her tones lost in unwonted tenderness, "you have helped to heal and restore and obliterate."

Sylvia laid her cheek against the older woman's in one of her rare caresses; but she did not speak. Her eyes had a peculiar inward glow. She had never thought much about Adele before, but Mrs. Hartzfield's words had aroused a curiosity, acute, sudden, almost stinging. Arnold rarely spoke of his first wife, and then almost casually, and Mrs. Hartzfield had never mentioned her to Sylvia before. And now, all at once, Sylvia felt that she longed, thirsted to know more of this love of Arnold's youth.

"Were you not fond of her? Was she not attractive?" she asked.

"Oh, adorable, in a way," returned Mrs.

Hartzfield, carelessly, "but the most pervasive—yes, altogether the most pervasive—personality I have ever encountered."

"Was she very delicate? An invalid?"

"Adele?" in evident surprise. "Oh, not at all. Full of life."

"Of what did she die?"

Mrs. Hartzfield was intently examining a photograph on the table. "Oh, her death was very sudden." Her tone was infused with a cold, even curt, finality. "But why," impatiently, "are we on such depressing themes?"

That was the last as well as the first time that the subject either of Adele or of the picture was ever mentioned between them. In the late summer Arnold and Sylvia sailed, and whatever apprehensions her homesick heart may have nursed on the voyage, Sylvia felt them all vanish on the day they arrived at Altamont. She always retained a delightful memory of the drive first through the village and then through a long stretch of woodland. She affirmed that it was a revelation of color to her; a sky as blue and as brilliant as a sapphire, and against it bold columns of maple-flame, the yellow, fluttering gold of elms and beeches, and the gorgeous sombre bronze of oaks; a splendid trumpet-call of color lifting the heart as on waves of music.

The house stood on a little knoll, hardly a hill, but rising ground. Houses which have harbored many generations have a very distinct character of their own, and this mansion was no exception to the rule. The impression it created on the mind was of a sort of stately serenity. It was built in the Colonial style, with a row of Corinthian pillars across the front, and a flight of stone steps leading up to a flagged porch. Of a soft cream-color, it was flanked on either side by some fine old oaks and beeches, not too near to impede the view of far-stretching woods and noble hills.

"By Jove!" said Hartzfield, his head out of the carriage window, "the old place isn't so bad, after all, is it? That is my studio yonder, Sylvia," pointing out a small building at some distance from the house. "And here is good old Judy to meet us," as a tall, dark, angular Irish-woman came across the porch and to the top of the steps to welcome them.

Judy herself showed the new mistress through the hall and up the wide, shallow stairs to a suite of three rooms.

"These are the guest chambers, Mrs. Hartzfield,"—her words allayed a latent and shrinking fear of Sylvia's that through some stupidity she might have been given the apartments of Adele. "The bedroom, bath, and sitting-room. They are all done in blue, you see. I hope you like blue?"

As Judy asked this commonplace question, Sylvia was struck by something in her manner; she seemed to wait with anxiety the answer.

"Indeed, I am very fond of blue," replied Sylvia. "It is my favorite color. I will slip into another gown and then come down. I am hungry. Will dinner be ready soon?"

"It shall be served whenever you wish, Mrs. Hartzfield." Judy was already unpacking the trunks with the skill and touch of much experience.

Half an hour later, Sylvia was smiling at Arnold across the dinner table. "Judy is wonderful, an artist!" she exclaimed. "Look at the arrangement of those flowers! It is worthy of Japan. But, Arnold," as a beautiful dish of grapes and peaches was offered her, "is this an American custom, having fruit served first at dinner?"

"An American custom!" he repeated. "Oh dear, no. It is a stupid custom of this house." His mouth twisted wryly. "Abolish it. Abolish it by all means."

"Why? It is rather odd and pleasing." Then, a few moments later: "Arnold! What dreams of candle-shades! Ah," examining them more closely, "they have been painted by no tyro. Have you looked at them?"

Arnold barely glanced at the pink candle-shades, painted with tiny crimson roses wreathing the miniatures of lovely women.

"Yes," went on Sylvia, "done by a master. Sorchon? Would he condescend—"

There was a sardonic smile on Hartzfield's face. His eyes were hard. Sylvia did not know before that hazel eyes could look like steel.

"No," he said, grimly. "Emphatically Sorchon would not condescend. It was I—I."

"You!" she cried, incredulously. "You who must always have a canvas as wide as a church door!"

He was looking at her with a peculiar intensity, and yet she felt as if he did not see her at all. His mouth was twisted in a smile of cynical mirth, the steel of his eyes flashed. "My hair was clipped to the roots, and my eyes were blinded, and I was put in the treadmill." He passed his hand over the thick, short growth. "I resisted. Believe me, I resisted; but Delilah is sure to win."

He twirled one of the candle-shades nearest him for a few minutes, his face still contracted in that distorted smile; and then slightly shrugging his shoulders after his mother's fashion, devoted himself to his dinner.

He scarcely spoke again, and at the conclusion of the meal wandered into the hall, and opening the piano, began to play; and Sylvia, after listening a bit, got up from her chair and strolled restlessly about. Most of the rooms on the first floor opened into the hall, and they were all brilliantly lighted, apparently inviting inspection. Her first impression of the house, gained from its exterior, was but enhanced and confirmed by her view of the interior. It was remarkably light and spacious, one might say even gay in effect.

"I wonder if I am out of the picture completely," smiled Sylvia to herself. "This seems the chosen nest, the loved retreat of an enchantingly pretty and coquettish woman. If my grave and sedate self is to be part of the composition, I should be in the sombre and flowing robes of a French abbess."

She had moved slowly through the library and a charming sitting-room, and had now reached the drawing-room. It was by far the most brilliant apartment of the series, lacking entirely the rather severe formality characteristic of drawing-rooms in general. All in pink and silver, it gave out a sheen and shimmer that Sylvia found almost dazzling.

Overcrowded, overdecorated as it was, its ornaments, many of them, beautiful and unique, yet Sylvia's eye was almost immediately caught and held by a picture on the opposite wall, the portrait of a beautiful woman. Her exquisitely rounded shoulders rose from billows of

tulle which fell low over the arms; the head, literally sunning over with curls, was bent, and the eyes glanced upward through long lashes with an arch and petulant coquetry.

"Pretty creature!" exclaimed Sylvia. Then, with a shock, followed by a vivid increase of interest, she realized that this must be Adele.

She had been standing with one hand on the back of a straight little chair, and now she drew it toward her and sat down, the involuntary smile with which we greet an image of beauty fading from her face. What radiance! Here in this room, so decorated that it gave out sparkles like a jewel, where there were any number of objects, each beautiful in itself, to attract the attention, the picture dominated and eclipsed them all. Sylvia felt as if she had never seen feminine loveliness before, nor realized its possibilities for expressing the joy of life. But as she continued to study the portrait she saw there was that in the face which all the glow and radiance of a most seductive beauty but thinly masked. It had been in the flesh a mutable face, and as Sylvia continued to gaze steadily at it she seemed to see it change before her eyes. There was something in those pictured eyes that mocked and refuted the appealing sweetness of that rose-leaf smile. He who ran might read that it was an emotional face passionate to weakness; but few would discern beneath that soft, peach-bloom flesh the iron of a powerful will and of a tenacious and unscrupulous purpose.

Sylvia did not see all this clearly, but something of it she divined dimly and in part. "What a power!" she muttered, rising — "what a power!" and then stopped suddenly; the portrait appeared to surround her, for the several large mirrors which the room contained seemed to give back a thousand reflections of it. Her own image, too, was presented from half a dozen angles. Slender, erect, her long, dull blue gown falling about her, her pale, upheld, cameo face, the dark, cloudy hair—yet she, the living, breathing woman, was as the shadow, while the portrait, a thing of paint, conveyed infinitely more effectively the illusion of life, the pride of the flesh.

She strolled out into the hall again.

A wood fire was burning on the broad hearth, there were no other lights, and Arnold still sat at the piano; but the music his fingers evoked was evidently the mere accompaniment of his thoughts. His head was thrown back, his eyes gazed unseeingly before him, narrowed, concentrated, introspective. He did not even see Sylvia as she stood for a moment beside him. He had entirely abandoned himself to the absorbed contemplation of the vision. The creative mood was upon him. These were the signs by which she had grown to recognize it. Noiselessly she moved away from him and sank softly into a chair by the fire. Even before their marriage she had become accustomed to these moods and knew when to efface herself. Their love, she rejoiced to think, had been an unhindered progression. Begun in genuine comradeship, it seemed to her that they were always graduating through various phases of friendship into an ever rarer and more understanding love and sympathy.

For perhaps an hour they sat there, she gazing into the flames, and he drifting from one bit of melody into another, until at last he closed with a crash of chords and jumped to his feet.

"Sylvia!" he cried, his eyes shining, his face palely irradiated, "I've got it, the whole conception! It has been more or less hazy, lacking coherence and definiteness. Oh, you can't dream how disturbing that is! But now it is perfectly clear. I shall begin work tomorrow."

"Oh, what is it?" she cried, all eager sympathy.

"No. I shall keep it for a surprise. Oh, truly," at her obvious disappointment, "I am not saying that to tease you; but because I value your criticism above that of any one I know, and I am determined in this important instance to have the benefit of your first, fresh impression of the completed work."

"Very well," she smiled, although a bit ruefully. "I see what you mean, and if I can help you best that way, well and good; but I cannot pretend that I am not disappointed, because I am dreadfully. I thought the Commission would be our principal interest and topic of conversation here; but I shall manage



Drawn by Will H. Foster

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HE DRIFTED FROM ONE BIT OF MELODY INTO ANOTHER

to put in my time very well without you, since I have to. It is a charming, restful spot, and I shall devote my time to my music and those other studies that I have been meaning to take up for a long time."

For the next two or three weeks the weather continued fine, October at its mellowest and best, and Sylvia spent the greater part of each day out-of-doors. She never grew tired of wandering through the woods, watching the leaves flutter down through the dreamy sunlight, and the hazes on the hills melt through all the shades of sun-dusted violet and amethyst. But in spite of her books and her music, the studies that she had contemplated with so much enthusiasm, she suffered a growing dread of her evenings—in fact, of any of the time that she must remain indoors; for, take herself to task as she would for such irrational vagaries, she felt more and more during the hours she spent within the house as if she were not the rather solitary mistress of Arnold's home, but a guest thrown into a constant enforced intimacy with her hostess.

One day Judy suggested to Sylvia that she make a tour of the house. It seemed only fitting that as mistress of the mansion she should do so, and Sylvia assented. Over the whole place, from attic to cellar, they went, Sylvia bestowing encomiums on the perfect order in which everything was kept. But when Judy unlocked the door leading to Adele's apartments, Sylvia was aware of a mental reluctance, a dread of entering, and yet a tingling curiosity which would not be assuaged save by a sight of these rooms which had always been kept just as Adele left them.

As Judy stood aside for her to enter, Sylvia thought of all the tales she had read in which the apartments of the departed are kept intact, and almost she expected to be met by a waft of musty air, laden with dead and sorrowful memories; but the sunlight streamed through the open windows, and the breath of the autumn morning was sweet and fresh. In the draught created by the opening and closing of doors there was the stir and movement of draperies, the sudden sweep inward of a long silken curtain, creating the momentary illusion of the

advance of a rose-gowned, buoyant figure, an illusion enhanced by the wafting fragrance of roses and jasmine with which the very hangings on the walls were impregnated; and the shimmer and play of moted sunbeams over white rugs and polished floor was like dancing feet running to greet a guest.

The rooms were crowded, full of all the thousand and one absurd costly trinkets that Adele had loved, and portraits, photographs, taken at every angle and in every possible type of costume, filled every available space.

"Would you like to see her dresses?" asked Judy. "There are presses full of them."

"Oh no, no, no!" cried Sylvia, sharply. "I couldn't pry like that."

Judy glanced at her with an odd, grim little smile. "She'd have rummaged through everything before now," she said.

Sylvia had picked up a photograph in an ornate gold and silver frame. "How lovely she must have been!"

"There's no photograph or even paintings that can give an idea of her," Judy said. "The photographs can't give her color and the paintings can't give her life, not even an idea of it. That's what she was, all life and color. She could wheedle a stick or a stone, and she did it, too. She couldn't let anything pass her without paying toll. She'd lay herself out to please; but she got more than she gave, Miss Sylvia, she got more than she gave." Judy's always grim tones had grown grimmer, almost reminiscently tragic, while her eyes bent on Sylvia held a strange Celtic insight. "You were telling me a few days ago that there wasn't anything I couldn't do. Well, I was trained in a hard school, the school of Miss Adele. She had no mercy on any one. She took a fancy to me, and I had to do everything—be housekeeper, lady's - maid, sempstress, everything. Why, I'm only thirty-five, Mrs. Hartzfield, and I look fifty. Miss Adele wore me out. You see, everything had to be just right, or she'd know why, and times when I thought I'd drop, it would be, 'Brush my hair, Judy; I'm tired,' or ringing me up in the dead of night to read to her because she couldn't sleep. Oh, she was cruel hard, Miss Sylvia; and yet, since she's gone, her and her

tempers and her tears and her smiles and her coaxings, somehow the color and laughter and excitement's gone out of life. It's like a dish without salt."

"But how did a person like that endure the country here?" Sylvia could not forbear the question.

"She was in love with her husband." Judy lifted her eyes. "Lord! How she loved him!"

"Was she long ill, Judy?" Sylvia's voice was low.

"Ill! Her? Oh, you mean at the last. No, Mrs. Hartzfield." The tone was curt with a repressed emotion Sylvia could not translate, and from maid to mistress authoritatively final. "It is getting late. It must be luncheon-time." Judy fingered her keys and moved toward the door.

Daily, Sylvia found her interest focussed more steadily upon one subject—Adele. There was always something, some trifle either by way of incident or discovery, to incite her in following mentally the mazes of this fascinating personality; but not without protest. Ah no. There was the continual struggle, the wearing mental argument, when all the sane and healthy and normal forces of her nature rebelled against this obsession.

As a last stand she suggested to Arnold one morning at the breakfast table that they have some people to stop with them; but he immediately negatived this idea, looking at her meanwhile with a surprised and almost unbelieving irritation.

"Sylvia! Of what are you thinking? You know that at this stage of my work I cannot have a lot of people to bother me. If you are lonely or bored here, and"—in quick afterthought—"no doubt you are, my dear, why do you not run off somewhere and amuse yourself?"

"You forget," she said, coldly and gently, "that it is many years since I have lived in America, and that I have very few affiliations here."

He threw out his hands with a quick gesture as if disclaiming all responsibility and resenting having it thrust upon him. "I'm sorry, my dear, but really you'll have to arrange those things to suit yourself." Then in contrition he jumped from his chair, and running around the table, threw an arm about

her shoulders. "You know, Sylvia, how outside things torture me when I've got the mood, and, by Jove! I've got it, or it's got me." There was a strong, almost wondering exultation in his voice.

"I know," she smiled up at him, herself again. "Go right on with your work and never give me a thought. You know that I always do very well. And you understand that 'the mood' is not to be disturbed for a moment by any little vagaries of mine."

"Dear Sylvia," he touched her hair lightly with his lips, "you have made me understand that in the past, to my eternal gratitude."

For two or three days thereafter she succeeded in banishing her disquieting fancies, but gradually they asserted themselves more positively than before, and her resistance to this influence which permeated the atmosphere in which she moved gave way. The delicacy which had withheld her from probing into the psychological relations of Arnold and Adele began to appear to her as a wire-drawn and imaginary scruple. In this new point of view Arnold already seemed a different person to her, and her analysis of him, her supposition of the traits of character and phases of emotion he would exhibit under different conditions occupied her mind. She strove to reason clearly and logically from the known to the unknown of him, without particular success, but the deepening suspicion of injustice, neglect, misunderstanding to the point of cruelty to this long-dead Adele was unchecked; and as she opened her thought to it the stream of conjecture widened and increased in volume. Adele had so far revealed herself as to show that she was broken-hearted. Had she died of a broken heart? Absurd! Impossible! That superabundant vitality had never so succumbed.

But what was the malady which had cut her off in the splendid tide of her health? Why had she, Sylvia, never heard? When she had asked Mrs. Hartzfield and again when she had asked Judy, they had both looked at her so strangely, with the same quick, furtive glance, and had answered with the same curt inflection, "Yes, she died very suddenly." Surely it was odd!

Then through the unbroken silence of the room there seemed to peal the question, infinitely more startling and compelling than if audible, "How did Adele die?" The very walls echoed it. Sylvia suddenly sat upright, her hand on her wildly beating heart, while the question thundered its reiterations in her brain.

She started up. She would go now at once and ask Judy. No; she knew instinctively that Judy would evade her, perhaps lie to her. Judy was out of the question. She would demand of Arnold that he tell her. She was half-way across the porch going toward the studio, when she gave the matter consideration, her finger on her lip. Perhaps in this new Arnold, this stranger with whom she dwelt, she would also encounter evasions and subterfuges. Why turn to either Judy or himself, when she had a far surer method of discovery? She had so far resented the encroachments and invasions of Adele, but now the foundations of her resistance, long undermined, gave way, her bulwarks fell, her barriers crumbled. She was defenceless.

Her poise, her calm strength, had entirely deserted her. Through the very violence of her emotions, shades and subtleties of feeling of which she had hitherto been ignorant were revealed to her, and in the silence of this snow-bound, ice-locked winter, in this strange, featureless, incalculable world of visions wherein she groped, she was conscious of a more thrilling and intense life than she had ever dreamed of. It seemed to her that she was a harp, ever being tuned higher and higher for some mighty theme.

One evening as Arnold sat dreaming over the piano, striking vague chords and drifting into broken harmonies, an almost irresistible impulse seized her to go to him, to cry to him: "Shake off this obsession of work, Arnold. Stop grasping after the ideal. Come back to earth, sweetheart, to love, and to me."

She crushed back this inclination, but she could not repress her desire to woo him, to win him to remember her.

Slipping gently behind him, she threw her arms about his neck and pressed her cheek against his. "Dearest," she murmured — "dearest." He suffered her caress, even leaned his cheek upon hers,

but did not speak. His eyes were still fixed upon some point beyond the mortal vision, and he still weaved his broken, improvised harmonies.

She could not bear it. A wave of anguish engulfed her. "Arnold!" she cried, her voice broken, "it is weeks since you have kissed me. It is months since you have treated me with the old intimacy and tenderness. Do you no longer love me?"

The lines so perceptible now in his sensitive face deepened; chords crashed and broke under his fingers. "Don't!" he cried, sharply. "My work gives me all the emotion that I can bear. Ah-h-h!" He shivered and leaned more heavily against her. "The tortures of the last few days! How I have groped for the proper treatment, how it has haunted and eluded me! This is not like you, Sylvia." He turned to her with a deep reproach in his eyes, and then seemed to see her for the first time. "Adele!" he gasped, hoarsely, almost inaudibly. "Ah," recovering himself, although the beads of sweat stood out on his pale forehead, "I thought for a moment— Why are you wearing rose-color?"

"There is no reason why I should not," she answered, coldly. "I had on this gown at dinner, but you did not notice it." She turned and left him, going into the drawing-room, and there again walked the floor, her hands pressed to her temples, her whole figure shaken by tearless gusts of passion. She looked up at the portrait of Adele, the exquisite shoulders rising from the billows of tulle, the eyes looking upward through the long lashes with the most alluring coquetry.

"What would you do?" Sylvia whispered. "What would you do? Oh, you poor thing, what *did* you do?"

The sound of Arnold's music came softly to her ears. It was no longer broken, but continuous and flowing. He was lost in his visions again; visions over which he so dreamed and gloated that he could not even see her in her gown like crushed rose-leaves. She determined now that she, too, would see them and in tangible form; so, snatching up a cloak, she stole silently from the house.

It was a moonless night, but a pallid

light was reflected from the snow which stretched far and white. The black trees were like a mighty guard of sentinel shadows, and Sylvia sped among them, flying over the snow in her light slippers, indifferent to cold or wet. Swept along as a leaf without volition of her own, a wild exultation shook her. Now, now she meant to search the springs of Arnold's passion, all those secret chambers of his soul so securely locked from her.

A dim light shone from the studio. She tried the outer door. It was unlocked, and with a sigh of relief she passed through it. The inner door, too, yielded to her touch, and softly she pushed it open and crept in. The lofty sky-lighted room was warm and very quiet, with shaded lights dimly burning, and the atmosphere was soothingly calm and peaceful; but although it arrested her for a moment, it could not long assuage the storm of her spirit. Hastily she turned high the lights and glanced eagerly, hungrily, about her. The room was full of tall canvases leaning against easels. One or two of the panels were almost finished; the rest were in various stages of completion.

Above the central canvas were great golden letters:

"YE SHALL KNOW THE TRUTH, AND THE TRUTH SHALL MAKE YOU FREE"

and on this panel Arnold had depicted Jesus of Nazareth as He toiled a prisoner up the slope of Calvary, bearing upon His back the cross of this world's hatred.

Sylvia stood before it a long moment, breathless, motionless, awed, and then, still profoundly self-forgetful and absorbed, began to study it in its effect and details, bending forward and then moving back, stepping to this side and then to that. For the time that her entire attention was focussed upon the picture she was the old Sylvia again, Sylvia of the tranquil eyes and the gentle, deliberate movements.

She recognized at once that this was the highest expression of Arnold's career; that it represented an almost incredible growth in his art. Not in any previous work had he shown such concentrated power, such exaltation and high nobility

of feeling, and such mastery and such subordination of treatment; and Sylvia's appreciation, for she had ever been an enthusiastic lover of the best that man has wrought, rose like a lark from the depths of her imprisoned spirit and lifted its wings and sang an answer to this clarion-call of genius.

In an intense but still tranquil absorption she moved from one canvas to another, inspecting each minutely, comparing one with another, then studying them as a whole.

The great golden letters set forth plainly Arnold's theme: "Ye shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," and on each panel was portrayed the supreme moment in the life of the world's greatest dreamers—discerners and proclaimers of the Truth, that Truth which makes all things new and sends out unsuspected, undivined thought-worlds like golden balls spinning through the ether from the dim looms of Chaos.

Arnold had chosen that hour in the life of each of his conquerors when Man—the fearer and hater of dreams—rises in all the might of temporal power to crush Man the reflector of the Idea, and he had invested the bleak hill of Calvary, the gaunt and ghastly scaffold, the foul and narrow dungeon, with a splendor of light which made them antechambers to the Kingdom of God; while the purple and scarlet and gold of pomp and power, the machinery of repression, appeared as pitiful deceptions; and the ermined kings and prelates, the armored soldiery gathered to set the machinery in motion, as mad maskers and mummers cowering purblind before the light.

From each dreamer, manacled, crowned with thorns, twisted with torture, or hung with chains, there emanated the majesty and might of the soul's eternal freedom, the white, ineffable irradiation of light, so that they, dying, seemed the manifestation of life at its fullest, most rapturous, and immortal moment; and the mob, which shrieked triumphant, the spawn of death spewed from some bitter maelstrom of ignorance and horror.

And Sylvia, trembling, admiring, adoring, still passed from one to the other, still leaned and looked, and looked again, until at last she drew a chair to her where her eyes might cling to the



Drawn by Will H. Foster

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

SLIPPING THROUGH HIS ARMS, SHE FELL ON HER KNEES BEFORE HIM

canvases, and leaning her chin upon her hand, gradually sank into reverie.

So this was what the veiled, mysterious, beckoning figure had given to Arnold! No visions of sensuous beauty; but austere and lofty images of the soul's struggles and triumphs. Ah, well, what matter? She sighed heavily; what matter whether it were the flower-crowned, dancing daughters of the Venusberg, or some wan and tortured victor over illusion, with eyes unsealed and lips touched with the flame of his message? What mattered the character of the visions? Had they not taken him from her?

For a long time she sat thus, her head averted from the pictures, her eyes cast on the floor, her depression deepening, until at last her tranquillity fell from her, and she rose and began again her hurried, uneven pacing of the floor. Some dreadful tide with a sinister, hissing lap seemed creeping nearer and nearer her, until at last the black waters of hate rushed and roared and seethed about her, and she felt the awful, inexorable drag of the undertow. She was lost in whirlpools of tortured thought, and then the undertow dragged her down.

On one of the tables near her she saw the sharp, thin, gleaming edge of steel, and she caught it up and made a rush, straight as an arrow from the bow, toward the central panel.

"Sylvia!" Hartzfield standing in the doorway had almost whispered the words, and yet she heard him, although the roar of many waters was in her ears. "Sylvia, what are you doing here?"

Instinctively she folded the knife in her cloak. "I—I came to see them." She fought for controlled utterance. Her lips were dry. She could barely form the words. "I had to come." The anguished heart of her burst through her lips. "I would not have chosen to come, but I had to. I could bear no more. I had to see what it was that had stolen your heart from me, what had pushed me out of my place in your life, what it was that had changed your whole nature. I had to see in tangible form the work to which I had been sacrificed. Oh, Arnold, have I not a right to some of you, to some of your

thought and consideration? Has love no rights?"

He did not answer her. He could not, but leaned the more heavily against the door, as though chained in some horrible nightmare, unable to move. His breath came in audible, painful gasps.

"You have thrust me out into some cold isolation as desolate and ice-bound as this awful winter"—she made no effort to wipe away the tears rolling down her emotion-tortured face—"and I am young and alive. I am a woman, and I want to be loved."

His eyes never left hers, but, wide and staring, clung to her as if fascinated by some image of unbelievable horror.

"And I am your wife," her voice growing higher and shriller, "and yet I am completely shut out from all your interests. Do you call that being one? Do you call that union? And look!" her wild, gasping laughter rose and fell and echoed through the room. From the folds of her heavy cloak she drew the knife. "If you had not come just when you did, just when you did, I should have slashed the canvases to bits, slashed them to bits and trampled on them."

He was across the room in a bound, his hand like a steel vise on her wrist.

"Adele!" the name seemed forced from him, his white lips twisted over it.

"Adele!" she repeated, and grew suddenly calm, not even striving to free herself from the grip of his tense fingers pressing cruelly into her flesh. "Why do you say her name? Twice this evening you have called me Adele."

His face was more ghastly than ever. "It was so she looked; so she spoke the night she stole here."

"The night she stole here?" Sylvia repeated, still calmly. "What night?" The knife fell from her fingers and clattered on the floor; he thrust it far with his foot.

"The night she cut my picture to ribbons; my just finished picture of *Love*; and then drove the knife into her own heart, here, where you stand. And you, Sylvia, have spoken her very words, duplicated her very actions. Oh, in what horrible dreams are we groping?" His voice broke poignantly. He looked wildly about him as if to assure himself of some fantastic dream-surroundings from

which they would presently emerge; and then upon his face dawned a great light as of horror and awakening commingled. "I see it. I see it now." He cast his arms about her, clasping her close as if to shield her from some dreaded menace. "Oh, my God, is it possible? May a passionate and powerful consciousness so stamp its personality upon the environment in which it lived that it persists and continues to exert its subtle and poisonous influence upon sensitive natures?"

"An influence?" she repeated, dazedly, winding her arms more tightly about his neck, and shrinking, shuddering against him—"an influence— Oh, you do not know—!"

"Ah, Sylvia, poor Sylvia, do I not know? Have I not struggled in those coils? But during her life. I have never felt it since."

"But how did you save yourself? How did you save yourself?" She slipped through his arms and fell on her knees before him, clutching him with gripping fingers.

"My work saved me." He drew his hand across his brow. "Yes, my work saved me. Living or dead, she could not touch the best in me, the longing to create images of truth and beauty."

"But I have no art to save me, no highest in me." She swayed brokenly from her knees to the floor and lay there, her proud and delicate head on her out-thrown arms.

"Oh, Sylvia!" he knelt beside her, covering her cloudy hair with kisses, "the highest in you is so high that I have never dreamed of reaching it; but it has lifted me; oh, it has. This work, the best of my life, would have been an impossibility without you. Idea after idea, conception after conception, has

been rejected, because I saw you always, your head uplifted in a purer ether, the stars a scarf about your shoulders, beckoning me higher. The crystal stream of your affection has soothed and restored my fevered spirit. It is in your love, Sylvia, your understanding and sympathy, which never bound nor fettered me, that I have found the freedom of the spirit which has enabled me to work out my dreams."

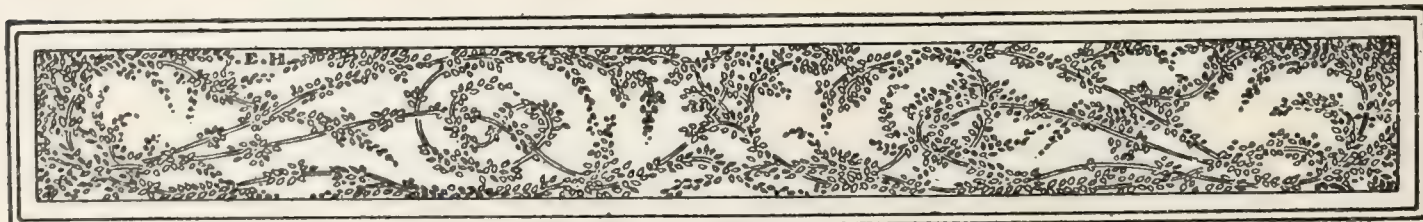
"Ah, tell me again! Make me believe it!" Her voice was as the voice of a sobbing child.

Again and again he told her with words and caresses, and Sylvia, listening, lifted her fallen head, rose to her knees and then to her feet. She breathed a rarer ether again; the light of the morning was in her eyes. "Then I, too, am free," she cried. "If the best of me has helped you to create these pictures, then the best of me is too high to be reached by any lower influences. Look, Arnold, look! It is dawn. Come, we must go home."

He shrank, his face darkening. "Not there. You cannot go back there. Not into that rose-colored hell."

She raised her eyes to his, clear and tranquil to their depths. "There is nothing there that can touch me now. To-day I shall begin to change everything. Come."

They left the studio; the glory of another day was flashing across the sky and over the hilltops, and in one brief moment of clear vision Arnold and Sylvia saw a new heaven and a new earth, for the former things were passed away. Then, hand in hand, through the black, sentinel trees stretching away to the sunrise and across the dawn-flushed snow, they walked together in love's great and happy silence.



The Art of Frank W. Benson

BY CHARLES H. CAFFIN

SINCE the Barbizon men—now nearly a hundred years ago—began to seek inspiration for their pictures from the same source that the Dutch of the seventeenth century had derived theirs, namely, from a study of the familiar things around them, modern art has been distinguished by this motive. It is true that there is still a place for the artist who will create an imaginary world of his own, who will picture humanity in a state of physical perfection that is contrary to human experience, and will dispose his figures under conditions and in attitudes that have no immediate relation to those of ordinary life. So long as his formal compositions are not merely academical and in their aristocratic way dull and commonplace, so long as the feeling that animates them is inspiring and the scenes in which they pose offer high suggestions to the imagination, we honor and appreciate his pictures; but, even so, we will not let him monopolize for such subjects the attribute "ideal." He has tried to do so, and has managed to secure for his particular vision of the world a superior recognition. In the jargon of the studios, such a man calls himself an "ideal" painter, and his pictures "idealistic." Both he and they may be idealistic; but if so, it will not be because of his choice of subject. Still less because of his adopting the formalistic methods of the old masters, but because he has endowed them with something of that high purpose and feeling that vitalized the masterpieces of the past. Those were the product of a noble enthusiasm on the part, not only of the men who painted them, but even more of the great public whose demand inspired them. The mass of the people had the need of seeing their religious faith interpreted in art, while a smaller number of cultivated persons desired a similar expression of their new-found zeal for

classic literature. In each direction the volume and force of the people's need to have their ideals embodied called forth from the artists an equivalent response of idealistic painting.

But times are changed. It is not that to-day we have no ideals, but that the ones we have are different. In kind they come nearer to those of seventeenth-century Holland than to those of Italy. The latter presented a jungle of antagonistic units, while Holland was homogeneous, her people united in national pride and by the innumerable ties of individuals, sharing a common belief in the present and future of their country and themselves. It was a democratic ideal, compact as a crystal, whereas the Italian represented the aristocratic, that had become disintegrated. Our own ideals of to-day correspond with those of Holland, only they have taken on an added color of new conditions of thought, particularly of the scientific spirit of analytic research and synthetic deduction.

Our ideal, in fact, is the art of better and happier living, with the help of science and through the moral impulse of a strong breed of men and women, actuated by the conviction of self-responsibility. Democratic in the real sense; and therefore concerned intimately with the visible world around us and with the lives of present-day people in their daily doings, trials, and inspirations. If, then, our artists are to be true to the call of their own country and generation, it is to this ideal that they will respond. Doing so, they may create pictures of every-day life which will be at least as idealistic as those that are evoked from an imaginary world, and will leave the dryly academic canvases among the lumber of things that we can afford to disregard.

Among the artists in America who are responding to our present-day ideals is Frank W. Benson. He is one of those

whose imagination is alert to the manifold expressions of beauty in the world around him, and who brings to the study and rendering of them a continually maturing comprehension and a lively spirit for experimenting. Thus the range of his choice has included decorations, portraits, indoor figure-subjects and genre, and figure-subjects in the open air, which last have made him a student of the sea as well as landscape, and especially of both viewed under the effects of sunlight. It is, indeed, as a painter of brilliantly lighted out-of-door scenes, in which children particularly figure, that he has been best known of recent years.

Though I have no intention of discussing his art chronologically, I may as well begin with the examples of it that I first saw. These were the decorations in the Library of Congress, in Washington, representing the *Seasons* and the *Three Graces*. They were put in place in 1896, at which time I had been in this country only a few years, and was almost entirely ignorant of the works of American artists. I remember distinctly the impression of strangeness which they made upon me. In the figures of young girls, one of which forms the motive of each panel, I was confronted with a new type, quite different from those that appeared in the old pictures of Europe or in the modern ones of France and England; as different, in fact, as those countries and civilizations were from the new with which I was learning to be acquainted. For a moment it was to feel embarrassed, to be unable to co-ordinate these strange impressions with the obvious classicalism of the building in which they were placed. Amid the affectation of old-world and old-time feeling in their surroundings these girl types seemed almost an intrusion. In fact, they were; somewhat as a ray of sunlight may intrude when it shines into a temple of antiquated associations, or a young girl herself, filled with the mystery of her sex and youth, may be an intrusion among a formal group of learned dry-as-dust pedants. But, on this account, shall we blame the girl or the sunshine?

For my own part, it was not long before I recognized that these girls in Benson's panels were in some way an

expression of the newness of the civilization in which I was learning to share; a product of the freshness of point of view which I was becoming conscious differentiates this country from the older ones. If they were out of key with their architectural surroundings, the fault must be laid to the latter, which were in defiance of the natural and therefore artistic law—for art is but nature seen and interpreted through an individual temperament—that “the old order changeth, yielding place to new.”

Then, by degrees, I began to understand their type. Almost every artist becomes identified with a certain type of female expression. It is the man in him, asserting its preference for some combination of physical qualities and, maybe, of certain mental and spiritual ones also that appeal to him most strongly. Necessarily they are the ones with which he is most intimate, and I came to know that Benson is a New-Englander, a native of Salem, Massachusetts. He still makes his permanent home in that city, and, except for his student days in Paris, has been consistently wedded to the environment of his own State. Naturally, therefore, it is from the New England strain that he has derived his type.

As he has interpreted it, the type has something of the character of a fine blooded race-horse, long in its lines, clean cut, spare of flesh, the bone and muscle felt beneath it, movement throughout accentuated—unmistakable signs of pedigree. Psychologically also the type is a product of intensive breeding—a cross between the exacting narrowness of Puritanism and the spiritual sensuousness and freedom of Emerson; a transcendentalism of morals and imagination, blended with a little of the questioning and unrest of modern thought. It is, indeed, a new type; strenuous with a sense of inherited responsibilities, but still having a certain air of self-compelling restraint, as if it held itself back a little in view of possibilities scarcely yet realized.

By the time that I came to understand it, it seemed to me to embody very remarkably the ideal of this country. And, looking back now over the many years since 1896 and not shutting my eyes to the many changes that have come over



GIRL WITH BLACK HAT

the outward characteristics of American life in that period, especially in our big cities, where the very existence of an ideal may sometimes seem to have been smothered by the inroads of extravagant and conscienceless living, I see no reason to correct my conclusion. When you look below the frippery and vulgarity of the surface ostentation the nation's heart

is still alive to the dignity of its possibilities, and its brain still tempers with a choice reserve the eagerness of its purpose. The type that is to personify its ideal truthfully must be no wanton addlepate, but some such expression of the grace and reserve of womanhood as this of Benson's.

Regarded as decorations, those Wash-

ington panels show that the artist has a fine sense of decorative design. The mass of the figure is beautifully echoed in the lines and forms of the landscape; the flat, restrained coloring of both has a truly mural feeling, and the background in every respect partakes of the character and sentiment of the figure. The only feature which may seem a little less worthy of the spirit and invention of the *ensemble* is the swirl of the draperies. They were probably suggested by a casual examination of the decorations of Puvis de Chavannes, and suggest a rather too easy trick for securing a variety of line and pattern; one, in fact, that gives the draperies the appearance of an afterthought rather than of being an intrinsic part of the design.

On the other hand, quite free from any such suspicion of makeshift are one or two panels of Benson's in which a marshy landscape is enlivened by the flight of some wild ducks. The design of these, in their general pattern and in the particular emphasis of their spottings,

exhibits so unusual an aptitude and feeling for decorative painting that it is a matter of regret the artist has not had more opportunities of working in this *métier*. It is certainly a loss to some of our public buildings that Benson has not been represented in them; for besides his skill in design, he would furnish just that modern and local note of feeling in which so much of our American mural decoration is lacking. Then, again, the smaller panels, such as these with the ducks—how admirable they would be for home decoration, particularly in country houses! I wonder how many people realize what a charming effect may be produced in a hall or living-room of modest character, or in a room which combines these two uses, if a decoration of this sort is made a leading motive? At little expense one can attune to it the coloring and character of the whole surroundings, and this central spot becomes a little treasure of accumulated enjoyment, that does not obtrude itself on the notice, but is al-



PORTRAIT OF MY DAUGHTERS
Worcester Art Museum



ELEANOR
Boston Museum of Fine Arts

ways a focus of interest when one is in the mood for it.

For some years Benson came to be identified in the exhibitions with pictures in which a woman's figure is shown amid the accessories of an interior. In some cases they were probably portraits; but it was as figure-subjects, a sort of enlarged genre-picture, that one was disposed to accept them. The type we have been discussing prevailed in them; they were composed with a great regard for decorative effect, especially in the introduction of accessories, and were characterized by a gravity of color and reserve of feeling. They were painted, too, with a scrupulousness of brushwork that, while never niggling or intent on trifles, showed a keen appreciation of the individual varieties of beauty in the form, color, and texture of the objects represented. The fact is noteworthy as indicative of the process of Benson's de-

velopment. Consciously or unconsciously he was disciplining hand and eye by close observation and conscientious rendering of the beauty immediately seen: against the day when his art should lead him out-of-doors to a wider vision of things. For as we know him to-day, and have known him for some time, Benson is now preoccupied with the beauty of sunlight in its relation to landscape and to figures disposed in the freedom of the open-air environment.

Before proceeding to this phase of his work, an interesting point occurs to me. This progression from a restricted to a broader vision of study represents a direct opposite to the development of another New England artist, Edmund C. Tarbell, whose work I recently reviewed in these pages. With him the broader outlook came first. The passage of his art has been to a gradually closer and more intimate interest in the subjects



GIRL WITH A VEIL

of his study. Nor do I make the comparison invidiously. The real point of interest is that each painter has faithfully followed the beckoning of his own temperament, as it gradually became plain to him; and, doing so, has but reflected the one or the other process of mental development that operates in most of us, if we manage to keep on growing instead of merely getting older. We either grow to the habit of viewing life in its wider relations, or of studying it in its more intimate and subtle manifestations. Many of us, indeed, may experience by turns both these points of view as alternating moods, and accordingly may be as interested in the expressions in art of the one as of the other.

The open-air work to which I have already alluded now represents the most familiar side of Benson's art. Portraiture still occupies the greater part of his winter work; but with the summer comes his exodus from Salem to a country home on the Maine coast—a square Colonial farmhouse, close to the seashore. The barn has been converted into a studio; a place, however, not to work in, but in which to review the work that has already been painted out-of-doors. For all his summer work is done directly in the open air. One feature of this home is its aloofness from the beaten track. There is nothing to interfere, everything to encourage work and study, accompanied by freedom of life.

It is a place where life and art can be consistently at one; both partaking freely of the inspiration of the surroundings and working together for good. This spot of nature, in fact, has been so congenial to Benson that he has never felt the desire or need to revisit the associations of the Old World, in which he spent his student days. He is happy in having found a perennial source of inspiration close at home. In his home, in fact; for during the summer months the members of his own family are his models. The figures that appear in these out-of-door pictures are those of his wife and children: three girls and a boy.

The pictures which during recent years have resulted from this happy combination of mutually inspiring circumstances represent in many respects the most notable phase of Benson's art. To begin with, the artist has found himself. I believe that he now looks back on his earlier work as having been so much experimenting, a search for that thing which by temperament he was most qualified and, I may add, was most inclined to do. For they represent quite as much a solution of his ideas of life as of his art ideals. He has discovered a plane on which both may unite in common, in a mutual interplay of cause and effect. It is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," but attained by few, whether artist or layman; and the failure is perhaps due less to lack of circumstances than to some flaw in one's tempera-

ment that fails to appreciate the opportunities presented. Benson, therefore, for having seen his and made so admirable a use of them is as much to be respected as congratulated. No doubt there is a great deal in his vigorous personality that clamors for the larger freedom of the out-of-door life, and therefore he has gathered just such stimulus as was needed to get these qualities of freedom, vigor, sanity, and enthusiasm, into his art.

In the second place, in thus discovering himself in the presence of out-of-door nature, he is participating in those manifestations of art which are most characteristically modern. To the future historian of the art of the present day and of the immediate past, the feature



THE HILL TOP
Malden Public Library

that will stand out with strongest emphasis is the artist's new behavior toward nature: his going out to study it in all its own natural environment of light and his rendering his impressions of it actually in its presence. This, as contrasted with the old idea of making piecemeal notes of nature and then withdrawing with them into the seclusion of the studio to make a more or less arbitrary use of them, will stand out as the essential characteristic of present-day painting—this and the opening wide the studio windows, not only the top light and the north light, but also the sunny southern ones—to let in the actual light of nature.

The time may even come when those responsible for the decoration of our public buildings will dare to open the latter to the sunshine, and embellish the spaces with mural paintings that are

modern in technique as well as sentiment. At present, I suppose, the majority of architects would scout the idea. Habituated to the black and white drawing, they are, as a class, afraid of color, and only of recent years have dared to introduce into the interior of their buildings some of the well-tried color schemes of a more or less remote past. It was not so very long ago, as years run, that the architects of the Whitelaw Reid house were understood to object to John La Farge's decorations of the music-room, because they made spots in the prevalent whiteness of their own architectural scheme. Fancy an architect of Paul Veronese's day making such an objection to the latter's decorations! Had he felt their incongruity or isolation, we know what he would have done to remedy it. Nor can there be any doubt that, had the idea of color, light, and atmosphere

of the Venetian school been such as it is to-day, its painters would have made the interiors sparkle and glow with outdoor color, and would have discovered a way to bring their paintings into harmony with the architecture. And so will our own decorators, if they ever bring themselves, or are allowed, to be of their own day and generation instead of imitators of the past. When that time comes, Benson, in virtue of his earlier decorative work and of his later achievements in open-air subjects, should come into his own.

In these latest pictures of his, children play a beautiful part. He has always been fond of painting them, and naturally feels that they belong to the out-of-door



CALM MORNING

From the Collection of Charles A. Coolidge Esq.



PORTRAIT OF THREE SISTERS

environment; and, what is more, he succeeds in realizing the relationship in his pictures. The children are not merely in the landscape; they are rather an emanation of it, forms in which the sentiment of the scene is focussed and interpreted. And what of the sentiment? It is very interesting to note, as illustrative of what a type means to the artist when he has adopted it, and how it inures with him, that these children in Benson's open-air pictures have their prototype in the figures that appear in his early decorations. Their faces have

an expression of thought, their gestures a reserve; an air of having been born to a destiny enwraps them. Whether standing on a cliff, with the great background of ocean sky behind them, fishing from a boat on an expanse of sunlit water, or curled up on a bench, reading, they are little ones on whom the responsibility of life has already set its stamp; not to darken the sweet faces, but to touch them with a gracious seriousness. Some painters would have caught them in their unpreoccupied moods, racing with the wind, scuffling with the water, dirtying



SUMMER AFTERNOON

themselves with nature's dirt, unchecked, unheeding sprites of nature's wholesome wantonness. Not so Benson. I take it that underlying the buoyancy and liberty of open-air nature, he is conscious of an orderliness—again the decorator's instinct—and of a purpose and seriousness; and it is of this, his personal conception of the joy of nature, that the children in these lovely pictures are an expression.

The Life-Mask

BY MARGARET ROOT GARVIN

JUDGED by the years' false reckoning, thou wert old;
'Twas Life that lied, and Death revealed the truth:
The spirit slipped its mask of flesh—behold
The smiling and immortal face of Youth!

A Son of Martha

BY G. B. LANCASTER

RAGGED ranges, blank black with bush and the creeping night. A lean gully ripped sheer through the hill flank to the depth of darkness again. A litter of gangers' huts, of timber yards, of workshops; broken machinery rusting in piles; burnt, half-cleared scrub and undergrowth, and through all a broad track, tramped out by many feet, to the livid rim of the gully.

Hensley came out from the four-roomed hut which he shared with Curtis, C. E., and halted an instant on the door-sill with the knob in his hand. His strong brows were drawn together, and the eyes under them showed anger. Behind, in the room, Curtis called with a laugh:

"You needn't hurry back, Hensley. We sha'n't want you."

A man's voice echoed the laugh. It was a reedy voice with no body in it. But it held the direct sharpness of a lancet. Hensley slammed the door, and turned on to the broad track which he had trod so often through the last fourteen months. He walked swiftly, with the swing of the shoulders and the clean lift of the feet that tell of brain-and-body strength. But his even teeth caught up his lower lip more than once, and his hands clenched again and yet again as he came down through the new-sprung township where men loafed, smoking, and children played on the rubbish-heaps, and women within-doors made the smells of cooking on the evening air.

The whole world was filled with the taint of bush fires in the ranges and of steaming earth and dank moist rottenness from the solid bush. Behind a ribbed rock-shoulder over the gully the sun was going down, crimson, flat, and opaque as a blood-gout. All the solitude, all the heavy mystery and the close heat of North New Zealand back-country at midsummer, shut round Hensley and brought out the sweat on him as his

quick feet came near and more near to the gully.

The sun dropped, flooding the gully and the life beyond it with a gush of color. It struck the two four-square concrete piers in the foreground to the red of a raw wound; it flashed spears of light into the gully, picking out the skeleton limbs of the mighty steel structures of ribs and bars and lacings and rods that were to weld into the Mahungahiki Viaduct. Two hundred-odd feet below, where a creek snarled round the bed of the concrete blocks, darker smudges in the dusk told of the stone-crushing plant and the hauling-engines and the sand-bags for the concrete.

Hensley halted and looked down. He knew the tale of those blocks and piers and foundations as surely as he knew his own heart-beats. And he knew the danger that waited there now, hid from all but himself and Curtis and that third man who was talking with Curtis in the hut. For a while he stared into the chasm, grimly, silently, while, below, night was drawing all things back to the void of darkness again. Then he shook his shoulders, wheeled, and went on.

"He may buy Curtis," he said, "but he won't buy me. And—what the devil's to come of it all, I wonder?"

The breath of the bush came in hot, moist kisses to his mouth. It smelled of all rich, sensuous sweetness, and the utter stillness in the track was like a hand that felt for Hensley's heart and held it. He shivered a little, for a dread was on him, put there by the two men in the hut. Then he shouldered aside the swaying, scented loops of clematis and supple-jack bloom; turned from the track, and crossed to the low veranda-rimmed house on the far side of the clearing.

A couple of dogs grubbing in the earth by the veranda-post gave tongue at his coming; and back in the shadow, among the muddle of piled sacks and fishing-

gear and harness, two bulks stretched in long canvas chairs took shape and spoke. Hensley cast a word of greeting for answer; dropped into the empty chair in the middle, and sought for tobacco and knife in silence.

In the north chair a man turned over with the deliberate laziness of one whose day's work lies behind him.

"Didn't expect you over to-night, Jim," he said. "I heard that Mackerrow was up."

"He is."

"Oh!" The tone had told the other man much. "Junior or senior?"

Mackerrow and Slade were contractors to the government for the Mahungahiki Viaduct. But they were the fulcrum only when Mackerrow the younger chose to work as lever.

"Junior," said Hensley, and got his pipe going, and flung himself back on the folded sack-cushion. "Junior, Layard. And, as he very evidently has something particular to say to Curtis, he has given me a night out."

His short laugh had a rasp in it. His every movement was tense and nervous beyond the ordinary. Layard sucked his pipe, and a keen light ran into his eyes. Many times Hensley came to him for that comfort which men give and take without speech or touch.

"It's something to be Curtis, C. E., these days," he said. "The Viaduct is going to make his name, and the contractors' as well."

"Where does Hensley come in?" demanded the other man, rising on an elbow.

"He doesn't come in. That's the law of compensation. Curtis is in the public eye, an' if he makes 'em squint he'll have to pay for it. Jim isn't, an' so he can do as he darn well pleases."

"Can I?" said Hensley, and his voice was sharp. "Can I, you fellows?"

"Indubitably. Till a man uses the red tape of office to lace his boots with, and tallies his work by his own ten fingers only, he isn't going to make history. If you want to make history—"

"Shut up, Trenchard! That's heresy. A man's got to—got to—to—er—'take the buffet and cushion the shock'—"

"Hold on," said Trenchard, and rose up. "I put some sort o' tune to that. It's your affair, Hensley, so you'll please to

listen. You're one of the Sons o' Martha who cleaned out the sink an' kept the gas-stove going while Mary was sitting still."

He disappeared into the dark, and Hensley looked at Layard.

"In love again?" he asked.

"No. It's a bit of poetry out of a newspaper. He tried to put your rock-blasting down on the old music-box the other night, and I had to nearly kill him. But this is all right. It's the epitome of the engineer."

Hensley lay still; smoking fast, and staring at the shadows that moved on the night. He was engineer, to his spade-shaped finger-tips, and he had something of the initiative that makes for genius. But Curtis, C. E., had his foot on the other man's neck—and it was a heavy foot, and one kept there by custom. Just now Hensley was wondering what would happen when he overthrew it.

Back in the dark room Trenchard was feeling over the piano notes, drawing single chords and snatches of tune. In a raupo swamp far-off bullfrogs talked incessantly to the night. A mynah in the big orange tree by the end-post woke up and shrieked defiance at earth and sky. Then Layard's terrier yelped, and the flutter of wings paddled through the still air and ceased. Out on the after-silence beat Trenchard's great, regular chords, throbbing insistent and strong as the tramp of a regiment. Then the words came, in Trenchard's round, dominant voice. And every word ticked off a length of life as Hensley knew it.

"It is their care, in all the ages, to take the buffet and cushion the shock.

It is their care that the gear engages; it is their care that the switches lock.

It is their care that the wheels run truly; it is their care to embark and entrain, Tally, transport, and deliver duly the Sons of Mary by land and main."

In Hensley's pipe the light went out. He took his breath deep and strong, and his eyes were glowing. The indecision of him was eaten up by the words as by a searing flame. That grip of the realities which had weakened under Curtis' rule caught him again, bringing his brain to its feet, strong, virile, alert for action. The truth stood as it had stood even from the beginning. It was

his care that the work done for others should ring true and hard to the core. It was his care to be faithful. It was his care to be rigid as the concrete blocks in the gully when temptation came near to him. And, by the twist of Mackerrow's thin lips and the greedy light in Curtis' eyes, he believed that it was coming. Vaguely he had known this always, as men know many things, unheeding. And yet right slips over into wrong so often; the knife-edge of decision is passed—and there is no returning. But, just as the touch of the flexed curd against the engine boiler tells if the curd be ripe for cheese, so Trenchard's song had found Hensley's heart unsure of itself, and determined the matter for him.

There was a sin in Curtis' past life; a little sin, as some men count sinning. But, by his knowledge of it, Hensley could forge a sharp spear that would drive Curtis before him whither he desired Curtis to go. He forged that spear now, to the hammer of Trenchard's great marching tune; a tune with the ring of many feet. It was an army coming out of the dark to Hensley. The army of Martha's Sons who knew their duty and did it: did it until the red blood and the keen brain and the joy of life were gone from them: did it into the end of the day when the shadows fall.

Now the piano pulsed like a mighty heart; clear in the right, strenuous with blood and muscle and men's power.

"They say to the mountains, 'Be ye removed.' They say to the lesser floods, 'Run dry.'

Under their rods are the rocks reprov'd—
they are not afraid of that which is high.

Then do the hilltops shake to the summit;
then is the bed of the deep laid bare

That the Sons of Mary may overcome it,
pleasantly sleeping—pleasantly sleeping—
pleasantly sleeping . . . and unaware."

Voice and piano died in a drowsy sigh. Hensley sat forward, with gripped hands, and eyes that stared out on the deep-bosomed, unhandled ranges. Through the night he saw the shaking lights of the train that would climb them in years to come: saw the men who slept in the cushioned carriages to the rock of springs

safe as their cradles: saw the Mahun-gahiki Viaduct, his Viaduct, steely bright under the moon: saw that faulty stratum of papa rock which was to carry the sixth pier—

He twisted in his chair at the brain-sight that was keen as a knife thrust, and his pipe fell on the floor in two pieces. Layard glanced at him.

"Nerves, Jim?" he asked. "You're overdoing it. That blessed fifth foundation worrying you yet? You've gone down about eleven feet, haven't you?"

"Yes. The stuff was rotten as a decayed tooth. Mackerrow and Curtis have been sweating 'emself sick over it. We've got to get done to contract time or there'll be a most unholy shine."

"Well, there's no need for you to sweat yourself sick, is there?"

"It's got to be done to contract time, I tell you," said Hensley, sharply.

"That's Curtis' business—and Mackerrow's. It's not yours. You don't handle the men. There'd be a sight more work done if you did. Curtis jaws about his flexures and his resisting moments and his sines and thingumjigs, and lets his men muck round, doing one day's work in two. When did that rotten stratum run out?"

"I don't know."

Layard grunted in his beard. There were times when Hensley was not nice to handle. Then he spoke to the tread of Trenchard's boots over the door-sill.

"What's to be done to a boss who can't boss, Trench?"

"They say to the mountains, 'Be ye removed,'" remarked Trenchard, settling back into his chair.

Hensley's laugh had no mirth in it.

"Exactly. I've done that. But I can't say it to Curtis."

"Well, I suppose it would be hardly judicious. What do you want to remove him for?"

Hensley got up and walked the veranda twice, among the collections of Layard's bachelor years. Then he came back and faced the two men. There was a nervous tension about him, as though his fibres were being pulled up by a force unseen.

"The shearing strength of an iron rivet bolted in hot is ten times that of a cold one," he said. "But with steel it is just the reverse."

"Thanks for the information," said Trenchard. "Has it got any ulterior meaning?"

Hensley moved impatiently. Before this day Trenchard had asserted that Hensley thought in angular velocities and revolutions and slept in parallels and diagonals.

"Men are steel or iron rivets," he said. "You can't use 'em all alike. Curtis does. He belts every jack-man of 'em in hot, and then kicks up the very deuce when they buckle or shear off or slacken under the stress of the ties—"

"Look here," said Trenchard. "You go and talk technicalities to Curtis. We never did you any harm. How did you like my song?"

"Fine," said Hensley, and stepped off the veranda. "Good night, Sons of Mary."

Trenchard's jolly laugh bellowed after him.

"'Night, Son of Martha," he shouted. And the words went with Hensley into the dark bush-track of scent and shadow.

"Somehow," he said—"I must do it somehow—when Mackerrow is gone."

He stayed in the bush-track long hours, with his keen mechanic's brain picking the trouble into sections and piecing it up again. Then he came home, treading with the light, even step of the bush-man; cast off his clothes, and lay down in the sweating dark.

Through the rough wall he could hear Mackerrow's uneasy twisting on the hard mattress and Curtis' fat, regular snores. Beyond the open window a weka called its mate with shrill whistles. Hensley cursed it, and tried to find sleep. But she stood far off, and the truth of Trenchard's song rattled down on him with the noise of ballast trucks and refused to be silenced.

"It is *their* care that the gear engages; it is *their* care that the switches lock—"

Hensley kicked off the sheet, and walked the little bare room on his naked feet. It was a big thing that faced him. A big thing, and a terrible. There were indications that the rotten stratum ran where the foundations for the sixth pier would be laid. There were more than indications. But Mackerrow and Curtis had passed the rock as sound—and

who was Hensley that he should dispute them?

He carried strained eyes and a grim mouth down to the works in the morning. Mackerrow had gone with the night, leaving Curtis to order his inferiors to his will. And Hensley was going to dispute that will—when the need came.

The heat of the day spread across the gully. Men swarmed in it like flies in a sugar-bowl—crawling its two-hundred-foot sides with pick and spade and shovel; handling the slings and the hauling-gear when steel plates and bars whizzed downward like stones; bobbing in the dust where the gritty snarl of the stone-crushing battery tore the stagnant air, and creeping like blue-dungaree beetles over the sheer rock where blasting went forward for the approaches.

The gully was blocked to the top with the sound—squeal of the hauling-gear; wheeze of the winches; shouting of men; the clatter of the donkey-engine; the grate of men puddling cement by the creek. It was full of color; of the sunlight on glossy tutu leaves and the golden parrot-beaked kowhai flower; of the sunlight on red and blue and khaki and white dabs where the men gathered in knots and strung out again over the brown rocks and the tangled, gleaming web of girders and half-set piers with their lacings and cross-girders and double-braced rods; of the sunlight on the heaps of yellow mullock and white sand, and of blue rotten papa blasted out of No. Five foundation and drying pale gray in the sun.

Hensley looked up from the length of channel iron that he was overhauling for a braced stay; and in the haze of heat the part-set great, straddled piers above him seemed to walk with giant steps across the gully, linking the north to the south, the known to the unknown, the true to the untrue. For untruth in one point only would give the lie to the whole.

Curtis dawdled by with his hands in his pockets. He halted.

"I've told Louth he can start the foundations for No. Six to-morrow, Hensley," he said. "Mackerrow has decided that there's no need of excavation there."

The blood stung Hensley's forehead. But the time was not come.

"I wish you'd kick a little more devil into some of these fellows," he said. "I've been lacing 'em till my tongue's dry. But they know you're boss. It's mighty little rope we'll have with the time if they loaf along like this."

"It's all right since we're not excavating No. Six," said Curtis, and yawned. "We'll turn all hands on to Five and Six to-morrow. We'd have got all the foundations down before we started erecting if we'd had any luck."

Hensley grunted and fell to his work again. The mild steel was hot to his hands; but his heart was hotter yet. And when night came and the buzz of work up and down the gully was dead, he went and smoked a pipe under the stars, and drew wisdom from it.

Then he sought Curtis in the living-room; sat on the table edge with his leg swinging, and looked at the man who had ruled him these fourteen months.

Hensley's eyes were hard as hammered steel, and very much the same color. But Curtis, intent on a novel that Mackerrow had left behind, did not feel them.

"I've got something to say to you, Curtis," said Hensley.

"Spit it out," said Curtis, not raising his eyes.

"That rotten papa streak runs across the No. Six foundation, and you have got to do all the excavation necessary before the pier goes up. That is what I wanted to tell you, Curtis."

Curtis dropped the novel. He dropped the pipe from his trembling lips, and his florid face went chalky.

"You — you — what infernal — what d'you mean, you! Didn't Mackerrow and I tell you that the rock was all right?"

"You did. And you told a lie."

This brought Curtis to his feet, where Hensley had desired to meet him.

"You clear out of this, Hensley," he said. "You're sacked. Come and get your time in the morning."

Hensley stopped swinging his leg and stood up. There was in him the joy of a bulldog who has come to grips. For Curtis' face had told him every inch of truth that he needed to know.

"I think you won't sack me, Curtis," he said. "And I think you'll start excavating at No. Six in the morning instead of giving me my time."

Curtis was feeling for words. It appeared to be physical effort, to judge by the sweat on his face and the twitch of his limbs. He was a burly man; but there was a soft streak in him somewhere, like the papa streak in the gully.

"I don't know if this is blackmail," he said. "But you won't gain anything by it, Hensley. You can go down to Wellington and talk to the government if you like. And by the time you get a man up here those foundations will be set, and I think it'll take a bigger man than you can bring to make me yank them out again."

"I don't want to talk to any old government official," said Hensley. "I want to talk to you."

He grinned a little. Presently he was going to hit Curtis on his softest spot. And he knew exactly where that soft spot was.

"You go to ——!" shouted Curtis, in a sudden blaze of fury.

"There's more than me will go there if you leave No. Six alone," said Hensley, in grim premonition. "We had to scrape out No. Five just as one scrapes out an egg-shell. You know that. And what's your guarantee that Six isn't as bad? You want to finish up to time, and as you don't know how to bustle your men you're going to scamp your work. Hold on. You needn't let fly yet. You're going to need all your reserve breath directly. Now, given you know the carrying stress of the superstructure and the piers, do you know the bending moment of rotten papa rock with several ton weight above it and natural causes crumbling it into sand?"

"It'll last for years. I can gamble on that. You—"

"The years will pass. What then?"

There was a curious touch of solemnity in the quiet voice. Curtis flinched from it.

"This is all simply guesswork," he said. "In all probability No. Six foundation is as solid as Four or Three. But, as we don't want any trouble, Mackerrow will possibly make it worth your while to keep your mouth shut—"

It was then that Hensley used the weapon forged on Layard's veranda. Used it deliberately and promptly, and with a force that brought blood. Curtis

dropped back in his chair. The bluff had gone out of him as air goes out of a pricked bubble. And what was left looked very small indeed.

Hensley was angry enough to be suave. He would not forget Curtis' offer while he lived. He came and stood before the elder man. The lamplight was steady on his strong throat and in his deep eyes, and his shadow watched Curtis also from the wall behind him.

"I'm sorry you didn't like to be reminded of that, Curtis," he said. "It isn't a pretty story, I grant you. And I don't intend to make it public unless—"

Curtis spoke into the hesitation. His voice was thick.

"What do you want? It is blackmail?"

"No. It's that papa streak. I'll have that, or your friends will have my little story and the proofs along with it."

Curtis moistened his lips. He was a cur, and he snarled like a cur.

"I can't do it. I say I *can't*. Mackerrow won't give me more men. He says this is going to cost up to the estimates as it is. And he swears that he will have it done to time. I can't help it."

"You could! Don't talk blatant rot! You could make those loafing brutes work twice as hard as they do. You could—if you knew how. Why don't you grab 'em by the scruff an' make 'em get down to it? By Jupiter! man, if I were in your place I'd make them work!"

His words hit like pelted bullets. He was the very accent of life itself; virile, keen as a knife edge; instinct with manhood expressed in blood and bone. Seeing, Curtis understood for the very first time the meaning of the motive power that drives a man.

"I—I—" he began, weakly—"I shall treat the men just as I like."

Hensley halted in his swift walk through the room. His eyes leaped to Curtis', and there was fire in them. Curtis read their meaning.

"No," he said, and huddled his body together. "No."

Hensley thrust out his right hand, with thumb and finger apart.

"I've got you between those," he said. "And you'll do as I tell you. Understand? It will be the better for your health if you do. Now, we'll get down to business."

Neither man slept that night. Hensley lay staring on the dark, and saw the whole mighty work fitting, inch by inch, into place before his brain-sight. If that stratum were rotten—and he had no doubt of it—if the weather were foul, if the machinery broke, if delays came from a half-hundred causes, he still had no fear. He would finish the Viaduct to time, though his life and the life of other men paid for it.

On the other side of the wall Curtis endured torture such as is generally rumored to be reserved for the evil-doer in the next world. Fear of Mackerrow, fear of Hensley, fear of his own stealthily sinning self, caught him in turn, and pricked him awake when drowsiness came near. And when the mynahs and the bell-birds and the tuis woke the dawn to a flood of yellow glory, Curtis, C. E., turned on his pillow and gave up the fight. Hensley, the sub-engineer, was master, and the Mahun-gahiki Viaduct was his to make or to break.

That brain-madness which obsesses all men about to do great things was on Hensley through the next week. At dawn he took a pick and went down into the pit prepared for the right-hand foundations of No. Six, and ten minutes later he came up again and called to a passing riveter.

"Take that to Mr. Curtis, Soames," he said. "And tell him that it came out of the north right-hand foundation bed of No. Six."

Soames took the rock-flake that was blue as his shirt and broke it between his horny fingers.

"The boss won't be feelin' pleased ter see that," he said.

"No," answered Hensley. But he stood, watching the man carry the little threat of evil across the creek and past the concrete puddle.

Then he girded up his thews, and, using Curtis always as mouthpiece, effected such amazing results that at each knock-off time men crowded together, doubting that the ground was yet firm under their feet. He sacked foremen and put picked men from the ranks in their places. He docked little quarter-hour "smoke-os" that had crept in. He made new rules and broke old ones. He

spread nets to trip the feet of the careless, and he taught the careful to see that common honesty was worth while. And Curtis, in craven fear of all things, obeyed to the letter, and bore his big, burly body with an outward show of command.

Then the crucial test came suddenly, and it took Hensley down the bush-track to the verandaed house where two men smoked their after-dinner smoke under the moon.

Layard heard him coming, and he pulled out his pipe with a roar of greeting.

"Thought you were dead," he said. "We heard you'd been killing traditions and everything else up at the Viaduct, and Trench and I were coming along to see. But we've been too petered out over the mustering . . . only just got in an hour back. How are things moving, Jim?"

"Fast," said Hensley.

He stood up before them, straight and broad and still. The tension was there yet, but the nervousness was gone. There was a something of charged electricity in each fibre of him. Layard felt it.

"And what's going to come of it?" he asked.

"Fists," said Hensley.

Trenchard sat up with a jerk, and his eyes gleamed.

"Jingo!" he said. "I'm not too tired to lend a hand if you want it, Hensley."

"I do," said Hensley. "I came for you both."

And as the men thrust their blistered feet into heavy boots and swung down the track with him he gave them all that they needed to know in curt sentences, quickly told.

"We've been making the men toe the mark, and they're collar-galled because they haven't tightened the traces since they began here, lazy brutes. Some are taking their punishment decently; but there are a few rotters, and they infect the others quick as rust on steel. You know Joe Geary—the big Maori in the concrete gang? He gave me lip to-day, and I had to let him have it on the jaw. That made him sick for a bit, and then he sneaked round and waked up the malcontents. And unless we can straighten 'em out to-night we'll lose a

good fifty to-morrow. I heard 'em haranguing as I came along. They mean business all right."

"Where is Curtis?" asked Layard.

"Under his bed by now, probably. I saw him cutting home like a streak."

In the one street where the ten-by-ten rubberoid huts and the tents, and the long wooden dining-hall where the wind blew through the cracks, squatted among the rung trees, lights moved, and men talked in knots, and women peered from the shanties, curious and anxious-eyed. A little man stopped Hensley, speaking low and rapidly. Trenchard heard the answer.

"Tell them they'll find us at home. And—Thrale—rake up a couple of dozen chaps you can trust and bring 'em along. They are not to interfere unless I tell them to."

"What is it?" asked Layard, as Thrale disappeared.

"Joe Geary and his friends are coming to call on Curtis directly."

"And what are you going to do?"

"Paste him. Joe's a big man in the gangs, and he's got enough Maori blood in him to relish a mill. If I can knock him out, the rest will cave in to a dead cert."

"The deuce! You brought us along to act as ring for your prize-fight, did you?"

"No. Thrale and his men will do that. I want Trenchard as referee, and Layard to choke Curtis if he tries to climb down. And he will try. Here we are. Curtis! Open that door! Curtis!"

Trenchard's eyebrows went up at the voice. "'Under their rods are the rocks reprov'd—they are not afraid of that which is high,'" he murmured, and he stood back and chuckled while Curtis prayed them each in turn.

"Hensley is mad," he said. "Quite mad. We'll lose fifty men or more if we don't knuckle down. And with that cursed excavation to finish we can't spare the time to go short-handed."

Hensley came to his feet with a stamp.

"We've not time for that rot, Curtis," he said. "We're not going to give in." Then the tread of many feet shook the earth under the little hut.

Indoors, Curtis crouched in his chair and moaned. For he saw shame coming fast. Either side the lintel Hensley's supporters lounged, with alert eyes on the

thickening crowd. On the roughed-off log that made the door-step Hensley stood still and gave the men welcome. And Trenchard chuckled again in his big beard at the hearing.

Joe Geary was brown as the good earth that bore him. His round eyes showed the white and his forebent shoulders showed strength. He did not demand Curtis; but he ripped away the veil of pretence that had clothed this last week in a brief sentence that sent Hensley's blood leaping along his veins.

He made answer as brief.

"It's no business of yours to question your orders. They came from Mr. Curtis, and he has deputed me to act for him now. Tell me what you want. I'm listening."

"We want more wages if we have to graft as you're making us graft now," said Joe, in his pure English.

"You won't get them. You are only working now as you should have worked from the beginning and as you're going to work to the end. Anything else?"

From the patch of manuka scrub where Thrale lurked with his men came a snicker of laughter that touched Joe's temper to a blaze.

"Will you raise our wages?" he shouted.

"No."

"Are you going to slack off a bit wi' your new rulings and fakes?"

"No. Not a blessed inch."

Joe wheeled on the men about him.

"It's a strike, then," he said, in his deep bull tones. "Is it a strike, mates?" And through the seething mutter and growl of angry men he looked again on Hensley. "We've struck," he said.

"So have I," said Hensley. "This morning. Have you forgotten, Joe?"

The roar of fury from the bull-throat brought out Thrale's men at the jump. They saw Hensley cast his coat in a flash, spring from the door-step, and duck under Joe's tremendous right-arm swing, to send his own right to the big man's chin with every inch of his body force behind it.

In later hours Trenchard took all the glory to himself in that he kept the ring round the two tense and unbroken. It was a short fight; but Joe's cheek lay open and Hensley was staggering from

a well-planted chest blow before ten seconds were over. The next ten brought blood from both, and Joe's breath came through half-open lips. Hensley was hard and light and tensile as his own loved steel ribs and girders. But Joe was a solid battering-ram for strength and weight. Hensley had to win if it killed him, and he fought as a man fights Death when Life is quick in him. There was no pause, no fencing, no gaining of breath in a clinch. Some one had set a big lantern on a tree stump, and in the stream of red light from it the ring of eager faces, Trenchard's black beard and gleaming eyes, and the shadowy white piers far behind made vivid setting for Hensley's lithe, quick body and Joe's mighty limbs. Very certainly Hensley pasted Joe, even as he had said that he would. But Hensley was receiving more bitter punishment than Trenchard cared to see, and blood and dust had smeared both into hideousness before Joe went down under a close-range left hook on the jaw and a flashing right upper-cut.

He stayed down, and Hensley rubbed his red hands across his red forehead dazedly. Then he straightened, speaking with difficulty.

"Any man who wants his time can come to me in the morning," he said, and went in with a bellow of delight from a half-thousand throats to follow him.

When Trenchard brought joyful and exultant word that the back of the revolution was broken he found Hensley gasping on the floor and Layard dosing him with whiskey. Curtis, walking the room unevenly, burst out into demands for information. But Trenchard pushed him aside.

"What is it?" he said, and dropped on one knee by Hensley.

Hensley grinned a little, with what face was left to him.

"Only a knock-out," he said. "How's Joe?"

"Worse than you. They've taken him home. They'll follow you now, Hensley."

"That's all right," murmured Hensley, with his eyes shut. "I'll be fit enough in the morning."

He was down in the gully under the morning sun, with his face and knuckles patched by sticking-plaster. But he was not fit for the work of that day nor of

many days after. And one night Trenchard discovered it and said so to Layard.

"That mill has knocked the stuffing out of Hensley," he said. "He's not been the same man since. Losing weight steadily and getting caves over his eyes. I don't like the look of him, Layard."

"Rot!" said Layard. "He's sweating himself like six bullocks, that's all. You can't expect a man to put on fat when he feeds himself with worry and work."

But the next time Hensley came over Layard looked at the sub-engineer anxiously, with Trenchard's words to show him light.

The night was dark with sleet and snow. But Hensley was restless; and his deep, strained eyes showed it, and his nervous movements, and his quick, unfinished sentences. He stretched hands that shook to the roaring log fire, and Layard saw the blue veins that rose on the brown skin.

"Feeling seedy, Jim?" he asked.

"No. Fit as summer, thanks."

"Fretting over your steel baby, eh?"

"No. She's going on all right."

"Then, Curtis—"

"I fill Curtis up with peas an' he shoots 'em out when I tell him. It's working well enough. Everything's going gay as a gallop."

"Except yourself," said Layard, inwardly, and watched under his curved hand as Hensley lay back in his chair and Trenchard banged intricate symphonies on the piano.

The last few months had told cruelly on Hensley. He was playing a double game, and playing it boldly. But the strain was too severe on body and mind, and of late he had begun to understand that the want of ease through the nights and the dull ache of the days meant something other than the natural weariness that comes after hard hours of work. And the hours were hard—very hard. The special iciness of winter, that comes to New Zealand range-country only, lay across the earth in the quick-closing days. Smell of snow brooded in the air, and iron and steel tore skin from the touching hand exactly as searing heat tears it. Seven feet of soft papa came out of the two right-hand beds of No. Six, and several extra tons of concrete went in. The sides of the foundation

were shored up with verticals of miri, which is iron-hard and impervious to wet. Then the steel legs rose, length by length; and the riveters, clinging to the rods and lacings and walking the lower girders, cursed the driving rain and the shriek of wind that ripped down the gully to bend the scrub and set the sand swirling and to shake them on their dizzy foothold.

Hensley never left the gully these days. Curtis haunted it like a scared and very irritable ghost; but Hensley walked like the Spirit of Compulsion, and the men were obedient under his hand. Mackerrow junior came up once, and after three hours he went in with Curtis and paid him compliments.

"You have got the men to heel magnificently," he said. "And unless the snow comes heavily we should finish well before contract time. And you won't be forgotten when the awards are made, Curtis."

Neither man spoke of No. Six foundation. Mackerrow did not know, and Curtis, C. E., was afraid. For, supposing that by any mischance they failed even now to come to time?

This dread chased Hensley through his days and his nights. Bodily illness drew the nerve out of him and laid greater stress on the necessity of duty. Under red, low dawns with no cheer in them; under a naked sky bared by wild winds; under bitter, lemon-yellow sunsets when the men shirked the handling of incessant cold iron and the earth was dumb-still in the grip of frost, Hensley watched and harried and drove and persuaded his little army until black night sent him shivering to bed, to toss in painful, unresting sleep through the hours. And the next day he did it all over again.

It was a curious position, and it proved beyond any doubt that the man who is made to bind and the man who is made to be bound will indubitably find their own, standing in the rough-and-tumble of life. But the man who bound was exhausted by the effort, and Layard knew it, watching still under his palm.

Trenchard slammed the piano-lid and came back to the fire. Layard looked up.

"Trench," he said; "this fool wants pitching into. Come an' help."

Between them they coaxed and bullied and argued. But Hensley was impervious

as his concrete blocks, and when he was gone again through the wild night Trenchard knocked out his pipe with a grunt of disgusted anger.

"He's killing himself over that damn thing," he said. "And Curtis will get the laurel wreath. How does it make you feel, Layard?"

"Don't," said Layard, and leaned his forehead on the mantel-shelf, staring into the heart of the fire. "He's suffering. Those lines round his mouth and at the corners of his eyes tell it. He'll last out—perhaps. But that's all. If he doesn't have to report himself sick inside a month, I'm an ass."

It was a fortnight later that Hensley sent a little Maori boy up the bush-track with a scrawled note to Layard. Layard read it at the breakfast table and tossed it over to Trenchard.

"It 'll be a brutal walk through the slush this weather," he said. "But I guess we'd best go, Trench. There's more of Hensley than he knows in that Viaduct, an' I'd like to see the last girder placed."

Trenchard tersely condemned the Viaduct to unnameable ends. But when they came out from the dark, dank-smelling bush-track to the light of day and the roll of ranges and wide sky where a bleak wind stripped the clouds from the sun, Trenchard was dumb, and Layard at his side murmured:

"Let the people praise Thee, O Lord. Yea, let all the people praise Thee."

Against the naked blue of the sky the ranges rose snow-pure as a child's soul; and each indent of gully and ridge and shoulder was no more than a faint blur on the white. The glory of sunlight lay along the tops, lifting earth close to the glory of heaven; and drooping lower, by razorback and scrap and spur, the great straight-boled, glossy matais and puriris and ratas, flecked with snow, brought the mountain flanks into eternal gloom. To the left the gully sank its sheer livid walls down into hazy blackness; and, strung across the bush-gleam and over the gully, quivered a gray spider-web with a mighty, many-legged gray spider crouched below it. The height from the web to the far-below white specks that shod the creature's feet made Trenchard giddy. The whole thing looked frail and unsubstantial as grass stems, and in the

utter silence that seemed to be all earth holding her breath a faint, sharp scream slid into the air and stayed there.

Layard followed the sound up. Then his eyelids puckered and he watched with his heart-beats coming unevenly. Creeping out to a point where the spider-web was snapped came a double line of steel that glinted in the sun. It came apparently of its own volition; and to Trenchard, standing unmoving, it was surely the hand of God, forming alone in this soundless solitude the earth and all the things of the earth according to His will. It came arrow-straight, nosing out into the void with only the sun to guide it. Then, even as the men looked, the break in the web was knitted. The girder had homed to its appointed place.

Layard rubbed his eyes.

"Hundreds of men swarming over that thing now," he said. "And thousands of tons of solid stuff in it. And from here it looks like the skeleton of a dream."

"Let us go down," said Trenchard, thickly. "It's a ghost, and Hensley's another, and it was never made by mortal hands."

They came down the steep track swiftly. And all things took life as they came. Through the blasted naked trees stabbed over the gullysides they saw the movements of men and heard the sharp clink of hammers. Sound rose up to them, and the sense of quick, dominant life and strength. Somewhere the donkey-engine hooted, sending full-mouthed echoes round the gully. Somewhere the shriek of steel wires in the sheave cut the air. Then the men that swarmed over the girders and the scaffolding took shape, and presently Hensley came quick-foot along the giddy height, passed the gangers working at the approach, and met them on the very lip of the Viaduct.

"Did you see it?" he asked, and his eyes were eager. "It's the last one. Did you see it launched?"

"Son of Martha," said Trenchard, solemnly, "we've seen a big thing this day. Now we want to know when you are going to condescend to an arm-chair and a pipe, with a doctor's prescription beside you."

Hensley laughed. His cheeks were infallen, and his clothes hung loose, and his skin was pallid in the bitter wind that nipped the faces of the other men

to raw scarlet. But he carried in his eyes the joy of a man who sees the thing that he has desired and wrought for in great sweat and anguish bloom suddenly into life under his hands.

"Not yet," he said. "There are months of work yet. And I want to see her opened. They'll have the railway up in seven or eight months. And then—then—"

His voice broke, and in the pockets of his old coat his hands clenched up. He stared out to the gully with his eyes moving, web by web, along the great steel limbs shining in the sun. At No. Six his glance halted. His life and his monument stood there, and he knew it.

Then he wheeled on the others with a laugh tipping his mouth.

"Curtis is a peacock with his tail spread," he said. "Both the Mackerrows are up, and they are calling him pretty names. I wasn't wanted. But I'll have my little part in the show on the day she is opened."

But three months later Hensley sent Layard a scrawled scrap from a Wellington hospital.

"I pasted Joe Geary fairly decently," it said. "But he made a better job of me, though they are going to take me to pieces to find out how he did it. But I got that papa streak out all right bless its little heart!"

Trenchard and Layard were no company for themselves or each other that evening, and the Mahungahiki Viaduct had been open many months before Hensley came back to the low verandaed house to die.

"One place is as good as another really," he explained. "But I had a fancy to see the train coming round that turn to the Viaduct. I've seen it so often in my mind's eye, you know."

That night he saw it with the eyes of the flesh. For they carried him into the veranda to hear the bullfrogs croak across the clearing again, and to smell once more the orange scent on the warm air. The night was stiller than sleep. All sound and life were gone from the Viaduct behind the hill, and it stood alone to the day and the moon. Hensley

remembered the life that had throbbed round it; the strenuous days, the savage labor, the close-pressing anxiety, and he laughed a little, knowing it all past.

"Curtis has got another job down south," he said. "Mackerrow and Slade are very pleased with him. They gave him a piece of gold plate. Young Mackerrow came to see me in hospital. He said it must have been an education for me to work under a man like Curtis. I said it was. A funny world, isn't it?"

Trenchard said something not to be set down. Hensley laughed again.

"I got what I worked for, old chap," he said. "It's all right. I knew I was playing the deuce with myself by standing it out, of course. But it was worth it. By —! it was worth it."

Above the mountain crest opposite, Orion's belt and dagger hung like the put-off armor of a knight. Hensley's eyes dropped from it to the bush-darks below. He knew exactly where the first red eye of the coming train would show on the dark.

"Nearly time, isn't it?" he said. "It must be nine by now."

"Wants three minutes," said Trenchard, and silence fell again.

Hensley waited. Then, with a sudden vigorous roar of life and color, the train rushed out of the night. Hensley heard the rock of the under-carriage and the rattle of the wheels and the panting breath of the engine on the up grade. All the engineer blood and soul of him made answer to the call of the things that had ruled his life. A blast ripped out on the hot night: a joyful, rollicking blast that leaped away down the range to the gully in full-mouthed, eager echoes. And the train followed; a stream of palpitating light, red as man's blood, strong as his strength, swift as his passing soul. It was gone to meet the Viaduct—Hensley's own Viaduct that he would not see again. He lay back with his eyes shut.

"That the Sons of Mary may overcome it," he said. "Overcome it . . . now. For I got that papa streak out, you fellows. I got it out, didn't I?"

The Southernmost People of the World

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

A YEAR ago the *Garibaldi*, a little Chilean trading-cutter, lay moored in a beautiful cove, like a toy thing under the great mountains which rose sheer and forbidding above it. Aboard were five men—three Austrians, a Chilean, and myself—and I venture to say we were the only white men afloat in the Fuegian Archipelago south of Beagle Channel.

A few streaks of gray morning twilight filtered by the form of an Austrian on watch, which blocked the hatchway, and the rain blew in or dropped in big pools from his oilskins on to the cabin floor. From the storm-dripping deck I lowered a bucket over the side and washed myself in the soft brine, which all but froze on my face and hands in the icy wind. Blinding gales of sleet and rain beat down upon us from masses of sullen, scurrying clouds and flung the perturbed gray waters foaming out into the Antarctic or madly dashing against the stern and precipitous mountain shores of Navarin Island. They painted a dull band of silver as they beached against the dark, dank mountains, which, with their boggy, soggy soil, seemed, like gloomy leviathans, to have just risen dripping from the sea.

Across the broad reach of Ponsonby Sound rose the peaks of the Wollastons and Hoste Island, head-dressed with perpetual snows; a region grand, desolate, elemental, teeming with the stories of gales, cold, and disasters, where for one whole year there was not a single fine day, but three hundred of continuous rain, including twenty-five storms; a region which is the southernmost limit of vegetation, and where dwell the southernmost inhabitants of the world, the Yahgan Indians.

Here nature seems not only to resent the intrusion of mankind, but at every hand to thwart and harass his existence. The precipitous shores of the mountain-

ous islands, covered with rain-soaked bog, rock, and impenetrable forests, render travelling by land impracticable or impossible. Add to this a dearth of food supply, hazardous in the getting, and we find, by very force of circumstances, these aborigines disassociated from the world, and forced into an existence of unsurpassed nomadism and primitiveness.

So the Yahgan constructs his canoe of a heavy beech log and seeks the paths of least resistance, the storm-swept channelways, often venturing into the broad reaches of the sounds and the very oceans in search of stranded whales, seals, sea-otters, birds, and fish, or of new spots whereon to erect his wigwams of beech branches, handy to a supply of mussels.

Dwelling here in the solitudes, shut away by nature's barriers from other races, the Yahgans, so their older men have told me, thought that before the white men came they were the only human beings. This is borne out, too, by the fact that they call themselves just *Yamana* (man), and their language *Yaman-hahsha* (man's voice).

The central part of the territory, occupied by those Fuegians who spoke the same language and who inhabited the archipelago on and south of Beagle Channel, was a resort in Murray Narrows called Yahga-ashaga (Yahga Channel), all the district around being known as Yahga. Thus to distinguish them from the other Canoe Indians, to the westward and north, a pioneer missionary called them Yahgan, wisely following out literally, in the case of a tribe, a custom applied by the Indians to the individual, for they mostly take their names from the place where they are born. One of my Indians was from this family group, as his name—Yahga-ashagan—indicated.

While the Yahgans make short excursions in the vicinity of their camps for certain berries and fungi in their sea-



THE LITTLE CHILEAN CUTTER LAY MOORED IN A COVE

sons, and in the winter sometimes hunt the wild, deerlike guanacos over the frozen snow, yet they are essentially Canoe Indians.

Nature, with her warring cohorts of wind, rock, water, and ice, has exacted her daily tribute, the never-ceasing struggle for existence thus disintegrating the communities and curtailing their increase. So with the Yahgan it has perforce been a question primarily of blubber and belly, a consideration of present physical needs—where he came from he knows not, whither he is going he cares less.

It has been said that these people are the most savage and in the lowest state of improvement of any in the world; addicted to treachery, bloodthirstiness, and even cannibalism. The sight of the long-haired figure crouching within his wigwam of beech boughs, inured to cold, so that a single otter-skin over his back suffices to clothe him, dwarfed and stunted through centuries of squatting in canoes, often large-headed, with a countenance rendered hideous by cold, want of food, and isolation from civilization, would seem to bear out these statements. But, undoubtedly where verification has been difficult, gross exaggerations have arisen, and while the elemental passions are strongly developed in the Yahgans, still they have tractable and likeable qualities.

Seldom have I looked upon a Yahgan that his high cheek-bones, dark-colored oblique eyes, straight black hair, and hairless brown face have failed to impress me with his striking similarity to the Japanese, which was still further emphasized by his shortness of stature. The tallest Yahgan (Beagle Channel) I ran across measured five feet nine and three-quarter inches in height, while the shortest (Mussels Bay) was four feet ten and three-quarter inches; and of some fourteen measurements of males taken, the average was five feet five and seven-eighth inches, the women being shorter.

While certain Yahgans have aided shipwrecked crews, yet there are many instances of sailors who, abandoning their vessels and weathering the Horn in small boats, weakened and starving, have managed to enter the archipelago only to be brutally butchered by the Fuegians. It is no enviable lot to be found by them defenceless in any of the innumerable out-of-the-way places of their habitat. But whatever brutalities may be laid at the door of the Yahgan, child of his environment, they can in no wise mitigate the shameful atrocities heaped upon him by sealers and others, who at times have run to cover in his vicinity from the fierce Antarctic storms. One American sealing master, passing within hailing distance of a group on shore, with wan-

ton destruction poured a gun-load of grape-shot into them. Fuegian women are kidnapped by treachery or force when opportunity offers, and with many of the Fuegians the sight of white men becomes a signal for arming themselves and sending their women scurrying into the woods.

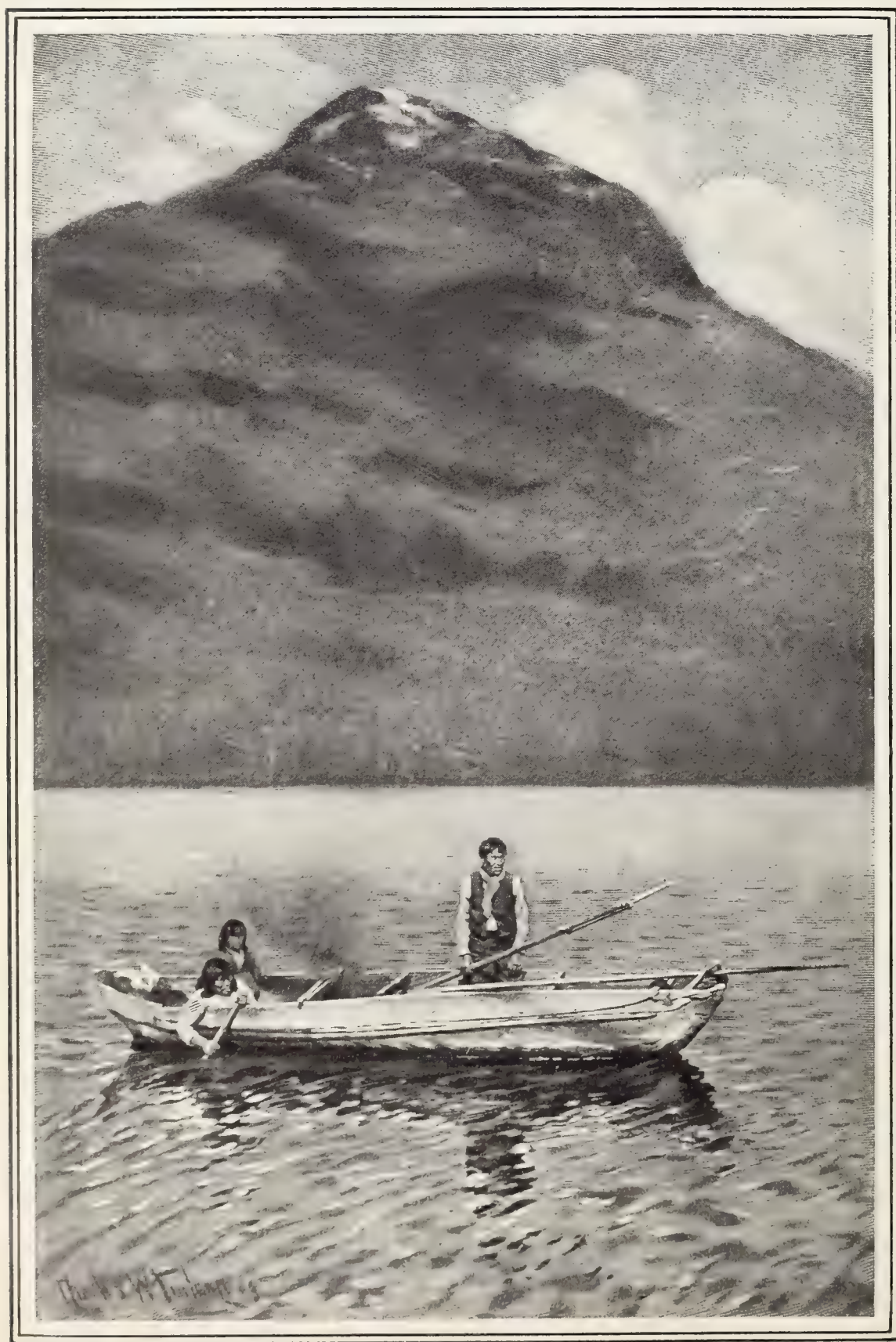
From the dim past the Yahgan has fought a winning fight against the onslaught of the elements, combating them with all the dogged aggressiveness of his powerful frame. But contact with the white man, though slight, has been to him the touch of a deadly thing. Here he met insidious, unseen foes, intangible to his crude mind and poisonous to his

healthy body, and from that day his has been a dogged retreat.

As nearly as can be estimated, twenty-eight years ago three thousand Yahgans paddled their canoes among these waterways; to-day I doubt whether the total Yahgan population of these regions exceeds one hundred and seventy-five, an astounding decrease, averaging one hundred a year. This remnant maintains its independence in the very face of its destiny, continuing its blood feuds, increased perhaps by the necessity of a greater community life and the fight for wives.

I doubt if any other people have shrunk to the verge of extinction still maintaining their independence as these. I

believe that nowhere else can people be found living so primitive an existence as the Fuegians (Yahgans, Alacalufs, and Onas), yet I consider that in many ways they have risen above the crude circumstances of their land. The climate inures them to cold to a remarkable extent. A few years ago the Yahgan's only covering was a single seal-skin or four otter-skins bound at the throat with a thong, covering only the shoulders and back. They shifted their clothes about to the front or side according to the direction of the wind. Some were entirely destitute of covering of any kind; undoubtedly this need is mitigated by grease and dirt, which at least renders them waterproof. To one who has experienced the bitter cold of these regions, doubly clothed with the heaviest garments,



YAHGANS IN A BEECH-LOG CANOE



MAP OF THE FUEGIAN ARCHIPELAGO AND SOUTHERN PATAGONIA

Heavy black coast lines show the region formerly inhabited by the Yahgans.
Double lines indicate the restricted area occupied by the Yahgans to-day.

this inurement seems incredible. By those to the east of Beagle Channel, guanaco-skins were used. The acquisition now of clothes by all the Yahgans save a few stray families has proved as fatal as bullets, drink, and blood feuds.

There are four family groups, the Eastern of Beagle Channel, who are the best formed; the Lennox-Islanders, big-headed, ugly, powerful men; the dwarfish Wollaston group, and the Southwesterns about Hoste Island, who are the most warlike and murderously inclined. The last three, however, now mingle with one another more or less, and it was to their rendezvous—the shores of Rio Douglas—near the southwestern corner of Navarin Island that our cutter was heading.

South of us from the coast of Navarin a small islet detached itself. On the other side of it, Rio Douglas emptied into a bay of the same name. Here on the outskirts of the Yahgan village site a missionary had recently ensconced himself.*

As the *Garibaldi* rounded the islet

* The South-American Missionary Society (Church of England) has long maintained a station in the heart of the archipelago, while the Salesians (Roman Catholics) have two stations—one at Dawson Island, Strait of Magellan, and one in northern Tierra del Fuego at Cape Sunday.

my fear of finding the place temporarily forsaken by the Yahgans was allayed. Coming toward us was a canoe in which five dusky figures crouched at their paddles, while rising against the distant mountain slopes on the left bank I made out with my field-glasses the smokes of several camp-fires, emanating from the village, hidden by an intervening point of land. We gathered from the canoe that they were in search of the bodies of two Yahgans who had gone to their death the night before in the icy waters upon which we floated.

With outfit piled into the small boat, we were soon pulling up-river, the canoe accompanying us. Rounding the point, we came in full view of the settlement. Drawn up above tide-water a small fleet of canoes streaked the beach, and on a higher level which ran back from the crown of the shore a dozen Yahgan dwellings sent as many smoke wreaths issuing from their tops against the dark woods behind. Some of the dwellings were huts built of small tree trunks or picked-up wreckage; others were typical and made solely from beech boughs stuck in the ground, their tops bent over and lashed at the centre.

The keen-eyed Yahgans had long been

aware of our approach, and as we drew inshore the whole village could be seen issuing from the wigwams, the men coming down to the water's edge accompanied by many yelping dogs, with which every camp swarms.

"El Chiquito" (the very little one), remarked Old Fort, the skipper, as he motioned toward the small, thick-set figure of a white man, smaller than any of the Yahgans, who issued from a recently constructed bungalow half hidden in a copse of trees, and came running down to the river's edge. "El Chiquito" proved to be the missionary, Mr. John Williams, with whom I returned.

On parting I shook the skipper's

horny hand; he had played fair with me, but I did not regret my change of quarters from the ill-kept Austrian trader. I watched his lank figure stride down to the beach, where, after a few words with a group of Indians, he shoved off for the *Garibaldi*, which lay a mile or more down the bay. The Yahgans at once repaired to their dwellings, returning with sea-otter skins to trade, and soon three canoes were following in the Austrian's wake until the point hid them from view.

The *Garibaldi* was well stocked with the vile *watchiki*, a poisonous, mind-inflaming alcoholic drink, and her skipper, like others, had no compunctions against

first stealing a *chunkie's* mind and then his pelts. One could easily foresee the results of this visit to the cutter. They spent perhaps their season's catch of otter-skins for six bottles of *watchiki*, and returned with half of it drunk, a crazed, full-headed, empty-handed crowd, with still enough left to go the rounds with those on shore.

At Rio Douglas, as elsewhere, my time was entirely occupied in close study of these Indians—entering as far as possible into their life, and leaving no stone unturned in acquiring information and data of this all but vanished people. This was the largest existing community, and when in full complement, including some forty then hunting in the Wollastons, aggregated about seventy-five. It was here at Rio



YAHGAN MAGICIAN IN DANCING COSTUME



AN EXISTENCE OF UNSURPASSED NOMADISM AND PRIMITIVENESS

Douglas that I took on four Yahgans, with whom I later travelled in the archipelago in an open yawl-like boat.

The days spent in this village were replete with incidents and interesting phases of Yahgan domestic life. I was constantly impressed, to make use of a platitude, that human nature is much the same the world over. It is the *technique of existence* that interests us; the novelty and surprise come through the different ways in which different peoples do the same things.

The Yahgan is as gregarious as his food-supply and *wanderlust* will permit. From infancy his is a roving, restless life of change, unused to restraint save that of appetite in a foodless country. Consequently his communities are composed of a fluctuating population. On one occasion, not so very many years ago, the wigwams of two hundred and forty Yahgans were pitched at Wulyia, north of Rio Douglas, more than could be mustered to-day were the whole Yahgan population brought together.

But while one day may see at a rendezvous an animated village, the next may find nothing but deserted wigwams left pitched on glistening mussel-heaps. These mounds—or kitchen-middens, as

they are called—mark the old resorts of the tribes and are composed of mussel shells, bones, and refuse thrown out from their wigwams. It must have taken centuries to bring about the vast accumulations of some of these Yahgan village sites. Some of the large middens I have measured have been ten feet high, and would be circumscribed by a circle forty feet in diameter. Not only at the camp at Rio Douglas, but on both sides of the river at frequent intervals, for perhaps a mile or more, were shell-heaps, some overgrown and almost completely hidden with weeds, bushes, and trees.

The Yahgans are polygamous, the older men generally taking as wives the young girls, leaving the older ones to the young men, reasoning that the latter do not know how to care for a wife, while an older woman is trained to help him fish, build fires, paddle his canoe, etc. This custom, together with the present scarcity of women, results in many of the young men being too often content to pick up derelicts, while some are forced to remain single. A prospective son-in-law will sometimes give labor, build a canoe, or make presents to the father of the girl, who then tells his daughter to “go sit in So-and-so’s wigwam.”

In the distribution of labor the men travel and hunt in the vicinity of the coast. The women, who are excellent swimmers, do the fishing, gather mussels, and dive for sea eggs, weave baskets, cure skins, paddle the canoe when travelling, and attend to the children and the wigwams.

These wigwams are by no means as uncomfortable as one might suppose; in fact they are frequently too hot even in this cold climate. The Yahgans themselves have not become fully inured to the smoke from their fires, as their inflamed and watery eyelids often show. There is only one way to escape smoke in a Yahgan wigwam—go outside.

It has been said that the skill of these people in some respects must be compared to the instinct of animals, in which case, however, it has served them better in their struggle for existence than all the skill and invention of civilization have served many white men isolated in these parts.

I consider the Yahgans, as a people, inherently intelligent. Also it is my opinion that they are not autochthonous,

Their means of communication is by face-painting, language, signs, and intuition. The Yahgan language (Yatigan) has no written characters, though it is one of great richness, comprising a vocabulary of the surprising number of at least forty thousand words. Yatigan is by no means unpleasant in sound, for it abounds in vowels, well disposed and euphonious in their distribution, and it practically comprises all the vowels and consonants of the English. Its terms, however, are almost entirely specific in both verbs and nouns, wherein lies its great imperfection. For instance, they have no general word meaning "leaves," but only specific ones, as "shupia" (leaves of shupia); and "ooscootah" (leaves of ooshcootah; neither have they any term in general for fish or for birds, although they class them in three orders, as, in the latter, *bik* (land birds), *piaca* (beach birds), *iaca*si (sea birds). Another peculiarity is the great variety of adverbs of place, and the compounding of the verbs and adverbs; while their numerical system stops at *muttan* (three).

Early in the morning of my arrival at Rio Douglas the sun had shone for a while, but the clouds soon closed over, enshrouding everything with a damp, cloudy chill, accentuating the gloom and unrest which had settled over the camp because of the death of the two Yahgans. Even the dogs seemed imbued with the gray silence, broken only now and again by a long-drawn-out wail, indescribable in its gruesome pitiableness.

During the night before, four Yahgans, one a woman, were journeying from Wulyia south to Rio Douglas. Early in the morning a solitary Indian paddled up to the camp and told how the canoe had capsized in the darkness and storm of the night; how he alone had managed



ATHLEENATAH AND HIS WIFE

but that in the dim past they drifted south to these desolate regions. While we do not know what manner of men they were at that time, we may safely assume that for perhaps a thousand years they have paddled their canoes through these channels.

to climb back into it, but that *perhaps* the woman, who was a good swimmer, had been able to reach a near-by point. Whatever may be the gullibility of the Yahgan, he will not swallow with off-hand credulity any such unconfirmed statement. Furthermore, the man in question was known to be treacherous, and a recent episode in which he and his father had done away with two white men was still fresh in their minds. Consequently an atmosphere of suspicion and distrust permeated the entire camp, for the dead men were mourned. This was evidenced by their relatives cutting their hair in a round spot on top of their heads, with knives, mussel shells, or sharp stones; painting their faces with *yupooshug*, a black soot or charcoal, and with white pigment, *toomoorahboo*, from a shell-like composition picked up along the beach. This painting rendered their expression hideous as I glimpsed them in passing the opening of their wigwams.

As the forenoon drew on, the murky sky sent drizzling showers of rain sifting across land and water, through which emerged the returning canoes. The acute sight of the camp Indians detected something wrong. The occupants of the canoes were struggling, and the men of the village made for the shore, some armed with heavy sticks; several seized the paddles from their beached craft, and as the other canoes, half-paddled, half-car-



THE STRUGGLING YAHGANS WERE STRUNG ALONG THE SHORE

ried by the current, came in, dragged them up on the beach. Augmented by numbers, the fight became general.

It was a weird sight, those struggling Yahgans. In surging, swaying groups and pairs they strung out over the dreary landscape between the river and the village. Their wild yells, reinforced by the barking dogs and the shouts and cries of the excited women in the camp, echoed and re-echoed from the wooded slopes which flanked the valley. In the *mêlée* I occasionally traced the course of a heavy paddle, as, raised high aloft, it crashed down upon some black head,



YAHGAN GIRLS IN A DUGOUT CANOE

and the sickening sound of the dull impact of wood on bone reached me.

Some of them, not content with fists or wood, had resorted, as is their wont, to one of the most ferocious ways of fighting, which to see makes one's blood run cold. Two, not satisfied with the swinging whacks of their powerful arms, had paused in their fighting and dashed to one side. Each acquiring two large stones, tightly gripped in their strong fingers, they returned to the fray and proceeded to rain down upon each other crushing blows of sledge-hammer force. How these enraged stoics endured this gruelling was beyond my comprehension, but I have no doubt that their heavy shocks of black hair served effectively as buffers.

This milling did not last long, however. The stones discarded, they proceeded, as did others, to what was perhaps their most ancient, and one of the most primitive, methods of fighting — wrestling. Each interlaced the fingers of his two hands at the back of his adversary's neck, and placing a knee against the other's chest, glaring with his black eyes through blood-painted face, strove to give the *coup de grâce*, consisting of suddenly and unexpectedly jerking the head forward, which, if successful, breaks the neck.

There was a strange fascination in this repulsive striving for brute mastery, but being in doubt as to our own safety in the termination of the wild spectacle, I took the precaution to go into the house and load my Winchesters. Crossing to the window of my room, through which entered a dull apology for daylight, I became aware of a presence outside, and looked up to meet the peculiar, steadfast gaze of a Yahgan looking fixedly at me through the window; he then passed along.

Seeing that the Colt's I always carried was fully charged, I emerged from the house and started on a run toward the nearest struggling group; for in its midst was Mr. Williams. Before reaching them I saw a blow aimed at his head, which luckily was intercepted by a Yahgan named Athleenatah. At sight of me Mr. Williams motioned not to approach, for, as he explained afterward, he was afraid of the results of a stranger's interference.

The situation was plain. Aided by three mission Indians he had managed to separate two antagonists, then, dividing his forces, endeavored to conduct the combatants to their respective wigwams. Mr. Williams and one Indian were hauling, dragging, and half-carrying the more powerful of the two. With the

courage and tenacity of a man twice his size, the plucky little missionary eventually landed his man, turning him over to the none too gentle surveillance of the women.

In due time the camp was restored to some semblance of order, and with strips of adhesive plaster and several yards of bandage from my emergency kit I patched up an ugly head gash and an open cheek which old Athleenatah had received in defending Mr. Williams. During this operation both Athleenatah and his wife swore death revenge on the perpetrator of the wounds, and in the same breath childishly begged for some rice.

Vengeance is indiscriminately practised on the entire family of a man-slayer, all such being laid under tribute to all the friends of the murdered person that they may purchase exemption from bodily injuries. The death revenge is generally achieved by stealth and hidden methods; otherwise openly in large numbers. In the latter case they arrive on shore in war paint, and the opposing factions first mingle together, shaking their spears and paddles, and for perhaps two or three hours yelling their grievances and derision before beginning the fight.

Even the twilight, which holds on in summer in these antarctic regions late into the night, seemed, like the gray, wet canopy of storm and cloud, to have settled with an oppressive heaviness over everything. There had been a certain weirdness about the day, but the night was uncanny. I sat alone for a long time before a wood fire. The driving storm without seemed to have joined with these people in the wild symposium of grief. The rain beat fiercely on the corrugated iron roof, and in spasmodic, driving gusts the wind souged through

the forests, and sifted through the cracks in the eaves, bearing in from the wigwams of the mourners, with its own wild lament, that long-drawn minor wail, starting from a pianissimo, then reaching a crescendo almost at D flat, and ending in a curtailed diminuendo again, the tone dropping slightly.

Occasionally from another wigwam would drift to my ears, in the same doleful note, "Hi muttuwahgoo!" (I am sorrowful!). Again and again through the dark night the wild gusts blew aside the little rifts of ashes, and fanned the flames in fitful starts as those piercing cries of grief rent the air.

And so for days and nights at frequent intervals the bitter lamentation went on. With these children of nature, as with all uncivilized peoples, a noise is not without its value, for that single cry proclaims to an entire village, visiting or passing canoes, that death has laid its hand on the camp. Sometimes this form of proclamation sounds out at intervals



A YAHGAN WIGWAM

for months, its cause generally being the arrival of strangers.

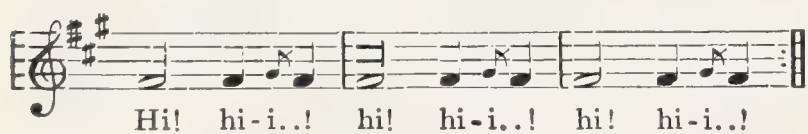
The next morning, carried from the camp on the winds of the storm, still unabated, came a weird monotonous half-cry, half-chant, strongly aspirated in its staccato movement. It was the Yahgan



A YAHGAN FAMILY

Mourning face-decorations on the woman standing

death-song, and I was soon to see one of their ceremonies, grotesquely fascinating in its ghoulish character—the death-dance, rarely witnessed by a white man. At this time the death-song is sung singly or by many, and their faces are blackened with soot, which before the recent acquisition of clothes, was also smeared over their bodies.



Recently about forty Yahgans came in ten canoes from Mussels Bay on the death of one of their number. Upon arriving they at once cut sticks and, accompanied by the Rio Douglas Indians, went into the forests and held a dance. This visit was later returned, upon which occasion, I presume, the same ceremony was repeated.

Both sexes usually take part. Most of the men were in their wigwams, laid up from yesterday's fight or in a drunken stupor, so that from the outskirts I looked into the camp at a swaying, rotating circle of unkempt Yahgan squaws, their black hair hanging in stringy strands or heavy masses about their broad faces, each holding a long thick pole in

either hand. These they pounded on the earth in slow cadence, alternating or together with the treading of their bare feet. In slow rotation they stepped back and forth, back and forth, constantly swaying their squat, heavy frames, and with their broad mouths murmuring the while, or singing the death-song, some chanting in a higher pitch than others.

Later in the day the climax of this orgy was reached. A sudden bedlam reverberated throughout the valley, hoarse shouts and cries intermingled with the wailing chant. Hurriedly reaching my vantage-point again, I looked upon a crowd of furies circling around one another, keeping up only a semblance of the dance. The ring had now shrunk toward its centre, where the majority of the women stabbed and pounded viciously at a bundle of rags. A shudder passed over me when the bundle of rags tried to stagger to its feet, to be at once felled flat to the earth again by a savage blow. There it writhed, turned, and twisted in vain endeavor to extricate itself from the infuriated onslaught of the frenzied harpies.

For a second I caught sight of the face—it was that of the survivor of the canoe accident, a wiry fellow of about

thirty, and in the vanguard of his assailants were the two wives of the drowned men. After having suffered a horrible pounding, he managed, more dead than alive, to wriggle outside the ring, where he half-crawled, half-dragged himself to his wigwam.

All might have been well with this survivor who first returned had not the woman who swam ashore been picked up and brought to Rio Douglas that morning. Her story had differed a trifle from the man's; the other two *had* been drowned, but he was their murderer.

Among the Yahgans the women often take upon themselves this revenge on one who is in particular disfavor within their community. It does not always stop at a severe beating, as in the case of a Yahgan named Guiamamool, who was beaten to death for the murder of another Indian.

In few parts of the world, perhaps, are the effects of environment on man so noticeably potent as in Fuegia. Were I to select from the Yahgans two characteristics which pre-eminently distinguish them from the rest of mankind, they would be the absence of those elemental attributes which even the most barbaric of races seem to have acquired—chiefdom and religion. This again, I believe, is due mainly to the terrible exigencies of climate. The Yahgans must scatter to obtain food. Each depends upon no hand but his own, and is able with his wives or in family groups to survive the conditions of his desolate lands; but literally as well as figuratively he must paddle his own canoe.

When in answer to the blue smokes, which signal for a gathering of the families, they assemble at some fixed rendezvous where perhaps they dwell as a community for weeks at a time, having already proved sufficient unto themselves, each brings with him that inflexible independence which will owe allegiance to no one. Occasionally, however, they show

deference to an older man and revere experience and physical prowess.

In their community life they are most socialistic, going to one another's wigwams and partaking freely of one another's food. It is quite customary for one to divide equally with the others a windfall of the chase or plunder.

While from the point of view of the anthropologist the Yahgan is both an animist and polydæmonist, believing that spirits enter into and control the phenomena of nature, he has no religion in the general acceptance of the term. For here again that weird Nature, whose phenomena he has personified in his imagination, has also by her exigencies dwarfed his introspection. No word for "God," "Creator," or "pray" has ever appeared in his language, nor from any action, ceremony, or custom can a belief in these things be inferred. Among his superstitions he believes in an evil spirit which takes possession of one, and he has a word for "spirit," and is very uneasy, too, at hearing it mentioned, for it is said that if named, it appears.

With the Yahgan there is no past, and from the moment when the heart ceases to beat there is no future, for there is not the least scintilla of evidence that he believes in any hereafter. When a man dies "he is gone," the Yahgans say, "is no more," and do all that is possible to blot out his memory, and for superstitious reasons it is even a great provocation to mention his name. One of the most convincing proofs to me of their disbelief in futurity is the complete destruction of all that belongs to the deceased. If a woman, her fish-basket, shell ornaments, and fish-lines are thrown into the sea; if a man, his wigwam and its appurtenances are soon a smouldering ash-heap. At Rio Douglas even the dogs of the dead Indians were drowned, and their canoes were split from end to end.

So it is with the Yahgans—no past, no future; without chiefs, without gods.



“I Wish I Were Bretherton”

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

IT was the name that caught Jimmy Rogers' attention, and made him look round to see who it was that wished he were Archie Bretherton, and he wondered if the speaker knew just how ill young Bretherton was. There were three men seated together in a corner of the almost deserted club smoking-room. One of them was old Diedrich Ashley, and another was a man called Chadwick—Arthur Chadwick—a middle-aged man going gray, whom nobody knew very well because he was much on the wing—he was said to know curious and interesting “inside” things about the Orient; and the third was a brown-faced man with sleek black hair, whom Jimmy Rogers imagined to be Chadwick's guest in the club because he was obviously from the East. This third man sat in his chair with that extraordinary Buddha-like immobility of which only Orientals are capable. His eyes were downcast, his hands lying idle upon his knees. He gave Jimmy Rogers the odd impression of having sat there always.

Old Ashley saw the younger man turn to look, and waved him a friendly invitation, saying:

“Come in! Come in! The drinks are good and the chairs are comfortable. What 'll you have?” Jimmy Rogers hesitated an instant, and then crossed the room to where the three were sitting. He nodded to Ashley and Chadwick, and Chadwick touched the brown-faced man upon the arm. The Oriental gentleman rose at once and bowed without offering his hand. For the first time Jimmy Rogers saw his eyes, and they were very dark and soft and gentle; there was none of the piercing quality in them which dark eyes so often have, but it seemed to Jimmy Rogers that there was some extraordinary power under their gentleness, something a bit uncomfortable and hypnotic. Chadwick spoke a name which sounded rather like Verandah, but after-

ward Jimmy Rogers learned that it was Ramananda, and that the man was an Indian who had come to New York to give lectures for a society.

He turned back to old Diedrich Ashley, as they sat down once more, and said:

“I couldn't help hearing you say you'd like to be Archie Bretherton. It surprised me, because I can't imagine you wanting to be anybody but yourself. You've always had a better time than any one else I know.”

Old Diedrich shook his very handsome head and laughed.

“Gaze upon these white hairs!” said he. “My good times are coming too near their end.”

“Oh, are they, though!” cried Jimmy Rogers. “Rubbish! Your good times will never end. You're immortal—a sort of brook. You'll be going on when I'm laid away with my fathers.” And therein Jimmy Rogers expressed rather well the popular feeling about this amazing old beau. He was believed to be immortal. Certainly youth, sunny, radiant youth, and almost unimpaired personal beauty, had remained with him by some unprecedented miracle. He must have been at this time well over sixty, but he looked like a young man gone prematurely white, and he acted like it, too. Age, seemingly, would have none of him. The boys who had played with him a half-century before were bent now and walked with slow feet, but old Diedrich made love to their granddaughters. For the matter of that, he would make love to anybody who wore petticoats and was beautiful. Women could never resist him—alas, for some of them, poor souls!

Chadwick nodded across to Jimmy Rogers and said:

“Bretherton is a friend of yours, is he not? Well, an acquaintance, at any rate. He certainly is a very lucky man: young, handsome, rich, heaps of friends, engaged to be married, I'm told, to a

lady whom everybody wants to marry at first sight. Oh yes, he's lucky. Plenty of people would be glad to change places with him—at least they'd think so."

Old Diedrich Ashley looked up.

"What do you mean by that?" he demanded.

The other man gave a little gentle laugh.

"I wonder," said he, "if any of us sitting here—I wonder if any man living would have the courage to give up his personality for another?" He raised his hand as Ashley was about to answer, and went on: "I qualify that by omitting condemned criminals and hopeless invalids—and, well, yes, of course, Orientals. They're different. Let me put it again! I wonder if any sane normal man outside the Orient would have the courage to give up his personality and take another, however favorable the exchange might seem to be? You often hear some one say of another, luckier man, 'I wish I were Smith, or Jones, or Robinson,' and he thinks he means it, but would he make the plunge? That's what I should like to know. Would he?"

Old Diedrich Ashley gave a short and mirthless laugh.

"I can answer you that, here and now," said he. "I know one man at least who would do it, and thank God on his marrow-bones for the chance."

"I wonder," said Chadwick, gently. "I wonder now?"

"I don't wonder," said the elder man. "I know."

Jimmy Rogers observed that the brown-faced Oriental gentleman seemed to have wakened from his trance of contemplation and was watching Diedrich Ashley's face, but old Ashley did not see that; he was absorbed in his own thoughts.

"Give up my personality?" he said, as if he were saying it to himself. "Change places with Archie Bretherton? Just give me the chance! Good Lord, just give me the chance!" He spoke with so much feeling that Jimmy Rogers stared. He could not understand why the man's tone should have been so bitter. But after a little it occurred to him that behind that handsome and sunny mask old Diedrich was perhaps beginning to feel his age, and that seemed to him very pathetic.

"That's all very interesting," said he, "but the trouble is, it's too purely academic. You two might quarrel over it all night and come to nothing, because neither of you could prove his case. I don't know whether a man would have the courage to exchange his personality for another or not, and I don't care, because I know that he couldn't if he wanted to. No man has ever done that."

Arthur Chadwick glanced toward the Swami Ramananda and away again, and he shook his head, smiling.

"Oh yes, he has," said he.

"Piffle!" said Jimmy Rogers. "Rubbish!" And old Diedrich Ashley said "Rubbish!" after him, staring across at the man who had spoken. Chadwick shrugged his shoulders, and after a moment he said:

"I beg your pardon. I had forgotten that I was in New York. In certain parts of the East such things are so well known and recognized as to be commonplace." He turned once more to the man at his side, asking, "Am I right?"

And the Swami Ramananda said, in his gentle voice:

"It has often been done. Why not?"

Jimmy Rogers was on the point of a laugh of frank scorn, but it occurred to him suddenly that it might seem insulting to the Swami Ramananda. He did not wish to laugh at anybody's religious convictions, and he thought this matter might be in some way involved with the convictions of the man with the brown face and the silly name. So he held his tongue. But old Diedrich Ashley sank back in his chair with a little smiling sigh. He said:

"That's hardly fair, you know. You shouldn't tell beautiful things like that to poor old codgers with one foot in the grave. It unsettles 'em. It puts 'em to dreaming. Eh, Lord, what wouldn't one give—" He shook his head two or three times rather sadly, and at last looked up toward Jimmy Rogers.

"We were speaking of young Bretherton," said he. "I hear he's ill. I hope it's nothing serious. I met his *fiancée* this evening at dinner. It was a dinner-dance, but I came away before they began dancing. A lovely girl there. Ah, a lovely girl!"

"She doesn't know," said Jimmy

Rogers, "but it's very serious indeed. They'll have to tell her soon, I expect. Archie's in a bad way."

The Swami Ramananda, who had returned to his Buddha-like trance, looked up for an instant and said:

"The young man will die."

Ashley made a little exclamation, and Jimmy Rogers flushed red with anger. The speech seemed to him in exceedingly bad taste. It seemed to him exactly like the sort of thing that third-rate spiritualists say to make a cheap effect, and it annoyed him far beyond its worth. He sat where he was for a moment longer, then rose and took his leave. But when he looked back from across the room he saw that old Diedrich Ashley had dragged his chair a little closer, and that he and Chadwick were deep in earnest conversation.

He was in the country for the week following upon this, and so he did not see old Ashley or Arthur Chadwick or the Swami Ramananda for some days. Indeed, he quite forgot the entire conversation and old Ashley's rather pathetic part in it. But one evening soon after his return to town he happened upon that white-pated youth again in his club, and Chadwick was with him. The two sat, as before, in a secluded corner, deep in conversation, and Jimmy Rogers thought that the old beau looked gaunt and thin and white, as if he were tired out. The Swami Ramananda was not present.

And he saw Ashley again on the next day. It was in the Avenue, and Jimmy Rogers was being hurried, in a motor-car, north through the sixties to make a dinner call, when he caught sight of Ashley and the Swami Ramananda pacing slowly along beside the Park wall, too absorbed to take any heed of what went on about them. Jimmy Rogers laughed, but it was with a slight sense of irritation which presently became conscious, and he found himself wondering what it was that he was annoyed about.

Three or four days later he met Ashley face to face in the street. The elder man greeted him with, he thought, rather more eagerness than their degree of intimacy warranted, and held him by a hand on his arm. He said:

"Where you off to, so fast?" And Jimmy Rogers said nowhere in particular, except that he should probably end at his club before going home to dress. Old Diedrich said:

"Come round to my digs instead, then. I live in the St. James, you know. It's only a step. I can give you a better drink than you'll get at the club."

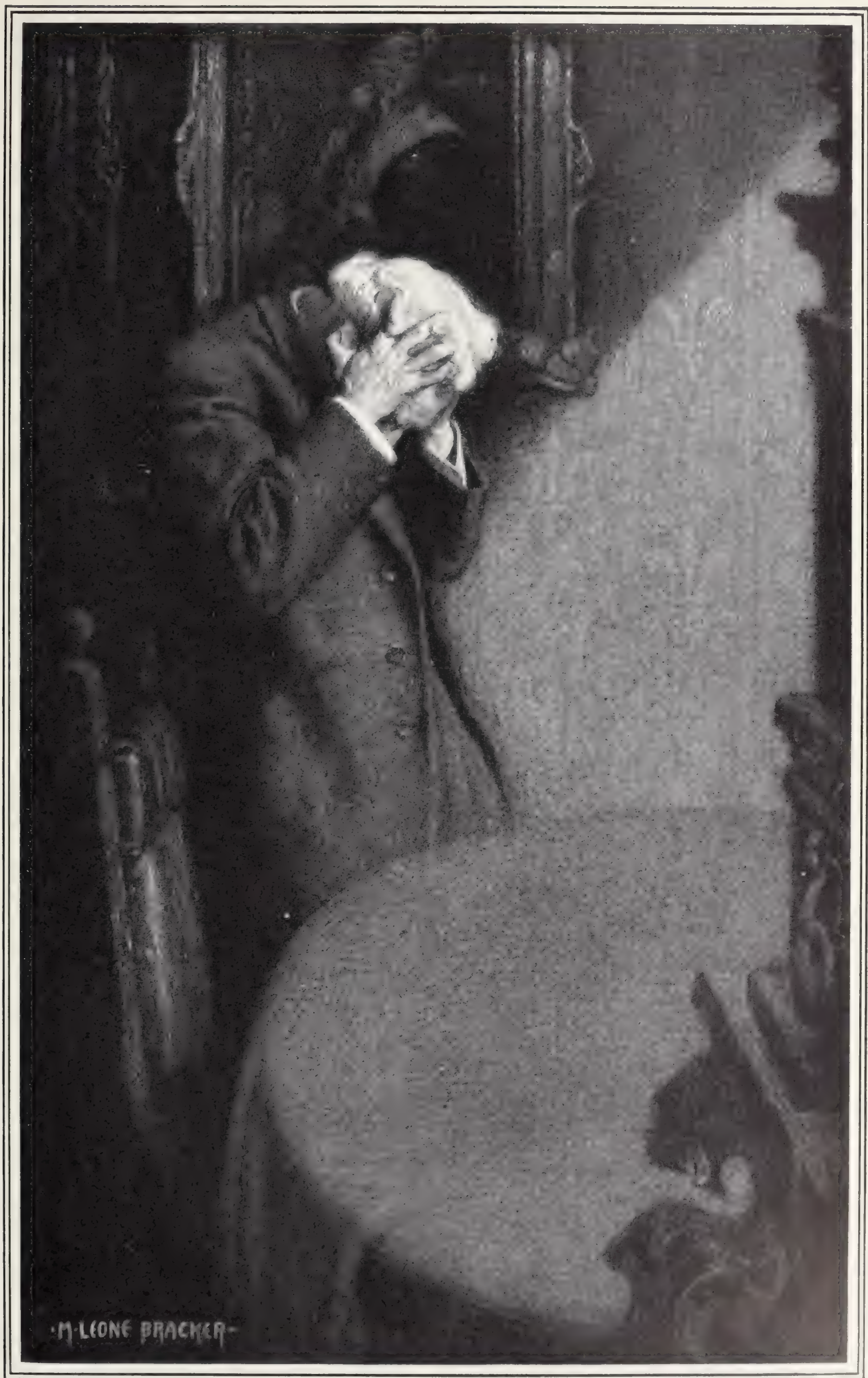
Jimmy Rogers was far from keen, but the elder man pressed him, and in the end, rather than seem discourteous, he gave in.

They went round the corner to where the heavily ornate portal of the St. James gaped behind its glass marquee, and were borne up in a lift to Diedrich Ashley's apartment. They went into a big room with low bookshelves round it, and above them, on the walls, framed portraits in color of many wonderful and lovely ladies. There was a round corner window which looked far up the crowded stretch of the Avenue, and there were other windows giving, some upon the Avenue and some upon the quieter side street. Ashley's man came to take their hats and sticks, and returned presently with things to smoke and drink, but Jimmy Rogers was looking at the litter of books and bound manuscripts which covered a big table near the centre of the room. The books were, for the most part, issued by a certain society and bore titles strange to him. The bound manuscripts, he thought, had to do with the same range of subjects, and some of them had titles pasted on their covers which were stranger still—very long and unpronounceable Eastern words with things over the vowels.

He held up one of the books and nodded to the other man, who was busy lighting a cigarette.

"Reading it up, I see!" commented Jimmy Rogers, and his host said, in a tone which seemed to hint at embarrassment:

"Yes. That is— Well, yes, I am. It's a new world to me. I don't quite know— It's interesting, to say the very least." He crossed to one of the windows and stood there a moment, staring down into the crowded traffic below. The smoke from his cigarette curled and wreathed round his white head, like a blue mist—like altar smoke round the head of a sculptured saint. The figure is Jimmy



Drawn by M. Leone Bracker

OLD DIEDRICH ASHLEY FOUGHT OUT HIS DESTINY UNAIDED



Rogers', and he gave a little inward laugh at its inappropriateness.

Abruptly the man swung about again. He frowned across at his guest, but his eyes were round and eager and, it may be, a little frightened.

"What," said he — "what if there should be, after all, something in it? What if it's true?"

"'It'?" queried the younger man; but he knew well enough what "it" was. He was, as it were, sparring for time. And old Diedrich made an impatient gesture.

"What Chadwick says," said he. "What the Swami says. What those books hint at and those manuscript translations of Chadwick's tell. What if it's all true?"

"Oh, rubbish!" said Jimmy Rogers, rudely. But the elder man shook his head and drew a little sigh. He stared at his guest with an eager and rather pathetic anxiety.

"That's what I said at first, you know. You remember that that's just what I said. 'Rubbish!' That was the very word I used. . . . I wish . . . You know . . . Well, I wish I were as sure now. . . . What if . . . Oh, damn it!" he cried. "What if it's true? And how do you know—how do I know it's not? There's a lot we don't see, you know, don't know about—undreamt of in our philosophy. Those spiritualist chaps, now! Those Psychical Society fellows! Ever read their reports—experiences—things they've seen—and done? They're not charlatans—not all of 'em, anyhow. They're truthful, reputable citizens."

Old Diedrich came a step forward into the room, and struck one hand emphatically down upon the littered table.

"And these things," he said. "These books and manuscripts. Why—" He paused as if for words of sufficient strength, and in the end shook a helpless head.

"They say it's true," said he. "They say—just as Chadwick said—that it's a commonplace—well-nigh a commonplace. . . . I could read you . . . quote you cases . . . examples. I could make your eyes pop out of your head with sheer amazement. . . . What's one to believe?"

"Nothing that he can't see and touch," said Jimmy Rogers, oracularly. But the

elder man again shook an impatient head, saying:

"Pardon me, but that's rubbish itself, you know. You can't see or touch an atom. You can't see or touch many of the great universal facts—the attraction of the sun for the earth—the ebb and flow of tides—a thousand great things. I tell you men have seen and known cases of transferred identity. The thing is not even wondered at among certain men in certain places—not even wondered at. They know it's true." He dropped down upon a chair and took his head into his hands.

"And oh, my God!" said he, "what a wonderful golden chance—what a golden chance . . . if it is true! . . . To live all over again . . . feel red blood in your body . . . young and strong and keen again . . . forty good years ahead of one . . . instead of this terror by night and day!" He looked up at Jimmy Rogers with an odd flash of something like anger—a weak and senile anger. And he cried out:

"You don't know what it is to go to sleep at night afraid, deadly afraid, of what the next few hours may work upon you. *You* don't know what it is to dread looking into a glass in the morning like a woman—like a woman who sees the world slipping away from her and knows that she can't hold it back much longer. I tell you you don't know what it is."

The man's face was wrung with genuine agony, and Jimmy Rogers stared at him aghast. Here was a new light upon Diedrich Ashley, the gay and elegant, the eternally young. Here was a new Ashley, indeed! Jimmy Rogers had often heard the old beau compared to a woman, and everybody knew in a general way that the man must be very proud of his extraordinary youth, and must take all manner of womanlike pains to preserve it; but no one had ever seen, and it is probable that no one had ever suspected, the other side of the picture—the dread and the terror and the anguish. It seemed to Jimmy Rogers one of the most unpleasant things that he had ever encountered. It seemed to him curiously revolting and at the same time pathetic, and he found himself wanting very much to get away. He had all the natural horror of the Anglo-Saxon man

in the face of a "scene," and, as he watched that bowed and trembling figure across the room, he felt himself go quite hot and cold all over with embarrassment. It was a little indecent, he thought, to show your innermost feelings, like that, to another man, and he wished that he could get away out of this surcharged atmosphere into the good and cheerful air of the street. He began to feel abused and angry at having been let in for such a scene, and his anger, searching for a victim, fell upon the instigators of all this outrageous nonsense.

"I can't think," he said, irritably, "why a sane human being like you should let himself be hoodwinked and hypnotized in this fashion by a pair of—of fakers. The whole silly thing began in a joking discussion, and when those two saw how keen you were they kept it up, that's all. It's sickening. I hate to see you made a goat of. The more seriously you take it, you know, the more of a chance you give them to laugh.

"Transferred personality!" he jeered. "It makes me sick. They say it can be done, that pair of comedians, and they give you a lot of rotten books full of vague phrases. What's the good of it all? Why don't you call in Madame Cleopatra, the Seventh Daughter of a Seventh Daughter, from round the corner, in Sixth Avenue? She'll warn you against a dark lady crossing your path and tell you you're going on a voyage. And it'll only cost you half a dollar. These chaps'll let you in for all you've got, and they won't even tell you about the dark lady.

"'Transferred personality'! Whose personality are you going to transfer into, and how are you going to manage it? Why not just take an elixir of youth if you want to live over again? I dare say your friend Ram Verandah, or whatever his silly name is, could fix you out. Maybe he could take you on a personally conducted Ponce de Leon tour to the Fountain of Youth. Expensive journey, but full of novelty."

Diedrich Ashley did not answer his guest's question directly, and he showed no anger at its rude and jeering tone. He went across to the table and chose from the books and papers lying there a certain manuscript bound in Japanese

cloth of gold. Then he went back to his chair and, opening the bound sheets midway of their thickness, he read aloud to Jimmy Rogers the tale of a certain holy man of the north of India who, finding his good works of instruction and the like about to terminate by reason of his old age, passed into the body of a young disciple who was about to die, and continued for another lifetime. After that he read of another like instance, and after that he closed the book and told of several more which he had got from Chadwick or from the Swami Ramananda.

Jimmy Rogers heard him through without interruption and without movement, save that twice he lighted fresh cigarettes and once or twice sipped from the long glass at his elbow. But in the end he said, gravely:

"Of course you convince me of nothing, really. Those are tales which may or may not be true. At their best they are true of Oriental religious fanatics—men whose lives are scarcely human to begin with, and who spend their years in a sort of ecstatic trance state. I'm not prepared to deny that very queer things happen among such people. The question is, can they happen here among us in New York?"

"Yes," said Diedrich Ashley, in a low voice. "Yes, that is the question. But I am told that they can happen here."

"Another thing," said Jimmy Rogers. "You cannot have failed to see that. It means—death. It means death, you know." And the elder man said:

"I know. I know." He spoke in an unsteady whisper.

"Death to my own worn-out body," he said. "Death to this damned shell that I have coddled and preserved and labored with and agonized over. Death to that—and a new beginning with health and youth and strength—years more to live! Twenty, thirty, forty years! My God, what a thing! What a blessed, golden thing!"

Abruptly he looked up, with an odd, furtive light in his eyes.

"I'm in telephonic communication with one of Archie Bretherton's doctors," he said. "The man is a sort of connection of mine. I'm—afraid Bretherton won't last the week out. He's very low."

For an instant Jimmy Rogers did not understand. Then he leaped to his feet, his face ablaze. In that moment the elder man must have believed himself in physical danger, for he shrank back in his chair with his two hands raised a little way before him. But, after a space of fierce and silent staring, Jimmy Rogers turned away and took up his hat and stick.

"I've heard enough, I think," said he. "I think I've heard quite enough. I'll just bid you good day."

He heard Diedrich Ashley call after him twice as he left the room and the flat, call his name twice, in a broken voice with pain in it and a sort of pitiful eagerness and something like desperation, but he was disgusted and angry, and he went on without hearing. Down in the street, breathing the good crisp air with healthy relief, he looked back and up at Ashley's window, and he began to be a little sorry for his haste. He began to pity the man—haunted and devil-ridden by secret fear, badgered and hood-winked by adventurers. The poor old beau was scarcely responsible for his words or actions—scarcely sane, Jimmy Rogers thought. He began to be very sorry for his own violence, and he was on the point of going back to say so, but he met a friend just then and was dragged off to help buy a wedding-present for a girl he had once wanted to marry.

However, when, on the next day, he received a long, rambling, incoherently apologetic letter from old Diedrich he answered it with extra civility, and expressed regret for his shortness of temper. Even that reparation struck him as inadequate, and he made a mental note to be very nice to the poor old madman at the first opportunity.

The opportunity was not long in coming.

He saw no more of Diedrich Ashley for the rest of that week, and he saw no more of Ashley's two friends, either. But he was disagreeably reminded of the three by meeting, one day, a cousin of Archie Bretherton's, who told him that Bretherton was very low indeed, and that his life was a matter of two or three days more at best.

This was on Friday, and for the weekend Jimmy Rogers was in the country.

But on Monday afternoon, as he arrived at his rooms, he was met by a letter from Ashley, sent by hand. The brief letter was almost as incoherent as the former one had been, but he could make out that old Ashley prayed him to come at once to the St. James, and to see him (the writer) "through" some very vaguely indicated crisis. Jimmy Rogers paused only long enough to give some instructions to his man, and then went as fast as a taxicab could take him to the St. James.

Ashley's man let him into the flat, and Jimmy Rogers thought the fellow's face looked pale and anxious. Once he thought the man was going to speak to him, and he hung back a little to make an opportunity, but the servant's training or his timidity had the better of him, and he said nothing.

In the big corner living-room Jimmy Rogers found his host, and well-nigh cried out with amazement and concern over the old beau's altered appearance. The miraculous youth seemed to have dropped from him like an outworn garment, like the swift passing of the glamour lent by a stage light. He was a haggard and gaunt old man, and the hand with which he grasped Jimmy Rogers' hand shook and trembled, but his eyes were gleaming brilliantly with a light which seemed to be blended of excitement and of eagerness and of fear. He said, in an unsteady voice:

"I wanted you. I wanted somebody . . . stand by me . . . somebody outside it all. And I knew you knew . . . a little. No tiresome explanations." The man was almost beyond coherent speech.

Jimmy Rogers said:

"What's up? What is it all about?" And just then he caught sight of Arthur Chadwick, who was in a far corner of the room, and of the Swami Ramananda, who stood near, clad in a long Eastern robe of silk, and with a turban on his head. Jimmy Rogers drew back a step, frowning, but Ashley followed him, and began to coax and to wheedle exactly as a child wheedles a grown-up for some boon. The thought came to Jimmy Rogers that perhaps the old gentleman was a little mad, in truth, and not merely irresponsible through excitement. But whatever his abnormal state might

be, he should suffer no longer, Jimmy Rogers said to himself, from this pair of cheap spiritualists. He turned with a stern face toward the other two men, who waited together across the room, and the Swami Ramananda came forward a little to meet him.

Then a very odd thing occurred. Long afterward, Jimmy Rogers looked back many times upon that time and tried to remember just what had happened, just what he had said and just what the brown-faced Oriental gentleman had said, but the space, whatever it may have been—a minute, five, ten—was a veiled space to him, and he could remember only the sound of a very gentle and measured voice which spoke unhurriedly, without anger. It seems to have been an ordinary case of hypnotism, remarkable only in that Jimmy Rogers' senses and physical powers were left quite free, even his will untampered with—save in the one matter forward at the time. In that, in his opposition to these two men whom he believed to be adventurers, in his anger and disgust at old Diedrich Ashley's folly, he was, as it were, paralyzed. For the space of what may have been an hour he remained in that comfortable room where the dusk was beginning to gather, a being apart, aloof, a spectator, one looking in through a window, without power and without desire to meddle.

So old Diedrich Ashley fought out his destiny unaided, alone.

The telephone rang with a sharp whir from its little recess at one side of the room, and Ashley gave a violent start and turned toward it. His hands moved in jerks beside him, and his face began to twist. After an instant he said, in a sort of whisper:

"I cannot . . . I cannot," and he said it two or three times over, wringing his hands. But Arthur Chadwick had already moved past his host toward the wall, and Jimmy Rogers, after a moment, heard his low voice at the telephone. He said:

"Yes—Mr. Ashley is here. Yes, this is Chadwick. What—? Ah, Morris!" Then there was a wait, and at its end Chadwick said: "Any moment now? Yes. Thank you. I'll tell him." He turned back into the room and looked toward Diedrich Ashley. He said:

"Doctor Morris says it may come at any moment now. The family has been called to the bedside." The elder man gave a sudden hard gasp, but from across the wide room the Swami Ramananda said:

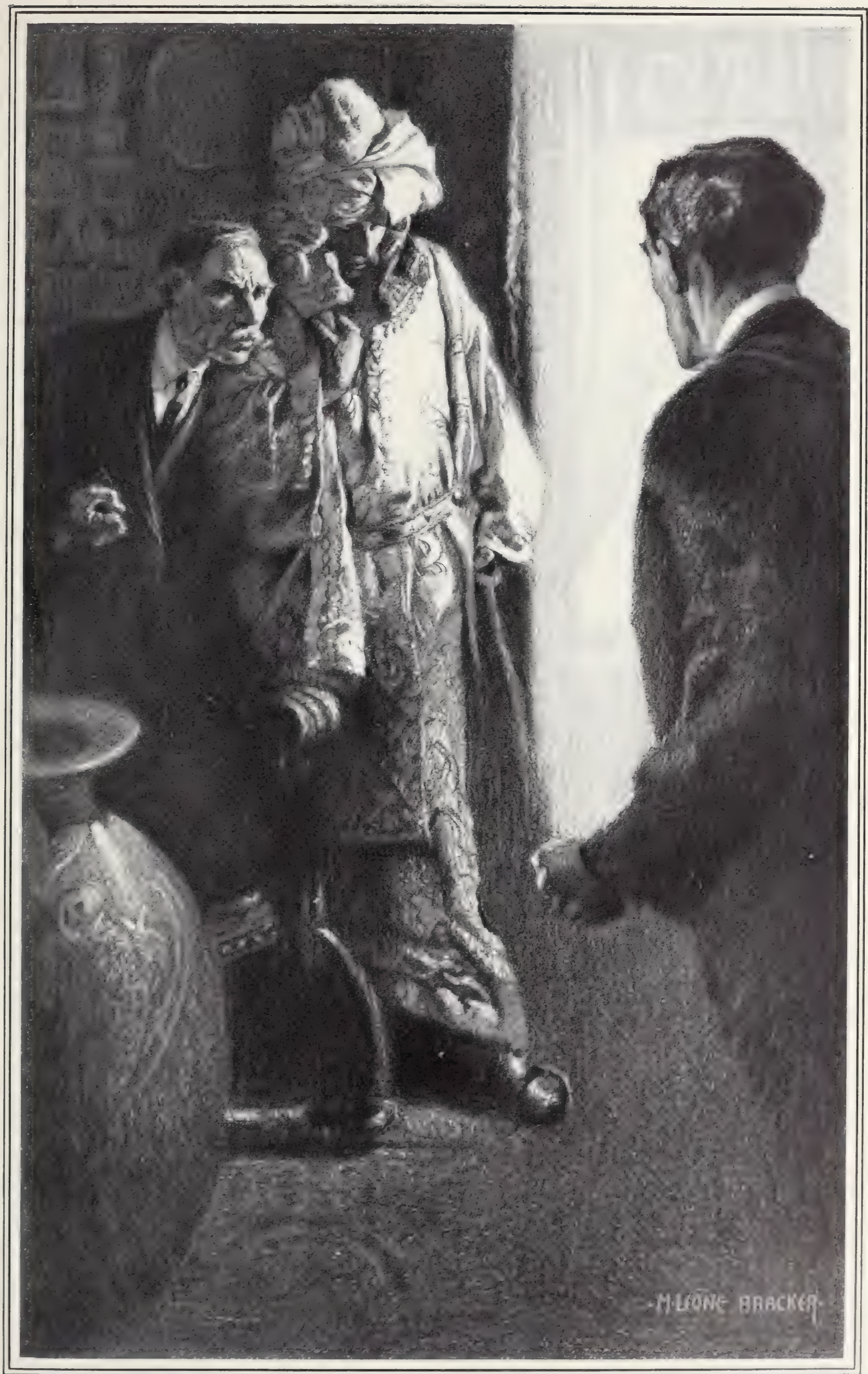
"Young Mr. Bretherton will die in half an hour—not before." Chadwick remained where he had spoken, watching, but the Indian went forward to where Diedrich Ashley stood in the centre of the room. And Jimmy Rogers, from his window-seat in the corner, looked on as if the thing were a play.

"We must make ready," the Swami Ramananda said, in a very gentle voice. He said: "The time is near. We must make ready soon," and he called the man a name, but it was a long and strange and many-syllabled name which Jimmy Rogers had never before heard.

Old Diedrich said:

"Yes . . . yes!" in a strangled whisper. He tried to speak again, but the voice broke and failed him. His face had turned a ghastly yellow-white, sunken and wrinkled and masklike. In it his eyes wavered and could not be still. He brushed past the man who had spoken to him and began a nervous aimless pacing up and down the room. The man Chadwick watched him fixedly, following him with his eyes. The Swami Ramananda stood beside a wall and began to recite in his own tongue what may have been prayers or invocations. He chanted them in a singing voice, very low and sweet, and the chant ran up and down with a slow majesty that was almost Gregorian, but at the close of the stave it broke into weird minor quavers, so that it sounded like the chanting of prayers in a mosque. And the light in that place grew fainter and fainter, and the dusk gathered so that the men's faces showed dimly white against it.

Old Diedrich Ashley moved uncertainly up and down the room, his steps wavering, his masklike face a little contorted. Sometimes he muttered under his breath, but the voice was dry, feeble, and no words could be heard. Once he halted for a little space and covered his face with his hands, and once he pulled out his watch and stared at it, holding it between shaking fingers for what must have been three or four minutes. The little white dial and the slow inexorable



Drawn by M. Leone Bracker

"YOU'VE PRETTY NEARLY KILLED HIM BETWEEN YOU"

hands would seem to have recalled him from his haze of vague terrors to the hard and concrete fact of time. There were but a few minutes remaining. He took up once more his faltering march, but there was method in him now.

He moved slowly along one wall, and his eyes dwelt upon the portraits that hung there—portraits of sweet and beautiful ladies. He looked upon them one by one, and the beautiful ladies looked back, smiling each in her lovely way—proudly or gravely or in mirth or in conscious and deliberate allurements. They had been, each in her time, parts of old Diedrich's life, had thrilled and delighted him—set him upon mountain peaks or plunged him into abysses; now he must say farewell to them. The masklike face smiled and stilled, and smiled again and contorted into lines of anguish. Before one of the ladies pictured there old Diedrich bowed his white head and a sob broke from him, for she had been chief of all, and he had very often said to himself that when he should come to die and the eager friends were hurrying him downward to the hell he so richly deserved, this lady would lean from the gold bar of heaven and call to him—call his name; and that, because she had loved him, they would take their hands from him, and let him climb to her and look once more into her beautiful face before eternity should begin. That was what he had promised himself, but now—was she also to be laid upon the sacrificial altar?

He went on down the room, and his eyes dwelt upon all the good and comfortable and familiar things in it—the things which stood for the life he had lived. It was a room much given over to what might be called symbols—the room of a man who loved beauty of decoration, but who loved dearness of association more—a room replete with tokens, mementos, ghosts of departed pleasure. The old man looked upon these things, and an agony of bitterness wrung him as he began actually to realize what he must lose—all that he had been, all that he had won and garnered, all that was sweet and familiar, dear from long habit. His mind had been so dazzled by glories to be gained that he had never given thought to things left behind. He gave thought to them now—

things great and small—habits, associations, beliefs, likes and dislikes, friends and enemies, things hard-cemented through all a long lifetime. All to be surrendered as one surrenders a comfortable old coat for the uncertainties of a new one.

Ay, there was the rub, indeed! The new coat. What of it? He began suddenly to realize, as men seldom realize, the strange and impregnable isolation of human souls, each from every other. What, after all, did he or any man know of his neighbor?

"I wish I were Bretherton." The words that had drawn him into all this coil said themselves over again in his mind with a new and terrible distinctness.

Who, after all, was this Bretherton? What was he? What man knew Bretherton's hidden heart and soul? What whited sepulchre full of dead men's bones might not this favored youth turn out to be? It seemed to old Diedrich Ashley that he stood in the window of his warm and cheery and familiar house, and from it looked into cold outer starlight where passed a lone, sheeted, and muffled stranger with the face of Archie Bretherton—silent, mysterious, inscrutable—passed and was lost in the chill gloom.

Terrors like a child's terror of the unknown dark began in old Diedrich Ashley to tear and to destroy. He was close upon the verge of panic.

Abruptly the Swami Ramananda spoke from across the room. He said once more, very solemnly:

"The time is near. We must make ready," and Diedrich Ashley whirled upon him with a hoarse cry.

"The time is here," said the Oriental, in a strong voice. "You will lie down upon your bed for the last time. You will fall into the sleep from which there shall be no more waking in this body. But the Soul of You, the Essence, the Imperishable, shall pass into the body of the youth who lies dying across the city, and he shall in good time rise from his bed and live again—his body with your soul."

Diedrich Ashley held himself up with his two hands upon the table. He spoke dryly, in a whisper:

"Shall I—remember? . . . Shall I—know—afterward?"

"For a little time, dimly," said the

Swami Ramananda. "Then memory will fade. It will be as if you had died here to-day and as if the youth had recovered from his illness."

"I see," said Diedrich Ashley. "Yes . . . I see."

He drew a very long and deep breath, and he began to raise himself upright by his hands, slowly, as if the action cost him a great effort. But at that instant, upon the dim and tense and strained silence of the room, the telephone bell shrilled suddenly loud and harsh. It was like a physical blow to each of the four men who were there, but to one of them it was like a sword-thrust.

Old Diedrich Ashley answered it with a sort of scream. He fell over forward upon the littered table, his hands clawing among the books and papers and writing-things, and he seemed to go—as the phrase has it—all to pieces before the eyes of the three other men. Arthur Chadwick sprang to the telephone and tore the receiver from its hook. He listened an instant and turned away again, dropping the receiver from his hand, so that it swung back and forth at the end of its green cord.

"It's nothing!" he said, loudly. "Nothing at all. Only a message from a shop." He started forward toward the table, but Diedrich Ashley seemed to know, and leaped up, sobbing. He began to back away before the other man's advance, his arms raised before him. His face was horrible, livid and twisted with fear.

"I won't do it!" he screamed. "I tell you, I won't do it. I daren't! I'm afraid! Oh, my God, I'm afraid." He backed away down the room, crouching like a cornered animal, sobbing and weeping and making the most dreadful noises.

"You sha'n't make me do it!" he cried. "I'm afraid! I'm afraid! Oh, for God's sake let me alone! I'm afraid!" He came near the end of the long room, and, seeing that Chadwick did not follow him, but stood still beside a window, staring, he turned and made a scuttling dash for the door which led to the room beyond. The door was closed, but old Diedrich threw himself against it, beating upon it with his hands, and crying out for his servant, Saunders, to let him through.

Jimmy Rogers, on his feet in the window embrasure, saw the servant's white face appear in the opened door, saw old Diedrich Ashley disappear, heard the door slam, and, quite suddenly, the chains were loosed from about him and he was himself once more. He went forward into the room.

The Swami Ramananda and Arthur Chadwick stood there together. Chadwick's face was red with excitement and something else, which may have been anger, but the Indian's face was, as always, grave and still, altogether inscrutable. Jimmy Rogers regarded the two in silence.

"Well," he said, in the end, "you've pretty nearly killed him between you. You've done very well. A noble piece of work." He went to the door which led into the little entrance hall and opened it.

"Will you go out on your feet?" he inquired, "or will you be thrown out? You haven't much time to decide in."

Chadwick moved impatiently toward the door, and the Swami Ramananda, grave and dignified, followed him.

"Oh, we'll walk out," Chadwick said. "We'll walk out, I think."

The telephone began to call again. It could not ring, for the receiver was off the hook, but it made a sort of bubbling rattle. Jimmy Rogers went to it and listened. When he turned back he found that the other two men had waited in the door. Jimmy Rogers said:

"Bretherton is dead," and the Swami Ramananda said:

"Yes, I know."

The young man took a step or two forward, frowning. He spoke in a tone of mingled embarrassment and deprecation, as it were, unwillingly.

"I should rather like to know," he said—"it would be interesting to know—if—if this damned business was all a rotten hoax played on poor Ashley, or if—Well, I mean to say, if it could have been done, you know—if you were telling him the truth. That's what I should like to know."

But Arthur Chadwick and the Swami Ramananda turned without a word and left the room.

Editor's Easy Chair

A VISITOR of the Easy Chair who seemed to have no conception of his frequency, and who was able to supply from his imagination the welcome which his host did not always hurry to offer him, found a place for himself on the window-sill among the mistaken MSS. sent in the delusion that the editor of the Chair was the editor of the Magazine.

"I have got a subject for you," he said.

"Have you ever heard," we retorted, "of carrying coals to Newcastle? What made you think we wanted a subject?"

"Merely that perfunctory air of so many of your disquisitions. I should think you would feel the want yourself. Your readers all feel it for you."

"Well, we can tell you," we said, "that there could be no greater mistake. We are turning away subjects from these premises every day. They come here, hat in hand, from morning till night, asking to be treated; and after dark they form a Topic Line at our door, begging for the merest pittance of a notice, for the slightest allusion, for the most cursory mention. Do you know that there are at least two hundred thousand subjects in this town out of a job now? If you have got a subject, you had better take it to the country press; the New York magazines and reviews are overstocked with them; the newspapers, morning and evening, are simply inundated with subjects; subjects are turned down every Sunday in the pulpits; they cannot get standing-room in the theatres. Why, we have just this moment dismissed a subject of the first interest. Have you heard how at a late suffrage meeting one lady friend of votes for women declared herself an admirer of monarchies because they always gave women more recognition, more honor, than republics?"

"No, I haven't," our visitor said.

"Well, it happened," we affirmed. "But every nook and cranny of our

brain was so full of subjects that we simply could not give this a moment's consideration, and we see that all the other editors in New York were obliged to turn the cold shoulder to it, though they must have felt, as we did, that it was of prime importance."

From a position of lounging ease our visitor sat up, and began to nurse one of his knees between his clasped hands. "But if," he asked, "you had been able to consider the subject, what should you have said?"

"There are a great many ways of considering a subject like that," we replied. "We might have taken the serious attitude, and inquired how far the female mind, through the increasing number of Anglo-American marriages in our international high life, has become honeycombed with monarchism. We might have held that the inevitable effect of such marriages was to undermine the republican ideal at the very source of the commonwealth's existence, and by corrupting the heart of American motherhood must have weakened the fibre of our future citizenship to the point of supinely accepting any usurpation that promised ranks and titles and the splendor of court life."

"Wouldn't you have been rather mixing your metaphors?" our visitor asked, with an air of having followed us over a difficult country.

"In a cause like that, no patriotic publicist would have minded mixing his metaphors. He would have felt that the great thing was to keep his motives pure; and in treating such a subject our motives would have remained the purest, whatever became of our metaphors. At the same time this would not have prevented our doing justice to the position taken by that friend of votes for women. We should have frankly acknowledged that there was a great deal to be said for it, and that republics had hitherto been remiss in not officially acknowledg-

ing the social primacy of woman, but, in fact, distinctly inviting her to a back seat in public affairs. We should then have appealed to our thoughtful readers to give the matter their most earnest attention, and with the conservatism of all serious inquirers, we should have urged them to beware of bestowing the suffrage on a class of the community disposed so boldly to own its love of the splendors of the state. Would it be sage, would it be safe, to indulge with democratic equality a sex which already had its eyes on the flattering inequality of monarchy? Perhaps at this point we should digress a little, and mention Montesquieu, whose delightful *Spirit of Laws* we have lately been reading. We should remind the reader, who would like to think he had read him too, how Montesquieu distinguishes between the principles on which the three sorts of government are founded: civic virtue being the base of a republic, honor the ruling motive in the subjects of a monarchy, and fear the dominant passion in the slaves of a despotism. Then we should ask whether men were prepared to entrust the reins of government to women when they had received this timely intimation that women were more eager to arrive splendidly than to bring the car of state in safety to the goal. How long would it be, we should poignantly demand, before in passing from the love of civic virtue to the ambition of honor, we should sink in the dread of power?"

Our visitor was apparently not so deeply impressed by the treatment of the subject here outlined as we had been intending and expecting he should be. He asked, after a moment, "Don't you think that would be rather a heavy-handed way of dealing with the matter?"

"Oh," we returned, "we have light methods of treating the weightiest questions. There is the semi-ironical vein, for instance, which you must have noticed a good deal in us, and perhaps it would be better suited to the occasion."

"Yes?" our visitor suggested.

"Yes," we repeated. "In that vein we should question at the start whether any such praise of monarchy had been spoken, and then we should suppose it had, and begin playfully to consider

what the honors and distinctions were that women had enjoyed under monarchy. We should make a merit at the start of throwing up the sponge for republics. We should own they had never done the statesmanlike qualities of women justice. We should glance, but always a little mockingly, at the position of woman in the Greek republics, and contrast, greatly to the republican disadvantage, her place in the democracy of Athens with that she held in the monarchy of Sparta. We should touch upon the fact that the Athenian women were not only not in politics, but were not even in society, except a class which could be only fugitively mentioned, and we should freely admit that the Spartan women were the heroic inspiration of the men in all the virtues of patriotism at home as well as in the field. We should recognize the sort of middle station women held in the Roman republic, where they were not shut up in the almost Oriental seclusion of Athenian wives, nor invited to a share in competitive athletics like the Spartan daughters. We should note that if a Spartan mother had the habit of bidding her son return with his shield or on it, a Roman mother expressed a finer sense of her importance in the state when she intimated that it was enough for her to be the parent of the Gracchi. But we should not insist upon our point, which, after all, would not prove that the decorative quality of women in public life was recognized in Rome as it always has been in monarchies, and we should recur to the fact that this was the point which had been made against all republics. Coming down to the Italian republics, we should have to own that Venice, with her ducal figurehead, had practically a court at which women shone as they do in monarchies; while in Florence, till the Medici established themselves in sovereign rule, women played scarcely a greater part than in Athens. It was only with the Medici that we began to hear of such distinguished ladies as Bianca Cappello; and in the long, commonplace annals of the Swiss commonwealth we should be able to recall no female name that lent lustre to any epoch. We should contrast this poverty with the riches of the French monarchy, adorned with the

memories of Agnes Sorel, of Diane de Poitiers, of Madame de Montespan, of Madame de Pompadour, following one another in brilliant succession, and sharing not only the glory but the authority of the line of princes whose affections they ruled. Of course we should have to use an ironical gravity in concealing their real quality and the character of the courts where they flourished; and in comparing the womanless obscurity of the English Commonwealth with the feminine effulgence of the Restoration we should seek a greater effect in our true aim by concealing the name and nature of the ladies who illustrated the court of Charles II."

"And what would your true aim be?" our visitor pressed, with an unseemly eagerness which we chose to snub by ignoring it.

"As for the position of women in despotisms," we continued, "we should confess that it seemed to be as ignobly subordinate as that of women in republics. They were scarcely more conspicuous than the Citizenesses who succeeded in the twilight of the One and Indivisible the marquises and comtesses and duchesses of the Ancien Régime, unless they happened, as they sometimes did, to be the head of the state. Without going back to the semi-mythical Semiramis, we should glance at the characters of Cleopatra and certain Byzantine usurpresses, and with a look askance at the two empresses of Russia, should arrive at her late imperial majesty of China. The poor bad Isabella of Spain would concern us no more than the great good Victoria of England, for they were the heads of monarchies and not of despotisms; but we should subtly insinuate that the reigns of female sovereigns were nowhere adorned by ladies of the distinction so common as hardly to be distinction in the annals of kings and emperors. What famous beauty embellished the court of Elizabeth, or either Mary? Even Anne's Mrs. Masham was not a shining personality, and her Sarah of Marlborough was only a brilliant shrew.

"At this point we should digress a little, but we should pursue our inquiry in the same satirical tenor. We hope we are not of those moralists who assume

a merit in denouncing the international marriages which have brought our women, some to think tolerantly and some to think favorably of a monarchy as affording greater scope for their social genius. But we should ask, with the mock-seriousness befitting such a psychological study, how it was that while American girls married baronets, and viscounts, and earls, and dukes, almost none, if any, of their brothers married the sisters or daughters of such noblemen. It could not be that they were not equally rich and therefore equally acceptable, and could it be that they made it a matter of conscience not to marry ladies of title? Were our men, then, more patriotic than our women? Were men naturally more republican than women?

"This question would bring us to the pass where we should more or less drop the mocking mask. We should picture a state of things in which we had actually arrived at a monarchy of our own, with a real sovereign, and a nobility, and a court, and the rest of the tradition. With a sudden severity we should ask where, since they could not all be of the highest rank, our women would consent to strike the procession of precedence? How, with their inborn and inbred notions of the deference due their sex, with that pride of womanhood which our republican chivalry has cherished in them, they would like, when they went to court, to stand, for hours perhaps, while a strong young man, or a fat old man, or a robust man in the prime of life, remained seated in the midst of them? Would it flatter their hopes of distinction to find the worst scenes of trolley-car or subway transit repeated at the highest social function in the land, with not even a hanging-strap to support their weariness, their weakness, or, if we must say it, their declining years? Would the glory of being part of a spectacle testifying in our time to the meanness and rudeness of the past be a compensation for the aching legs and breaking backs under the trailing robes and the nodding plumes of a court dress?"

"That would be a telling stroke," our visitor said; "but wouldn't it be a stroke retold? It doesn't seem to me very new."

"No matter," we said. "The question

is not what a thing is, but how it is done. You asked how we should treat a given subject, and we have answered."

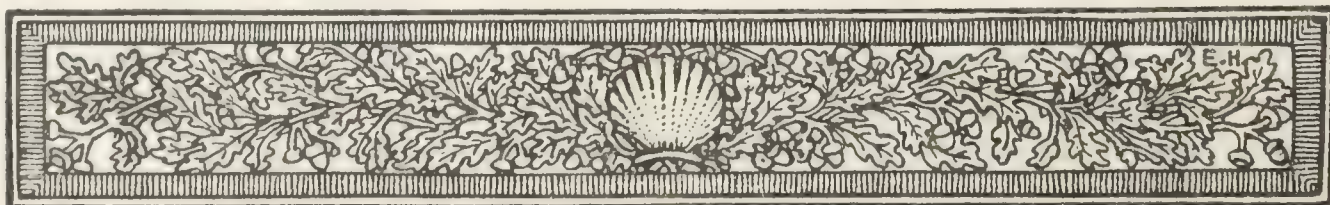
"And is that all you could make of it?"


"By no means. As subjects are never exhausted, so no subject is ever exhausted. We could go on with this indefinitely. We could point out that the trouble was, with us, not too much democracy, but too little; that women's civic equality with men was perhaps the next step, and not the social inequality among persons of both sexes. Without feeling that it affected our position, we would acknowledge that there was now greater justice for women in a monarchy like Great Britain than in a republic like the United States; with shame we would acknowledge it; but we would never admit that it was so because of the monarchism of the first or the republicanism of the last. We should finally be very earnest with this phase of our subject, and we should urge our fair readers to realize that citizenship was a duty as well as a right. We should ask them before accepting the suffrage to consider its responsibilities, and to study them in the self-sacrificing attitude of their husbands and fathers, or the brothers of one another, toward the state. We should make them observe that the actual citizen was not immediately concerned with the pomps and glories of public life; that parties and constituencies were not made up of one's fellow aristocrats, but were mostly composed of plebeians very jealous of any show of distinction, and that in spite of the displeasures of political association with them, there was no present disposition in American men to escape to monarchy from them. We cannot, we should remind them, all be of good family; that takes time, or has taken it; and without good family, the chances of social eminence, or even prominence, are small at courts. Distinction is more evenly distributed in a democracy like ours; everybody has a chance at it. To be sure, it is not the shining honor

bestowed by kings, but when we remember how often the royal hand needs washing, we must feel that the honor from it may have the shimmer of putrescence. This is, of course, the extreme view of the case; and the condition of the royal hand is seldom scrutinized by those who receive or those who witness the honor bestowed. But the honor won from one's fellow citizens is something worth having, though it is not expressed in a ribbon or a title. Such honor, it seems probable, will soon be the reward of civic virtue in women as well as men, and we hope women will not misprize it. The great end to be achieved for them by the suffrage is self-government, but with this goes the government of others, and that is very pleasant. The head of our state may be a woman, chosen at no far distant election; and though it now seems droll to think of a woman being President, it will come in due time to seem no more so than for a woman to be a Queen or an Empress. At any rate, we must habituate our minds to the idea; we must realize it with the hope it implies that no woman will then care socially to outshine her sister; at the most she will be emulous of her in civic virtue, the peculiar grace and glory of republics. We understand that this is already the case in New Zealand, and Colorado, and Wyoming. It is too soon perhaps to look for the effect of suffrage on the female character in Denmark; it may be mixed, because there the case is complicated by the existence of a king, which may contaminate that civic virtue by the honor which is the moving principle in a monarchy. And now," we turned lightly to our visitor, "what is the topic you wish us to treat?"

"Oh," he said, rising, "you have put it quite out of my head; I've been so absorbed in what you were saying. But may I ask just where in your treatment of the theme your irony ends?"

"Where yours begins," we neatly responded.





Editor's Study

THE academic critic finds fault with what he calls formlessness in our present-day imaginative literature, and in just those examples which seem to us to most distinctly mark our advance. Of course he would not think it worth while to consider that vast proportion of current fiction which has no claim to be reckoned as literature. It is the advance that he deprecates, as betokening disintegration, a decadence of literary art.

There are other critics, not academic and not bound by traditional standards, who see in any real tendency something inevitable, but who would wish this one illustrated by better examples, though not by way of reaction or of reversion to older types.

No one will deny that form is essential to art. But our sense of form is not the same in all the arts—not the same, for example, in music as in sculpture, though the demand for it may be as imperative for the ear in one case as for the eye in the other. A painter, like some of the old Venetian masters, or, even more notably, like those of the last generation in England and on the Continent, may subordinate form to impression, so that it is felt rather than definitely seen—but it is there. If we pass from these arts to that of modern prose, we are in another element. Here the demand is not for visible or audible form. In prose that lays no claim to art it may be simply a demand of the mind for fitness and economy of structure. In imaginative prose the æsthetic demand is not wholly satisfied by the beauty and charm of the content as appealing to the imagination, or by mere fitness and economy of structure; there must also be, in the highest examples of the art, the positive and exquisite satisfaction which is derived from that rhythmic form inseparable from creative impulse, and compelled by it in every part and in the whole embodiment. But

this rhythmic form appeals to an inward sense.

A writer may have keen visualization; his effects may be as clearly projected as in a stage representation and yet only impinge upon the outermost circle of sensibility—that which lies nearest to and reflects the external world. He is to that extent an artist, and we may say that only by being able to produce such effects has he taken the first step in the technique of his art; but he is not by virtue of this power a creative artist. An automaton may be clearly delineated, but it does not live. Perfect visualization, absolute projection, would not of themselves make even a dramatist a great artist. The creative imagination appeals to a deeper sensibility. It always did. Ancient tragedy would have been but a puppet show, on a large scale, if it had not appealed to the fear and pity of the audience, and if these sentiments had not determined impression as well as form—the impression dominating the form. The beauty of a statue shaped by a Greek master was inseparable from the feeling which had created the mythic impersonation before the sculptor gave it embodiment—so inseparable that for us moderns that which creatively *informed* the statue is still impressive, vaguely and indefinably felt by us, to whom the original feeling has become alien.

The new art differs from the old because the impressions determining the form have changed. We are at home with ourselves and akin with everything. The winds of destiny have no premeditated violence in store for us. Our fears and hopes and, along with these, our sense of the pathetic are not those which inspired the Greek tragic drama. Even Elizabethan tragedy is for the most part remote from us. Our stage is swept not only of the old gods, demigods, and weavers of fate, but of kings and other stately personages; our dramatic investment, on the stage or in fiction, is wholly

and intimately human. All the springs of our interest are within us, and we demand of the artist only that he shall creatively represent and interpret our life so that it shall seem more tensely real and living.

It is because our art, in prose literature at least, has been brought so near to our life that it follows more nearly the natural manner of life and has a form and embodiment which spontaneously express the modern mind and heart.

The creations of the older art were impressive externally and in pronounced types, such as were easily apprehended communally rather than individually. As in the case of custom or of an external rite, so in that of the creations projected by the artist's imagination, general conformity, common participation, were essential factors in the effects themselves. The individual seclusion, in thought or feeling, is modern. It had been a slow development through all the Christian centuries before its possibilities were fully disclosed in the ripe and enlightened individualism of our psychical era. All along, it was a gradual retirement from outward conformity, without abnegation of human brotherhood. "Enter into thy closet" was its first note—but the first clause of the secret litany was "Our Father." Seclusion was not isolation, but the very condition of an ultimate invisible accord.

Between that first note, fortified by other intimations of the Master—of a kingdom within, and that out of the heart are the issues of life—and the ultimate realization, were interposed many systems of outward conformities, contradicting the central principle and contradicting each other, yet inevitable in any course of free human procedure. But an important revolution had been begun when truth was taken to heart in belief instead of simply being outwardly enacted in a rite. Truth, brought to the test of life, becomes the principle of freedom—it frees him who seeks it, and it frees itself from the masks put upon it by the misconceptions of its followers.

The crisis of the revolution was reached when belief itself, no longer resting upon extrinsic authority, became a conviction as of something psychically apprehended and having a real and intimate

significance for us in our intellectual as well as in our emotional and spiritual life—the life we are living.

In cherishing our earthly life, making the most of its real values, we do not draw a dark and impenetrable curtain about it, as if there were no other life of real and present concern to us. The leverage of the Unknown upon the imagination, though gaining no undue advantage, as formerly, from our fears, is greater than it ever was, infolding us in a deeper mysticism. The mystery was belittled by the fixed conceptions entertained in the past, even in the visions of Swedenborg, as it is to-day by supposed messages from departed spirits. Our hypothetical views have not helped us. Retiring from all this vain business, we accept the mystery in its inviolate integrity, its large and undisturbed implicitness. Currents of our own life, never yet broken, powers within us not yet recognized—all this subconscious field—is participant in that integrity, in that vast implication. Our souls are open to the silent, resistless tides of an uncharted sea, and we are mariners unaware. The mystery is not oppressive, but inviting—our greatest romance, whose surprises wait not upon our awakening, but upon our reversion to sleep, the primal mode of life. Our field of wakefulness is very small. It has been widened by science to a larger awareness of the physical world, and it may be further widened on the side of the psychical, if not by the emergence into consciousness of hitherto unrecognized powers, yet at least by the extension of human sensibility beyond its present apparent limitations. But however this may be, or not be, the power and sensibility which we consciously have—our whole conscious existence—derives unsuspected reinforcement and significance from hidden sources. This hidden universe, physical and psychical, is felt by us though it is not seen; the curtain which hides it, though not transparent, is really translucent to its irradiation, pervious to its influence. Our imagination lies ever next to it, and, though unable to image or picture a single detail or feature of it, derives from it a buoyant expansion and levitation as from a native element;

moreover, into the very contemplation of the mystery there enters the exultant sense of that nativity.

We dwell upon this undiscovered country of the soul, wherein, indeed, we chiefly dwell, because it is evident that here at least the creative imagination has no help of outward visualization or embodiment. In the older art this was especially the field for the most definite embodiment and depiction, which for us are intolerable, forbidden by the ultra-modern attitude toward both the visible and the invisible world—so far have we departed from the impressions reflected in Dante's *Divine Comedy*, and still farther from those reflected in Milton's epic. Our retirement from the whole ghostly scheme is complete.

This retirement is not for the mere comfort of sequestration, though that is something to be grateful for—a shelter from the intrusion of other-worldly details, such as, it may be, memories of dead and gone universes we have had previous acquaintance with, and other distractions added to our already overburdensome accumulation in our proper experiences. We are even grateful for the protection our individuation secures against the intrusions of our immediate neighborhood. The most intimate sense of kinship with living humanity would be dissipated by any wide insistence upon the particular relationship.

The pluralistic universe would be too much for us, and would be too much with us, if all its particularities were freely admitted to our consciousness. The intimacy cherished in the ultra-modern attitude is not general—that is, not in particulars bundled together, or classified and labelled, a generalization which only substitutes a sterile concept for real knowledge—but it is generic, radically comprehensive, since its inclusion is a fertile implication, a luminous integrity. Thus we may generalize concerning all material bodies as having weight and reach the notional concept—universal gravitation. Yet we have no real knowledge of the generic bond save by the imaginative co-ordination which intimates attraction. Then light flashes through the whole circle, and we behold what we have called a luminous integrity. As we, in this creative interpreta-

tion, look upon the starry heavens, we think of levitation rather than of dull and obvious gravity. The earth itself is lifted up from the position it held in the ancient mind—in the conceit of pride, as the central scene of all important happenings, or, in the conceit of abject humility, as the footstool of creation—to its celestial peerage.

Our intimacy with the invisible world, in which it has its ground, is implicit and inviolate. It is religious because everything is religious—under the reflex bond. It is psychical because, in this implication, everything is psychical. But it is not subject to any particular intent of an outside meddler, of even a professional psychologist—such an intent as Saul had when he employed the witch of Endor, or as one might have in the search for lost treasure. We do not question the sincerity of those who are investigating the phenomena of spiritism, hypnosis, telepathy, and clairvoyance, or the remarkable results of their experiments. We are open-minded to these disclosures and, we confess, waiting for others more wonderful. But is there anything in these phenomena which convinces us that other intelligences are engaged than those of the immediate and living participants?

Whatever may be the ultimate answer to this question, one thing is certain—that what is going on in the course of human evolution is far more wonderful and more psychically significant than anything disclosed in these special phenomena. The world beyond our consciousness is involved in this evolution to an extent not realized in our most mystical conjecture, but simply as a mighty implication. A new human world, with a new sense of life and of life's real values, has emerged in a new humanity. The whole scheme of action and sentiment has been revolutionized from within. No outward sign or show has value or meaning but from the soul itself, nor can match or measure the quality of the invisible psychical excellence.

This transformation, the leaven of which is creatively operating in the entire field of Christian culture—in the freedom and integrity of the individual soul and simultaneously in an invisible

collective accord, which is the irresistible and absolutely compelling sovereignty of our time—has given a new and dominant note to art, and especially to the art of imaginative prose, in fiction, the essay, and the play. For the psychical motive the psychical form and embodiment are essential. Mere visualization through picture, typical delineation, or accurate description will not serve, nor will imaginative projection after the old fashion. It is due to the absence of impressiveness associated with time-honored methods, we suspect, that the academic critic complains of formlessness in the best examples of current imaginative literature.

Let us explain what we mean by reference to the final scene in Tarkington and Wilson's play, *The Man from Home*, where the young guardian from the Middle West, after exposing the conspiracy to entrap his ward into marriage with a titled Englishman, in consideration of a "settlement" to be made by her, involving the bulk of her inheritance, and to which the guardian's consent is necessary, is confronted by the girl's determination to fulfil her engagement just because the exposure indirectly brings disgrace upon the man she has promised to marry, and who is therefore more in need of her sympathy and of her wealth. The guardian, who has come all the way from Indiana to Sorrento to watch over the interests of his ward in this matter, is himself in love with her, as, in fact, she has come to be with him—so that her proposed sacrifice assumes a deeply heroic aspect. It is the critical moment of the play—the test of the dramatist's creative power. The expected course of the dénouement lies through a supreme effort on the part of the guardian to explicitly dissuade the girl from her infatuation. He is touched by the nobility of her resolution, but it is not to be supposed that this blinds him to the degradation involved for her and which it is his duty to make her see and feel. But instead of this obvious and opaque course he does what is unexpected—he consents to the whole thing, including the "settlement." He retires within himself. The girl is left to herself. Neither character is permitted to disintegrate itself before the

audience in verbal explication. "Nothing is doing," outwardly, so far as these two central personages in the drama are concerned. But it needs only the matter-of-course acceptance of the sacrifice by the young English lord to disclose their individual characters in their integrity.

Here we feel that the purely psychical impression determines its own form; any attempt to give this form externality, if that were possible, would tend to dissipate the firm and consistent effect.

In *The Witching Hour*, another popular play, there is an accumulation of palpable and not very convincing psychical effects—psychical in the special sense of the term as applied to telepathic, hypnotic, and other like particular phenomena—all associated, in this play, with the personality of Jack Brookfield. But neither here nor in such plays as *The Vampire* is there the generically psychical significance of the scene to which we have referred as illustrating a distinctive characteristic of our modern life and art.

Situations in contemporary short stories illustrating the same kind of psychical trope as that referred to in *The Man from Home*, and entirely foreign to earlier fiction, might be adduced. The recent play by Mr. Clyde Fitch, *A Happy Marriage*, has for its distinguishing feature the same critical moment which a few years ago gave distinction to a magazine story by Marie Van Vorst—a married woman's full but embarrassing surrender of her life into the hands of an importunate lover who wants everything but that. It is an instantaneous but luminous disclosure of the lover's insincerity. Such a disclosure would not have seemed worth while to Sheridan or impressive to his audience, who would have preferred the explicit dramatic continuation of the intrigue.

Art must always reflect contemporaneous impression. Confining its representations to those things which are impressive to us, our present art excludes all that in theme or method has no longer any real meaning in human life. We have here only attempted to show to what an extent the implicit has usurped the place of the explicit in our new imaginative literature, permitting a creative disclosure of vital truth through a purely psychical investment.

Editor's Drawer

The Dressmaker in the House

A MONOLOGUE

BY CAROLYN WELLS

SCENE.—A sewing-room, with the usual piles of unfinished or unmended clothing heaped on tables and chairs. Mrs. Lester, a pretty, fussy little woman, is trying on her own gowns and then tossing them aside, one after another.

Enter Miss Cotton, a visiting dressmaker.

Mrs. Lester. Oh, Miss Cotton, I'm so glad you've come! I'm nearly frantic! Excuse the looks of this sewing-room. I don't see why a sewing-room never can keep itself cleared up! I suppose it's because they never have any closets in them; or if they do, you have to hang your best dresses there—there's no other place. And so this room gets simply jammed with white work and mending and hats, and I don't know what all! My husband says it's like the Roman Forum done in dry-goods. But he's a regular Miss Nancy about neatness and order. Now, to-day, Miss Cotton, we're going to do sleeves. See? sleeves! And nothing else. I'm simply driven crazy by them.

Oh, don't look as if you didn't know what I meant! You know, all my gowns have elbow sleeves, and I must either have long ones put in or throw the whole dress away.

Yes, I know I said I'd wear the short sleeves, if other people did insist on having long ones. I know I said I'd be independent, and at least wear out the ones I have. But I'm conquered! I admit it! It isn't any fun to go to a luncheon and be the only woman at the table with elbow sleeves!

Yesterday I went to Mrs. Ritchie's Bridge, and my partner, that big Mrs. Van Winkle, with chains of scarabs all over her chest till she looked like the British Museum, kept pulling her long sleeves down farther over her knuckles just to annoy me.

Yes, I know it, my forearm is white and round, but I declare it makes me feel positively indecent to go with it bared nowadays. If those suffrage people would only get for women the right to bare arms, they'd do something worth while.

No, indeed, I can't afford to get new gowns. These are too good to throw away.

Well, they may not be the latest style, but I don't want those bolster-slip arrangements for mine.

Mrs. Van Bumpus, now—you know her, don't you? Well, it would take two kimonos to go round her, I'm sure; and I saw her the other day in one of those clinging satin



OH, MISS COTTON, I'M SO GLAD YOU'VE COME!



THIS ISN'T A SLEEVE PATTERN, IT'S A PIANOLA ROLL!

rigs. My! she looked exactly like a gipsy-wagon, the kind that has canvas stretched over its ribs.

No, it's sleeves, *sleeves*, I'm after to-day—and that's why I sent for you.

I'm going to superintend them, you understand, but I want you to help, and to do the plain sewing.

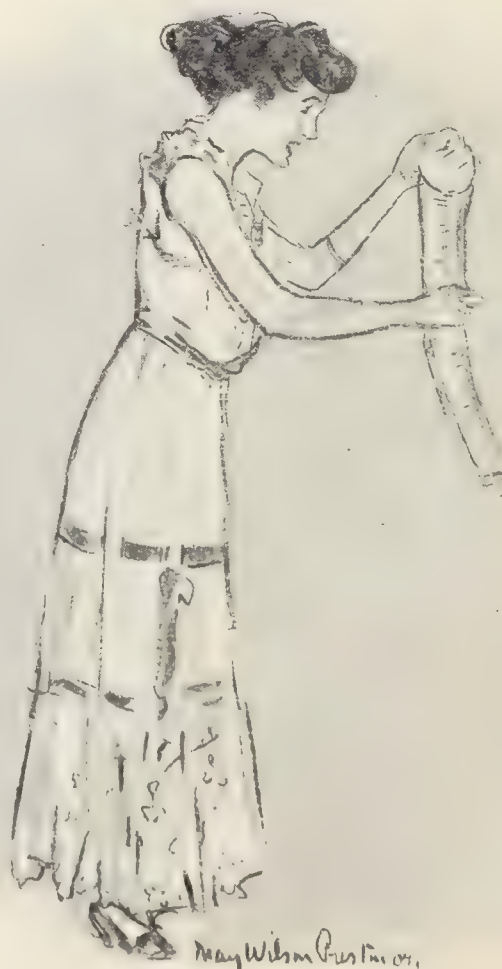
Well, to begin on this mauve crépon. I want to wear it this afternoon, and I think we can easily get it done, between us.

I've bought a paper pattern—I bought three—for I mean to spare no expense in getting my sleeves right.

So I bought three different makes, and I think this one is best. It was a sort of bargain, too, for they sold the sleeve pattern and a pattern for little boys' pajamas, all for ten cents. I don't know what to do with the pajamas pattern—so that does seem a waste. I've no little boy, and I shouldn't make pajamas for him if I had. I think the one-piece nighties far more sensible. If you know of any one who has a little boy, I'll sell that pattern for half price. Still, ten cents wasn't much to pay for this sleeve pattern. You see, it's really three sleeve patterns. One plain, with dart; one plain, without dart; and one tuckered. I'll use them all, in different waists, but for this mauve crépon, I think, we'll try the tuckered one. It would be sweet in net or chiffon. Yes, I bought both materials, for I didn't know which you'd think prettier; I trust a great deal to your judgment and experience, though I always rely on my own taste.

Now, here's the tuckered sleeve. Merciful powers! Look at the length of it! Oh, it's to be tuckered all the way up, you see, and that brings it the right length. Wouldn't it be easier to cut the sleeve from net already tuckered? No, that's so—I couldn't match the shade in tuckered stuff of any sort. I tried in seven shops. Well, let's see. These rows of perforations match these rows. No—that isn't right. That would make the tucks wider than the spaces. Why, I never saw such millions of perforations in one piece of paper before! Look here, this isn't a sleeve pattern at all! It's a Pianola roll!—I'm going to put it through and see if it isn't that old thing in F, or something classic. Cut out the

tuckered sleeve, Miss Cotton. Oh, wait, I didn't mean that literally! My husband reproves me so often for using slang. I mean, I won't have my arms done up in Bach's fugues; I should feel like a hand-organ.



WHY, I CAN'T BEGIN TO GET MY ARM INTO THAT PIPE-STEM!

Let's try this plain sleeve with dart. H'm—"lay the line of large perforations lengthwise of the material." And here are large perforations sprinkled all over the thing! Oh no, that isn't the way! Yes, I'm quite willing you should show me, if you know yourself—but I see these directions confuse you as much as they do me; and if there's to be a mistake made in cutting this expensive material, I'd rather make it myself. This says, "developed in piqué it will produce satisfactory results." Well, I can't wear piqué sleeves in a crêpon gown! Can I? There—I've cut it! Now, "close seam, gather between double crosses, make no seam where there are three crosses, bring together corresponding lines of perforations—and finish free edges"! Well! I rather guess those free edges will finish me! However, baste it up, Miss Cotton, and I'll try it on. It's easy to make sleeves, after all, isn't it?

Why! I can't begin to get my arm into that pipe-stem! What? I should have allowed seams? Why didn't you tell me? Oh no, I didn't scorn your advice! Why, that's what I have you here for! Well, those sleeves are ruined. A living skeleton couldn't get into those. It's most confusing, the way some patterns allow seams and some don't. I was going to get one with "all seams allowed," but it had another part to it—a "brassière." I don't know what that is, but probably some sort of a brass pot or other bric-à-brac junk, and I don't want any more of that. The den is full now. Well, I'm tired of *making* sleeves. What do you think, Miss Cotton, of just adding lace lower halves? I bought a lovely pair, in case the sleeves didn't turn out well. Now, I'll put on the bodice, and you pin them on, and we'll see how they look.

Oh, they're not nearly long enough! They ought to come well below my wrists. And such beautiful lace—it's a shame not to use them. Yes, perhaps a band of lace at the elbow might help. No, that looks awfully patchy—take it away. A ruching at the wrist? No, nobody wears that. Oh dear,



THEY OUGHT TO COME WELL BELOW MY WRIST

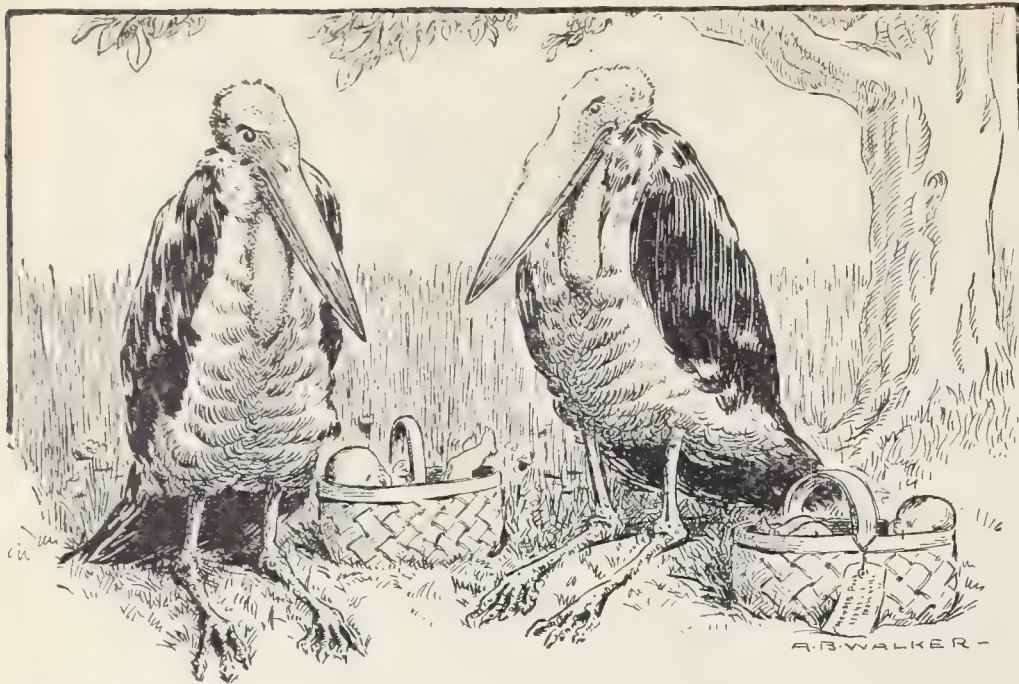
what *can* we do? I must have this gown for this afternoon!

Here's a pair of long lace sleeves, whole ones, I bought in case I needed them. Would they do? No—the lace doesn't match that on the bodice. Dye them? No, thank you! I bought some dye once, and the package said on the outside in big letters: "Dyeing at Home! No trouble at all!" and it gave me such a turn, I never could think of wearing a dyed sleeve! What *can* I do? I believe I'll wear them as they are. I hate long sleeves anyway. They get so soiled, and they bag at the elbows, and they're terribly unbecoming. Oh, I've a whole black net *guimpe*! I bought it, thinking it might be useful for something. Suppose we rip out these sleeves, and the lace neck, and just wear the bodice over this *guimpe*!

Oh! oh! it looks horrid! just like an old-fashioned "jumper" suit! You'll have to put the neck back as it was.

But then what *can* we do with the sleeves?

Nothing! Just *nothing*! I shall have to stay at home until I can get some entirely new gowns made. It's a sin and shame, the way we poor women have to be slaves to Fashion! And I *know*, just as soon as I am fitted out with long sleeves, the pretty, short ones will come in style again!



"Who's he for?"

"Blamed if I know. I've lost the tag."

"Then put him in with mine, and we'll make 'em twins."

Fish Stories

FOUR-YEAR-OLD Helen made her first appearance at Sunday-school on the day the superintendent told the children the miracle of the loaves and fishes. On her return home an older member of the family asked her what she heard at Sunday-school. Helen answered: "A man told fish stories."

Impossible

A YOUNG Washington lawyer, whose love of things bucolic led him not long ago to purchase a country place in Virginia, invited a colleague of the bar to spend the week-end.

The visitor was received with much cordiality, and all the attractions of the place were duly enumerated for his polite but not overkeen interest. At each meal he listened courteously to eulogies of the "our own make" viands. He bore patiently references to "our own milk," "lettuce from that frame you saw," "peas right off the vine," etc., until the thing got on his nerves.

Finally his turn came. "Tom," said the host. "I can recommend this chicken especially. I raised it myself."

"Pardon me, my friend," replied the visitor when he had attempted a part of the fowl, "but I must take issue with you on this point. Remember, you've been here only a little over two years!"



LOVE-SICK NURSE-MAID. "He loves me, he loves me not, he loves me—"

Just Sprung Up

A SMALL Norwegian lad presented himself before a certain school-teacher, who asked him his name.

"Pete Peterson," he replied.

"And how old are you, Peter?" asked the teacher.

"Ay not know how old a bane," said the lad.

"Well, when were you born?" continued the teacher.

"Ay not born at all; ay got stepmutter."

The Reason

I HAD taken my silk hat to a local dealer to be ironed, an operation which his employee accomplished while I waited. As I donned the head-piece, I happened casually to observe: 'It's al-

ways been a wonder to me that your establishment could afford to iron hats gratis.'

"The hatter smiled sadly. 'Oh,' answered he, meekly, 'the hats would last much too long if we didn't.'"

A Family Affair

WILLIE, a little country boy, six years of age, was taken one Sunday night to a large city church, where he saw for the first time a vested choir. To his mother's surprise and gratification, he not only kept wide awake, but seemed greatly interested in every part of the service. At its close he turned to her and said, "I like this church, it is so nice to watch the preacher when he comes out with all his wives in their nightgowns."



Mothers

"Well, I declare, I wouldn't have known them. How they do grow!"

Gnats

BY BURGES JOHNSON

WHENEVER you have met a gnat
And laid him low with hand or hat,
Or fanned at him this way and that,
And cursed such creatures,
I'll vow you've ne'er looked closely at
His salient features.

He has a shrewish sort of face,
A glance demure, with just the trace
Of an impertinent grimace;
Which, after all,
You must admit is out of place
In one so small.

And looking closer, I've descried,
When lesser gnats are by his side,
Or midgets, he assumes a stride,
And rever melloes.
He has a most vainglorious pride
'Mid smaller fellows.

The fact that folks, like you and me,
Would notice him at all, you see,
Quite turned his little head, till he
Lost all perspective;
He's quite puffed up with vanity
At our invective.

Ah me, it often is the fate
Of little bosoms to inflate
And grow, toward those of like estate,
Quite proud and testy.
That they can e'en annoy the Great
Has made them chesty.

My son, if you've a pointed pen,
And want to use it now and then,
There are no ways within my ken,
To make Fame love you,
So bad as jabbing fellow men
Who loom above you.



A Narrow Escape

*"Once when a bear made after me
I tried to scramble up a tree,
But failed," said little Jim.
"Then Mr. Bear came up, an' he
Just rubbed his hands and boosted me,
An' I was safe from him."*

No Need of Kindling

DURING the absence of his wife from home a Philadelphia man engaged a new cook, a country girl not long in the city. Although a good servant, the newcomer evinced a distressing unfamiliarity with the gas-range. It became necessary for her new employer to go to the kitchen and explain the *modus operandi* of the range. He gave her quite a demonstration, and lit every one of the many burners. While thus busily occupied, he was interrupted by the call of a friend.

"I think you understand the range now," said he, as he went up-stairs. He soon forgot the matter, and did not see the girl for several days. When he did it was again in the kitchen, for it occurred to him to go thither to see how the range was working.

"Everything is going on nicely, sir," said the cook. "That's the nicest stove I've ever seen. You kindled it for me four days ago, and would you believe, sir, it's still burning and hasn't lowered even once!"

Too Long

A SMALL schooner, the *Molly Gray*, out of Gloucester, was not long since making her way into Boston Harbor in a heavy fog, which had shut down unexpectedly and had caused a great deal of grumbling on board. The pilot particularly was anxious and unhappy. Suddenly at an early hour in the morning the fog lifted a little, and the *Molly Gray's* pilot saw right ahead of him a big liner.

The *Molly Gray's* helm was quickly put down, and the schooner slid under the stern of the large vessel.

Then the pilot's voice, husky with fog, rose from the *Molly Gray*:

"Ship ahoy! What ship is that?"

"*Dartmoor* from Liverpool," came the answer, promptly.

"How long out?"

"Ten days."

Then, after a moment's pause, a voice from the *Dartmoor* sang out:

"What ship is that?"

"Schooner *Molly Gray* from Gloucester," yelled the husky pilot.

"How long out?"

"Out all night," was the plaintive answer.

Wanted Sympathy

TO the leader of a band in Omaha, jocularly spoken of in that locality as "the worst in seven different States," there once came a man with a request that the band play at a cousin's funeral.

"Is it a military funeral?" asked the leader.

"Not at all," was the reply. "My cousin was no military man—in fact, he was never even interested in matters military. Nevertheless, it was his express wish that your band should play at his funeral."

The leader was surprised and flattered. "Is that so?" he asked.

"Yes," responded the other. "He said he wanted everybody in Omaha to be sorry that he died."



A Dangerous Landing

A Literary Shriner

BY CARLYLE SMITH

Numerous early homes of authors have been purchased recently by municipalities and States in which our literary men have won renown.—*Daily Paper*

I RATHER think I like the scheme of "Literary Shrines"—
By which I mean the places where our Poets writ their lines.
I understand the State's agreed to buy 'em one and all
To show posterity the homes at which the Muses call.

The cottages of Edgar Poe, and Hawthorne's humble Manse,
And half a hundred other famous Literary Plants,
Already have been purchased at a profitable rate,
By Cities, Clubs, and Counties, and some others by the State.

Now, seeing this has come about, it truly seems to me
The Landlords of our City Flats, and Queen Annes by the Sea,
Should offer Poets special rates to come and dwell therein
The while they're striving for the bays the ready rhymesters win.

I'm ready now at any time to take a flat up-town,
Which some day will be valued high because of my renown,
And purchased by the Authors Club because 'twas there I wrote
My famous poem, "Bildad and His Pink Angora Goat."

Or if perchance some fellow, with a cottage by the shore,
Will let me have it free of rent for seven months or more,
I'll move in with my family, and make its value rise
By writing there my Sonnet on "My Mabel's Purple Eyes."

Indeed, on proper terms, spot cash, I'm always ready quite
To go and live with any one most anywhere in sight,
At Bensonport or Rockyville or Homehurst-in-the-Air,
And make its corner lots O. K. by writing poems there.



Orthodox

"Oh, Ethel, look at the poor sinner!"

He Needed It

A CHICAGO business man recently entertained at dinner a client from a Wyoming town. The fastidiousness of the Chicago man was somewhat aroused by the fact that his companion at table accomplished the several courses with the aid of no other implement save his knife, which, however, he wielded with telling effect.

Finally at dessert the Wyoming person registered a kick. "See here, waiter," he exclaimed, "you have given me no fork."

"Why," put in the host, "what difference does that make? You don't seem to need it."

"Don't need it!" ejaculated the gentleman from the Northwest. "What am I going to stir my coffee with?"

Her Nationality

LITTLE SIGRID was the daughter of Norwegian parents who had come to America before she was born. When Sigrid went to school she had to answer the nativity questions that always produce amusing information for the teachers.

"What is your nationality, Sigrid?" asked Miss Smith.

Sigrid tossed her flaxen braids. "I'm an American of Norwegian design," she said, proudly.

That Was Easy

IT was in an Italian settlement kindergarten. The children were marching like soldiers, when Giovanni suddenly stopped and called out, "George Wash—him soldier too"—and pointed with his very dirty little hand to a picture of Washington, who, mounted on his horse, was holding his hat in his hand acknowledging the greetings of the populace.

"Why do you suppose George Washington has his hat in his hand?" asked the kindergartner, stopping to draw for the hundredth time a lesson in courtesy.

"To catch de pennies," was Tony's prompt reply.

A Principle of Law

AMONG the witnesses summoned to the trial of a negro in a Southern city was a big dusky belle. When she took the stand the usual question was put to her:

"How old are you?"

Whereupon the lady grew indignant, and appealing to the judge, said:

"I understands, jedge, from my limited knowledge of de law, dat no lady is expected to testify ag'inst herself!"



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

Illustration for "Dorinda Dares"

SHE SAT LIGHTLY AND PROUDLY, HER MASK IN HER HAND

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIX

JULY, 1909

No. DCCX

Higgins—A Man's Christian

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

Some years ago HARPER'S MAGAZINE gave to the world Norman Duncan's account of Dr. Wilfred Grenfell of the Medical Mission, and the remarkable work which he has done for his fellow men on the bleak Labrador coast.

Mr. Duncan writes here of another hero who is leading a life of equal devotion and sacrifice in the lumber camps of the West. His article on Higgins is a revelation—an unsought tribute to a militant Christian who is striving against tremendous odds to carry on his Master's work among those neglected ones who most need his help.

TWENTY thousand of the thirty thousand lumber-jacks and river-pigs of the Minnesota woods are hilariously in pursuit of their own ruin for lack of something better to do in town. They are not nice, enlightened men, of course; the debauch is the traditional diversion—the theme of all the brave tales to which the youngsters of the bunk-houses listen in the lantern-light and dwell upon after dark. The lumber-jacks proceed thus—being fellows of big strength in every physical way—to the uttermost of filth and savagery and fellowship with every abomination. It is done with shouting and laughter and that large good humor which is bed-fellow with the bloodiest brawling, and it has for a bit, no doubt, its amiable aspect; but the merry shouters are presently become like Murray the Beast, that low, notorious brute, who, emerging drunk and hungry from a Deer River saloon, robbed a bulldog of his bone and gnawed it himself—or like Damned Soul Jenkins, who goes moaning into the forest, after the spree in town, conceiving

himself condemned to roast forever in hell, without hope, nor even the ease which his mother's prayers might win from a compassionate God.

They can't help themselves, it seems. Not all of them, of course: but most. . . .

A big, clean, rosy-cheeked man in a Mackinaw coat and rubber boots—hardly distinguishable from the lumber-jack crew except for his quick step and high glance and fine resolute way—went swiftly through a Deer River saloon toward the snake-room in search of a lad from Toronto who had in the camps besought to be preserved from the vicissitudes of the town.

"There goes the Pilot," said a lumber-jack at the bar. "Hello, Pilot!"

"'Lo, Tom!"

"Ain't ye goin' t' preach no more at Camp Six?"

"Sure, Tom!"

"Well—when the h—l?"

"Week from Thursday, Tom," the vanishing man called back; "tell the boys I'm coming."

"Know the Pilot?" the lumber-jack asked.

I nodded.

"Higgins' job," said he, earnestly, "is keepin' us boys out o' hell; an' he's the only man *on* the job."

Of this I had been informed.

"I want t' tell ye, friend," the lumber-jack added, with honest reverence, "that he's a d—d good Christian, if ever there was one. Ain't that right, Billy?"

"Higgins 's a square man," the bartender agreed.

"Hey, Billy!" the lumber-jack cried, severely, reverting to the previous interest, "where 'd ye put that bottle?"

Higgins was then in the snake-room of the place—a foul compartment into which the stupefied and delirious are thrown when they are penniless—searching the pockets of the drunken boy from Toronto for some leavings of his wages. "Not a cent!" said he, bitterly. "They haven't left him a cent! They've got every penny of three months' wages! Don't blame the boy," he pursued, in pain and infinite sympathy, easing the lad's head on the floor; "it isn't all his fault. He came out of the camps without telling me—and some cursed tin-horn gambler met him, I suppose—and he's only a boy—and they didn't give him a show—and, oh, the pity of it! he's been here only two days!"

The boy was in a stupor of intoxication, but presently revived a little, and turned very sick.

"That you, Pilot?" he said.

"Yes, Jimmie."

"A' right."

"Feel a bit better now?"

"Uh-huh."

The boy sighed and collapsed unconscious: Higgins remained in the weltering filth of the room to ease and care for him. "Don't wait for me, old man," said he, looking up from the task. "I'll be busy for a while."

Frank necessity invented the snake-room of the lumber-town saloon. There are times of gigantic debauchery—the seasons of paying off. A logger then once counted one hundred and fifty men drunk in a single hotel of a town of twelve hundred inhabitants where fourteen other barrooms heartily flourished. They over-

flowed the snake-rooms—they lay snoring on the barroom floor—they littered the office—they were doubled up on the stair landings and stretched out in the corridors. Hence the snake-room: one may not eject drunken men into bitter weather and leave them to freeze.

The lumber-jack in camp—then big and healthy and clear-eyed—placidly faces this catastrophe. I recall a cook—an intelligent Cornishman with a kitchen kept sweet and clean—who contemplated it with a laugh.

"Of course!" said he; "that's where I'll land in the spring."

It amazed me.

"Can't help it," he replied; "that's where my stake 'll go. I'll blow four hundred dollars in in two weeks—if I'm lucky enough to make it go that far."

"When you know that they rob you?"

"Certainly they will rob me; everybody knows *that*! But every year for nine years, now, I've tried to get out of the woods with my stake, and haven't done it. I intend to this year; but I know I won't."

"What you need, Jones," said Higgins, who stood by, "is the grace of God in your heart."

Jones laughed.

"That's all right, Jones," cried the indignant preacher. "But I tell you that what you need is the grace of God in your heart. *And you know it!* And when I get you in the snake-room of Jake Moore's saloon in Deer River next spring," he continued, in righteous anger, "*I'll rub it into you!* Understand me, Jones? When I haul you out of the snake-room, and wash you, and get you sobered up, I'll rub it into you that what you need is the grace of God in your heart to give you the first splinter of a man's backbone."

"I'll be humble—then," said Jones.

"You'll have to be a good deal more than humble, friend," Higgins retorted, "before there'll be a man in the skin that *you* wear."

"I don't doubt it, Pilot."

"Huh!" the preacher sniffed, in fine scorn.

Higgins is used to picking over the bodies of drunken men in the snake-room heaps—of entering sadly, but never



TRIMMING

reluctantly (he said), in search of men who have been sorely wounded in brawls, or are taken with pneumonia, or in whom there remains hope of regeneration. He carries them off on his back to lodgings—or he wheels them away in a barrow—and he washes them and puts them to bed and (sometimes angrily) restrains them until their normal minds return. It has never occurred to him, probably, that this is an amazing exhibition of primitive Christian feeling and practice. . . .

It is a simple situation. There are thirty thousand men—more or less of them according to the season—making the wages of men in the woods. Most of them accumulate a hot desire to wring some enjoyment from life in return for the labor they do. They have no care about money when they have it. They fling it in gold over the bars (and any sober man may rob their very pockets); they waste in a night what they earn in a winter—and then crawl back to the woods. Naturally the lumber towns are crowded with parasites upon their lusts

and prodigality—with gamblers and saloon-keepers and purveyors of low passion. Some—larger capitalists, more acute and more acquisitive, of a greed less nice—profess the three occupations at once. They are the men of real power in the remoter communities, makers of mayors and chiefs of police and magistrates—or were until Higgins came along to dispute them. Single-handed, not long ago, he cleansed the town of Bemidji of its established and flaunting wickednesses. “Boys,” said he to the keepers of places, “I’m going to clean you out. I want to be fair to you—and so I tell you. Don’t you ever come sneaking up to me and say I didn’t give you warning!” They laughed at him when he stripped off his coat and got to work. But when the fight was over, when the shutters were up for good—so had he compelled the respect of these men—they came to the preacher, saying, “Higgins, you gave us a show; you fought us fair—and we want to shake hands.”

“That’s all right, boys,” said Higgins. “Will you shake hands?”

"Sure, I'll shake hands, boys!"

Jack Worth—that notorious gambler and saloon-keeper of Bemidji—quietly approached Higgins.

"Frank," said he, "you win; but I've no hard feelings."

"That's all right, Jack," said Higgins.

The Pilot remembered that he had sat close to the death-bed of the young motherless son of this same Jack Worth in the room above the saloon. They had been good friends—the big Pilot and the boy. And Jack Worth had loved the boy in a way that only Higgins knew. "Papa," said the boy, at this time, death being then very near, "I want you to promise me something." Jack Worth listened. "I want you to promise me, papa," the boy went on, "that you'll never drink another drop in all your life." Jack Worth promised, and kept his promise; and Jack Worth and the preacher had preserved a queer friendship since that night.

"Jack," said the Pilot, now, "what you going to do?"

"I don't know, Frank."

"Aren't you going to quit this dirty business?"

"I ran a square game in my house, and you know it," the gambler replied.

"That's all right, Jack," Higgins said; "but look here, old man! isn't little Johnnie *ever* going to pull you out of this?"

"Maybe, Frank," was the reply. "I don't know."

At any rate—to return—all these men are the parishioners of the Rev. Francis Edmund Higgins, of the Presbyterian Church: all the loggers and lumber-jacks and road-monkeys and cookees and punk-hunters and wood-butchers and swamp-men and teamsters and bull-cooks and the what-nots of the woods, and the gamblers and saloon-keepers and panderers and bartenders (and a host of filthy little runners and pullers-in and small thieves) of the towns. He has no abode near by, no church; he preaches in bunk-houses and sleeps above saloons and in the little back rooms of hotels and wherever a blanket may be had in the woods. He ministers to nobody else: just to men like these. To women, too: not to many, perhaps, but still to those whom the pale men of the towns find necessary to their

gain. To women like Nellie, tired girl! and in swiftly failing health, who could not escape (she said) because she had lost the knack of dressing in any other way. She beckoned him, aboard train, well aware of his profession; and when Higgins had listened to her ordinary little story, her threadbare, pathetic little plea to be helped, he carried her off to some saving Refuge for such as she. To women like little Liz, too, whose consumptive hand Higgins held while she lay dying alone in her tousled bed in the shuttered Fifth Red House.

"Am I dyin', Pilot?" she asked.

"Yes, my girl," he answered.

"Dyin'—*now*?"

Higgins said again that she was dying; and little Liz was dreadfully frightened, then—and began to sob for her mother with all her heart.

I conceive with what tenderness the big, kind, clean Higgins comforted her—how that his big hand was soft and warm enough to serve in that extremity. It is not known to me, of course; but I fancy that little Liz of the Fifth Red House died more easily—more hopefully—because of the proximity of the Pilot's clear, uplifted soul. . . .

To confuse Higgins with the cranks and freaks of the country would be most injuriously to wrong him. He is not an eccentric; his hair is cropped, his finger nails are clean, there is a commanding achievement behind him, he has manners, a mind variously interested, as the polite world demands. Nor is he a fanatic; he would spit cant from his mouth in disgust if ever it chanced within. He is a reasonable and highly efficient worker—a man dealing with active problems in an intelligent and thoroughly practical way; and he is as self-respecting and respected in his peculiar field as any pulpit parson of the cities—and as sane as an engineer. He is a big, jovial, rotund, rosy-cheeked Irish-Canadian (pugnacious upon occasion), with a boy's smile and eyes and laugh, with a hearty voice and way, with a head held high, with a man's clean, confident soul gazing frankly from unwavering eyes: five foot nine and two hundred pounds to him (which allows for a little rippling fat). He is big of body and heart and faith

and outlook and charity and inspiration and belief in the work of his hands; and his life is lived joyously—notwithstanding the dirty work of it—though deprived of the common delights of life. He has no church: he straps a pack on his back and tramps the logging-roads from camp to camp, whatever the weather—twelve miles in a blizzard at forty below—and preaches every day—and twice and three times a day—in the bunk-houses; and he buries the boys—and marries them to the kind of women they know—and scolds and beseeches and thrashes them, and banks for them.

It used sometimes to be difficult for Higgins to get a hearing in the camps; this was before he had fought and preached his way into the trust of the lumber-jacks. There was always a warm welcome for him in the bunk-houses, to be sure, and for the most part a large eagerness for the distraction of his discourses after supper; but here and there in the beginning he encountered an obstreperous fellow (and does to this day), who interrupted for the fun of the thing. It is related that upon one occasion a big Frenchman began to grind his axe of a Sunday evening precisely as Higgins began to preach. "Some of the boys here," Higgins drawled, "want to hear me preach; and if the boys would just grind their axes some other time I'd be much obliged." The grinding continued. "I say," Higgins proceeded, his voice rising a little, "that a good many of the boys have asked me

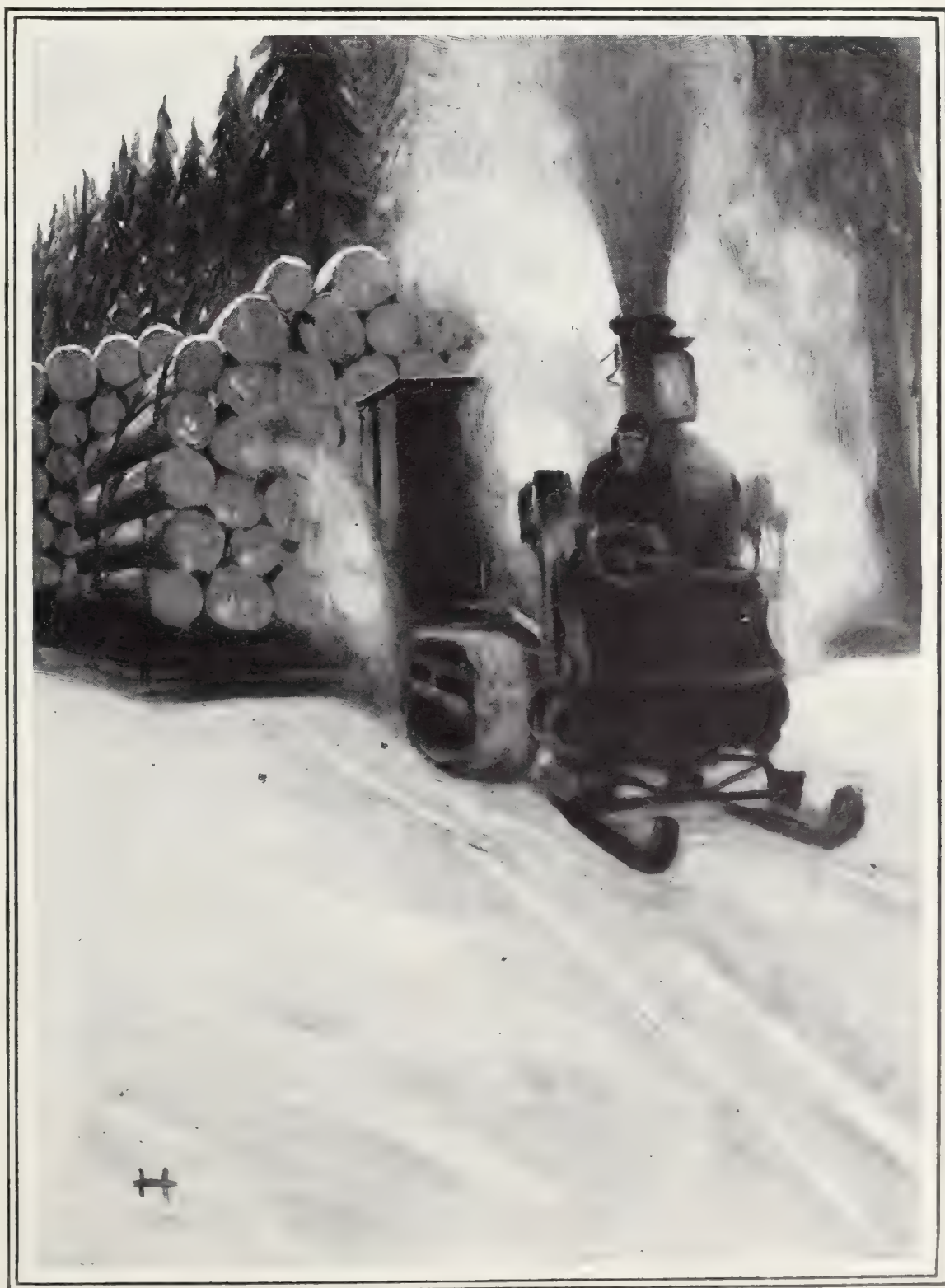
to preach a little sermon to them; but I can't preach while one of the boys grinds his axe." No impression was made. "Now, boys," Higgins went on, "most of you want to hear me preach, and *I'm going to preach*, all right; but I *can't* preach if anybody grinds an axe."

The Frenchman whistled a tune.

"Friend, back there!" Higgins called, "can't you oblige the boys by grinding that axe another time?"

There was some tittering in the bunk-house—and the grinding went on—and the tune came saucily up from the door where the Frenchman stood. Higgins walked slowly back; having come near, he paused—then put his hand on the Frenchman's shoulder in a way not easily misunderstood.

"Friend," he began, softly, "if you—"



HAULING

The Frenchman struck at him.

"Keep back, boys!" an old Irishman yelled, catching up a peavy-pole. "Give the Pilot a show! Keep out o' this or I'll brain ye!"

The Sky Pilot caught the Frenchman about the waist—flung him against a door—caught him again on the rebound—put him head foremost in a barrel of water—and absent-mindedly held him there until the old Irishman asked softly, "Say, Pilot, ye ain't goin' t' drown him, are ye?" It was all over in a flash: Higgins is wisely no man for half-way measures in an emergency; in a moment the Frenchman lay cast dripping and gasping on the floor, and the bunk-house was in a tumult of jeering. Then Higgins proceeded with the sermon; and—strangely—he is of an earnestness and frankly mild and loving disposition so impressive that this passionate incident had doubtless no destructive effect upon the solemn service following. It is easy to fancy him passing unruffled to the up-turned cask which served him for a pulpit, readjusting the blanket which was his altar-cloth, raising his dog-eared little hymn-book to the smoky light of the lantern overhead, and beginning, feelingly: "Boys, let's sing Number Fifty-six. '*Jesus, lover of my soul, let me to Thy bosom fly.*' You know the tune, boys; everybody sing. '*While the nearer waters roll and the tempest still is high.*' All ready, now!" A fight in a church would be a seriously disturbing commotion; but a fight in a bunk-house—well, that is commonplace. There is more interest in singing *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*, than in dwelling upon the affair afterward. And the boys sang heartily, I am sure, as they always do, the Frenchman quite forgotten.

Next day Higgins was roused by the selfsame man; and he jumped out of his bunk in a hurry (says he), like a man called to fire or battle.

"Well," he thought, as he sighed, "if I am ever to preach in these camps again, I suppose, this man must be satisfactorily thrashed; but"—more cheerfully—"he needs a good thrashing, anyhow"

"Pilot," said the Frenchman, "I'm sorry about last night."

Higgins shook hands with him.

It takes a loving heart and a fist quick to find the point of the jaw to preach the gospel after the manner of Higgins. And Higgins conceives it to be one of his sacred ministerial duties to protect his parishioners in town. Behind the bunk-houses, in the twilight, they say to him: "When you goin' t' be in Deer River, Pilot? Friday? All right. I'm goin' home. See me through, won't you?" Having committed themselves in this way, nothing can save them from Higgins—neither their own drunken will (if they escape him for an interval) nor the antagonism of the keepers of places. This is perilous and unscholarly work; systematic theology has nothing to do with escorting through a Minnesota lumber town a weak-kneed boy who wants to take his money home to his mother in Michigan.

Once the Pilot discovered such a boy in the barroom of a Bemidji saloon.

"Where's your money?" he demanded.

"'N my pocket."

"Hand it over," said the Pilot.

"Ain't goin' to."

"Yes, you are; and you're going to do it quick. Come out of this!"

Cowed by this, the boy yielded to the grip of Higgins' big hand, and was led away a little. Then the bartender leaned over the bar. A gambler or two lounged toward the group. There was a pregnant pause.

"Look here, Higgins," said the bartender, "what business is this of yours, anyhow?"

"What business—of mine?" asked the astounded Pilot.

"Yes; what you buttin' in for?"

"This," said Higgins, "*is my job!*"

The Pilot was leaning wrathfully over the bar, his face thrust belligerently forward, alert for whatever might happen. The bartender struck at him. Higgins had withdrawn. The bartender came over the bar at a bound. The preacher caught him on the jaw in mid-air with a stiff blow, and he fell headlong and unconscious. They made friends next day—the boy being then safely out of town.

To describe Higgins' altercations with lumber-jacks and tin-horn gamblers and the like in pursuit of clean opportunity for other men would be to pain him. It



Drawn by Lawren S. Harris

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

TRAMPING THE LOGGING-ROADS FROM CAMP TO CAMP

is a phase of ministry he would conceal. Perhaps he fears that unknowing folk might mistake him for a quarrelsome fellow. He is nothing of the sort, however; he is a wise and efficient minister of the gospel—but fights well, upon good occasion, notwithstanding his forty-odd years. In the Minnesota woods fighting is as necessary as praying—just as tender a profession of Christ. “There’s one thing I regret, boys,” Higgins said, once, when we walked from Six to Four of a fine cold Sunday afternoon; “and if I had to prepare for the ministry over again I wouldn’t make the same mistake: I ought to have taken boxing lessons.” This was seriously said—said with a grave, regretful frown: Higgins shamefacedly felt that his preparation for the ministry had in this respect been inadequate. Once, when they examined him before the Presbytery for ordination, a new-made seminary graduate from the East, rising, quizzed thus: “Will the candidate not tell us who was Cæsar of Rome when Paul preached?” It stumped Higgins; but—he told us on the road from Six to Four—“I was confused, you see. The only Cæsar I could think of was Julius, and I knew that *that* wasn’t right. If he’d only said *Emperor* of Rome, I could have told him, of *course*! Anyhow, it didn’t matter much.” Boxing, according to the experience of Higgins, was an imperative preparation for preaching in his field; a little haziness concerning an Emperor of Rome really didn’t matter so very much. At any rate, the boys wouldn’t care.

Higgins’ ministry, however, knows a gentler service than that which a strong arm can accomplish in a barroom. When Alex McKenzie lay dying in the hospital at Bemidji—a screen around his cot in the ward—the Pilot sat with him, as he sits with all dying lumber-jacks. It was the Pilot who told him that the end was near.

“Nearing the landing, Pilot?”

“Almost there, Alex.”

“I’ve a heavy load, Pilot—a heavy load!”

McKenzie was a four-horse teamster, used to hauling logs from the woods to the landing at the lake—forty thousand pounds of new-cut timber to be humored over the logging-roads.

“Pilot,” he asked, presently, “do you think I can make the grade?”

“With help, Alex.”

McKenzie said nothing for a moment. Then he looked up. “You mean,” said he, “that I need another team of leaders?”

“The Great Leader, Alex.”

“Oh, I know what you mean,” said McKenzie: “you mean that I need the help of Jesus Christ.”

No need to tell what Higgins said then—what he repeated about repentance and faith and the infinite love of God and the power of Christ for salvation. Alex McKenzie had heard it all before—long before, being Scottish born, and a Highlander—and had not utterly forgotten, prodigal though he was. It was all recalled to him, now, by a man whose life and love and uplifted heart were well known to him—his minister.

“Pray for me,” said he, like a child.

McKenzie died that night. He had said never a word in the long interval; but just before his last breath was drawn—while the Pilot still held his hand and the Sister of Charity numbered her beads near by—he whispered in the Pilot’s ear:

“Tell the boys I made the grade!”

Pat, the old road-monkey—now come to the end of a long career of furious living—being about to die, sent for Higgins. He was desperately anxious concerning the soul that was about to depart from his ill-kept and degraded body; and he was in pain, and turning very weak.

Higgins waited.

“Pilot,” Pat whispered, with a knowing little wink, “I want you to fix it for me.”

“To fix it, Pat?”

“Sure, you know what I mean, Pilot,” Pat replied. “I want you to fix it for me.”

“Pat,” said Higgins, “I *can’t* fix it for you.”

“Then,” said the dying man, in amazement, “what the h—l did you come here for?”

“To show you,” Higgins answered, gently, “how *you* can fix it.”

“*Me* fix it?”

Higgins explained, then, the scheme of redemption, according to his creed—the atonement and salvation by faith.



LOADING

The man listened—and nodded comprehendingly—and listened, still with amazement—all the time nodding his understanding. “Uh-huh!” he muttered, when the preacher had done, as one who says, *I see!* He said no other word before he died. Just, “Uh-huh!”—to express enlightenment. And when, later, it came time for him to die, he still held tight to Higgins’ finger, muttering, now and again, “Uh-huh! Uh-huh!”—like a man to whom has come some great astounding revelation.

In the bunk-house, after supper, Higgins preaches. It is a solemn service: no minister of them all so punctilious as Higgins in respect to reverent conduct. The preacher is in earnest and single of purpose. The congregation is compelled to reverence. “Boys,” says he, in cunning appeal, “this bunk-house is our church—the only church we’ve got.” No need to say more! And a queer church: a low, long hut, stifling and ill-smelling and unclean and infested, a row of double-decker bunks on either side, a great glowing stove in the middle, socks

and mackinaws steaming on the racks, boots put out to dry, and all dim-lit with lanterns. Half-clad, hairy men, and boys with young beards, lounge everywhere—stretched out on the benches, peering from the shadows of the bunks, squatted on the fire-wood, cross-legged on the floor near the preacher. Higgins rolls out a cask for a pulpit and covers it with a blanket. Then he takes off his coat and mops his brow. Presently, hymn-book or Testament in hand, he is sitting on the pulpit. “Not much light here,” says he, “so I won’t read to-night; but I’ll say the First Psalm. ‘*Blessed is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners.*’” The door opens and a man awkwardly enters. “Got any room back there for Bill, boys?” the preacher calls. “I want to see you after service, Bill. You’ll find a seat back there with the boys. ‘*For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous; but the way of the ungodly, gentlemen, shall perish.*’” There is a prayer, restrained, in the way of his church—a petition terrible with earnestness. One wonders how a feeling

God could turn a deaf ear to the beseeching eloquence of it! And the boys sing—lustily, too—led by the stentorian preacher. An amazing incongruity:

"Sure!" said the preacher, not at all shocked; "let's sing her again!"

There is a sermon—composed on the forest roads from camp to camp: for on

those long, white, cold, blustering roads Higgins either whistles his blithe way (like a boy) or fashions his preaching. It is a searching, eloquent sermon: none other so exactly suited to environment and congregation—none other so simple and appealing and comprehensible. There isn't a word of cant in it; there isn't a suggestion of the familiar evangelistic rant. Higgins has no time for cant (he says)—nor any faith in ranting. The sermon is all orthodox and significant and reasonable; it has tender wisdom, and it is sometimes terrible with naked truth. The phrasing? It is as homely and brutal as the language of the woods. It has no affectation of slang. The preacher's message is addressed with wondrous cunning to men in their own tongue: wherefore it could not be repeated before a polite congregation. Were the preacher to ejaculate an oath (which



"READIN' MATTER"

these seared, blasphemous barbarians bawling, *What a Friend I have in Jesus!* Enjoy it?

"Pilot," said one of them, in open meeting, once, with no irreverence whatsoever, "that's a — fine toon! Why the — don't they have toons like that in the shows? Let's sing her again!"

he never would do)—were he to exclaim, "By God! boys, this is the only way of salvation!"—the solemnity of the occasion would not be disturbed by a single ripple. "And what did the young man do?" he asked, concerning the Prodigal; "why, he packed his turkey and went off to blow his stake—

just like you!" Afterward, when the poor Prodigal was penniless: "What about him *then*, boys? You know. I don't need to tell you. You learned all about it at Deer River. It was the husks and the hogs for him—*just like it is for you!* It's up the river for you—and it's back to the woods for you—when they've cleaned you out at Deer River!" Once he said, in a great passion of pity: "Boys, you're out here, floundering to your waists, picking diamonds from the snow of these forests, to glitter, not in pure places, but on the necks of the saloon-keepers' wives in Deer River!" There is applause when the Pilot strikes home. "That's d—n true!" they shout. And there is many a tear shed (as I saw) by the young men in the shadows when, having spoken long and graciously of home, he asks: "When did you write to your mother last? You, back there—and you! Ah, boys, don't forget her! Write home to-night. *She's—waiting—for—that—letter!*"

The Pilot is a fearless preacher—fearless of blame and violence—and he is the most downright and pugnacious of moral critics. He speaks in mighty wrath against the sins of the camps and the evil-doers of the towns—naming the thieves and gamblers by name and violently characterizing their ways: until it seems he must in the end be done to death in revenge. "Boys," said he, in a bunk-house denunciation, "that tin-horn gambler Jim Leach is back in Deer River from the west with a crooked game—just laying for you. I watched his game, boys, and I know what I'm talking about; *and you know I know!*" Proceeding: "You know that saloon-keeper Tom Jenkins? Of course you do! Well, boys, the wife of Tom Jenkins nodded toward the camps the other day, and, 'Pshaw!' says she; 'what do I care about expense? My husband has a thousand men working for him in the woods!' She meant *you*, boys! A thousand of you; think of it! working for the wife of a brute like Tom Jenkins." Again: "Boys, I'm just out from Deer River. I met ol' Bill Morgan yesterday. 'Hello, Bill!' says I; 'how's business?' 'Slow, Pilot,' says he; 'but I ain't worryin' none—it 'll pick up when the boys come in

with their stake in the spring.' There you have it! That's what you'll be up against, boys, God help you! when you go in with your stake—a gang of filthy thieves like Jim Leach and Tom Jenkins and Bill Morgan!" It takes courage to attack, in this frank way, the parasites of a lawless community, in which murder may be accomplished in secret, and perjury is as cheap as a glass of whiskey.

It takes courage, too, to denounce the influential parishioner.

"You grown-up men, here," Higgins complained to his congregation, "ought to give the young fellows a chance to live decent lives. Shame to you that you don't! You've lived in filth and blasphemy and whiskey so long that maybe you don't know any better; but I want to tell you—every one of you—that these boys don't want that sort of thing. They remember their mothers and their sisters, and they want what's *clean!* Now, you leave 'em alone. Give 'em a show to be decent. And I'm talking to *you*, Scotch Andrew"—with an angry thump of the pulpit and a swift belligerent advance—"and to *you*, Gin Thompson, sneaking back there in your bunk!"

"Oh, h—l!" said Gin Thompson.

The Pilot was instantly confronting the lazy-lying man. "Gin," said he, "you'll take that back!"

Gin laughed.

"Understand me?" the wrathful preacher shouted.

Gin Thompson understood. Very wisely—however unwillingly—he apologized. "That's all right, Pilot," said he; "you know I didn't mean nothin'."

"Anyhow," the preacher muttered, returning to his pulpit and his sermon, "I'd rather preach than fight."

Not by any means all Higgins' sermons are of this nature; most are conventional enough, perhaps—but always vigorous and serviceable—and present the ancient Christian philosophy in an appealing and deeply reverent way. I recall, however, another downright and courageous display of dealing with the facts without gloves. It was especially fearless because the Pilot must have the permission of the proprietors before he may preach in the camps. A drunken logger—the pro-

prietor of the camp—staggered into Higgins' service and sat down on the pulpit. The preacher was discoursing on the duties of the employed to the employer. It tickled the drunken logger. "Hit 'em again, Pilot!" he applauded; "it 'll do 'em good." Higgins pointed out the wrong worked the owners by the lumber-jacks' common custom of "jumping camp." "Give 'em h—l!" shouted the logger; "it 'll do 'em good." Higgins proceeded calmly to discuss the several evils of which the lumber-jacks may be accused in relation to their employers. "You're all right, Pilot," the logger agreed, clapping the preacher on the back. "Hit the — rascals again! It 'll do 'em good."

"And now, boys," Higgins continued, gently, "we come to the other side of the subject. You owe a lot to your employers, and I've told you frankly what your minister thinks about it. But what can be expected of you, anyhow? Who sets you a good example of fair dealing and decent living? Your employers? Look about you and see! What kind of an example do your employers set? Is it any wonder," he went on, in a breathless silence, "that you go wrong? Is it any wonder that you fail to consider those who fail to consider you? Is it any wonder that you are just exactly what you are, when the men to whom you ought to be able to look for better things are themselves filthy and drunken loafers?"

The logger was thunderstruck.

"And how d'ye like *that*, Mister Woods?" the preacher shouted, turning on the man, and shaking his fist in his face. "How d'ye like *that*? Does it do *you* any good?"

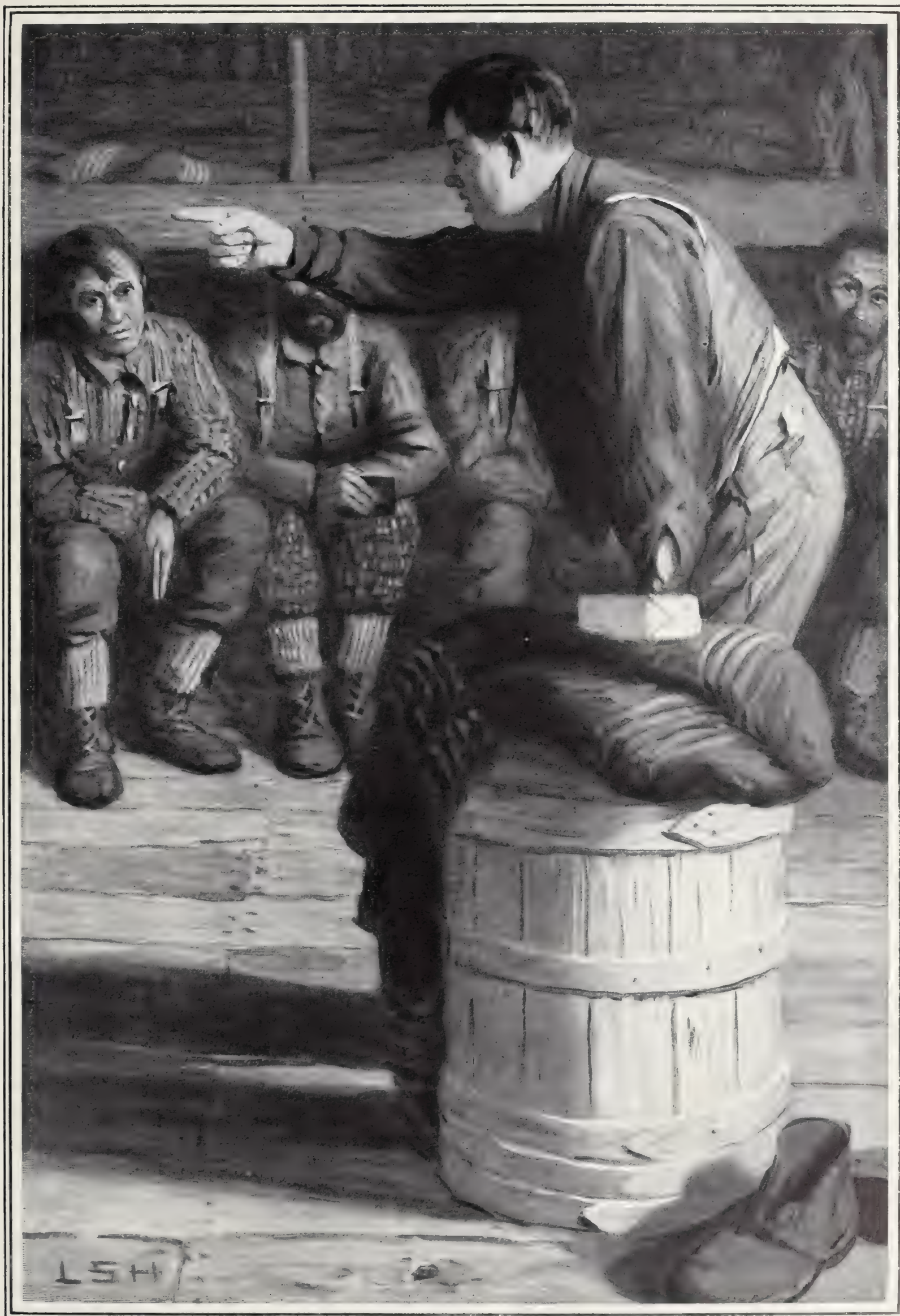
The logger wouldn't tell.

"Let us pray!" said the indignant preacher.

Next morning the Pilot was summoned to the office. "You think it was rough on you, do you, Mr. Woods?" said he. "But I didn't tell the boys a thing that they didn't know already. And what's more," he continued, "I didn't tell them a thing that your own son doesn't know. You know just as well as I do what road *he's* travelling; and you know just as well as I do what you are doing to help that boy along."

Higgins continued to preach in those camps.

One inevitably wonders what would happen if some minister of the cities denounced from his pulpit in these frank and indignantly righteous terms the flagrant sinners and hypocrites of his congregation. What polite catastrophe would befall him?—suppose he were convinced of the wisdom and necessity of the denunciation and had no family dependent upon him. The outburst leaves Higgins established in the hearts of his hearers; and it leaves him utterly exhausted. He mingles with the boys afterward; he encourages and scolds them, he hears confession, he prays in some quiet place in the snow with those whose hearts he has touched, he confers with men who have been seeking to overcome themselves, he writes letters for the illiterate, he visits the sick, he renews old acquaintanceship, he makes new friends, he yarns of the "cut" and the "big timber" and the "homesteading" of other places, and he distributes the "readin' matter," consisting of old magazines and tracts which he has carried into camp (he packed more than a ton of magazines into the woods on his own back in January). At last he quits the bunk-house worn out and discouraged and downcast. "I failed to-night," he said, once, at the superintendent's fire. "It was awfully kind of the boys to listen to me so patiently. Did you notice how attentive they were? I tell you, the boys are *good* to me! Maybe I was a little rough on them to-night. But somehow all this unnecessary and terrible wickedness enrages me. And nobody else much seems to care about it. And I'm their minister. And I yearn to have the souls of these boys awakened. I've just *got* to stand up and tell them the truth about themselves and give them the same old Message that I heard when I was a boy. I don't know, but it's kind of queer about ministers of the gospel," he went on. "We've got two Creations now, and three Genesises. But take a minister. It wouldn't matter to me if a brother minister fell from grace. I'd pick him out of the mud and never think of it again. It wouldn't cost *me* much to forgive him. I know that we're all human and liable



Drawn by Lawren S. Harris

A SUNDAY NOON SERVICE

to sin. But when an ordained minister gets up in his pulpit and dodges his duty—when he gets up and dodges the truth—why, bah! *I've got no time for him!*"

Just like Higgins!

One asks, Why does Higgins do these things? The answer is simple: Because he loves his neighbor as himself—because he actually *does*, without self-seeking or any pious pretence. One asks, What does he get out of it? I do not know what Higgins gets. I was ashamed to discover. If you were to ask him, he would say, innocently, that once, when he preached at Camp Seven of the Green River Works, the boys fell in love with the singing. *Jesus, Lover of My Soul*, was the hymn that engaged them. They sang it again and again; and when they got up in the morning they said, "Say, Pilot, let's sing her once more!" They sang it once more—in the bunk-house at dawn—and the boss opened the door and was much too amazed to interrupt. They sang it again. "All out!" cried the boss; and the boys went slowly off to labor in the woods, singing, *Let me to Thy bosom fly! and, Oh, receive my soul at last!*—diverging here and there, axes and saws over shoulder, some to the deeper forest, some making out upon the frozen lake, some pursuing the white roads—all passing into the snow and green and great trees and silence of the undefiled forest which the Pilot loves—all singing as they went, *Other refuge have I none; hangs my helpless soul on Thee*—until the voices were like sweet and soft-coming echoes from the wilderness.

Poor Higgins put his face to the bunk-house door and wept.

"I tell you, boys," he told us, on the road from Six to Four, "it was *pay* for what I've tried to do for the boys."

Later—when the Sky Pilot sat with his stockinged feet extended to a red fire in the superintendent's log cabin of that bitterly cold night—he betrayed himself to the uttermost. "Do you know, boys," said he, addressing us, the talk having been of the wide world and travel therein, "I believe you fellows would spend a dollar for a dinner and never think twice about it!"

We laughed.

"If I spent more than twenty-five

cents," said he, accusingly, "I'd have indigestion."

Again we laughed.

"And if I spent fifty cents for a hotel bed," said he, with a grin, "I'd have the nightmare."

That is exactly what Higgins gets out of it.

Higgins gets more than that out of it; he gets a clean eye and sound sleep and a living interest in life. He gets even more; he gets the trust and affection of almost—almost—every lumber-jack in the Minnesota woods. He wanders over two hundred square miles of forest; and hardly a man of the woods but would fight for his Christian reputation at a word. For example, he had pulled Whitey Mooney out of the filth and nervous strain of the snake-room, had re-established him, had paid his board, had got him a job in a near-by town, had paid his fare, had taken him to his place;—but Whitey Mooney had presently thrown up his job (being a lazy fellow), and had fallen into the depths again, had asked Higgins for a quarter of a dollar for a drink or two, and had been denied. Immediately he took to the woods; and in the camp he came to he complained that Higgins had "turned him down."

"You're a liar," they told him. "The Pilot never turned a lumber-jack down. Wait 'til he comes."

Higgins came.

"Pilot," said a solemn jack, rising, when the sermon was over, as he had been delegated, "do you know Mooney?"

"Whitey Mooney?"

"Yes; do you know Whitey Mooney?"

"You bet I do, boys!"

"*Did—you—turn—him—down?*"

"You bet I did, boys!"

"*Why?*"

Higgins informed them.

"Come out o' there, Whitey!" they yelled; and they took Whitey Mooney from his bunk, and tossed him in a blanket, and drove him out of camp.

Higgins is doing a hard thing—correcting and persuading such men as these; and he could do infinitely better if he had a little money to serve his ends. They are not all drunkards and savage beasts, of course. It would wrong them to say so. Many are self-



LANDING

respecting, clean-lived, intelligent, sober; many have wives and children, to whom they return with clean hands and mouths when the winter is over. They all—without any large exception (and this includes the saloon-keepers and gamblers of the towns)—respect the Pilot. It is related of him that he was once taken sick in the woods. It was a case of exposure—occurring in cold weather after months of bitter toil, with a pack on his back and in deep trouble of spirit. There was a storm of snow blowing, at far below zero; and Higgins was miles from any camp. He managed, however, after hours of plodding through the snow, to reach the uncut timber, where he was somewhat sheltered from the wind. He remembers that he was then intent upon the sermon for the evening; but beyond—even trudging through these tempered places—he has forgotten what occurred. The lumber-jacks found him at last, lying in the snow near the cook-house; and

they carried him to the bunk-house, and put him to bed, and consulted concerning him. “The Pilot’s an almighty sick man,” said one. Another prescribed: “Got any whiskey in camp?” There was no whiskey—there was no doctor within reach—there was no medicine of any sort. And the Pilot, whom they had taken from the snow, was a very sick man. They wondered what could be done for him. It seemed that nobody knew. There was nothing to be done—nothing but keep him covered up and warm.

“Boys,” a lumber-jack proposed, “how’s this for an idea?”

They listened.

“We can pray for the man,” said he, “who’s always praying for us.”

They managed to do it somehow; and when Higgins heard that the boys were praying for him—*praying* for him!—he turned his face to the wall, and covered up his head, and wept like a fevered boy.

“Dorinda Dares”

BY MARJORIE BOWEN

THE black marble clock pointed slender gold hands at a quarter to one, gave an expectant whir, paused the fraction of a second, then struck delicate chimes that echoed pleasantly in the large quiet room.

Beyond the tall windows, where the dark silk curtains hung carelessly, half looped back, the silent night showed; the chamber was handsome, sombre, and lit only by branched candlesticks placed either side the mantel-shelf; these were reflected in a stately and ghostly fashion in the large mirror, wreathed with dull gold, that rose behind them to the ceiling, which was by Thornhill, indistinguishable now for the shadows. The walls were of crimson and gilt-stamped leather, hung here and there with gloomy portraits; the furniture splendid and heavy. A steady fire burned on the hearth and flickered in the polished front of a Chinese cabinet, which was in use as a desk and scattered with papers. A gentleman sat before it with a pen in his hand. But he was not writing. Reflectively he bit the end of the quill and gazed down at the floor beside him. He wore a light-colored travelling-coat, and on the corner of the chair hung his hat. Presently he rose and, still with the pen in his hand, crossed to the fireplace. He looked at himself in the mirror—not, it seemed, with any intent; absently merely.

The door was opened; he turned expectantly, with the air of one weary of waiting. It was his servant who entered.

“A lady is below who wishes to see your lordship.”

The gentleman frowned in a puzzled manner. “A lady—any one you know?”

“I have never seen her before, my lord.”

He considered a moment. “And no sign of Peter—no message?”

“None, sir.”

“He is plaguy slow. She, this lady, does she come from him?”

“I do not think so, my lord.”

My lord glanced at the clock and smiled a little. “One of the Jack’s spies, perhaps—it’s inconvenient and—late. Tell her she had better reconsider her request, Saunders.”

“I tried to get her to go before I troubled your lordship,” answered the servant, “but she was so earnest, I did not know—”

“You knew,” the gentleman interrupted, “that I was not expecting her. I should not be here if Peter hadn’t been so tardy, and in that case you would have had to get rid of her—”

“She is so persistent, my lord . . .”

His master took a pipe from the mantel-shelf and knocked out the ashes.

“Saunders, you flatter me—is she pretty and young?”

“Both, my lord, and well dressed—she came in her own coach, which waits for her at the gate.”

My lord smiled again and raised his fair eyebrows. “Does she know what time it is?”

“I told her.”

“And she . . .?”

“She said she must see you, my lord, if it was one in the morning or four.”

His lordship gave a sideways look at himself in the mirror.

“Bring her up, Saunders.”

The servant was leaving.

“And, hark ye, if any message comes, bring it me; and if Peter arrives, keep ’em quiet until I ring the bell.”

He had lit his pipe now and was smoking; he stood leaning carelessly against the mantelpiece, with his back half turned to the door; the mellow light of candles and fire showed his handsome, cynical face, and gleamed in the rolled curls of his singularly smooth, fine, light-brown hair; where his roquelaure fell apart the white satin of a ball dress showed, and a sapphire sparkled in the long lace at his throat.

He heard some one enter, and slowly turned. The door closed, and a lady advanced into the room. She was masked. My lord, with an elbow resting by the marble clock and his pipe in his mouth, did not move.

"Ah, Incognita," he said, and stared at her.

She paused by the Chinese cabinet; as she did not answer, he spoke again.

"You unmasked to the servant, madam—"

She interrupted, with a clearer voice and a firmer accent than he had expected. "Because I thought his report on my features might help to obtain an audience of you, sir."

"Well," he smiled, insolently, "let us see if he spoke the truth—"

Instantly she took off the mask and came a little nearer.

She was tall and fair—very fair; her eyes were light gray, shaded darkly; her mouth very sweet; she wore a bronze-colored dress and a light-green silk mantle; she looked at him steadily and fearlessly.

"In the name of God!" he cried, suddenly, after gazing at her a space, "what brought you here?"

There was no answer to that, nor any change in her judicial gaze. He laid down his pipe and offered her, with an almost imperceptible alteration of manner, a chair. She swept into a high-backed Spanish seat with a graceful outspreading of silks.

"Thank you, Lord Bolingbroke," she said, gravely.

He slightly, very slightly, flushed. "Am I to guess, madam, your name and business?"

"I am," she answered, "coming to that."

She sat lightly and proudly, her mask in her right hand, her head high, the long curls of her powdered hair trembling on her bosom. She continued to look intently at my lord, as if this scrutiny had been the object of her coming.

The marble clock struck one. He commented on it. "The hour is unusual, madam."

"The matter on which I come is unusual, sir."

He smiled. "It appears to be to excite my curiosity."

"It is more serious, my lord, than that."

"I do not know your name, Incognita," he reminded her.

Her eyes were defiant. "It would not enlighten you, Lord Bolingbroke."

Her pretty foot, showing beneath her dress, impatiently tapped the carpet. He observed it admiringly, and let her see he did, at which the glittering shoe disappeared. He laughed, but she colored and held her head still higher.

"There is no mystery about me, my lord; I am Dorinda Desborough, sister to Captain Charles Desborough who died at Malplaquet, and daughter of Major Desborough, now in Ireland."

She said this as if she claimed kinship with princes, and her eyes sparkled gloriously.

"A Hanoverian," remarked Lord Bolingbroke, lightly; "then you have not come here for a political reason?"

"A matter of politics," answered Miss Desborough, "could have waited until the morning."

"This is an affair of greater importance, then"—his continued smile was scarcely this side of insolence. "Now I can think of nothing of more consequence than politics, Miss Desborough, unless it be love."

"But I know of many things," she replied, gravely, "and what I come about does not touch love."

He stirred the logs with the toe of his riding-boot, and looked at her the while.

"Why, I hardly flattered myself, madam; in truth, I did not"—he thrust his hands into his pockets and laughed—"and you must give me credit for that, considering the circumstances; it proves, Miss Desborough, that I am not very vain."

She answered, pale and cold: "Every word you say, Lord Bolingbroke, proves you to be what I have always known you were; but I have not come here to—to—"

She faltered, and he smilingly finished the sentence.

"—to discuss my morals? Well, I believe they were ruled out of polite conversation, as known at the boarding-schools, some time ago." His blue eyes were mocking. "It would be interesting to know what you have heard of me."

Her fingers closed tightly over the

mask. "I must get to what I came to say," she said, hurriedly.

"Faith, 'tis no occasion for haste," he assured her. "I, at least, am enjoying myself—green becomes you vastly, Miss Desborough."

His bold yet careless glance revealed an admiration he did not consider it worth while to conceal; her bosom heaved.

"I heard one thing about Lord Bolingbroke," she said, "that now I see is false; it was said his fine manners were as certain as—as some other qualities of his."

He seemed amused. "The present occasion is hardly one for ceremony"—he looked at her under his full lids—"do you think so?"

"I am not asking for ceremony, but respect," answered Miss Desborough. "I wish you would mend the tone in which you speak to me, my lord; it is not very creditable."

Lord Bolingbroke did not alter his smiling stare. "I am not very famous for creditable things, madam."

The color came into her face; she moved her hand as if she swept his remark aside. "You were at the Queensbury ball to-night," she said.

"So much I can admit, seeing all London knows it," smiled my lord.

"I, also, was there."

"No need to inform me," he lied, courteously. "I, of course, observed you."

"I think," she said, "you did not, for I was watching you—"

"You are vastly complimentary, Miss Desborough."

"I wanted," she continued, "to speak to you; but"—she averted her eyes angrily and put her hand to her heart; her charming profile against the background of shadows was admired by my lord—"I may tell you at once, sir, that I am Miss Kitty Kynaston's cousin."

Nothing in his easy demeanor betrayed whether the name meant anything to him or no. "A young lady I am acquainted with," he said. "She, also, was at the Queensbury ball—"

Miss Desborough faced him again. "Where is she now?"

Lord Bolingbroke eyed her steadily. "I wonder?" he said, with a slight drawl.

"You know!" His accuser panted a little.

He raised his eyebrows. "I know?" he answered. "Well, I suppose the ball is over now and she has gone home to Westminster; she is in her room; perhaps she is looking at her glove and thinking of its fellow; perhaps she is taking off her shoes and stockings—think of sweet Kitty taking off her shoes and stockings!"

Miss Desborough rose. "Sir," she said, "Miss Kynaston is in this house."

Lord Bolingbroke moved from the hearth. "You flatter me," he answered, looking at her intently, "for, I think, the second time."

"She is here," repeated the lady, "and I have come to take her back."

"That is the reason for your coming?"

"That is my reason; Miss Kynaston must return home—before any one has missed her." As she spoke she crushed her velvet mask together in her hands and drew herself to her full straining height.

"Again I say," smiled the Viscount, "that you flatter me in supposing Miss Kynaston is here. . . . I wonder what makes you imagine she might be?" he added, carelessly.

"I do not imagine, my lord, I know; my cousin is somewhere in this house."

He returned to the hearth and rested his elbow on the mantelpiece. "Only one lady honors my mansion to-night, madam—yourself."

She moved a step farther into the shadows of the room. "That I do not believe."

The candle-light, full on his alluring face, showed the lazy smile that touched his lips. "I give you my word, Miss Desborough."

Her gray eyes flashed mightily. "The word of Harry St. John, sir, is not a thing to be trusted."

Again my lord slightly, very slightly, flushed. "You allow me no virtues, madam."

She trembled, with anger perhaps. "Your lordship allows yourself none." She moved toward him again. "Look at me, sir, and dare tell me there is any reason why I should take your word—"

He laughed. "You seem bent on insulting me, Miss Desborough."

"I knew," she answered, "that you would lie to me; I was not so foolish as to think you would tell me the truth."

The satin glittered under the roquelaure as he lifted his shoulders. "The truth, after all, is a tiresome thing."

"Your lordship has often found it so."

He changed from his careless position and faced her. "On my honor, Miss Kynaston is not here." Their eyes met steadily.

"Your honor is as little to me as your word, sir. I came, not to hear your protestations, but to take away my cousin Kitty."

His mouth hardened. "Your cousin Kitty"—he almost imperceptibly imitated her inflection of the words—"would be grateful to you for your care, but I cannot think she would wish to have her name used like this."

"Her name!" cried Miss Desborough. "Her name! It is you to talk of her name, when, unless she comes home to-night, she will not have a shred of reputation left nor be able to hold up her head again! I am here to save her name."

"I repeat, she is not here."

"And I repeat, sir, that I know she is."

"Prove it," said Lord Bolingbroke.

She colored at his tone, but her eyes were dauntless. "You have been paying court to Kitty since the winter."

"Her mother," he said, with the shadow of a sneer, "had no objection to my visits."

Miss Desborough blazed with disdain. "Aunt Kynaston met you at the Dean's house, and you called on her because of Kitty. We are not people in your set, and you had no reason to pursue the acquaintance, except Kitty."

"A pretty reason, though."

"She has no father or brothers, and Mrs. Kynaston is not very worldly—which made it unfair on my cousin."

"And pleasant," he smiled, "for me."

"Kitty, too, is sometimes foolish," continued Miss Desborough, "and so she let you write her notes, and answered them secretly. She told me of this a few days ago when I came to stay with them—"

"And you scolded her—poor Kitty!"

Miss Desborough held on to the back of the chair. "Do not imagine I am telling you Kitty is fond of you. Would it be likely"—her voice was scornful—"with so many younger men adoring her? But she was flattered because you are Lord Bolingbroke."

He looked at her sharply, and laughed. "Do the ladies already consider me old?"

"Kitty is only twenty, my lord. I suppose you do not seem very young to her. Captain Eric Bellamy is twenty-three; she must, I suppose, make comparisons. They are very fond of each other, really, and she is not to spoil it by her folly. I, sir, have resolved on that."

Lord Bolingbroke, thirty-five, and the most popular man in London, hardly knew what to make of this clear verdict—old!—even to twenty; he had never considered that. "Under these circumstances," he said, "it seems you should have sought out the favored gallant, Miss Desborough; it is strange to seek your cousin in the house of a gentleman you say she is so indifferent to."

Miss Desborough flashed over him quite wonderfully brilliant eyes. "I admit," she conceded, "that you are her Majesty's Minister, and that you have a—reputation; also that Kitty is silly and has just quarrelled with Captain Bellamy—"

"About me?" he asked.

"About you, Lord Bolingbroke. Captain Bellamy did not care for her to attend the Queensbury ball because you procured the invitation, and as he became imperious, she, of course, got vastly angered. He demanded of her that she should never see you again."

"What did he say?" queried my lord, lazily.

"He said," flashed Miss Desborough; then she checked herself. "You are a powerful man, sir; it is not fair to Captain Bellamy to repeat what he said."

"You leave me," said the Viscount, "to infer— Well, madam, is that the sole proof you have that I ran away with Miss Kynaston?"

She sank again into the chair. "Indeed no. I saw this morning something was wrong with Kitty—then Aunt Kynaston could not come to the ball with us, being sick, and we went under the protection of a lady who did not look after Kitty—"

Lord Bolingbroke seemed considerably amused. "You condemn me on very oblique evidence."

She clenched her hands in her lap; impatience flushed her cheek. "I mark Kitty; I see her agitated—she loses her glove (I think you have it); in the mid-

dle of the ball she disappears; I search for her; I find our friend, who says Kitty has taken leave of her with a tedious headache and gone home in the chariot with a maid; I find our chariot still at the door; I drive home desperately; Aunt Kynaston is in bed, Kitty not there; I pretend to the servant I am going to join her at supper at Queensbury house and have but returned to see if my aunt is well; then I mount the chariot again and come here—this is my evidence, my lord. What do you say to it?"

She paused, breathless and accusing; her cloak had slipped back and showed crushed lace and faded violets on her bosom; Lord Bolingbroke had seldom been gazed at by such fearless eyes.

"This," he answered, "that you had better have sent Captain Bellamy on such an errand."

"You think it strange of me to have come?"

"It puts us both," he smiled, "into an awkward position."

She did not lower her eyes. "Captain Bellamy would not understand," she said; "there was no one but myself could come, because no one but myself must know Kitty was here to-night."

"Perhaps," said Lord Bolingbroke—again he lightly imitated her slight accent—"I do not seem very young to you; you must, I suppose, make comparisons, and you felt tolerably safe in visiting such an ancient beau as myself."

"I was not thinking of you at all," she answered, hastily—"only of Kitty. . . . As to myself," she smiled, "I come of a different world from my cousin; my father and all my friends would understand why I came here. You, my lord, flung boarding-school miss at me; I was never that. If I had been a man, I should have become a soldier. I have journeyed all over Europe and never been afraid of anything except a coward, and I did not think your lordship that. . . . Now I have told you everything, give Kitty back to me!" She rose. "Please, Lord Bolingbroke—I have been here long enough."

He looked at her calmly. "Miss Kynaston is not here."

She surveyed him keenly. The effect of the soft light, the satin, and powder was to make him look less than his years;

though had she seen him in broad daylight she would probably have set him down as older than he was; his extreme good looks were but an aggravation of his insolence.

"You lie!" she said, hotly. "I know it. . . ."

"But you cannot prove it," mocked Lord Bolingbroke.

She considered; he was prepared for her ringing for the servants and demanding to be shown over the house, but she did not move from where she stood.

"Kitty must be here; she left the ball before I did, and I have been home since. Lord Bolingbroke, if we are not back by three our absence will be marked."

"Then you had better leave, madam."

"Not without Kitty."

"Since I play chorus—again, she is not here."

"Why," demanded Miss Desborough, "does your lordship wear riding-boots and a roquelaure?"

He bowed to her. "Because before I was diverted by your charming company I had intended leaving for my place in Kent to-night."

"And not alone. . . ."

"With my servants—"

"With Kitty."

He laughed. "I am not so far honored."

She moved a quick step, the mellow candle-light full on her fairness; she put her hand to her brow in a bewildered way, and the green silk cloak slipped from her shoulders.

"You have resolved to be cruel, my lord," she said, faintly; then she dropped her hand. "I vow I feel quite faint."

Lord Bolingbroke was picking up her cloak; he paused with it in his hand, interested by the sudden change in her manner. "The avenging angel is discovered to be human," he said—"or does Nemesis suffer from the vapors?"

She turned to face him. "My salts are in the pocket of the mantle. Will you put it round me, my lord?"

The Viscount smiled. As he came up to her she seemed to droop; then, as his eyes were very intent on her face, she snatched something from the pocket of his white coat and sprang to the other end of the room.

"Kitty's glove!" she cried, with no

sign of faintness now, but a face set and dauntless.

"Damnation!" said Lord Bolingbroke, and flushed beneath his powder.

"You should, my lord," flashed Miss Desborough, "have put it farther in your pocket; I observed it as you moved." She unrolled the long mauve silk glove and discovered a crumpled piece of paper.

"That letter, madam," remarked my lord, "is mine."

She read it aloud: "'Yes—I will meet your man at twelve o'clock in the shrubbery—it is best we be not missed together, as you say, but do not be long after me, Harry, or I shall faint in the coach. With haste, with fears, with love, Your distracted Kitty.'"

My lord shrugged his shoulders. "I think you take a liberty, Miss Desborough."

She tore the note into a hundred pieces. "What now for the word of Harry St. John?" she cried, triumphant.

"You cannot think less of it than you did, madam," he answered, his eyes rather dark and a color in his face; "and what of the obvious inclination of Miss Kynaston?"

He flung her cloak over the chair and clasped his hands behind him, a trick of his on the rare occasions when he was nonplussed or roused.

"What of the mouse in the trap?" she retorted, scornful. "I think he had some inclination for the bait that got him there."

"Maybe, madam, also, I think it was not easy to get him out." He glanced at the clock, that was on the verge of striking the half-hour. "May I remind you that your coachman will wonder at your absence?"

"He?" she laughed. "He was a soldier; he knows why I am here, and will not wonder; I do not fear that my father's men will ever fail me—but Kitty . . ."

He interrupted her. "You dare a great deal, Miss Desborough; perhaps a little too much. I think you interfere unwarrantably in your cousin's affairs; believe me, she will hardly thank you—"

"Not now, perhaps, but afterward—"

"We, Miss Desborough, are dealing with the present . . . afterward you and your fire-eating relations may take their revenge on me."

"What is the use of revenge?" she answered; "I am thinking of Kitty."

"So am I," said Lord Bolingbroke.

"She is in this house, and I will not leave it until I find her."

"You Irish!" laughed my lord. "Would you like to call the servants up and question them, bring in the watch and search the house?"

Her fair countenance was contemptuous. "She is going back with me—quietly."

"Madam, believe me, if Miss Kynaston was in the room now she would refuse to accompany you."

"Ah, you think she dotes on you!" cried Miss Desborough.

"I think," he answered, "that you contradict yourself—you vow the lady is here, on the point of eloping with me, and you deny that she holds me in the least regard."

"I never denied that she was foolish as—"

"—as I am wicked?" he finished.

"That was not what I intended to say, my lord."

He looked at her with a smiling curiosity. "Indeed, I have marked your strange absence of reproaches. I cannot accuse you of railing, Miss Desborough."

"One does not reproach an enemy," she said, and she also smiled. "One defeats him—if one can."

"The reservation shows some wit, madam. Does it not also show that you have faint hopes of victory?"

Her hand stole over the violets on her breast. "Lord Bolingbroke," she said, and the gravity, almost tenderness, of eyes and voice swept away his careless mockery as a thing of no meaning, "you will give me a chance—as if it was another man. At heart I am a gentleman; treat me as one to-night." She came a step nearer to him. "It is not worth while, Lord Bolingbroke, it is nothing to you—a great deal to Kitty, to her mother, to Captain Bellamy . . . to me. I have said once I know you are not a coward—it is only a coward who is too proud to say 'I lose'!"

He gazed at her very earnestly. "I like you, Miss Desborough," he answered. "I think you are the first lady I have complimented with that expression. I like you well enough to wish you had not come here to-night."

The fire was falling into ashes; the marble clock struck a quarter to two.

"But you must see," continued my lord, "that if Miss Kynaston, or any lady, threw herself on my protection, she, Miss Kynaston or any lady, would have a claim on me I could not—forgive me—ignore."

He was smiling gravely with his lips and brilliantly with his eyes; he touched the smouldering embers with his foot and sparks flew up.

"In brief," said Miss Desborough, "you do not choose that a woman should cause you in any way to alter your designs? Well"—her breath came heavily—"you have the advantage, my lord; it is your house, filled with your creatures—you could lock me up here and ride off with Kitty under my eyes; but you won't do that, my lord!"

"Why not, Miss Desborough?"

She gave a little panting laugh. "I saw you once in Dublin when you were Mr. St. John, and every one was giving you the most grievous character—but I. One man like that is worth ten clods like Harley, I said, and—and if he is but half as fine a gentleman as he looks—'tis enough."

"You dare more than you have yet done," said my lord. "In saying that you make me vain, and a vain man is not to be trusted—"

"Not vain, sir," she flashed, "but proud—sure there isn't a man in England has more to be proud of than you!"

"Now I perceive you try to flatter me," he smiled.

Miss Desborough moved farther away. "I have always admired you, my lord. . ."

"Ah," said he, quickly, "Dorinda dares—to tell me that?"

She courtesied. "Dorinda dares—to your face, my lord."

Lord Bolingbroke laughed. "Then I might dare—"

"What?" challenged Miss Desborough.

"Perhaps—to kiss Dorinda," he said, not insolently, but with a gay gallantry evoked by her spirit.

She flushed and sparkled an answer.

"Oh, I'll kiss you gladly, Lord Bolingbroke, if you'll give me Kitty."

"You must not tempt me—if Miss Kynaston chooses. . ."

"Ah," she cried, "if Kitty chooses!

Bring her in, my lord, and let her choose!"

There was a second's pause before he answered: "That way you lose."

"No," she said. "I shall win—and if I do not, if Kitty of her own free will does not come home—well, I'll let her go with you, my lord, with never a protest. Do you take the challenge?"

They looked at each other intently.

"By gad!" replied my lord, "I do. And if she elects to go home, I'll give you the despised word of Harry St. John that I'll never molest her again, nor shall to-night's adventure ever be breathed—my people can be discreet."

"And this time I'll take your word!" cried she. "And if I lose—"

"If you lose," said my lord, coming nearer, "you'll give me the kiss I did not take."

"Oh yes!" she answered, elated.

Lord Bolingbroke rang the bell.

"One thing," said Miss Desborough. "I may say what I like to her—without interruption?"

He turned to face her again. "What you like, madam"—his eyes danced amusement—"pictures of weeping mother, distracted lover, entreaties; but"—he glanced at the timepiece—"I can give you no more than ten minutes by the clock—still that, without interruption."

"Very well," said Miss Desborough, "ten minutes' passionate pleading against the splendid smile of Harry St. John!"

My lord flushed despite himself; the servant entered. "There is a lady below—"

"Yes, sir; she arrived some time ago."

"Ask Miss Kynaston to come up here."

Miss Desborough, erect and twisting her handkerchief into knots, stepped back toward the Chinese desk, where the thick shadows almost concealed her. My lord, intolerantly handsome, stood by the chimneypiece with the candle-light glimmering in his brilliant hair.

The door opened violently, and Kitty Kynaston, all lace, white satin, and brown curls, rushed into the sombre room.

"Oh, Harry!" she cried, almost before she had crossed the threshold, "I thought I should *die*. The wheel came off the coach, and I had to come in a *hackney*, and so was late, and then you keep me waiting until I am in *hysterics*!"



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

BOTH LADIES SEEMED CARELESS OF MY LORD'S PRESENCE

She sank into the chair that had served her cousin; her lovely face was near as pale as the pearls round her throat. As she gathered fresh breath, my lord, never moving, spoke: "You are disputed, my dear; this lady desires you to return home with her."

Miss Desborough came a little out of the shadows.

Miss Kynaston shrieked. "Dorinda!"

"Yes," said Miss Desborough—"I, Kitty . . . and now we had better go home."

Miss Kynaston sprang to her feet, her face sudden scarlet. "I am never going home again; you have no right to interfere, Dorinda—"

My lord glanced at Miss Desborough and very slightly smiled.

"The right of your friend, Kitty," she said, quietly.

Miss Kynaston shook with agitation. "Harry! my lord!—what does this mean? What is Dorinda doing here?"

"Oh, can't you see?" cried that lady, ignoring my lord's delicate triumph. "Well, my dear, I did not think you were quite so foolish."

"This is intolerable," said Kitty; her eyes blazed with excitement, her cheeks burned with shame. "My lord," she added, hysterically, "please take me away."

"I am afraid," answered Lord Bolingbroke, "that you must listen to her for ten minutes." Again he smiled at Miss Desborough.

"You have no right, Dorinda," cried Miss Kynaston, frantically. "I will not endure this—espionage."

"I never spied on you, Kitty."

"Then how could you know?"

"My lord—Harry told me."

The veins showed on Miss Kynaston's soft throat and forehead. "Told you!" she exclaimed.

Miss Desborough stepped nearer to her.

"Will you come home, Kitty?" she asked, earnestly.

Miss Kynaston stamped her foot. "No—I will not."

Both ladies seemed careless of my lord's presence and absorbed in each other, Kitty Kynaston tempestuous, fierce, and overwrought; Miss Desborough pale and controlled.

"You won't come home, Kitty?"

"Not if you was to go on your knees,

Dorinda. I know my own affairs. I'll not endure this meddling," was the passionate answer.

"I don't think of going on my knees, my dear," said Miss Desborough, quietly. "This isn't at all an heroic affair. . . . Of course, if I had thought you were going to behave so foolishly, I should have told you before—"

"Told me?"

"That Harry . . ."

"Harry!" shrieked Miss Kynaston.

"Oh, my dear, Harry to me before ever you had seen him . . . this isn't the time for delicacy—and you must know the truth."

"I don't understand!" flashed Kitty.

"Oh, la!" cried Miss Desborough, "I did not think you could be so simple—didn't any one advise you Lord Bolingbroke was a great admirer of mine?"

"Of yours!"

"We met in Dublin—he sent me three notes a day, and I returned them all," said Miss Desborough. "Those you received addressed to 'Chloe' were written for me, but you seemed so pleased with them I hadn't the heart to tell you."

"Dorinda!" gasped Miss Kynaston, "how dare you!"

"Oh, Dorinda dares"—she gave a second's glance at the Viscount—"and surely you didn't think you were the first? Oh, you are very young . . . why, six months ago my lord was importuning me to run away with him; his admiration was quite the talk of Dublin."

"Harry!" cried Miss Kynaston, "tell me this isn't the truth!"

"My lord," said Miss Desborough, "ten minutes!"

He made a little movement, took his handkerchief out and pressed it to his lips, but did not speak.

"Of course it's the truth, Kitty. Why ever should I tell you a lie? How otherwise should I know you would be here to-night if my lord hadn't told me how you had lost your head?"

"Lost my head!" quivered Kitty.

"I always assured him you were merely playing; he vowed you were quite in love with him," answered Miss Desborough, "and so he suggested an elopement to you—well, just to see. . . . I was very much to blame, but—I never thought you would go—"

"Stop!" cried Miss Kynaston, desperately.

Her cousin continued, piteously. "After you had left the ball, my lord came and gave me this"—she held up the long silk glove—"to show he had won . . . then I was frightened."

Miss Kynaston stared at the glove. "Oh!" she said.

"Are you convinced?" asked Miss Desborough.

Kitty Kynaston turned distractedly to my lord. "Why don't you speak—why don't you speak, sir? I shall think it true!"

He looked at the clock; it wanted three minutes of the ten during which he had promised not to contradict Miss Desborough. "You must believe her if you will, madam," he answered.

"You must disbelieve if you can!" Miss Desborough snatched something from her bosom and held it out on the palm of her hand before the maddened eyes of Kitty: a miniature of my lord with "To the fairest Chloe" inscribed on the rim. "He gave me this in Dublin," cried Miss Desborough. "It is just like yours, is it not? He must have them by the dozen! Oh, believe me, he cares for me as much as he does for you, and for any other woman as well as either of us!"

The Viscount stepped forward. "By gad! madam—" he began, but her brilliant eyes held him silent.

Miss Kynaston stared at the miniature a second, then whirled into speech. "I have been treated most vilely! I hate you both! How dared you, sir! How dared you! Oh, I wish I was dead!"

He made an impulsive movement toward her.

"Coward! Traitor!" Her lovely face was transformed with passion. "And you, miss, a deceitful hussy—" she burst into tears. "I never really liked either of you— Oh! Oh! . . . I am ashamed—I ever—looked at you, sir. It was always—against—my own judgment—"

She crushed her handkerchief into her eyes. "I'm going home."

"Yes," said Miss Desborough, rather faintly, "we will both go home."

But Miss Kynaston, darting her a fierce look of weeping indignation, sped past and dashed out of the room, letting the door bang behind her.

Her cousin caught hold of the chair back. "Nine minutes, my lord," she cried, gasping a little, "and wilful Kitty saved!"

"By Heaven!" said Lord Bolingbroke, "the ingenuity of that move, madam, deserved success—you are a splendid diplomat."

"I am a woman, understanding a woman," she answered, moving in an exhausted fashion toward the door. "Now I must go and make it right with Kitty."

My lord came after her. "I kept my promise," he said, "did I not? Faith, I let myself be damned without a word of protest."

Miss Desborough smiled. "I have to thank you for that. You must forgive me, my lord," she blushed, "in the—matter of—Dublin."

"It would have been the truth had I been fortunate enough to meet you there."

She caught hold of the door-handle and did not look at him. "Kitty is in hysterics in the hall; I must get her home—you have promised silence. Well, at last, good night, my lord . . ."

"One word, one moment." He was ardently masterful. "How did you obtain the picture?"

It was still in her hand; she held it out to him. "I found it on Kitty's table when I looked in her room. I suppose she had forgotten it in her agitation. Take it back, sir."

He hesitated, but her raised eyes were very steady. "Please take it, Lord Bolingbroke."

He took, instead, her hand. "Dorinda," he said—"Dorinda dares not keep it?"

She snatched away her hand, and the miniature fell on the floor between them. "Dorinda dares her own heart to-night," she cried, wildly, "and has dared it far enough! Good night, my lord!"

She opened the door and escaped. He heard her silks on the stairs, and her quick sobbing breaths as she struggled to compose herself.

After a while he closed the door and went to the window. By the aid of the lamp at his gates he saw two ladies mount a chariot, one sobbing on the shoulder of the other.

The marble clock struck a quarter past two. Lord Bolingbroke set his teeth, and in his heart cursed a certain lean and shrewish lady who was his Viscountess.

The Mermaid Club

BY EDMUND GOSSE

IN 1818, during the earliest period of his lyrical maturity, Keats wrote the little poem called *Lines on The Mermaid Tavern*, which opens thus:

“Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy Cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host’s Canary wine?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison? O generous food!
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his Maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.”

It was probably by means of these charming verses that the memory of the Mermaid, which had almost been lost for two hundred years, was publicly revived, although Keats was far from being the recoverer. It had figured among the legendary adornments or “tokens” of fancy which the school of Coleridge, Lamb, and Leigh Hunt passed from hand to hand in private, and Hazlitt had referred to it several times, as to a mystery of the poetic faith.

The existence of a club of Elizabethan men of letters, at which the great wits of the age met round the supper table, and exchanged in the freedom of private life their sallies of humor and paradox, is certified beyond any question, but the details of its constitution and membership are less easy to obtain. There are two contemporary records of the meetings of the Mermaid Club, and they must be given in full before we endeavor to collect on the matter such side-lights as may help to illuminate the picture. Long after the death of the poet Francis Beaumont (which occurred in 1616), there was printed a verse-letter of his to Ben Jonson, wherein occur these lines:

“Wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best
With the best gamesters. What things have
we seen

Done at the Mermaid! heard words that
have been

So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life. Then, when there had been
thrown

Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past—wit that might war-
rant be

For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancell’d; and when that was
gone,

We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty.”

A note to the original (1640) edition of these lines speaks of the incompleteness of two plays for Beaumont and Fletcher as deferring “their merry meetings at the Mermaid.” For reasons which need not here be stated, this seems to point to the year 1605, as that which is referred to in Beaumont’s epistle to Ben Jonson. If so, the following prose account by Fuller may represent such a scene as may have been frequent four or five years earlier still:

Many were the wit combats betwixt [Shakespeare] and Ben Jonson, which two I beheld like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war; Master Jonson (like the former) was built far higher in learning, solid but slow, in his performances. Shakespeare, with the English man-of-war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about, and take advantage of all winds by the quickness of his wit and invention.

This precious record of the things done at the Mermaid is evidently authentic, but it is right to point out that it cannot represent the personal experience of Fuller, who was ten years old when Shakespeare died, and only six when he retired to Stratford. But Fuller had opportunities of knowing, in their advanced age, several of the original

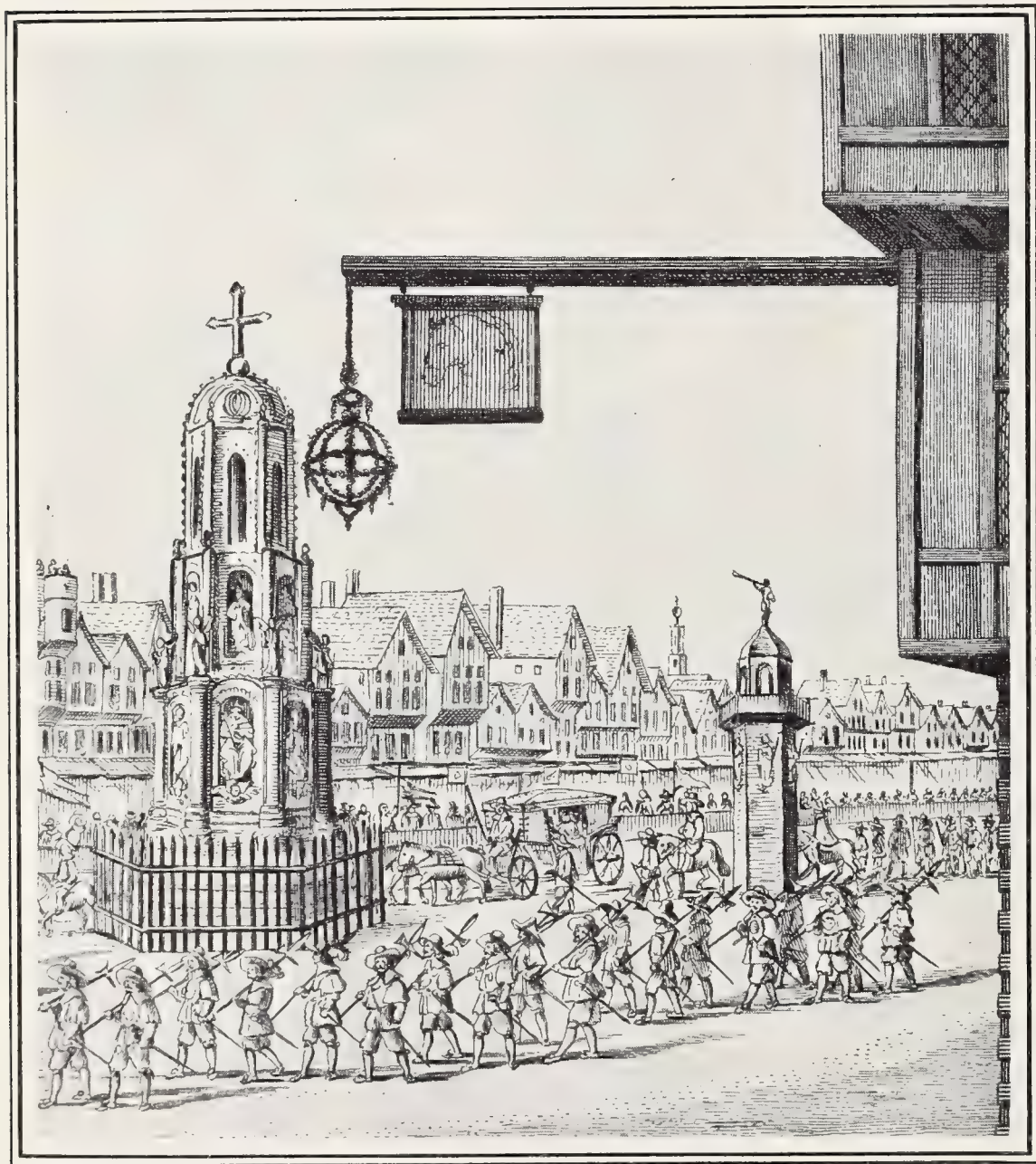
members of the Mermaid Club, and this very brilliant record of what went on about 1600 may have been supplied to him by Hoskins or Selden, if not by Ben Jonson in person.

It is perhaps worth while to remind the reader that the word "club," in the sense of an association of friendly persons, was, so far as we are aware, unknown in the time of Shakespeare. Sir James Murray has unearthed a definition of 1690 which declares a "Club" to be "a Society of Men agreeing to meet according to a Scheme of Orders to promote Trade and Friendship," but we must not imagine Shakespeare, a hun-

of resort for social intercourse, existed in London at least from Tudor times. Their institution was inevitable when society began to be settled on a broad intellectual basis, and when there were professional men who needed, for their lighter hours, a room where they could meet for discussion and mutual entertainment. The derivation of the word "club" is uncertain, but it has been conjectured that the original idea was that those who met "clubbed" together for the expense of the supper, a theory which is borne out by some well-known expressions in the course of Pepys' *Diary*. At the Elizabethan club, people

met together to hire a room in a place where they could be supplied with food, drink, and service, and be secure from interruption.

In primitive times, the only places in London where the public could be entertained with food had been the cooks' shops. The famous East Cheap was a great thoroughfare, down which the stalls of the butchers alternated with those of the cooks. You chose a joint at the flesh-market, and you carried it next door to be cooked for you by a certain hour. If you wished for wine, you must bring that with you, for the cooks sold no liquor, although they seem to have provided, as time went on, more and more of the natural accompaniments of meat, such as



THE CROSS IN CHEAPSIDE

As it appeared in Shakespeare's time.
From a Flemish engraving of about 1625.

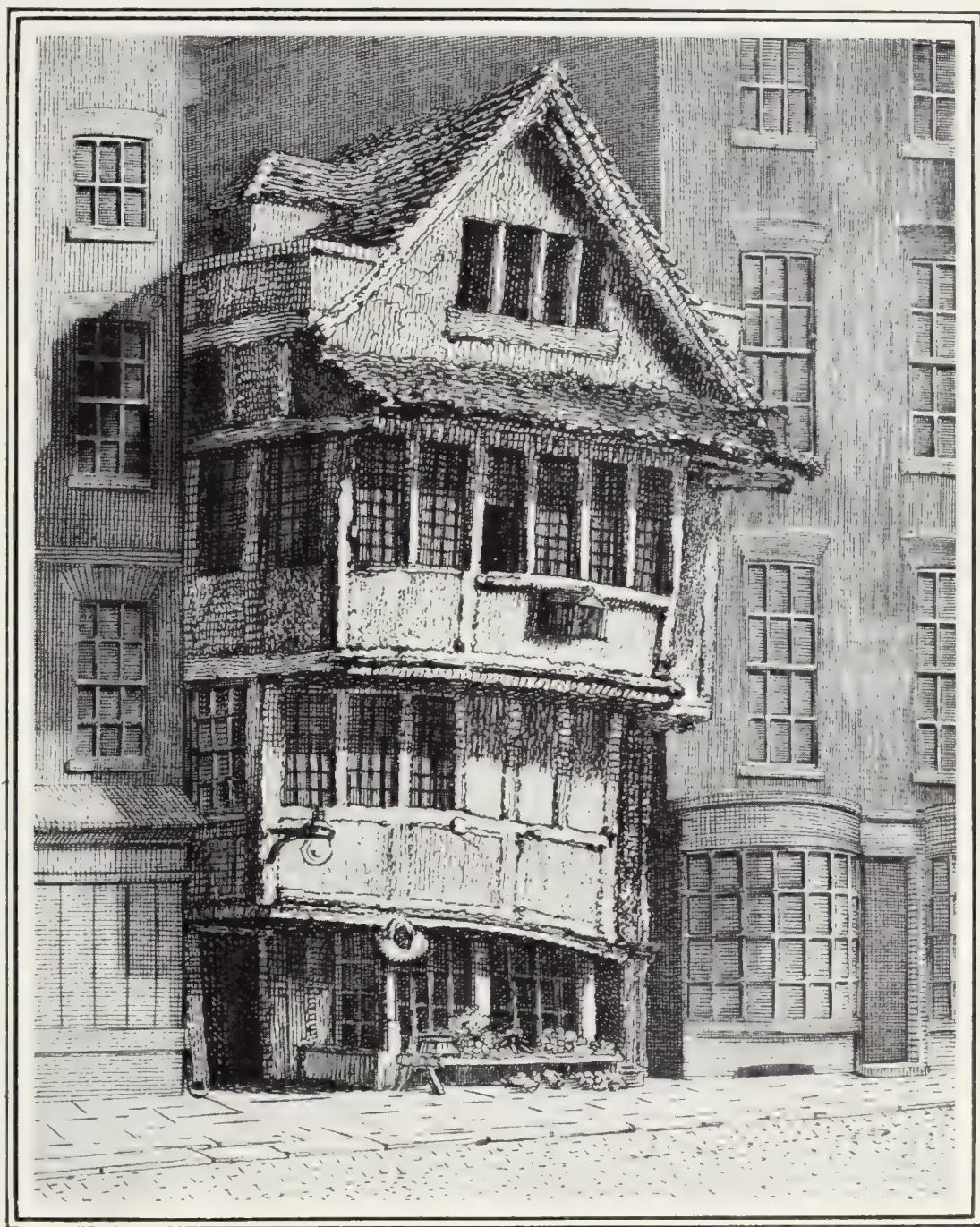
dred years earlier, saying to Beaumont, "Let us go up to the Club." He would have said, "Let us meet at the Tavern." But the "little nocturnal assemblies" (as Addison calls them), which were the natural forerunners of our modern places

of bread, vegetables, and pastry. This habit continued until well into the reign of Elizabeth, and so long as such an inconvenient custom prevailed there could have been no real comfort for any citizen who chose to dine abroad. He must

have had as much trouble with portage and baskets as a country party has to-day at a picnic. But about the time that Shakespeare came up to London, a remarkable change took place in the customs of the town, and the practice of public hospitality and entertainment was singularly facilitated. The nature of this change lay in the sudden development of the tavern, and the consequent withdrawal of the cook-shop. The worshipful company of Pastelars, as the cooks were called, ceased to enjoy the monopoly of providing hot meals.

The history of the vintners is a remarkable one. They were foreigners who had some difficulty in planting themselves in London, but who were incorporated during the Wars of the Roses as the Merchant Vintners of Gascoigne, a province of France then within the English dominions. They sold French wines, and they made great fortunes. Their masters rose frequently to be Lord Mayors of London, and they displayed their wealth with a certain insolence, on one occasion (in 1356) they had feasted in their hall four kings at once, the sovereigns of England, France, Scotland, and Cyprus. The great era of the invasion of London by the Vintners was the reign of Edward III. The rivals of these Bordeaux merchants were the Lombards, who brought sweet sack into the country, to the high indignation of the claret-selling Vintners, who finally prevailed upon the Lord Mayor to break open the butts of Lombard vintage in the street, which then ran wine in the most approved manner; "from whence there issued," says Stow, unpoetically, "a most loathsome sa-

vour." Stody's Lane was the centre of the industry of the Vinters. John Stody had been a city notable who was Mayor in 1357, and who gave tenements to that company for the relief of their poor. The transition by which the



THE OLD FOUNTAIN TAVERN

Taken down in 1793. From an etching by John Thomas Smith

Vintners became, in the middle of the reign of Elizabeth, the principal caterers and restaurant-keepers in London was remarkable. We should know more about it if, through a churlish contempt for literature, the Vintners had not snubbed Stow when he applied to them for information regarding their ancient mysteries. However, we know that the change took place in the generation before the Mermaid Club was founded, and that in Shakespeare's middle life the only places where cooked food was provided for the public were the taverns.

These buildings had rooms of various

conveniency and privacy. There was rough accommodation for rough customers down-stairs; but on the first floor such a room as was let to the Mermaid Club would have upholstered stools, and cushions in the deep window-seats. There were even open galleries over the street, where parties met in summer, but these were not so private. In a play of 1605 or earlier, formerly attributed to Shakespeare—*The London Prodigal*—we find that the young buck, Master Flowerdale—when he joins his friends at the tavern with his peach-colored satin suit, cut upon cloth of silver, which the tailor has spoiled,—fights shy of the gallery. “How now?” he says, “fie! sit in the open room?” and he will have the company come indoors where they can converse more privately.

According to general tradition, it is understood that the meetings at the Mermaid were organized by Sir Walter Raleigh. I do not know that any conjecture has been hazarded as to the date of this commencement. But it is not difficult, when we consider the circumstances, and the men whom he is known to have gathered about him, to form a shrewd guess at the year. As early as 1592, Raleigh had formed a coterie of poets and freethinkers, of which the Privy Council took adverse notice. To this Marlowe and Kyd were belonging at the time of their arrest, just before the death of Marlowe. But this dangerous and atheistical “school” was plainly not the Mermaid Club. Adventures by land and sea occupied the busy brain and body of Raleigh until 1596, but before the Cadiz expedition he spent several months in London. I believe that we may take the spring and summer of 1597 as the date at which Raleigh called about him, at the Mermaid Tavern, his celebrated coterie of wits. From that time until 1602, before his trial, his duties in Parliament and at court called him frequently to town, although his home was at Sherborne in Dorsetshire, and these, no doubt, were the brilliant years of the incomparable Mermaid Club.

There was a convenience in keeping the Club away from the theatres. The latter were mostly over on the other side of the river, in the so-called Liberty of

the Clink, in Southwark. Here, in the midst of the Bear Garden, stood those famous playhouses, the Rose, the Hope, and the Globe, identified with so many of the theatrical triumphs of that fervid and flourishing period. The Clink itself, which gave its name to the district along the river, was an ancient jail, “where handsome lodgings be,” much needed in that roaring place, for the locking up of such as should “brabble, fray, or break the peace on the said bank.” There was bull-baiting around the theatres, and bear-baiting, too, and the worst and noisiest crowds in London gathered round the spots where the most beautiful poetry in the world was being spouted by impoverished actors. The poets would be glad to slip away from this pandemonium, down-stream, entering respectability at the point where a narrow lane, winding between the church of St. Mary Overy and the palace of the Bishop of Winchester, brought them to that fantastic and beautiful structure, “a work very rare,” the fortified London Bridge. When, in the middle of it, they had passed through the drawbridge and under Nonsuch House, they had left the unseemly riot of the Bankside far behind.

There is no doubt about the district in which the Mermaid Tavern stood, although some little uncertainty about its precise position. It was in the heart of the City, very little to the east of the precincts of St. Paul's Cathedral, and south of Cheapside. Some of the authorities say it stood in Friday Street, and some in Bread Street, but there is no inconsistency in this, for these two lanes ran parallel, and close together, from Cheap Cross down to the church of St. Nicholas Olave. No doubt the Mermaid ran through the narrow block, and had an entrance in each of these streets. Moreover, in this block, it must have stood quite far up to the north, since a tradesman whose shop was between Milk Street and Wood Street described his business as being held “over against the Mermaid Tavern in Cheapside.” From the upper windows the early members of the Club must have looked immediately down on the defaced and broken statuary of the great Cross in Cheapside, once beautifully carved



Copyright, Emery Walker, London, E. C.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH

From an oil-painting made, probably by Federigo Zuccaro, in 1586

and richly gilt, but now, from 1599 onwards, headless and handless, the rotten timbers that sustained it bending with the misplacement of the marbles.

The importance of placing the Mermaid Tavern, as we can do thus almost exactly, is that we can raise up an image, not less magnificent for being vague, of the beauty of its immediate surroundings. The general tendency of the City, indeed, so far as we can gather it at the close of the reign of Elizabeth, was toward a neglect of the material comeliness of the town. The splendor of London dated from the last years of the fifteenth century, and what we have just said of the ruin and mutilation of the

noble Cross in Cheap was characteristic of the penurious indifference of the close of the sixteenth. There was, we may suppose, no great evidence of splendor in the irregular frontage of Bread Street and Friday Street. Nevertheless, the Mermaid Tavern stood in the very centre of what remained to give evidence of the amazing magnificence of the City in early Tudor times. The Goldsmiths' Row, "the most beautiful frame of fair houses and shops that be within the Walls of London" (as Stow reported in 1603), must have actually touched the Mermaid Tavern, and probably ran along between it and Cheapside. This row consisted of a line of ten houses and fourteen

shops, four stories high, richly timbered and designed to look like one noble mansion; the long front being covered by a sort of Parthenon frieze of young woodmen riding on the backs of monstrous beasts, the whole a blaze of brilliant color and gilding. This front was new-painted and gilt over in 1594, three years before the date at which we suppose the Mermaid Club to have been founded.

In one of these beautiful houses resided, at the time of the foundation of the Mermaid Club, Sir Richard Martin,

cession of James I. Another prominent member was John Hoskins, one of those men who seem to their contemporaries to possess superlative abilities, and who yet leave little trace behind them to prove the value of their gifts. Hoskins passed as being a famous wit, and no doubt held his own vigorously enough with Jonson and Shakespeare. He bravely polished Jonson's verses and revised Raleigh's history, fought duels, wrote lampoons, and patronized morris-dancers—a lively person who might, if he had thought of it, have achieved im-

mortality by playing Boswell to his celebrated friends, the "original members," all of whom he survived until 1638.

The original membership of the Mermaid Club included, moreover, Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, Donne, Selden, and "the two great consul-poets," as Sir John Birkenhead called them, Beaumont and Fletcher. By a poet of a later generation, Denham, we are told that it was particularly Jonson, Shakespeare, and Fletcher, who

"did sit,
And swayed in the triumvirate of wit."

Lord Falkland is a little more precise, and reports that at all meetings it was Ben Jonson's joy "to divert the stream of our discourse"; exactly as Samuel Johnson did a century and a half later. Henry King, Bishop of Chichester,

was admitted to these "wit-combats" in his early youth, and took a pride in having sat

"Amongst those soaring wits that did dilate
Our English, and advance it."

We have to be content with these tantalizing records, from which we may,



THE WHITE HART TAVERN

From a print, *circa* 1798, by John Manson

who is named as one of its most important members. Being a goldsmith, he was Lord Mayor of London in 1594, when the Goldsmiths' Row was re-decorated, and he was probably a very powerful protector to the club of wits, until he fell into discredit at the ac-

however, obtain some notion of the splendor of the conversation at those Attic suppers. There were gods on earth in those glorious days.

Shakespeare himself makes no reference to the nights at the Mermaid. But his fancy was not a little occupied with the sign of this tavern. There is a mermaid on a dolphin's back in *Midsummer - Night's Dream*, a sweet mermaid in *The Comedy of Errors*, a crowd of mermaids in *Antony and Cleopatra*, and at least the image of one in *Hamlet*. But Ben Jonson is explicit in his fine comedy of *Every Man in his Humour*. Here, according to the text acted in 1598, the characters of the play meet at the Mermaid Tavern (in a later version altered to the Windmill). There Edward Knowell, advanced to companionship with Bobadil and his friends, exults over his privilege. "I shall love Apollo and the mad Thespian girls the better while I live," he cries, on being made a member of the club to which the great wits resorted for security and secrecy.

There exists a set of rules which were written by Ben Jonson "for the Tavern Academy," and these, it is difficult to doubt, were those by which the meetings at the Mermaid were regulated. As we possess them, however, in Jonson's Latin verse, they are transcribed from an inscription which long survived, "engraved in marble over the chimney in the Apollo room of the Old Devil Tavern, at Temple Bar, that being his club-room." The Apollo Club was established by Ben Jonson after the Mermaid Club had been



TAVERN IN GOLDEN LANE
From a print made in 1800

broken up, but it is probable that these rules were a survival of those which were in force, though perhaps less formally expounded, at the Mermaid Tavern during the last years of Queen Elizabeth. We read in them that the excellence of talk was counted above the excellence of wine, that no angry disputes were permitted, nor the reading of bad verses, nor the breaking up of furniture, nor the intrusion of the "saucy fiddler" uninvited. Above all, the conversations were to be strictly confidential, and whoever published what was said or done at the Club was, on detection, to be swiftly and ruthlessly banished forever from the assembly. This may explain why no record has kept alive for us the humor, wit, and imagination that flashed across the board, and why we know so very little about the brave things which were "done at the Mermaid."



The Raid of the Guerilla

BY CHARLES EGBERT CRADDOCK

JUDGMENT DAY was coming to Tanglefoot Cove—somewhat in advance of the expectation of the rest of the world. Immediate doom impended. A certain noted guerilla, commanding a reckless troop, had declared a stern intention of raiding this secluded nook among the Great Smoky Mountains, and its denizens could but tremble at the menace.

Few and feeble folk were they. The volunteering spirit rife in the early days of the Civil War had wrought the first depletion in the number. Then came, as time wore on, the rigors of the conscription, with an extension of the limits of age from the very young to the verge of the venerable, thus robbing, as was said, both the cradle and the grave. Now only the ancient weaklings and the frail callow remained of the male population among the women and girls, who seemed mere supernumeraries in the scheme of creation, rated by the fitness to bear arms.

So feeble a community of non-combatants might hardly compass a war-like affront calculated to warrant reprisal, but the predominant Union spirit of East Tennessee was all a-pulse in the Cove, and the deed was no trifle.

"'T war Ethelindy's deed," her grand-

father mumbled, his quivering lips close to the knob of his stick, on which his palsied, veinous hands trembled as he sat in his armchair on the broad hearth of the main room in his little log cabin.

Ethelinda Brusie glanced quickly, furtively, at his pondering, wrinkled old face under the broad brim of his white wool hat, which he still wore, though indoors and with the night well advanced. Then she fixed her anxious, excited blue eyes once more on the flare of the fire.

"Lawd! ye jes' now f'und that out, dad?" exclaimed her widowed mother, busied in her evening task of carding wool on one side of the deep chimney, built of clay and sticks, and seeming always the imminent prey of destruction. But there it had stood for a hundred years, dispensing light and warmth and cheer, itself more inflammable than the great hickory logs that had summer still amid their fibres and drooled sap odorously as they sluggishly burned.

Ethelinda cast a like agitated glance on the speaker, then her gaze reverted to the fire. She had the air of being perched up, as if to escape the clutching waves of calamity, as she sat on a high, inverted splint basket, her feet not touching the puncheons of the rude floor, one hand drawing close about her the red

woollen skirt of her dress. She seemed shrunk even from her normal small size, and she listened to the reproachful recital of her political activity with a shrinking dismay on her soft, roseate face.

"Nuthin' would do Ethelindy," her granny lifted an accusatory voice, still knitting briskly, though she looked rebukingly over her spectacles at the cowering girl, "when that thar Union *deetachmint* rid into Tanglefoot Cove like a rat into a trap—"

"Yes," interposed Mrs. Brusie, "through mistakin' it fur Greenbrier Cove."

"Nuthin' would do Ethelindy but she mus' up an' offer to show the officer the way out by that thar cave what tunnels through the spur of the mounting down todes the bluffs, what sca'cely one o' the boys left in the Cove would know now."

"Else he'd hev been capshured," Ethelinda humbly submitted.

"Yes"—the ruffles of her grandmother's cap were quite terrible to view as they wagged at her with the nodding vehemence of her prelection—"an' *you* will be capshured now."

The girl visibly winced, and one of the three small boys lying about the hearth, sharing the warm flags with half a dozen dogs, whimpered aloud in sympathetic fright. The others preserved a breathless, anxious silence.

"You-uns mus' be powerful keerful ter say nuthin' 'bout Ethelindy's hand in that escape of the Fed'ral cavalry"—the old grandfather roused himself to a politic monition. "Mebbe the raiders won't find it out—an' the folks in the Cove dun'no' who done it, nuther."

"Yes, bes' be keerful, sure," the grandame rejoined. "Fur they puts wimmin folks in jail out yander in the flat woods;" still glibly knitting, she jerked her head toward the western world outside the limits of the great ranges. "Whenst I war a gal I war acquainted with a woman what pizened her husband, an' they kep' her in jail a consider'ble time—a senseless thing ter do, ter jail her, ter my mind, fur he war a shif'less no-count fool, an' nobody but her would hev put up with him ez long ez she did. The jedge an' jury thunk the same, fur they

'lowed ez she war crazy—an' so she war, ter hev ever married him! They turned her loose, but she never got another husband—I never knowed a man-person but what was skittish 'bout any onhealthy meddlin' with his vittles."

She paused to count the stitches on her needles, the big shadow of her cap ruffles bobbing on the daubed and chinked log walls in antic mimicry, while down Ethelinda's pink cheeks the slow tears coursed at the prospect of such immurement.

"Jes' kase I showed a stranger his path—"

"An' two hunderd an' fifty mo'—sprit, good-lookin' youngsters, able to do the rebs a power o' damage."

"I war 'feared they'd git capshured. That man, the leader, he stopped me down on the bank o' the creek whar I war a-huntin' of the cow, an' he axed 'bout the roads out'n the Cove. An' I tole him thar war no way out 'ceptin' by the road he hed jes' come, an' a path through a sorter cave or tunnel what the creek had washed out in the spur o' the mounting, ez could be travelled whenst the channel war dry or toler'ble low. An' he axed me ter show him that underground way."

"An' ye war full willin'," said Mrs. Brusie, in irritation, "though ye knowed that thar guerilla, Ackert, hed been movin' heaven an' yearth ter overhaul Tolhurst's command before they could reach the main body. An' hyar they war cotched like a rat in a trap."

"I was sure that the Cornfeds, ez hed seen them lope down inter the Cove, would be waitin' ter capshur them when they kem up the road agin—I jes' showed him how ter crope out through the cave," Ethelinda sobbed.

"How in perdition did they find thar way through that thar dark hole?—I can't sense that!" the old man suddenly mumbled.

"They had lanterns an' some pine-knots, grandad, what they lighted, an' the leader sent a squad ter 'reconnoitre,' ez he called it. An' whilst he waited he stood an' talked ter me about the roads in Greenbrier an' the lay o' the land over thar. He war full perlite an' genteel."

"I'll be bound ye looked like a 'crazy Jane,'" cried the grandmother, with sud-

den exasperation. "Yer white sun-bonnet plumb off an' a-hangin' down on yer shoulders, an' yer yaller hair all a-blowsin' at loose eends, stiddier bein' plaited up stiff an' tight an' personable, an' yer face burned pink in the sun, stiddier like yer skin ginerally looks, fine an' white ez a pan o' fraish milk, an' the flabby, slinksy skirt o' that yaller calico dress 'thout no starch in it, a-flappin' an' whirlin' in the wind—shucks! I dun'no' *whut* the man could hev thought o' you-uns, dressed out that-a-way."

"He war toler'ble well pleased with me now, sure!" retorted Ethelinda, stung to a blunt self-assertion. "He keered mo' about a good-lookin' road than a good-lookin' gal then. Whenst the squad kem back an' reported the passage full safe for man an' beastis the leader tuk a roll o' money out'n his pocket an' held it out to me—though he said it 'couldn't express his thanks.' But I held my hands behind me an' wouldn't take it. Then he called up another man an' made him open a bag, an' he snatched up my empty milk-piggin an' poured it nigh full o' green coffee in the bean—it be skeerce ez gold an' nigh ez precious."

"An' *what* did you do with it, Ethelindy?" her mother asked, significantly—not for information, but for the renewal of discussion and to justify the repetition of rebukes. These had not been few.

"You know," the girl returned, sullenly.

"*I* do," the glib grandmother interposed. "Ye jes' gin we-uns a sniff an' a sup, an' then ye tuk the kittle that leaks an' shook the rest of the coffee beans from out yer milk-piggin inter it, an' sot out an' marched yerself through the laurel—I wonder nuthin' didn't ketch ye! howsomever naught is never in danger—an' went ter that horspital camp o' the rebels on Big Injun Mounting—smallpox horspital it is—an' gin that precious coffee away to the enemies o' yer kentry."

"Nobody comes nor goes ter that place—hell itself ain't so avoided," said Mrs. Brusie, her forehead corrugated with sudden recurrence of anxiety. "Nobody else in this world would have resked it, 'ceptin' that headin' contrairy gal, Ethelindy Brusie."

"I never resked nuthin'," protested Ethelinda. "I stopped at the head of a bluff far off, an' hollered down ter 'em in the clearin' an' held up the kittle. An' two or three rebs war out of thar tents in the clearin'—thar be a good sight o' new graves up thar!—an' them men war hollerin' an' wavin' me away, till they seen what I war doin'; jes' settin' down the kittle an' startin' off."

She gazed meditatively into the fire, of set purpose avoiding the eyes fixed upon her, and sought to justify her course.

"I knowed ez we-uns hed got used ter doin' 'thout coffee, an' don't feel the need of it now. We-uns air well an' stout, an' live in our good home an' beside our own h'a'thstone; an' they air sick, an' pore, an' cast out, an' I reckon they ain't ever been remembered before in gifts. An' I 'lowed the coffee, bein' onexpected an' a sorter extry, mought put some fraish heart an' hope in 'em—leastwise show 'em ez God don't 'low 'em ter be plumb furgot."

She still gazed meditatively at the fire as if it held a scroll of her recollections, which she gradually interpreted anew. "I looked back wunst, an' one o' them rebs had sot down on a log an' war sobbin' ez ef his heart would bust. An' another of 'em war signin' at me agin an' agin, like he was drawin' a cross in the air—one pass down an' then one across—an' the other reb war jes' laffin' fur joy, and wunst in a while he yelled out: 'Blessin's on ye! Blessin's! Blessin's!' I dun'no' how fur I hearn that sayin'. The rocks round the creek war repeatin' it, whenst I crossed the foot-bridge. I dun'no' what the feller meant—mought hev been crazy."

A tricksy gust stirred at the door as if a mischievous hand twitched the latch-string, but it hung within. There was a pause. The listening children on the hearth sighed and shifted their posture; one of the hounds snored sonorously in the silence.

"Nuthin' crazy thar 'ceptin' you-uns!—one fool gal—that's all!" said her grandmother, with her knitting-needles and her spectacles glittering in the fire-light. "That is a pest camp. Ye mought hev cotch the smallpox. I be lookin' fur ye ter break out with it any day. When

the war is over an' the men come back to the Cove, none of 'em will so much as look at ye, with yer skin all pock-marked—fair an' fine as it is now, like a pan of fraish milk."

"But, granny, it won't be sp'ilt! The camp war too fur off—an' thar warn't a breath o' wind. I never went a-nigh 'em."

"I dun'no' how fur smallpox kin travel—an' it jes' mulls and mulls in ye afore it breaks out—don't it, S'briny?"

"Don't ax me," said Mrs. Brusie, with a worried air. "I ain't no yerb doctor, nor nurse tender, nuther. Ethelindy is beyond my understandin'."

She was beyond her own understanding, as she sat weeping slowly, silently. The aspect of those forlorn graves, that recorded the final ebbing of hope and life at the pest camp, had struck her recollection with a most poignant appeal. Strangers, wretches, dying alone, desolate outcasts, the terror of their kind, the epitome of repulsion—they were naught to her! Yet they represented humanity in its helplessness, its suffering, its isolated woe, and its great and final mystery; she felt vaguely grieved for their sake, and she gave the clay that covered them, still crude red clods with not yet a blade of grass, the fellowship of her tears.

A thrill of masculine logic stirred uneasily in the old man's disused brain. "Tell me *one* thing, Ethelindy," he said, lifting his bleared eyes as he clasped his tremulous hands more firmly on the head of his stick—"tell me this—which side air you-uns on, ennyhow, Ethelindy?"

"I'm fur the Union," said Ethelinda, still weeping, and now and then wiping her sapphire eyes with the back of her hand, hard and tanned, but small in proportion to her size. "I'm fur the Union—fust an' last an' all the time."

The old man wagged his head solemnly with a blight of forecast on his wrinkled, aged face. "That thar sayin' is goin' ter be mighty hard ter live up to whilst Jerome Ackert's critter company is a-raidin' of Tanglefoot Cove."

The presence of the "critter company" was indeed calculated to inspire a most obsequious awe. It was an expression of arbitrary power which one might ardently wish directed elsewhere. From the moment that the echoes of the Cove

caught the first elusive strain of the trumpet, infinitely sweet and clear and compelling, yet somehow ethereal, unreal, as if blown down from the daylight moon, a filmy lunar semblance in the bland blue sky, the denizens of Tanglefoot began to tremulously confer together, and to skitter like frightened rabbits from house to house. Tanglefoot Cove is some four miles long, and its average breadth is little more than a mile. On all sides the great Smoky Mountains rise about the cuplike hollow, and their dense gigantic growths of hickory and poplar, maple and gum, were aglow, red and golden, with the largesse of the generous October. The underbrush or the jungles of laurel that covered the steeps rendered outlet through the forests impracticable, and indeed the only road was invisible save for a vague line among the dense pines of a precipitous slope, where on approach it would materialize under one's feet as a wheel track on either side of a line of frosted weeds, which the infrequent passing of wagon-beds had bent and stunted, yet had not sufficed to break.

The blacksmith's shop, the centre of the primitive civilization, had soon an expectant group in its widely flaring doors, for the smith had had enough of the war, and had come back to wistfully, hopelessly haunt his anvil like some uneasy ghost visiting familiar scenes in which he no more bears a part;—a minié-ball had shattered his stanch hammer-arm, and his duties were now merely advisory to a clumsy apprentice. This was a half-witted fellow, a giant in strength, but not to be trusted with firearms. In these days of makeweights his utility had been discovered, and now with the smith's hammer in his hand he joined the group, his bulging eyes all a-stare and his loose lips hanging apart. The old justice of the peace, whose office was a sinecure, since the war had run the law out of the Cove, came with a punctilious step, though with a sense of futility and abated dignity, and at every successive note of the distant trumpet these wights experienced a tense bracing of the nerves to await helplessly the inevitable and, alas! the inexorable.

"They say that he is a turrible, turrible man," the blacksmith averred, ever

and anon rubbing the stump of his amputated hammer-arm, in which, though bundled in its jeans sleeve, he had the illusion of the sensation of its hand and fingers. He suddenly shaded his brow with his broad palm to eye that significant line which marked the road among the pines on the eastern slope, beyond the Indian corn that stood tall and rank of growth in the rich bottom-lands.

Ethelinda's heart sank. All un-prescient of the day's impending event, she had come to the forge with the slaie of her loom to be mended, and she now stood holding the long shaft in her mechanical clasp, while she listened spell-bound to the agitated talk of the group. The boughs of a great yellow hickory waved above her head; near by was the trough, and here a horse, brought to be shod, was utilizing the diversion by a draught; he had ceased to draw in the clear, cold spring water, but still stood with his muzzle close to the surface, his lips dripping, gazing with unimagined thoughts at the reflection of his big equine eyes, the blue sky inverted, the dappling yellow leaves, more golden even than the sunshine, and the glimmering flight of birds, with a stellar light upon their wings.

"A turrible man?—w-w-well," stut-tered the idiot, who had of late assumed all the port of coherence and snatched and held a part of colloquy, so did the dignity of labor annul the realization of his infirmity, "then I'd be obleeged ter him ef—ef—ef he'd stay out'n Tangle-foot Cove."

"So would I." The miller laughed uneasily. But for the corrugations of time, one might not have known if it were flour or age that had so whitened his long beard, which hung quivering down over the breast of his jeans coat, of an indeterminate hue under its frosting from the hopper. "He hev tuk up a turrible spite at Tanglefoot Cove."

The blacksmith nodded. "They say that he 'lowed ez traitors orter be treated like traitors. But *I* be a-goin' ter tell him that the Confederacy hev got one arm off'n me more'n its entitled to, an' I'm willin' ter call it quits at that."

"'Tain't goin' ter do him no good ter raid the Cove," an ancient farmer averred; "an' it's agin' the rebel rule,

ennyhows, ter devastate the kentry they live off'n—it's like sawin' off the bough ye air sittin' on." His eyes dwelt with a fearful affection on the laden fields; his old stoop-shouldered back had bent yet more under the toil that had brought his crop to this perfection, with the aid of the children whose labor was scarcely worth the strenuosity requisite to control their callow wiles.

"Shucks! He's a guerilla—he is!" retorted the blacksmith. "Accountable ter nobody! Hyar ter-day an' thar ter-morrer. Rides light. Two leetle Parrott guns is the most weight he carries."

The idiot's eyes began to widen with slow and baffled speculation. "Whut—w-whut ails him ter take arter Tangle-foot? W-w—" his great loose lips trembled with unformed words as he gazed his eager inquiry from one to another. Under normal circumstances it would have remained contemptuously unanswered, and in these days in Tanglefoot Cove a man, though a simpleton, was yet a man, and inherently commanded respect.

"A bird o' the air mus' hev carried the matter that Tolhurst's troops hed rid inter Tanglefoot Cove by mistake fur Greenbrier, whar they war ter cross ter jine the Fed'rals nigh the Cohuttas. An' that guerilla, Ackert, hed been ridin' a hunderd mile at a hand-gallop ter overhaul him, an' knowin' thar warn't but one outlet to Tanglefoot Cove, he expected ter capshur the Feds as they kem out agin. So he sot himself ter ambush Tolhurst, an' waited fur him up thar amongst the pines an' the laurel—an' he *waited*—an' *waited*! But Tolhurst never came! So whenst the guerilla war sure he hed escaped by ways unknownst he set out ter race him down ter the Cohutty Mountings. But Tolhurst had j'ined the main body o' the Federal Army, an' now Ackert is showing a clean pair o' heels comin' back. But he be goin' ter take time ter raid the Cove—his hurry will wait fur that! Somebody in Tanglefoot—the Lord only knows who—showed Tolhurst that underground way out ter Greenbrier Cove, through a sorter cave or tunnel in the mountings."

"Now—now—neighbor—*that's* guess-work," remonstrated the miller, in behalf of Tanglefoot Cove repudiating the re-

sponsibility. Perhaps the semi-mercantile occupation of measuring toll sharpens the faculties beyond natural endowments, and he began to perceive a certain connection between cause and effect inimical to personal interest.

"Waal, that is the way they went, sartain sure," protested the blacksmith. "I tracked 'em, the ground bein' moist, kase I wanted ter view the marks o' their horses' hoofs. They hev got some powerful triflin' blacksmiths in the army—farriers, they call 'em. I los' the trail amongst the rocks an' ledges down todes the cave—though it's more like one o' them tunnels we-uns used ter go through in the railroads in the army, but this one was never made with hands; jes' hollowed out by Sinking Creek. So I got Jube thar ter crope through, an' view ef thar war enny hoofmarks on t'other side whar the cave opens out in Greenbrier Cove."

"An' a body would think fur sure ez the armies o' hell had been spewed out'n that black hole," said a lean man whom the glance of the blacksmith had indicated as Jube, and who spoke in the intervals of a racking cough that seemed as if it might dislocate his bones in its violence. "Hoofmarks hyar—hoofmarks thar—as if they didn't rightly know which way ter go in the marshy ground 'bout Sinking Creek. But at last they 'peared ter git tergether, an' off they tracked ter the west—" A paroxysm of coughs intervened, and the attention of the group failed to follow the words that they interspersed.

"They tuk a short cut through the Cove—they warn't in it a haffen hour," stipulated the prudent miller. "They came an' went like a flash. Nobody seen 'em 'cept the Brusies, kase they went by thar house—an' ef they hed hed a guide, old Randal Brusie would hev named it."

"Ackert 'lows he'll hang the guide ef he ketches him," said the blacksmith, in a tone of awe. "Leastwise that's the word that's goin'."

Poor Ethelinda! The clutch of cold horror about her heart seemed to stop its pulsations for a moment. She saw the still mountains whirl about the horizon as if in some weird bewitchment. Her nerveless hands loosened their clasp upon the slaie and it fell to the ground, clattering on the protruding roots of the

trees. The sound attracted the miller's attention. He fixed his eyes warily upon her, a sudden thought looking out from their network of wrinkles.

"You didn't see no guide whenst they slipped past you-uns' house, did ye, Sis?"

Poor, unwilling casuist! She had an instinct for the truth in its purest sense, the innate impulse toward the verities unspoiled by the taint of sophistication. Perhaps in the restricted conditions of her life she had never before had adequate temptation to a subterfuge. Even now, consciously reddening, her eyes drooping before the combined gaze of her little world, she had an inward protest of the literal exactness of her phrase. "Naw, sir—I never seen thar guide."

"Thar now, what did I tell you!" the miller exclaimed, triumphantly.

The blacksmith seemed convinced. "Mought hev hed a map," he speculated. "Them fellers in the army *do* hev maps. I f'und that out whenst I war in the service."

The group listened respectfully. The blacksmith's practical knowledge of the art of war had given him the port and pride of a military authority. Doubtless some of the acquiescent wights entertained a vague wonder how the army contrived to fare onward bereft of his advice. And, indeed, despite his maimed estate, his heart was the stoutest that thrilled to the iteration of the trumpet. Nearer now it was, and once more echoing down the sunset glen.

"Right wheel, trot—*march*," he muttered, interpreting the sound of the horses' hoofs. "It's a critter company, fur sure!"

There was no splendor of pageant in the raid of the guerilla into the Cove. The pines closing above the cleft in the woods masked the entrance of the "critter company." Once a gleam of scarlet from the guidon flashed on the sight. And again a detached horseman was visible in a barren interval, reining in his steed on the almost vertical slant, looking the centaur in literal presentation. The dull thud of hoofs made itself felt as a continuous undertone to the clatter of stirrup and sabre, and now and again rose the stirring mandate of the trumpet, with that majestic, sweet sweep of sound which so thrills the senses. They were

coming indubitably, the troop of the dreaded guerilla—indeed, they were already here. For while the sun still glinted on carbine and sabre among the scarlet and golden tints of the deciduous growths and the sombre green of the pines on the loftier slopes, the vanguard in column of fours were among the gray shadows at the mountains' base and speeding into the Cove at a hand-gallop, for the roads were fairly good when once the level was reached. Though so military a presentment, for they were all veterans in the service, despite the youth of many, they were not in uniform. Some wore the brown jeans of the region, girt with sword-belt and canteen, with great spurs and cavalry boots, and broad-brimmed hats, which now and again flaunted cords or feathers. Others had attained the Confederate gray, occasionally accented with a glimmer of gold where a shoulder-strap or a chevron graced the garb. And yet there was a certain homogeneity in their aspect. All rode after the manner of the section, with the "long stirrup" at the extreme length of the limb, and the immovable pose in the saddle, the man being absolutely stationary while the horse bounded at agile speed. There was the similarity of facial expression, in infinite dissimilarity of feature, which marks a common sentiment, origin, and habitat. Then, too, they shared something recklessly haphazard, gay, defiantly dangerous, that, elusive as it might be to describe, was as definitely perceived as the guidon, riding apart at the left, his long staff planted on his stirrup, bearing himself with a certain stately pride of port, distinctly official.

The whole effect was concentrated in the face of the leader, obviously the inspiration of the organization, the vital spark by which it lived; a fierce face, intent, commanding. It was burned to a brick-red, and had an aquiline nose and a keen gray-green eagle-like eye; on either side auburn hair, thick and slightly curling, hung, after the fashion of the time, to his coat collar. And this collar and his shoulders were decorated with gold lace and the insignia of rank; the uniform was of fine Confederate gray, which seemed to contradict the general impression that he was but a free-lance or a

bushwhacker and operated on his own responsibility. The impression increased the terror his name excited throughout the countryside with his high-handed and eccentric methods of warfare, and perhaps he would not have resented it if he were cognizant of its general acceptance.

It was a look calculated to inspire awe which he flung upon the cowering figures before the door of the forge as he suddenly perceived them; and detaching himself from the advancing troop, he spurred his horse toward them. He came up like a whirlwind. That impetuous gallop could scarcely have carried his charger over the building itself, yet there is nothing so overwhelming to the nerves as the approaching rush of a speedy horse, and the group flattened themselves against the wall; but he drew rein before he reached the door, and whirling in the saddle, with one hand on the horse's back, he demanded:

"Where is he? Bring him out!" as if all the world knew the object of his search and the righteous reason of his enmity. "Bring him out! I'll have a drumhead court martial—and he'll swing before sunset!"

"Good evenin', Cap'n," the old miller sought what influence might appertain to polite address and the social graces.

"Evenin' be damned!" cried Ackert, angrily. "If you folks in the coves want the immunity of non-combatants, by Gawd! you gotter preserve the neutrality of non-combatants!"

"Yessir—that's reason—that's jestice," said the old squire, hastily, whose capacities of ratiocination had been cultivated by the exercise of the judicial functions of his modest *piepoudre* court.

Ackert unwillingly cast his eagle eye down upon the cringing old man, as if he would rather welcome contradiction than assent.

"It's accordin' to the articles o' war and the law of nations," he averred. "People take advantage of age and disability"—he glanced at the blacksmith, whose left hand mechanically grasped the stump of his right arm—"as if that could protect 'em in acts o' treason an' treachery;" then with a blast of impatience, "Where's the man?"

To remonstrate with a whirlwind, to



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

HE CAME UP LIKE A WHIRLWIND

explain to a flash of lightning, to soothe and propitiate the fury of a conflagration—the task before the primitive and inexperienced Cove-dwellers seemed to partake of this nature.

“Cap’n—ef ye’d listen ter what I gotter say—” began the miller.

“I’ll listen arterward!” exclaimed Ackert, in his clarion voice. He had never heard of Jedburgh justice, but he had all the sentiment of that famous tribunal who hanged the prisoners first and tried them afterward.

“Cap’n,” remonstrated the blacksmith, breaking in with hot haste, hurried by the commander’s gusts of impatience, forgetful that he had no need to be precipitate, since he could not produce the recusant if he would. “Cap’n—Cap’n—bear with us—we-uns don’t know!”

Ackert stared in snorting amaze, a flush of anger dyeing his red cheeks a yet deeper red. Of all the subterfuges that he had expected, he had never divined this. He shifted front face in his saddle, placed his gauntleted right hand on his right side, and held his head erect, looking over the wide, rich expanse of the Cove, the corn in the field, and the fodder in the shock set amid the barbaric splendors of the wooded autumn mountains glowing in the sunset above. He seemed scenting his vengeance with some keen sense as he looked, his thin nostrils dilating as sensitively as the nostrils of his high-couraged charger now throwing up his head to sniff the air, now bending it down as he pawed the ground.

“Well, gentlemen, you have got a mighty pretty piece o’ country here, and good crops, too—which is a credit to you, seeing that the conscription has in and about drafted all the able-bodied mountaineers that wouldn’t volunteer—damn ’em! But I swear by the right hand of Jehovah, I’ll burn every cabin in the Cove an’ every blade o’ forage in the fields if you don’t produce the man who guided Tolhurst’s cavalry out’n the trap I’d chased ’em into, or give me a true and satisfactory account of him.” He raised his gauntleted right hand and shook it in the air. “So help me God!”

There was all the solemnity of intention in this fierce asseveration, and it brought the aged non-combatants forward

in eager protestation. The old justice made as if to catch at his bridle rein, then desisted. A certain *noli me tangere* influence about the fierce guerilla affected even supplication, and the “Squair” resorted to logic as the more potent weapon of the two.

“Cap’n, Cap’n,” he urged, with a tremulous, aged jaw, “be pleased to consider my words. I’m a magistrate, sir, or I was before the war run the law clean out o’ the kentry. We dun’no’ the guide—we never seen the troops.” Then, in reply to an impatient snort of negation: “If ye’ll cast yer eye on the lay of the land, ye’ll view how it happened. Thar’s the road”—he waved his hand toward that vague indentation in the foliage that marked the descent into the vale—“an’ down this e-end o’ the Cove thar’s nex’ ter nobody livin’.”

The spirited equestrian figure was standing as still as a statue; only the movement of the full pupils of his eyes, the dilation of the nostrils, showed how nearly the matter touched his tense nerves.

“Some folks in the upper e-end of the Cove ’lowed afterward they hearn a hawn; some folks spoke of a shakin’ of the ground like the trompin’ of horses—but them troops mus’ hev passed from the foot o’ the mounting acrost the aidge of the Cove.”

“Scant haffen mile,” put in the blacksmith, “down to a sort of cave, or tunnel, that runs under the mounting—yander—that lets ’em out into Greenbrier Cove.”

“Gawd!” exclaimed the guerilla, striking his breast with his clenched, gauntleted hand as his eyes followed with the vivacity of actual sight the course of the march of the squadron of horse to the point of their triumphant vanishment. Despite the vehemence of the phrase the intonation was a very bleat of desperation. For it was a rich and rare opportunity thus wrested from him by an untoward fate. In all the chaotic chances of the Civil War he could hardly hope for its repetition. It was part of a crack body of regulars—Tolhurst’s squadron—that he had contrived to drive into this trap, this *cul-de-sac*, surrounded by the infinite fastnesses of the Great Smoky Mountains. It had been a running fight, for Tolhurst had orders, as Ackert had found means of

knowing, to join the main body without delay, and his chief aim was to shake off this persistent pursuit with which a far inferior force had harassed his march. But for his fortuitous discovery of the underground exit from the basin of Tanglefoot Cove, Ackert, ambushed without, would have encountered and defeated the regulars in detail as they clambered in detachments up the unaccustomed steep slopes of the mountain road, the woods elsewhere being almost impassable jungles of laurel.

Success would have meant more to Ackert than the value of the service to the cause, than the tumultuous afflatus of victory, than the spirit of strife to the born soldier. There had been kindled in his heart a great and fiery ambition; he was one of the examples of an untaught military genius of which the Civil War elicited a few notable and amazing instances. There had been naught in his career heretofore to suggest this unaccountable gift, to foster its development. He was the son of a small farmer, only moderately well-to-do; he had the very limited education which a restricted and remote rural region afforded its youth; he had entered the Confederate army as a private soldier, with no sense of special fitness, no expectation of personal advancement, only carried on the wave of popular enthusiasm. But from the beginning his quality had been felt; he had risen from grade to grade, and now with a detached body of horse and flying artillery his exploits were beginning to attract the attention of corps commanders on both sides, to the gratulation of friends and the growing respect of foes. He seemed endowed with the wings of the wind; to-day he was tearing up railroad tracks in the lowlands to impede the reinforcements of an army; to-morrow the force sent with the express intention of placing a period to these mischievous activities heard of his exploits in burning bridges and cutting trestles in remote sections of the mountains. The probabilities could keep no terms with him, and he baffled prophecy. He had a quick invention—a talent for expedients. He appeared suddenly when least expected and where his presence seemed impossible. He had a gift of military intuition. He

seemed to know the enemy's plans before they were matured; and ere a move was made to put them into execution he was on the ground with troublous obstacles to forestall the event in its very inception. He maintained a discipline to many commanders impossible. His troops had a unity of spirit that might well animate an individual. They endured long fasts, made wonderful forced marches on occasion—all day in the saddle and nodding to the pommel all night; it was even said they fought to such exhaustion that when dismounted the front rank, lying in line of battle prone upon the ground, would fall asleep between volleys, and that the second rank, kneeling to fire above them, had orders to stir them with their carbines to insure regularity of the musketry. He had the humbler yet even more necessary equipment for military success. He could forage his troops in barren opportunities; they somehow kept clothed and armed at the minimum of expense. Did he lack ammunition—he made shift to capture a supply for his little Parrott guns that barked like fierce dogs at the rear-guard of an enemy or protected his own retreat when it jumped with his plans to compass a speedy withdrawal himself. His horses were well groomed, well fed, fine travellers, and many showed the brand U.S., for he could mount his troop when need required from the corrals of an unsuspecting encampment. He was the ideal guerilla, of infinite service to his faction in small, significant operations of disproportioned importance.

What wonder that his name was rife in rumors which flew about the country; that soon it was not only "the grapevine telegraph" that vibrated with the sound, but he was mentioned in official despatches; nay, on one signal occasion the importance of his exploit was recognized by the commander of the Army Corps in a general order published to specially commend it. Naturally his spirit rose to meet these expanding liberties of achievement. He looked for further promotion—for eminence. In a vague glimmer, growing ever stronger and clearer, he could see himself in the astral splendor of the official stars of a major-general—for in the far day of the

anticipated success of the Confederacy he looked to be an officer of the line.

And now suddenly this light was dimmed; his laurels were wilting. What prestige would the capture of Tolhurst have conferred! Never had a golden opportunity like this been lost—by what uncovenanted chance had he escaped?

"He must have had a guide! Right here in the Cove!" Ackert exclaimed. "Nobody outside would know a hole in the ground, a cave, a water-gap, a tunnel like that! Where's the man?"

"Naw, sir—naw, Cap'n! Nobody viewed the troop but one gal person, an' she 'lowed she never seen no guide."

The charger whirled under the touch of the hand on the rein, and Ackert's eyes scanned with a searching intentness the group.

"Where's this girl—you, Sis?"

As the old squire with most unwelcome officiousness seized Ethelinda's arm and hurried her forward, her heart sank within her. For one moment the guerilla's fiery, piercing eyes dwelt upon her as she stood looking up, her delicately white face grown deathly pallid, her golden hair frivolously blowed in the wind, which tossed the full skirts of her lilac-hued calico gown till she seemed poised on the very wings of flight. Her sapphire eyes, bluer than ever azure skies could seem, sought to gaze upward, but ever and anon their long-lashed lids fluttered and fell.

He was quick of perceptions.

"*You* have no call to be afraid," he remarked—a sort of gruff upbraiding, as if her evident trepidation impugned his justice in reprisal. "Come, you can guide me. Show me just where they came in, and just where they got out—damn 'em!"

She could scarcely control her terror when she saw that he intended her to ride with him to the spot, yet she feared even more to draw back, to refuse. He held out one great spurred boot. Her little low-cut shoe looked tiny upon it as she stepped up. He swung her to the saddle behind him, and the great war-horse sprang forward so suddenly, with such long, swift strides, that she swayed precariously for a moment and was glad to catch the guerilla's belt—to seize, too, with an agitated clutch, his right gaunt-

let that he held backward against his side. His fingers promptly closed with a reassuring grasp on hers, and thus skimming the red sunset-tide they left behind them the staring group about the blacksmith shop, which the cavalymen had now approached, watering their horses at the trough and lifting the saddles to rest the animals from the constriction of the pressure of the girths.

Soon the guerilla and the girl disappeared in the distance; the fences flew by; the shocks of corn seemed all a-trooping down the fields; the evening star in the red haze above the purple western mountains had spread its invisible pinions, and was a-wing above their heads. Presently the heavy shadows of the looming wooded range, darkening now, showing only blurred effects of red and brown and orange, fell upon them, and the guerilla checked the pace, for the horse was among boulders and rough ledges that betokened the dry bed of a stream. Great crags had begun to line the way, first only on one marge of the channel; then the clifty banks appeared on the other side, and at length a deep, black-arched opening yawned beneath the mountains, glooming with sepulchral shadows; in the silence one might hear drops trickling vaguely and the sudden hooting of an owl from within.

He drew up his horse abruptly, and contemplated the grim aperture.

"So they came into Tanglefoot down the road, and went out of the Cove by this tunnel?"

"Yessir!" she piped. What had befallen her voice? what appalled eerie squeak was this! She cleared her throat timorously. "They couldn't hev done it later in the fall season. Tanglefoot Creek gits ter runnin' with the fust rains."

"An' Tolhurst knew that too! He must have had a guide—a guide that knows the Cove like I know the palm of my hand! Well, I'll catch him yet, sometime. I'll hang him! I'll hang him—if I have to grow a tree a-purpose."

What strange influence had betided the landscape? Around and around circled the great stationary mountains anchored in the foundations of the earth. It was a long moment before they were still again—perhaps, indeed, it was the neces-

sity of guarding her balance on the fiery steed, a new cause of apprehension, that paradoxically steadied Ethelinda's nerves. Ackert had dismounted, throwing the reins over his arm. He had caught sight of the hoofmarks along the moist sandy spaces of the channel, mute witness in point of number, and a guaranty of the truth of her story. A sudden glitter arrested his eyes. He stooped and picked up a broken belt-buckle with the significant initials U.S. yet showing upon it.

"I'll hang that guide yet," he muttered, his eyes dark with angry conviction, his face lowering with fury. "I'll hang him—an' I won't look to prove it pine blank. Jes' let me git a mite o' suspicion, an' I'll guarantee the slip-knot!"

She could never understand her motive, her choice of the moment.

"Cap'n Ackert," she trembled forth. There was so much significance in her tone that, standing at her side, he looked up in sudden expectation. "I tole ye the truth whenst I say I *seen* no guide—" he made a gesture of impatience; he had no time for twice-told tales—"kase—kase the guide war—war—myself."

The clear twilight fell full on his amazed, upturned face and the storm of fury it concentrated.

"What did you do it fur?" he thundered, "you limb o' perdition!"

"Jes' ter help him some. He—he—he—would hev been capshured."

He would indeed! The guerilla was very terrible to look upon as his brow corrugated, and his upturned eyes, with the light of the sky within them, flashed ominously.

"You little she-devil!" he began, and then speech seemed to fail him.

She had begun to shiver and shed tears and emit little gusts of quaking sobs.

"Oh, I be so feared—" she whimpered. "But—but—you mustn't hang—*nobody* else on s'picion!"

There was a vague change in the expression of his face. He still stood beside the saddle, with the reins over his arm, while the horse threw his head almost to the ground and again tossed it aloft in his impatient weariness of the delay.

"An' now you are captured yourself,"

he said, sternly. "You are accountable fur your actions."

She burst into a paroxysm of sobs. "I never went ter tell! I meant ter keep the secret! The folks in the Cove dun'no' nuthin'. But—oh, ye *mustn't* s'picion nobody else—ye *mustn't* hang nobody else!"

Once more that indescribable change upon his face.

"You showed him the way to this pass yourself? Tell the truth!"

"He war ridin' his horse-critter—'tain't ez fast, nor fine, nor fat ez yourn."

He stroked the glossy mane with a sort of mechanical pride.

"And so he went plumb through the cave?"

"An' all the troop—they kindled pine-knots fur torches."

He glanced about him at the convenient growths.

"And they came out all safe in Greenbrier?" He winced. How the lost opportunity hurt him!

"Yessir. In Greenbrier Cove."

"Did he pay you in gold?" sneered Ackert. "Or in greenbacks? Or mebbe in Cornfed money?"

"I wouldn't hev his gold." She drew herself up proudly, though the tears were still coursing down her cheeks. "So he gin me a present—a whole passel o' coffee in my milk-piggin." Then to complete a candid confession she detailed the disposition she had made of this rare and precious luxury at the rebel small-pox camp.

His eyes seemed to dilate as they gazed up at her. "Jesus Gawd!" he exclaimed, with uncouth profanity. But the phrase was unfamiliar to her, and she caught at it with a meaning all her own.

"That's jes' it! Folks in gineral don't think o' *them*, 'cept ter git out o' thar way; an' nobody keers fur *them*, but kase Jesus is Gawd He makes *somebody* remember them wunst in a while! An' they did seem passable glad."

A vague sweet fragrance was on the vesperal air; some subtle distillation of asters or jewel-weed or "mountain-snow" and the leafage of crimson sumac and purple sweet-gum and yellow hickory and the late ripening frost-grapes—all in the culmination of autumnal perfection; more than one star gleamed whitely pal-



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

HE INSISTED THAT THEY SHOULD SHAKE HANDS AS ON A SOLEMN COMPACT

pitant in a sky that was yet blue and roseate with a reminiscence of sunset; a restful sentiment, a brief truce stilled the guerilla's tempestuous pulse as he continued to stand beside his horse's head while the girl waited, seated on the saddle blanket.

Suddenly he spoke to an unexpected intent. "Ye took a power o' risk in goin' nigh that Confederate pest-camp—an' yit ye're fur the Union an' saved a squadron from capture!" he upbraided the inconsistency in a soft incidental drawl.

"Yes, I be fur the Union," she trembled forth the dread avowal. "But somehow I can't keep from holpin' any I kin. They war rebs—an' it war Yankee coffee—an' I dun'no'—I jes' dun'no'—"

As she hesitated he looked long at her with that untranslated gaze. Then he fell ponderingly silent.

Perhaps the revelation of the sanctities of a sweet humanity for a holy sake, blessing and blessed, had illumined his path, had lifted his eyes, had wrought a change in his moral atmosphere, spiritually suffusive, potent, revivifying, complete. "She is as good as the saints in the Bible—an' plumb beautiful besides," he muttered beneath his fierce mustachios.

Once more he gazed wonderingly at her.

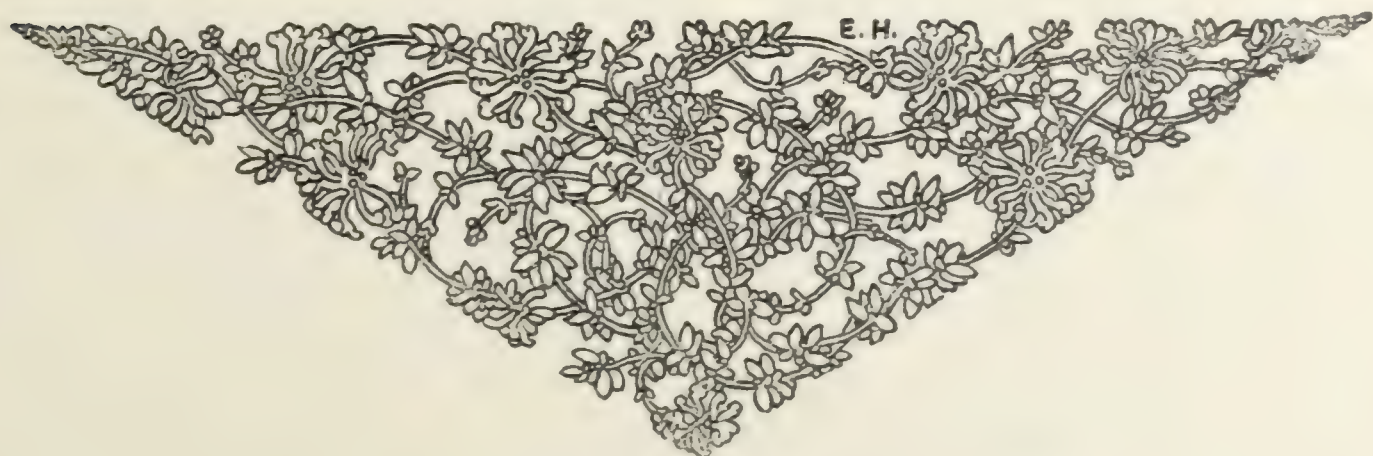
"I expect to do some courtin' in this kentry when the war is over," the guerilla said, soberly, reaching down to readjust the reins. "I haven't got time now. Will *you* be waiting fur me here in Tanglefoot Cove—if I promise not to hang you fur your misdeeds right off now?" He glanced up with a sudden arch jocularity.

She burst out laughing gleefully in

the tumult of her joyous reassurance, as she laid her tremulous fingers in his big gauntlet when he insisted that they should shake hands as on a solemn compact. Forthwith he mounted again, and the great charger galloped back, carrying double, in the red afterglow of the sunset, to the waiting group before the flaring doors of the forge.

The fine flower of romance had blossomed incongruously in that eager heart in those fierce moments of the bitterness of defeat. Life suddenly had a new meaning, a fair and fragrant promise, and often and again he looked over his shoulder at the receding scene when the trumpets sang "to horse," and in the light of the moon the guerilla rode out of Tanglefoot Cove.

But Ethelinda saw him never again. All the storms of fate overwhelmed the Confederacy with many a rootless hope and many a plan and pride. In lieu of the materialization of the stalwart ambition of distinction that had come to dominate his life, responsive to the discovery of his peculiar and inherent gifts, his destiny was chronicled in scarce a line of the printed details of a day freighted with the monstrous disaster of a great battle; in common with others of the "missing" his bones were picked by the vultures till shoved into a trench, where a monument rises to-day to commemorate an event and not a commander. Nevertheless, for many years the flare of the first red leaves in the cleft among the pines on the eastern slope of Tanglefoot Cove brought to Ethelinda's mind the gay flutter of the guidon, and in certain sonorous blasts of the mountain wind she could hear martial echoes of the trumpets of the guerilla.



The Fear of Death

BY E. L. KEYES, M.D.

“The knell, the shroud, the mattock and the grave,
The deep, damp vault, the darkness and the worm.”

SURELY an unlovely contemplation; but is the actuality itself so desperate? I shall endeavor to show that it is not, aided by some observations selected from a professional experience covering nearly half a century.

Primarily, one may ask, is the fear of death a constant fact? Probably it exists to a considerable extent among adults. But is it of all mankind generally true that, “He that cuts off twenty years of life, cuts off so many years of fearing death”?

A drowning man will catch at a straw. One who jumps into the water with the motive of self-destruction, when in face of the ultimate fact, will very often accept means of escape. The instinct of self-preservation is implanted in us by nature, and is shared to a greater or less extent by all living creatures.

But the fear of death is another matter, and is probably not a natural law, but an acquired peculiarity. Insects and animals do not seem to possess it—although they all commonly struggle to escape disagreeable predicaments and to save their physical structure when its integrity is threatened.

Yet very many intelligent human beings shrink from the idea of death, prefer not to talk about it except in a general way, and experience uncomfortable sensations when in its visible presence.

This fear is physical. It is not in its essence moral; nor is it intellectual, and it has nothing directly to do with one's solicitude as to the future condition of the departed, or with pity as to the distress his demise may have occasioned to others left behind.

The fear of death is and always has been very easily dominated by strong emotions. Military valor, religious zeal,

the exalted tension of pride or duty or affection, easily lead men of the soundest disposition to wholly disregard death and everything pertaining to it; while the innumerable motives—jealousy, pique, anger, disappointment, sorrow, sickness, distress of any sort, pecuniary loss, disgrace, and a thousand others that lead to suicide—indicate into what contempt the act of death may be thrown by other even trivial emotions.

At Ceos, an island in the Ægean Sea, it appears there was a law at one time obliging all the inhabitants over sixty to end their lives by drinking poppy or hemlock juice; but the law was not enforced except in periods of prospective famine; and of this act Ælian records that the antiquated Ceans, bedecked with wreaths, collected together and drank hemlock with joy to put an end to an existence that could no longer be of any benefit to the state.

This age of sixty, then, appears to have been early recognized as a point at which one might be justified in making his quietus—and that, too, before the discovery of chloroform.

The ancient prevalence of *hara-kiri* in Japan, when sometimes all the followers of a Daimio slaughtered themselves as a matter of course upon the death of their chief, would seem to indicate a very moderate fear of death in that nation, although here the stronger emotions of pride, sense of personal honor, disgrace if the act be not performed, are involved; and the fact that the *suttee* in India is only restrained by the strong, overshadowing arm of England is another like indication.

It may be, then, that our own intensified physical horror of death is the inherited product of centuries of religious teaching, and that in its roots it has essentially a moral basis.

But it is as natural to die as it is to live—and as easy. Practically all the

distress witnessed as taking place in the act of dying is the automatic tissue struggle against dissolution, and is not recognized by the individual who seems to be acutely suffering. Occasionally in the delirium of fever, in uremia and other intoxications, in certain of the brain degenerations witnessed in old age, there is an exhilaration or happy, peaceful calm that pervades the final scene.

I remember one dear lady, a Swedenborgian, who believed that after death one would follow the occupation that had been most congenial in the present life. This lady was especially fond of babies, fondling them and giving them personal care. When she came to die, of a lingering, most painful illness—at the final moment a beatific smile pervaded her countenance, she beamed in gentle ecstasy, and murmured, "Now I see the heavenly light; I see a baby."

Yet Nature is not often so lavish with her kindness. Usually everything is dulled, blunted, so that at the border line between life and death it is often difficult, even impossible for a certain time, to say whether the soul has fled or not. It was long debated in medical circles whether or not there was a reliable test for death. Indeed, the tissues always survive the departure of the vital spark for a longer or shorter time. A muscle will contract to the electric current for a considerable time after the eye is dull, the intellect a closed book, the soul on its way. The hair grows palpably after death.

Of course there are some exceptions, and once in a while, so I read and so I am told, some one dies really in conscious terror and protest; but I have not seen such a taking off, and I can state candidly that of the many scores of deaths that I have witnessed, in hospital and out, among the very poor and very wealthy, the young and the old, the pious and the blasphemer, some of which have been very painful to behold, in nearly all of them the main actor at the last moment was not conscious of what was going on. The occasional examples of conscious cheerfulness are the exception, and still more so instances of terminal torture.

One morning I was urgently summoned to call at a neighbor's, the mes-

sage being that the master of the house had been found dead in bed. He had been well as usual on retiring the night before. In the early morning a maid servant about the house had seen him leave his room to enter the bathroom. As he did not come to breakfast, he was supposed to be sleeping. Later on, the household becoming uneasy, some one entered his room, and found the old gentleman dead, wreathed in smiles.

A post-mortem examination disclosed a small puncture like a pin-prick in the thin, degenerate wall of the main artery just as it left the heart. This puncture lay within the pericardial sack—the fibrous membrane that holds the heart as in a bag; and so the method of death became evident. With each pulse-beat there had been forced out into the pericardial sack through the pin-prick hole a few drops of blood, and the gradual accumulation of this blood slowly but relentlessly pressed upon the heart, until that great hollow muscle was painlessly crushed out of function. What could be more gracious than such a death? And yet this old gentleman may have spent many hours of his more than eighty years of life in vague contemplative terror of the onslaught of the dread destroyer.

A most zealously pious individual, perfectly sure of his soul's salvation, often shrinks from the contemplation of dissolution as strenuously as the hardened sinner indifferent to his soul's welfare, perhaps stoically accepting his possibility of infinite damnation with a supercilious smile.

And yet, practically, we are all to ourselves immortal. We must all die, we know it and we say it—but not just yet; and, as a general rule, I believe, the "just yet" does not come to us ever, during consciousness, for we always have hope; therefore, in very fact, we are immortal.

I well remember a kind-hearted old gentleman who for years had this mortal terror of death. After a slight apoplexy, which destroyed vision in one eye, he became practically bedridden. He was obliged to receive constant attention from a trained nurse; he had to be fed, he saw no one—yet he told me that even in that condition he would be willing to live on forever.

On the other hand, I recall a case exactly the reverse. This also was an old gentleman, a lawyer of great prominence. On an occasion, being very ill, he entertained me night after night at length with most philosophic crystallizations of thought relative to life and its termination, but did not directly allude to his own approaching dissolution, which seemed imminent and which he plainly contemplated. He recovered, and grew old in sections, as it were. Soft cataract occurred in both his eyes, so that reading, his main source of comfort, was denied him; yet his cataracts could not be removed. His legs failed him, so that he constantly stumbled going about the house, but, being of an imperious nature, he would not accept the services of a constant attendant. He became restless and could not sleep. His stomach gave out and he could not eat—nor did he have any desire to eat. Other functions faltered, making life a burden.

In this condition one day he said to me: "Doctor, I shall continue to lie here on my bed because I am too weak to stand. I shall take sips of water and eat fragments of cracked ice because I am thirsty; but I shall take no more food unless I become hungry. I am not now hungry and see no reason why I should eat food. If by taking food and stimulants I could gain strength enough to get out of this bed, what would be the advantage? I could not walk about without stumbling; I could not digest my food; I could not see to read. I should be nursing a vegetable existence."

I tried to persuade him to take a brighter view of the situation, but in vain. Finally I said to him, "Well, if I order you any prescription will you take it?" He deliberated a moment, and then with a gentle but serious smile replied: "Doctor, if you will assure me that what you are about to ask me to do will *not* prolong life, I shall do it."

People who are ill, seriously ill, do not, as a rule, ask whether they may expect to die or not. In light illnesses they do so ask, tempestuously, sometimes hysterically; but not when the real crisis is imminent. Then they do not in words approach the real issue. There are exceptions to this, as well as to all rules,

among which the most notable that I have encountered was that of a certain distinguished statesman. His mind was singularly clear, his emotions, on the whole, secondary. His last illness was quite prolonged, and his final sinking away gradual, without pain. Perhaps a day before his death I examined him carefully, as was my custom, finding the usual evidences of slowly ebbing vitality. He had not spoken or taken food for a day or more, and during this period I examined him many times, saying nothing, and he being, as it seemed, absolutely torpid, making no motion, evidencing no sensibility; but manifestly his keen mind had been alert to what had been going on, and in seeming jocose reproof at the inefficiency of result of my repeated examinations, he smiled feebly without opening his eyes and remarked, in a pleasant voice, "Well, doctor, am I officially dead yet?" He never spoke again in my hearing; but surely here was no struggle, no regret.

In sickness it is the common rule for whatever dread or terror or horror of death there may be to expend itself during the earlier stages of the malady, and when the real termination is at hand the sensibilities and the senses are so obtunded by kindly nature that one sinks to rest as in going to sleep.

If there be convulsive seizures they are fearful to behold; but when such patients, instead of dying in their convulsions, recover, they have no memory of the seizure; therefore, surely the one who dies has none. The final agony, as it is called, the gasping, contractile muscular spasm, like a shudder, that so often accompanies the last breath—these things are reflexes in a physical way, and do not mean any struggle or resistance or any consciousness of pain or discomfort. The same may be said of the mucous rattling in the throat and the seemingly painful and labored breathing of the final ending. Those who have had this stress and have recovered have no memory of what seemed to be a painful struggle. Therefore, I believe it to be more than probable that the final act of dying is as simple and as painless as going to sleep—and practically we all die daily, without knowing it, when we go to sleep for the night.

Many wish for death; either to escape prolonged physical suffering or, more often, to get rid of mental distress of one sort or another. To bear with the latter calls for moral more than physical courage. The suicide is judged harshly by the sound mind.

“When all the blandishments of life are gone,
The coward sneaks to death, the brave live on.”

The advocacy of the propriety of suicide, although sustained with serious argument by the Stoics, the Epicureans, the Cynics—by most of the philosophers—was, after all, a material and heathen contention. The axiom, *Mori licet cui vivere non placeat*, has been repudiated alike by the Christian religion, by modern society, and by common sense. A self-respecting character accepts life as a trust to be made the best of and to be rendered up without personal co-operation, just as it was received without personal solicitation. This contention has always been sustained by the Christian Church, and St. Augustine, in the *City of God*, argued against the stoical pretension that reason made man the arbiter of his own life, and that man was superior to the gods in that he could rid himself of his life, which the gods could not. For the Stoics maintained that earthly ills—pain, misery, distress, age, etc.—were reasons making suicide justifiable; but St. Augustine answered that a philosophy which teaches man to ignore complacently the ills of the flesh cannot consistently at the same time justify him in taking his own life to escape these same ills.

But the desire for death, either by the sound or unsound mind, is apart from this investigation. The present point is, is death itself the horrible thing that so many believe it to be?

A woman leaps shrieking from an upper window and is impaled upon an iron picket fence. Lifted off, she groans and writhes in agony, and presently dies in torture and distress. The sympathetic spectators sigh with relief, look at one another anxiously, and exclaim: “What a horrible death! She died in torture.”

And so she did. She died in torture—perhaps, also, she died in a silk dress,

but not of it; she died of shock, or hemorrhage, or because some important vital organ was thrown out of function—and not one of these three things is in itself painful.

This woman might have made the same leap with the same shrieks and been impaled in a manner as painful, entailing all the agony and all the writhing, all the distress, and yet, not having injured a vital organ, not having had a sufficient shock, not having lacerated an important blood-vessel, she might very well recover.

On the other hand, by the same fall, without the shrieks, she might have struck upon her head, broken her neck, and died without any knowledge of having been hurt or injured in any way.

A personal incident demonstrates this assertion to me satisfactorily. One day in March my horse was brought to the door. I mounted, noticing that the asphalt pavement was swept to glittering brightness by the wind. Presently I became conscious of riding quietly along the road more than a mile from home, but felt uncomfortable about the head. Removal of my hat showed that it was broken and dirty and disclosed the fact that the scalp was matted with blood. The clothing also upon that side showed evidence of having touched the ground.

I asked a policeman if I had fallen from the horse. He grinned assent, manifestly believing me to be tipsy. I turned quietly homeward and entered the stable. The floorman there said to me, “I hear that you have had a bad fall, sir.” I sent for the groom who had carried this report to the stable. He affirmed that, having brought around the horse, I had mounted. The horse had started off and immediately gone down upon the slippery pavement, landing me squarely on my head. The horse went up the street, but turned presently, was caught and led back. The groom and another thought I had been killed, as I was unconscious for a moment, but presently I revived, and, in spite of their expostulations, insisted, rather incoherently, that, having come out to ride, ride I would, so they helped me mount and I trotted quietly up the road.

I was absolutely unaware of any of

these happenings, and to this day have no recollection of any pain or discomfort at the time, or even of having fallen at all, and I must have been knocked out for many minutes to have covered the ground to the spot where consciousness returned. The lump and the wound upon the head, lasting many days, were ample proof that something had happened; yet if I had never recovered consciousness after the fall death would have been absolutely painless and non-terrible.

In short, it seems to me that all physical trouble or distress occurs before death, and does not cause death, although it may be a symptom of the thing that really does cause death; and that death finally in itself is a kindly phenomenon.

It is surely so in illness. We suffer the agony of peritonitis, but the agony does not kill. It is the painless sepsis that does the work. We writhe in the torture of renal colic, but it is the possible kidney suppression and consequent intoxication and other complications that interest the surgeon, not the pain. The distress during breathing is worse in asthma than that experienced in pneumonia—pneumonia that has been justly called "the old man's friend." Indeed, in any malady, as a rule, all pain and distress have usually terminated some time before death, which in itself is finally painless.

It would seem natural to expect that advancing age, fully aware of failing function and progressively diminishing vigor, would welcome prospective death, or at least accept it with greater complacency than would be the case with rank and vigorous youth, glowing in the consciousness of untrammelled physical capacity.

"Youth with its sunlit, passionate eyes,
Its roseate velvety skin."

But this does not seem to be the fact.

Children, of course, in their innocent ignorance, look upon death in curious wonderment. The healthy youth and vigorous man, unless during a temporary lapse into emotional morbidness or hysterical despondency, consider the event so remote as not to be worthy of present action; but old age, jealous of escaping opportunity, desires to hoard

the slippery years, and shrinks from contemplating the inevitable.

And yet youth is long and age is short. Ennui is frequent in the former, time lags, the years seem unending in spite of the multiplicity of joyous incident. In age the galloping years hardly give us time to read the numbers on the mile-posts. Happily so; how dreadful it would be were it reversed, if youth should gallop, and creeping, creaking age prolong itself with interminable ennui! Campbell puts it aptly:

"Heaven gives our years of fading strength
Indemnifying fleetness,
And those of youth a seeming length
Proportioned to their sweetness."

And yet we well know that no one may be called happy until he is dead. The dread possibilities of failure and disgrace are often suspended over gray hairs and only fail to fall on account of the timely intervention of death.

How many tendencies to evil—more especially moral failings curbed during the forceful period of robust manhood—assert their supremacy later on and bring down to disgrace a life history that would have sparkled with credit if only a timely death had intervened to prevent the babbling inefficiency of dotage: for truly there is nothing so undignified, so paltry, so unworthy, as the vapid foolishness of very advanced age, even if it be not vicious.

Therefore, after life has achieved something, death should be looked upon as a welcome visitor, a kindly friend.

The motto chosen by John Fiske to adorn his library inculcates admirably a well-recognized point of view:

*Disce ut semper victurus;
Vive ut cras moriturus.*

Continue to learn as though you were to live forever; direct your life as if you expected to die to-morrow. Following this maxim death becomes an incident in life as acceptable as birth.

"Death is the crown of life.

Were death denied, poor man would live
in vain.

Were death denied, to live would not be
life.

Were death denied, e'en fools would wish
to die."

Resignation

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

OLD Cousin Jeraby Smallwood and crooked old Cousin Epineet pottered out the walk to the burying-ground in the sunshine and the frost.

Jeraby's black clothes had a whiteness along the seams and at the elbows as though he had once plunged out into a cold morning fog which had not been dissipated when he came in, but had gone on clinging to him persistently in patches. But could one grow a little gray with no change in the nigrity of one's intimates? It was with a feeling of disloyalty as toward a friend that Jeraby Smallwood recognized that in two years more, at least, he would have to replace his old suit by a new one. His collar fitted him so badly as to satisfy even him on a Sunday, and he was by no means unparticular. The tie about it crowned him with the puzzling inadequacy of the ornament on some cheap, precious mantelpiece—while the effect of any less of it would have been poor, the result of any more of it would have been decidedly bad, and yet there were both too much and not enough of the object as it was.

Cousin Epineet in his brown garments resembled a pigeon which had been very far a-wing through the woods. He had a timid air, which seemed to indicate that if a person should say "Whish!" to him suddenly, he would run away. His starched shirt-bosom bulged out of his waistcoat like a worn breast, and he hobbled along as he went, having been wounded in the course of his flight by a firearm, which had long been getting many a pop at him, no less than at Jeraby, from an unseen vantage-point which made it impossible for either of them to dodge. A dangerous gun-practice, when kept up as it had been for a number of years. Cousin Jeraby, smoking in the keen air like a kitchen chimney, alluded to the certainty of one of the bullets of Time striking at last a vital spot.

"Some day after a while, Epineet, we'll go out to the graveyard—and not git back!" he said, gayly.

Cousin Epineet smiled. He was a brave man, despite his shy aspect.

Every Sunday they spoke of this certainty, of which they were put in mind by the character of their afternoon walk, with a sweet willingness toward it. They had long been nicely prepared. Some might fret and fear over their going, but they had risen above rebellion. They were resigned to death. Indeed, they were looking forward to the grave. Their summons would find them ready. To-day their faces were more than ordinarily high with their spirit of resignation.

"That was a fine sermon we had this morning, Jeraby!" Epineet's breath made a conceited curl before him. He was conscious of being a pew-holder, who had not needed to blush, nor drop his eyes.

They had been out to church together that morning. In the pulpit a healthy young man had dwelt with much sternness on the vanity of life. But the reproach of the overestimation of life's pleasures, in which his hale voice shook, applied to others. For there were two who listened who were glad to die.

After the thunder they had gone home and had eaten heartily, and unstung, of the hot roast chicken, with onions, which Lindy had spread for them in their dining-room that faced upon the little terrace where still were blooming the last purple asters of the year. What manner of man, indeed, was he who desired life?—a thing swift as a weaver's shuttle, waxing old as doth a garment, and passing like a shadow from the grass—

"A powerful sermon," Jeraby rde turned, surveying brightly the autumnal distances about them.

Before the walk turned and it was shut from view, they glanced back at the old Smallwood house. It had been

left to them equally eight years before, with a modest sum of money apiece, by Uncle Peter Smallwood, living on until he had no nearer kindred than them, the last of his branch. When they had come back from the putting away of a withered old gentleman in a blue coat, and they had realized that they were alike alone, Epineet unmarried, and Jeraby widowed and childless, they had decided to live in Uncle Peter's house, together for the rest of their days. Jeraby had hunted up a woman to care for them, he having had some experience in the selecting of housekeepers. They had fitted into the old rooms as snugly as a couple of mice in a cheese-box. The roof showed pleasantly now under the nearly leafless trees. The afternoon sun lighted up the old windows and threw a glory on the gable ends. They could see the wind driving the leaves which had fallen on it athwart the dooryard and piling them up on the porch-stone which sometime they would cross—serene and unreluctantly—to return no more. So many feet had gone over the hollowed stone, Uncle Peter's and Aunt Sara's, and those of a row of little cousins with whom they had once played, feet never to go up over it again, nor to enter the hall where the peacock feathers were still nailed over the door. Yet treading a fairer way.

"An old house!" said Cousin Jeraby, affectionately.

"An old house!" The look backward over Epineet's coat was fond. But they wheeled about cheerfully again toward the burying-ground—where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt!

Notwithstanding Cousin Epineet's crippled state, and a certain stiffness noticeable about Jeraby's joints, their steps were active. They were not a whit incapacitated for living yet, only a little chastened bodily. Nor did the days hang at all heavily on their hands. Uncle Peter's money, with a trifle each had put by, himself, gave them enough to satisfy their mild desires. The practice of their professions, which they intended giving up in a few years, when they were older, occupied them. Though ready for heaven, they unavoidably kept some earthly ties. But such bonds, with their vision, would be easily loosed when the call came.

Every day excepting Sunday—when he and Epineet went comfortably to church and the burying-ground and returned—old Cousin Jeraby went with a tremendous eagerness out the dooryard and down the village street to open betimes his store, where he sold notions at the somewhat infrequent intervals a notion entered anybody's head to buy them. In his show-case had been arranged immemorially to tempt human-kind cards of brooches and of shirt studs of a bygone style, which he had bought of a Jewish peddler with a knapsack and swift hands—a merchant who had been more successful in selling his wares to Jeraby than Jeraby Smallwood had ever been in disposing of them to any one else. Behind his counter were ancient spools of thread, and buttons of a lost era, and hoary yards of calico. But there was, too, a collection of more recent lozenges, much sought for by customers thrusting their fingers anticipatorily in their mouths. And there was a circle of chairs, darkened delightfully by gossip as pipes by their wreaths, for Jeraby's friends to sit in for hours, dropping in by the counter to the back of the store. So that Jeraby was always busy.

Every week-day, also, old Cousin Epineet hobbled down-town in a great haste to his office. Few people could recollect what Epineet Smallwood's office was for, or whether he was a lawyer or a shipping-clerk. But he remembered, and he had a desk and a ledger in which he made entries of some sort, his big, timid ears sticking out above it, that kept him humming to himself like a bee. Then he, too, had chairs, frequently dusted by the nether garments of contemporaneous callers on no business errands, but with the more leisure, therefore, for agreeability and wit.

Trammelled still by their stale suits, their old pot-hats, the village street itself which they went up and down helped them to while away the years until eternal streets were theirs—the village street with the voices which they knew rising on it, its musty smells, the morning hour that its wagons began to come, its lamps flaring out ineffectually at dusk, the lighted window of the apothecary and the meatman. Jeraby could stand for

a long time looking in at the drug-store front, in the evening, at the tall, colored glass bottles, the nature of whose liquid he had never determined, nor run across any one who had on the hither side of the burying-ground. Epineet said there was nothing but water in 'em. But Epineet did not know for sure. He liked the meatman's night window, so calm with beef tongues and chickens and pigs' cheeks, side by side. As for pigs' feet, he was partial to buying them and taking them home to Lindy in his pocket, who the next day had them for dinner on his and Jeraby's platter—or rather Uncle Peter's—gummy, and haloed with a fragrant steam. Neither of them could ever get enough of pigs' feet. Though they knew there were higher things.

Then, the day put by, there was their own night-lamp in Uncle Peter's sitting-room. On one of the shelves along the right wall was Jeraby's pack of cards and his pipe. His board for solitaire was in the corner. On the next shelf below was Epineet's *History of Great Men*, in half calf. It was a set of books so dull that when he had read them through he instantly forgot what they were about, and could start in again as into a fallow field. So Cousin Epineet was prevented from ever running out of something mighty nice to read. He did not use tobacco. It hurt his tongue. But he did not mind Jeraby's fumes over the pips of his cards. He did not care for cards either. A tolerance of each other's tastes when they differed, a sharing in them if they agreed, enough of cousinly affection—not undue, but as much as was needed—maintained a pleasant intercourse between them in the house.

But relatively to future joys, how wholly odious and detestable was all this. The tombstones began to glimmer to them whitely from the cedars. A flock of late birds were peeping nervously above the graves, and beyond the ground the hills were darkly blue, and cleaned by the wind.

"A fine spot!" said Cousin Jeraby. He had before told Epineet that to him the graves were but green doors, through which one went down, as it were, into an area, whence one climbed out above the cedars to the walls of the New Jerusalem,

where would be rest and peace, and those reunions for which one longed.

"Why, yes, yes!" Cousin Epineet had said, struck by the thought, which had proceeded out of dingy Jeraby as beautifully as wine out of a jug customarily sealed with a homely pitch.

They went in beneath the gray stucco arch, entering one by one the wooden turnstile. Locked momentarily there like squirrels in a cage, it emptied them out on the quiet of the tan-bark walk. Within they proceeded more slowly. The Smallwood lots stood at the farther end. To reach them they cut reverently about through the pathways. They paused often to linger a while at the sod doors of old friends and village acquaintances. Epineet twisted along first. "Pudden-head Beale," he pointed out, "and Bill, and Sim Clay."

Jeraby bent over a stone and rubbed the letters written on it with the cuff of his coat. "Washburn," he read, "the only son of Thomas and Kathrine Pilcher. . . . So also is the resurrection of the dead."

"Old Wash-bowl 'n' Pitcher!" cried Cousin Epineet.

"Josiah Grimmer," continued Jeraby. "Wasn't he the worst old pill? D'ye remember the row he kicked up over dying? He wasn't ready to go when they had him nailed down in his coffin."

"Think of not being ready to go!"

But Jeraby couldn't imagine such a thing. He stood presently looking down at the string of areas which were intimately his. "Ma and Pa," he said, absently, "and Charley and Bob—and Letty."

"Letty," said old Epineet, mildly.

"I said Eliza," Jeraby repeated, firmly, though he wriggled a little uncomfortably. "My, what a capable woman she was! No man ever had a smarter wife about housekeeping."

In another corner, where he never went any more—goodness, no! he couldn't find the place now—was a girl with her soft cheek on her hand. A straggling L—and some other letters could be made out above her, if a body scraped off the moss. Well, well, he had tried to be a good husband to Eliza, though it had been up-hill work.

They called next on Epineet's family. Epineet considered them gently, sitting

down on top of his father for a second to rest. He could see him again, and his mother with her busy hands. Was his sister Caroline's hair brown? For the life of him he could not recollect how his little brother William had looked in any respect whatsoever. His father grew somewhat damp and chilly. He clambered to his feet, and they went on to Uncle Peter's lot, which was near, and railed in by an iron chain swung through upright bars. Uncle Peter's lot was different from any other, not because it alone was railed off by iron, but for the reason that all of those lying within it had been most strangely summoned from the earth.

They leaned their elbows on the chain. It was a tale by itself, that belonging to Uncle Peter's house, and might have been horrifying to those who took a different view of life and death. But Cousin Jeraby and Cousin Epineet always reverted to it with no inconsiderable pleasure.

"Wasn't it singular?" Epineet observed.

"Singular, singular," answered Jeraby.

They enjoyed telling each other, of the Smallwood summons, what each knew by heart.

"Little Annie saw her first," pursued Cousin Epineet, "and in two weeks' time she died! *She* appeared to her in the front chamber up-stairs—our spare room, Jeraby!—where she was sitting—kept home from school because of the cold, and writing in her copy-book. 'Anna S-m-a-l-w-o-d-e, aged Seven,' I've heard Uncle Peter say she had put down, when her hand stopped and she began to look at something in the room. Aunt Sara was patching a quilt. 'Oh, mother,' she said, 'I've seen a little girl!' 'Well,' said Aunt Sara, looking out of the high window, 'I've seen plenty of 'em; they're nothing to make such big eyes about.' 'In a red dress, in this room!' the child kept up.

"'I guess,' Aunt Sara answered, 'there's a little girl in a shoulder-shawl in this room who's been dreaming.'

"She didn't think anything more about it. But in two weeks' time Annie sickened. Then they began to suspect the little girl she saw was a summons, and later they knew it."

"Singular," old Cousin Jeraby said, over again. "A little girl in a red dress, and coming back after that for every single one of them. As quick as anybody saw her that one would die soon. Sometimes two of them would see her almost at once, and then it would be one of these two that 'd go, and a long time afterward the other one, who'd catch a glimpse of her again. Charlotte was grown, and rocking on the porch with her sewing one afternoon, when she fell to staring at the door-stone. 'Oh, mother,' she said, all of a sudden, like little Annie, 'I've seen a little girl in a red dress!' 'Oh no,' Aunt Sara cried, running out in a tremble. 'Oh no, no, no!'

"Just then Becky came round the corner of the house from the garden, where she'd been talking to William Beardsley, that boy she was going to marry. She stopped, coming over the stone, and started. But she went on and sat down in a chair, as white as a sheet. 'Mother,' she said, after a while, trying to smile, 'I've been thinking about Annie—oh, *wasn't* it a little girl in a blue dress which she saw?'"

"She didn't live to see her weddin'-day," Epineet commented. "'Twasn't to be wondered at, maybe, she didn't want to go. And four years afterward Charlotte was combing her long hair before the glass in *my* bedroom, when all at once there were two looking into that old brass frame—and one of 'em in red, and small!"

"Singular!" Jeraby repeated, for the fourth time. "And Aunt Sara met her, after all the children were gone, one day on the stairs. She knew what she meant by that time, and went to work and swept the house for her own buryin'. Uncle Peter never saw her at all until he was as old as the hills. Then one day he was chopping up wood in the snow, and she stood beside him like a redbird. If she hadn't been a ghost, something out of another world, he'd have hacked her head off—she was so near. She seemed, he said, like a nice little girl enough if it hadn't have been for her *intentions*. Three weeks after, he was sitting by the fire, when he clapped his hands to his head. 'What's this?' he said. He never said anything more."

The iron chain creaked under their

arms. "Uncle Peter's seeing her was the last of her. Queer nobody ever found out whose ghost she was—just wandered into the house and out again. Rounded 'em all up and took herself off."

"I'm sure," observed Cousin Epineet, "we've never seen any little girl round the house since we took it!"

Old Cousin Jeraby chuckled. "'Twouldn't be so bad, either. I ruther like little girls, when they don't make any more noise than that!"

Yes, undoubtedly the little girl had slipped away again forever. The wind over them, puffing through the cedars like a great breath blowing at a candle, had a far-off sound, an intimation of eternity. Jeraby's mind went back to his future, inevitable end. His voice sank to a burying-ground joy.

"Well, as I've said before often enough, Epineet, I'm willin' to go when my time comes."

"Lord! yes, Jeraby; so'm I."

A modest noise became audible in Jeraby's throat. "And I guess I can say I've been a *good* man, at any rate." He spoke easily.

"I hope I can," rejoined Cousin Epineet, with much security. "I've been a long time tendin' my vineyard, and while I don't know as I've raised such a lot, I haven't slept—I haven't slept."

His tones had a touch of emulousness. It wouldn't do to have Jeraby getting out of his black suit and into his robe and crown before *he* did. Good man as Jeraby undeniably was, he had his faults. One of them was the having of a slight tendency to gobble up nice things first.

Cousin Jeraby, in the midst of his ecstasy, noticed before Epineet that the sunshine was drawing away from the graves to stand above the fields of winter wheat on the hilltop, gleaming over the lower ploughed land as athwart a rusty shield. The trees were stretching out shadows like dark, eager hands. "Ain't you getting kind of hungry, Epineet?"

"As hungry as fury," Epineet exclaimed, recalled to earth. "I didn't know it was so late."

They hurried through the wooden stile, and set briskly back home to Uncle Peter's house. As they went, the sun dropped behind the hill and there came

a sudden rawness and increase in the wind which boded a change in the weather. They were driven before it, their coat tails flying. The roofs of the village grew more closely upon them, and their own roof with Lindy's light bobbing under the rear. Against the evening sky sparks were sputtering up from the sitting-room chimney, on whose brick hearth the fire had been freshly stirred to warmth for their return. They rattled up through the dooryard's leaves.

"Wonder what we'll have for supper, Jeraby?"

"Herrings, mebbe," Jeraby suggested, "and—and—" He lifted up the latch of the front door. "And toast!" he finished, with a relish.

While Epineet was fumbling in the hall closet for his shabby jacket that he wore in the evening, Jeraby slipped on his flannel dressing-gown with the terrible yellow flowers. It was one of Eliza's last gifts, but was enormously comfortable in spite of that fact.

The dancing fire on the hearth sent out a glow through Uncle Peter's room, so that without their lamp on the table yet being lit, it was possible to see clearly the two armchairs with the saffron cushions, the glass candlesticks on the mantelpiece by the clock with the homely face, and the old sea picture on the wall. They were not to sit long in the chairs, whose hollows had accommodated themselves to their angles as though made for them instead of for Uncle Peter and Aunt Sara. Lindy called them soon to supper.

The curtains were pulled down upon the terrace in the dining-room. As they munched their toast and herrings and supped their tea, the raw wind was hitting against the window-panes like a cudgel, risen, but at the same time falling at intervals to a hoarse quiet.

"How it does blow!" cried Cousin Epineet.

Cousin Jeraby hearkened, and nodded. "There'll be a storm before morning. It's about time to expect to get a taste of winter."

The clamor of succeeding sounds without made doubly friendly their meal and the inner comfort of the house. They tipped back genially in their slippers to their armchairs. Cousin Epineet lit the lamp and reached up and took down one

of his notable dullards who had helped to make the history of the world. He applied himself, stretching out toward the hearth, to the Emperor Napoleon. Cousin Jeraby's palms itched for his cards. His favorite solitaire was titled, from the odd way in which the pack would face, Climbing up the Golden Stair. But he was a decent man. He knew that, however named, no game of cards on Aunt Sara's lap-board was right for Sunday evening. He was well content with Uncle Peter's Sunday book—*A Bouquet of Thoughts*. Before he plucked its blossoms he lighted the finest pickings of the Virginia crop, which he stuffed with his thumb and forefinger into the beloved, dirty bowl of his pipe. Ahead of them was an evening of solid pleasure, such as each cherished.

They were not night-birds. Eight o'clock was their usual bedtime. Though sometimes, if harassed by the evils of insomnia, they sat up until half past. To-night, after their walk, sleeplessness was not their portion. Shortly after seven, on the very field of Waterloo itself, Epineet began to doze off. Jeraby, not fired with imitation, but on his own hook, was not far behind in doing the same thing, as soon as the charming coal he had created at his pipe's end had dwindled to nothing, and the pipe had dropped out of his mouth on to the floor with a thud which did not disturb anybody in the room.

Along toward eight something awoke Jeraby. He did not know what it was, but sat up and put Uncle Peter's tongs uncertainly to a brand upon the hearth which might possibly have fallen and disturbed him. But he had an indefinable instinct that his rousing had not been due to the piece of charred wood. The striking of the clock could not have been the cause of it, either, for the great hands were not yet at the hour. Perhaps the wind had blown somewhere into the house. He gave a look around toward the hall door, which was shut as he had left it when he and Epineet had come into the room. His small, old face turned very white, and with fingers which visibly trembled he set back the tongs.

"Epineet!" he whispered, shrilly. "Epineet!"

Cousin Epineet roused with difficulty.

"I wasn't, either!" he observed, indignantly.

Jeraby, who snored fiercely himself like a pirate, was always wrongfully accusing him of snoring while he slept. But Jeraby was paying him no heed. He was staring with a stricken face across his shoulder.

Epineet was the subject of a strange phenomenon. Before he had time to wonder what on earth Jeraby was goggling at, his own eyes, by no volition of his, were drawn as by strings in the same direction as those of his companion, who shook like a man with a chill. His jump of startled fear at what he saw sent his book clattering from his knees. He became of an ashen color. "*Jeraby!*" he said—"Jeraby!" There ensued a sour silence in the room.

It was broken after an interminable period of ages by Lindy, clumping by to bed. She was a comely, black-browed woman, as tall as a fish-pole. The two old men sought her face with eagerness. "Good night," she said, indifferently, and passed, opening the hall door straight through the spot toward which their eyeballs started, her cheeks unchanged. She had noticed nothing. Plainly, Lindy was not meant!

The child stood regarding them gravely. Her thin little girl's frame was sharp in the faded red dimness of her dress. She was not so much outlined against the hall door as blurred against it in a bright, weary mist—ageless and pitiless, and pitying, and young.

They saw her move slowly from under their eyes. Even as they looked she went out by them into the dining-room like a firefly, and through the closed window. Lifting the curtain and peering out palely after she had gone, Cousin Epineet made out a spark above the terrace. Then only a windy darkness. He crept back to his chair.

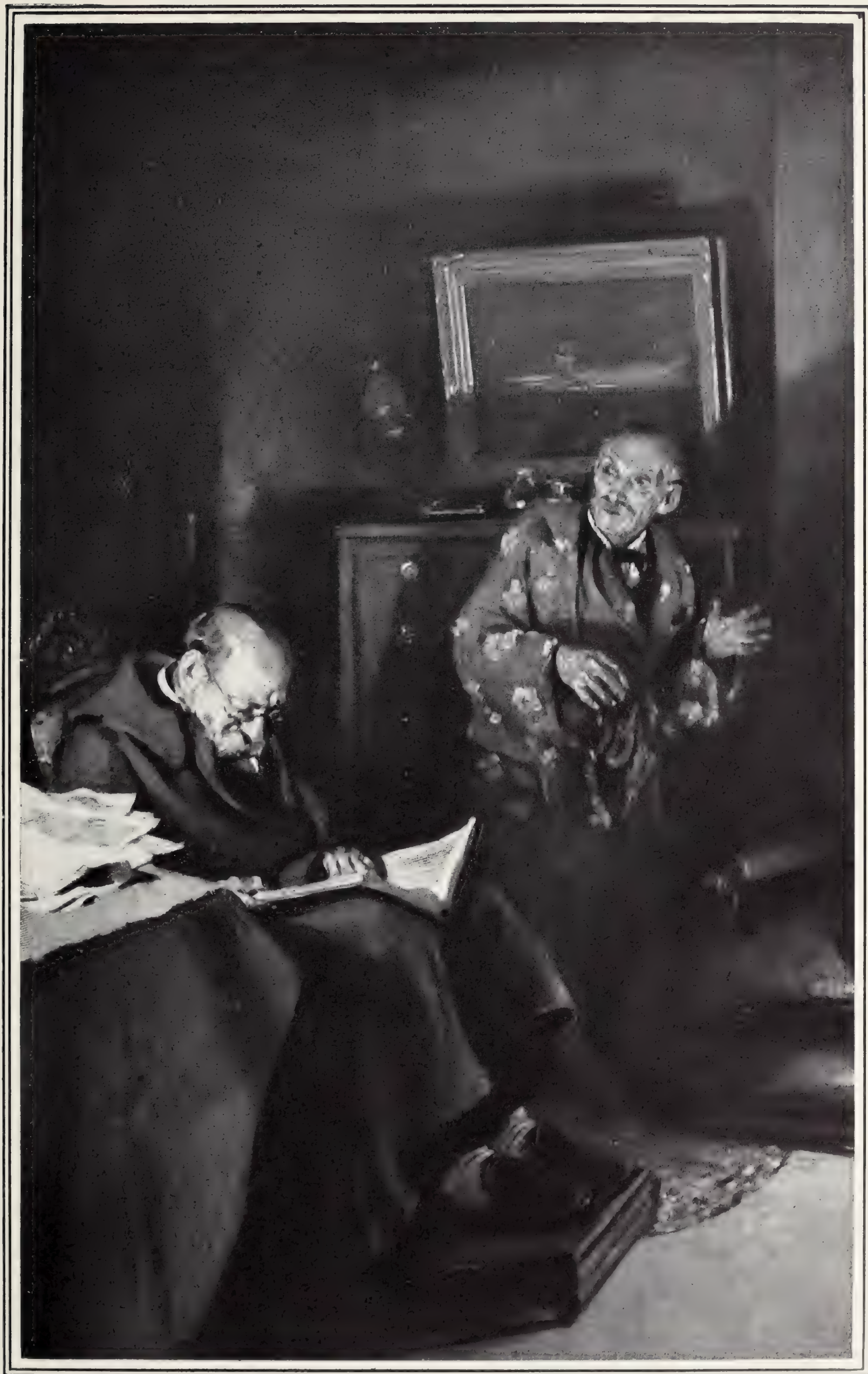
They sat beholding each other in a dreadful old surprise.

"She was *in a red dress*, wasn't she, Jeraby?" Epineet quavered after a while, in a dull voice.

Jeraby nodded miserably.

"And a pindling little thing?"

A sick hand came out of Eliza's flannel dressing-gown. "Oh, she was the same one, Epineet!"



Drawn by Harry Townsend

HE WAS STARING WITH A STRICKEN FACE ACROSS HIS SHOULDER

Neither could say he did not know what the Smallwood summons meant. The appearance of the child, thought to be altogether gone, assumed for each a tragic, personal significance.

Grown suddenly shrunken and lagging, Jeraby Smallwood sat crumpled over amid his yellow flowers in a bitter reluctance. There was a feeling within him as of a sure hawser having slipped. *He* ready to die! Why, he wasn't any such thing, not for years yet. Who ever said he wanted to go now? It was twice too soon. As before a drowning person, life swept past him in a beautiful review—the old house, the juices of his meals, the village street, his store, the circle of friendly chairs. He saw an empty spot where he had been. In his ears the burning of the fire grew curiously to be the noise the street lamps made at night, a tiny flickering, uncanny, pleasant sound. To leave all this—! The sweet reunions? He couldn't bear to think of Eliza. He was not gobbling up nice things too quickly now.

A darker vision rolled before him—the sight of all his human deeds. Oh, had he been such a good man, after all? Recklessly he became a worse one. A thin flame of wrath ran through him. It was not right that he should go yet. It was a monstrous wrong. He wondered slowly why Epineet didn't say something to comfort him.

But old Cousin Epineet was in a panic of a fierce rebellion, a pigeon putting forth its strength within a snare. He could have throttled the child. The hateful little *sissy*, trailing into places where nobody wanted her. *He* to go now, cut off in the very flower of his days! What divine malevolence was this? A brighter place beyond—anything better than Uncle Peter's house, and Lindy's pigs' feet, anything dearer than his office, his desk, his ledger, his dusted chairs! Never to spend any more evenings by the fire, absorbed in his Great Men! Ah, he was of an old Jerusalem. He could not go so soon, so poison soon. Rest and peace! He didn't need any more.

He stirred uneasily. Perhaps, after all, he had slept in his vineyard. Perhaps he had slept. How dark it was without, and tossed by the wind! Some-

how he could remember more naps now than he had been able to when talking with Jeraby in the burying-ground.

Jeraby groaned. If only Uncle Peter had hacked the little horror's head off!

They dared not admit to each other the turmoil each was in. A couple of inarticulate murmurs feigned a false joy. Cousin Epineet found his book again feebly.

"N-Napoleon was a great man!" he remarked, in an attempt at ease.

"Was she?" said old Cousin Jeraby.

Not either had the courage to rise and go to bed. The clock hands went forward, no more with a kind slowness, but seized upon by an awful haste. During almost an hour of extreme wretchedness they sat silently together.

Jeraby felt his change of heart first. A different feeling folded over him like a protecting wing. Gradually he grew erect with a familiar bravery. He was himself again. Once more he faced death highly. Not for nothing had gone his long preparation of spirit.

He rose at nine and picked out his bedroom candle from the mantelpiece with a firm hand. "There's a higher will than ours, Epineet!" His expression was uplifted.

But Epineet shook his head crossly.

The lighted candle twinkled up the black-walnut stairs from the hall. Jeraby carried it steadily. Rest and joy beyond the grave, those sweet reunions for which one longed, an old pilgrim's fair reward, if he hadn't done as much, perhaps, as some.

For mercy's sake, why hadn't he thought of it at once! He had been a precious spell remembering his own words that afternoon over the iron chain of Uncle Peter's lot—"Sometimes two of them 'd see her almost together, and then it would be one of these two that 'd go, *and a long time afterward the other one.*" His speech resounded in his ears as the note of a trumpet. He ready to go now? He didn't need to be. It was not he for whom the child had come. Of course not. *It was Epineet.*

His eyes were suffused by sorrow for a not slight loss. The old house would be shorn without Epineet, that good man. But through Jeraby's grief shone a re-

gained peace. Toward the workings of Providence he would play a manly part.

Old Cousin Epineet sat on alone in his chair. The wind, entering the chimney, scattered the ashes in abandonment upon the hearth. The fire went further and further out, and Uncle Peter's dear room was bleak.

But he, too, was to come to himself. There stole upon him by and by a recollection. He heard suddenly, as through inspiration, Jeraby's voice by the Small-wood graves—a voice crying in a wilderness—"Then it would be one of these two that 'd go, and a long time afterward—"

The recollection warmed him, stooped over the cold bricks.

Little by little all of his rebellion

oozed. With remorse he thought of what he had sometimes considered Jeraby's faults. The man had none worth the mention. Those green doors of his, through which he yearned to go down, only to climb upward—Death, which he had so often said was the crown and goal of life!

How selfish he had been! He understood the thin little girl now. It would be a painful wrench—his glance rested in a lonely way on the room—yet he felt now that he could yield to inscrutable decrees. Humbly he would give to the angels what they wanted. He would surrender Jeraby. He raked together the hearth brands and wound up the clock.

Soon another sober, cheerful candle twinkled on the stairs.

Transmigrant

BY ALICE BROWN

HEAR me, O my God!
 I am tired of me.
 Give me a new gift in fief;
 Let me suck my mother sod,
 Be a little while a leaf,
 A hundred years a tree.
 Let me swing, a columbine,
 Surfeited with dew.
 Let me climb, a larkspur spine,
 Drest in blue;
 Lift my plume like goldenrod,
 Breathe out ruth like rue;
 Look up in a human face,
 From a purple-petalled one;
 Be a vine, and run a race
 With the flying sun.
 Oh, the sports of summer's breed!
 I could play them gamesomely,
 If I might be the smallest weed
 For only God to see!

The Weaving of the Bridge

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

WHEN the habitations of man first began to multiply upon the banks of the watercourses, the profession of the bridge-builder was born. The first bridge must have been a felled tree, spanning some modest brook. But from that first bridge came a magnificent development. Bridge-building became an art and a science. Men wrought gigantic structures in stone, long-arched viaducts, with which they defied time. Then for two thousand years the profession of the bridge-builder stood absolutely still.

With the coming of the steel age it moved forward again. The development of a fibre of great strength and without the inertia of the dead weight of granite gave engineers new possibilities. They began in simple fashion—it is something less than seventy years since the first iron truss-bridge was built in America—and then they developed once again with marvellous strides. Steel, the dead thing with a living muscle, could span waterways from which stone shrank. Steel rebuilt the maps of nations. Proud rivers, at which the paths of man had halted, were conquered for the first time. Routes of traffic of every sort were simplified and an economic saving of millions of dollars made to this gray old world.

This bridge represents the triumph of four thousand years of bridge-building. Its mighty spans, reaching across and reducing a river, that had been a barrier to growth, to a conquered and controlled water highway, taking a community that was on the wrong side of that waterway and placing it upon the right side, have been mighty spans of progress. It is a builder, a weaver in itself; this bridge creates.

They began to plan for it a dozen years ago. The necessities of the one community, acting in concert with the other

from which it was severed by the broad implacable river, gave it birth. The river at all seasons of the year was a thing over which poets sang. But there was no poetry to two tired cities when it was a wicked thing filled with crushing, grinding ice, no poetry when the gray fog blankets hugged its surface, and the cautious, growling ferry-boats groped blindly for hours, while folk by the thousands went supperless.

So it was decreed that the river should no longer hold its ugly hand over the peace and progress of sister cities. It should have its proper place—fortunate are those towns whose commerce has the stimulus of the world's great waterways—but that should not be an obstructive place. Progress and civilization demanded that the river be subdued, and progress and civilization eventually had their way, as they have had their way from the beginning of the world. Engineers and architects bent their heads together—draughtsmen by the dozen sent their skilled pencils over acres and acres and acres of clean white paper. Legislatures debated, city councils argued, commissions deliberated. Then, after a reasonable amount of discussion to allow for the diversity of human minds, the contracts were let. The bridge came into being.

About the first that the two cities saw of the bridge was when the river bore upon its surface a giant box, resembling an oversized packing-box. A group of shrieking tugs poked and pulled at the unwieldy thing, and finally brought it into the place where it was finally to stand. The tugs were brave with flags, and the folk on the ferry-boats knew the meaning of that. "That's the first of the caissons for the new bridge," they told one another. Public interest in the great relief was keen, and so all these poor river-bound folk knew.

A second timber caisson in place at the narrowest point of the river and directly opposite the first, the work on the bridge began, far under water-level. The engineers had bored and drilled, and well they knew already the exact

river in the ferry-boats, but all these months the masonry courses of the foundations of the two great towers—for this bridge was to be of the suspension type that is found most successful for great spans and high spans—went forward

step by step. As the masons piled the stone upon the caissons the "sand-hogs" underneath cut a way for the great boxes slowly slipping down into the soft bed of the river under the tremendous weight of the tower foundations.

Come back with me a few years and go down into one of these caisson working-chambers. You cannot go down unless you are stout of heart and body. Life in the caisson demands a superlative of human strength. But if your heart action is regular and your body stout you may be dropped down through a rough elevator shaft cut in the foundation masonry—nearly a hundred feet—for the caisson is approaching solid rock and its final resting-place.



LIFE IN THE CAISSON DEMANDS A SUPERLATIVE OF HUMAN STRENGTH

character of the ground through which these caissons were to be sunk.

For months this important work of getting a good foothold for the monster bridge went forth almost unseen by the workaday world. A group of bulky barges and noisy tugs did not seem much to the men and women who crossed the

There is a mysterious-looking door at the foot of the shaft and a wry-faced little man to guard it. When he opens the door to you, you step from the crude elevator car into what seems to be a section of an exaggerated steel pipe. The door closes behind, and you are in the air-lock. The wry-faced little man



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

BUILDING A FOOT-PATH ALONG THE TEMPORARY CABLES

fumbles with valves and studies gauges. You wonder what comes next. That wonder is a short wonder. What is pulling so at your ear-drums? They must be stretching from your very head. You shout at the little man beside the air-cocks.

"Pinch your nose," he shrieks at you.

You do so, and your ears feel better, but there are funny sensations all over you.

"You're in double atmosphere," shouts the man at the air-cocks.

This all seems to be serious business to him. He never smiles. A while later you know the reason why. The lock-tender does not smile because he knows that his is a post of unusual responsibility. To the "sand-hogs," working below in the bed of the river, air pressure is everything. The tender of the lock knows that his responsibility is measured in just so many pounds, just so many ounces. A leakage in the air for five minutes, and there may be a death roll, to say nothing of the irreparable damage done. If the pressure drops a pound, the air in the working-chamber of the caisson becomes foggy and the men restless.

Before you are out of that tiny air-lock you are in three atmospheres. Then a trap-door in the floor opens, and you feel your way through the close, dense air down an iron ladder to what must be the very bottom of the world. This is a low-vaulted, electric-lighted cave—a cave dug by man and dropping, dropping, dropping all the while under the inexorable force of a weight that is expressed in hundreds of thousands of tons. At the outer edge of the caisson—the cutting edge, as it is known—the workmen are all the while slipping earth and rock out of the way. Other "sand-hogs," as these workers are always called, cut away material from the centre of the boxes. The material all goes up and out through several air-locks and shafts, each manned by an unsmiling guard.

Talk about rats in a trap! These men are working under a forty-five-pound pressure—three atmospheres, and the only thing that will hold the water back—cutting all the while into the slippery bed of an angry river to make the foot-

hold for the creature of steel that is to master it. It is a fearfully hot place, even though the engineers have provided a method of cooling the air after it leaves the compressing-engines by carrying it through thousands of feet of pipe under the river—and the men have a task of it. There is nothing harder in the weaving of the bridge. The "sand-hogs" poke at the rock and slime, and think of the days to come when other workers will spin the bridge high in God's free air and sunshine, with never a thought as to whether there will be some mistake at the air-lock or the compressing-engines.

When the caisson gets a hundred feet below the surface of the river and its burrowing is nearly done, an hour and a half constitutes a day's work. The "sand-hogs" are, for the most part, Scandinavians and a powerful company of men, but there is a short limit to human endurance under a pressure of forty-five pounds to the square inch.

Come up out of the caisson again and come alone into the air-lock, for you would best be sure that the tender takes his time in letting you through. Some of the "sand-hogs" grow careless, and some of them forget that it takes the human body more than sixty seconds to come from a fearful pressure back to a normal.

In some ways it is more difficult coming out of the caisson than going in. If a man is careless, and too quick in the adjustment of the different pressures to himself, air bubbles form within his body, and this gives form to the peculiar disease of the bridge-builders known as the "bends." A single bubble of air caught under a joint can cause the most excruciating pain, and render an instant treatment a necessity. So a part of this foundation work is a hospital. In this hospital the chief adjunct is a large room made from steel boiler-plate. The sufferer from "bends" is placed within this room, in reality another section of pipe hermetically sealed, and then the pressure is brought back to the same point as in the working-chamber of the caisson. In this way the body is given another opportunity to adjust itself to normal conditions and to release the troublesome air bubble. If that bubble



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

GAUNT RED TOWERS NOW DOMINATE THE HARBOR FRONT

reaches the brain, the sufferer's life is in serious danger.

So it is essential to come through the lock without haste, and then when we breathe free air again we are apt to appreciate free air with an appreciation that we have never before felt. It seems as if we had been out of the world for hours—and yet the engineer who took us into the caisson says that it was for only twenty minutes!

When the caissons reached their final depth and rock was uncovered, the "sand-hogs" made final resting-places for them throughout the centuries. Tons upon tons of concrete were poured into that working-chamber until it was as solid as rock itself, into the air-locks and the shafts, and the caissons became lost until eternity. Until eternity they

shall bind and clasp against the bed of the mighty river, conquered and humbled after so long a time.

The "sand-hogs" had finished their dangerous work, and the first act of building the bridge was over. Two great solid foundation piers were ready for the steelwork of the towers, and back on either shore the masons had been building the walls and foundations of the giant anchorages. It began to look as if the bridge were taking definite form.

While the "sand-hogs" were burrowing under the earth to make a solid footing for the bridge monster, other men were burrowing into the hillsides to find the precious ore for the welding of his muscles. A hundred thousand picks must have fought in his behalf, furnaces

blazed for miles, before the crude ore became the finished, perfect steel. Of the forging and the rolling of the steel a whole book might be written. It is enough now to say that every pound of the fifty-one thousand tons of steel that went to build this bridge was made on honor. There were inspectors a plenty, but the rolling-mill men held to their scientific formulas for perfect steel, and perfect steel was the result. A slight flaw in the metal, and at some unexpected day a great catastrophe. The safety of human life was upon the men who forged the steel, and they forged honor into every great girder, into every rod and bolt and plate—the conqueror of the river was a warrior built in honor.

When the two great steel towers, one on



LUNCH HOUR ON THE ANCHORAGE

either bank of the river that was to be caught and bound and humbled, began to arise from their masonry foundations the young bridge began to take stature. It was simple work—building these towers. Barges brought the material from the rolling-mills; a busy temporary railroad, astir with restless switch-engines, ran in and out and roundabout the work. From aloft giant derricks swung their arms, caught the steel piece by piece and lifted it into final position. Then came the riveters and the painters, the first with the clattering of their air-driven hammers.

Looking closely, one could see a change in the type of men who were to weave the bridge. Scandinavians might toil as "sand-hogs" in the bottom of the stream, Lithuanians might mine the ore and Hungarians roll it into steel—Americans would build upon all their toil and erect the bridge. These bridge-builders spoke no unfamiliar tongue. They were the product of Ohio, the Middle West, the South, New England; they rose immeasurably superior to every other class of labor employed upon the work. Some of them had been sailors, and their talk had the savor of the sea. All of them were men, men every inch of them, clear-headed, cool-headed, true-headed men.

If you came upon them at lunch hour, sitting high in the scaffoldings that surrounded the unfinished towers, you were impressed by two things—their Americanism and their cosmopolitanism. The first of these was writ upon each man as



THE "TRAVELLER" WHEEL

you looked at him; the second became evident in talk with them.

This big fellow had been a sheriff out in Montana, and he must have been a sheriff for bad men to dodge; his neighbor was talking about his last job—a railroad cantilever down in Peru. The two side partners over by the tool-box were just back from India. American bridge-building talent encircles the world. Here was a boss who got his first training on the Thebes bridge down in Egypt, and his assistant did some big work on the Trans-Siberian.

These bridge-builders like the city. They like to perch themselves above a busy river where folk on all the craft may see them and appreciate. It is a wonderful task, bridge-building in a crowded community, far more entertaining and wonderful for the workmen than

spanning some lonely Western canyon and bunking it in camp. Bridge-builders appreciate good living, quite as much as other folk.

The towers were simple things at first. Course by course they raised themselves upon their slender pedestals—in six

of the bridge, was assembled upon one of the anchorages.

Then came the day when there were more tugs whistling, with flags flying, and these bore a float across the river from tower to tower. Upon this float sat giant spools, and from these spools

spun temporary cables. There was a little cessation of navigation, and then, with extraordinary exertions on the part of a company of donkey-engines, these cables were lifted dripping from the water and raised to about the same position as the permanent cables would occupy.

When the first of them went swishing up out of the river the crew of a tug fastened a big American flag to it. The flag floated high above the river. A single slender strand ran from anchorage to anchorage over the tops of the two towers. Thereafter the bridge would no longer be dependent upon the river.

With eight of these temporary cables in place, workmen began building four wooden foot-paths upon them

simultaneously from both sides of the towers and from the anchorages. When these were joined there was a bridge in reality, a narrow, swaying, unprotected path over which a novice might crawl in terrified happiness, and over which the bridge-builders tramped as easily as if it had been the pavement of a city street. Anything broader than six inches is a thoroughfare to these fellows. The matter of elevation does not enter into their calculations.



THE BRIDGE IS NOW THE MASTER HIGHWAY

months they dominated the river front, higher than anything else roundabout, giving promise of the size and majesty of the bridge they were to support.

Towers and anchorages ready, the real weaving of the bridge—the spinning of the giant web—began. For this—the greatest task of all—months of infinite preparation were necessary. The cable-makers ran their mills overtime, and gradually spool upon spool of the thread, from which was to be woven the fabric

It might cause them to lose that valuable assurance if it did.

From the water the temporary foot-paths seemed slender indeed. In reality each was nine feet wide, and after temporary hand-rails had been rigged upon them they made a gay travel route over the river, giving one the thrills of mountain-climbing and river-sailing all at a single time. They were made wide enough and strong enough for the men who were to weave the four great cables, the sustaining fabric of the bridge.

Each of these cables consists of more than nine thousand separate wires—wonderful wire every inch of it, stout, sullen, resisting—and when you come to measure it in length you can hardly measure it in inches; for, stretched into a single thread, the cable wire of this bridge would completely encircle the earth at the equator, and the earth at the equator is of sizable girth. Calculate this wire in tons, and the engineer tells you that there are six thousand tons of it—an almost incredible figure. Hold a piece of it in your fingers. It is light and only three-sixteenths of an inch in diameter. Yet so stout is it that you cannot bend it a particle of an inch with all of the strength of your two strong hands. Acid steel is more than a name. Still, so well tempered is it that the stretching-wheels that spin it upon the bridge handle it as easily as cotton twine. We are learning to forge real steel—that dead thing with a living muscle—in America. If you are incredulous about that living muscle—the engineers will tell you of the cable wire that was drawn out of the old suspension bridge at Niagara Falls, and which, after more than forty years of stress and strain, immediately recurred to the form of the maker's spool. With nearly ten thousand of these threads to a single cable, four of the monsters were able to bear a vast weight of traffic.

It was not an easy task to formulate the threads into a single cable. For this elaborate preparations were necessary. The wires were first assembled into thirty-seven separate "strands," as the bridge-builder knows them. These "strands" are the units of the cable. Within them the wires lie perfectly straight and parallel to one another, and

so, in larger turn, the "strands" lie straight and parallel to one another. Each "strand" apparently consists of 256 separate wires; in reality it is a single wire doubled upon itself 128 times, for the thread is so spliced that it is endless. At each anchorage it is drawn about buttons—known as "shoes"—without breaking its continuity. The cable has no ends that may ever pull out.

To draw this cable thread back and forth across the river ingenious mechanical contrivance was necessary. A large grooved wheel, known in the parlance of the bridge-builders as a "traveller," was worked back and forth along guide wires, hung just above the final curve of the cables, one "traveller" being assigned to each cable. With one end of the thread held in position at the anchorage, the bight was placed upon this wheel and carried to the other distant anchorage. When the "traveller" had crossed the river 256 times the "strand" was complete and the wire end that had first been held was spliced to the remaining free end. Then the "strand" was practically a single endless wire, more than two hundred miles long.

Acting with the aid of a powerful hydraulic jack, the only thing in engineering ken that was strong enough, the workmen would then take the fastening "shoes" and place them in permanent position upon the eye-bar cables in each anchorage. New "shoes" would be made ready at each end of the bridge, and the "traveller" would begin its trans-river trips once again.

It took powerful engines to haul these back and forth all that way and over the high towers with that resisting wire, but the work became mechanical and rapid. The "travellers," each carrying a tinkling bell as warning to the workers, could and frequently did make the round trip between the anchorages in fifteen minutes. In this way the vast work of spinning the cables was carried forward at top speed.

If you had gone to the anchorages when this spinning was in progress, you might have better appreciated their strength. To form fastenings platforms of crisscrossed steel girders were sunk in their foundations below ground-level. To these platforms—one for each cable—

groups of eye-bar steel links were fastened, and the whole forever bound in solid concrete. The eye-bars, gaining in length and forming giant chains, were then brought almost to the top of the anchorage and received the "shoes," about which were slipped the end loops of the endless cable strands. Upon it all concrete was poured, and upon that was laid course upon course of cyclopean masonry. The anchorages are cyclopean. Each weighs more than 200,000 tons, and is built to resist a pull upon the cables and the cable-chains of more than 25,000 tons. The conqueror of the river has a firm hold upon the land.

The concrete was not poured in and about the eye-bar chains until the cables had been completed and the bridge weight hung upon them. When they had received something that approximated the load they will have to carry the long years through, they were permanently embedded. Then final courses of masonry were laid, and the anchorages were close to completion.

If their walls enclosed buildings, they would be buildings of great capacity. Even as it is, they are not absolutely solid structures. For economy of material giant chambers were left within, and through each a busy city street passes by means of an arch of monumental proportions and dignity. But there is no economy of material above the fastenings of those cable anchorages. They are buried deep in concrete, deep under the dull grasp of masonry. The bridge may tug and pull with a giant's tuggings and pullings, and the anchorages will remain fixed, solid as time itself.

With the cables finally spun, the "travellers" were set at rest, and the bridge-builders wove the last cords into final shape. The cables are mighty arms of spun steel, each twenty-one inches in diameter. Hangers are adjusted at intervals approximating eighteen feet for the suspenders from which are to rest the deck span of the bridge, and between these the entire fabric of the cable is wound and bound with a fine covering-wire. Outer covering of canvas and a liberality of protective paint make a skin for this giant's arms that shall efficiently protect them against the stress of weather.

With the cables practically finished, the bridge-builders saw the hard, nerve-racking, danger-filled parts of their work nearly over. More floats brought additional steelwork, and section by section the floor trusses were built out from the towers, the men working in unison so as to keep the weight of the unfinished spans well balanced. As a panel of this trusswork was pushed out it was caught and held by the suspenders from the cables overhead, and so, inch by inch, those arms of steel muscle came into their work. With three or four panels of floor trusses in place, the contractors cleared space for better speed. The "travellers"—in this case not spinning-wheels, but a sliding frame of erecting-derricks—were built, and the erection of the trusswork became as simple as any other form of steel construction.

The mind cleaves to the quality of the fibre of this monster. The engineer—that bronzed veteran of many such jobs as this—who built it can tell you something of the steel that went into the floor spans.

"We put in the chords and diagonals in nickel steel," he tells you, in the simple phrasing of the really big engineer.

You know that the chords and the diagonals are the essential parts of these big deck trusses, but you do not know about nickel steel, and you press the engineer for further information.

"We used more than 8,500 tons of nickel steel in the deck trusses of this bridge," he explains, "the same sort of steel that goes into car axles and vaults and battleship armor. You may get an idea of the quality when I tell you that more than 600,000 pounds of pure nickel went to make it. With such a proportion we really get an amalgam or a composite metal, but the methods of making it are the exact methods of making steel, and so we call it nickel steel.

"You must understand that there are almost as many kinds of steel as there are kinds of trees in the forest. There are grades running from the more common commercial material up to the wonderful hard cutting edge of crucible steel as used for tools. Nickel steel is the high grade of structural steel. It is the ironwood tree of the steel forest, straight,

fibrous, and true, the most wonderful constructive material yet put into the hands of man."

Folk took only a casual interest in the weaving of the bridge after the caissons had been sunk and the footings of the towers were hemmed in by ugly barges and floats. The first keen interest in the project had waned, and only gradually warmed again when the floats and barges were drawn away, and the masonry foundation piers for the towers showed above the water on either bank. It warmed still further when the gaunt red towers rose step by step, course by course, from insignificance into the dominating features of the harbor front. When the first temporary cable was drawn across the river interest grew keener, and still keener grew throughout all that long time when the expert bridge-builders spun the mighty cables. But when the long, slender floor spans, hung from the cables by a thousand cords, began to close in the gap, the newspaper reporters said that "interest was at fever-heat." From the river the entire fabric of the bridge, woven with such infinite care and such infinite toil, seemed fairy-like. It seemed a silken web, and the north wind might howl down the river some winter's night and toss before it all this infinite creation of the tiny hands of man.

But the tiny hands of man wove against the north wind and the south; they wove against the paralyzing cold of winter and the crumbling, dissipating heat of summer; they wove against every stress and strain that might suggest itself to the minds of the experienced engineers; they wove to hold the mightiest land highway of the sister cities safe and high above the great and busy waterway.

The little party of men who gathered on the incomplete main span of the bridge one bleak December day stood within its webbings, and they knew its might; they knew then how faithfully every man had done his work, from the men who dug into the depths of the earth to the fabric-weavers in tottering mid-air. They felt at last the majesty of the work. Looking down upon the gray river and seeing the two tired cities spread apart by it, they gave a little cheer as the workmen slipped the binding gird-

ers across the narrow gap and made the two incomplete trusses one giant span to last the centuries. They cheered and cheered and cheered again. And the cities caught their cheers and re-echoed them. From factories, from locomotives, from all the shrieking water-craft, came the din of joy as the little file of bridge-builders found its way across the structure created by the genius of man.

After that there was some long detail to be finished. The temporary foot-paths that had been erected for the cable-workers were torn down and the anchorages and approaches completed. Pavers and railroad-track layers descended upon the bridge, and an army of painters swung in riggings from its giant net. As they worked, the two cities urged them forward. Each began counting the weeks, the very days, until the bridge should become the binding artery between them.

That day came. It came after some delays and some disappointments, but when it came it was only greater because of these. It was a day of music and a day of oratory, a day of rejoicing followed by a starry night of fireworks. All the city streets were ablaze, but every citizen looked up to the golden arch of the bridge. They had lined its great towers, the majestic sweep of its spans, the lovely versine of its cables, with myriad incandescents. Then, as the great day sank into dusk and history, and twilight gave birth to night, the incandescents sprang into life here and there and everywhere, and the glory of the handiwork of man shone through the sullen shadows of the dark.

But perhaps the loveliest part of that entire celebration was when the men who built the bridge marched across it in broken tread. There were soldiers on foot and on horseback in that gay parade, but theirs was not the glory on this occasion. The applause of the crowds was given to the bridge-builders, who quietly pushed forward at the honored right of line. First came the engineers and the architects and their draughtsmen, then the men who had worked under the caissons in "triple atmosphere" and who had lived to tell the story, finally the great company of other workmen—iron-workers, cable-weavers, masons, painters,

even the water-boys—every man of those men, with two good hands and an able mind that had given its best toward the weaving of the bridge. Well might the crowd cheer these and leave the fighters until another time. War destroys and peace builds such mighty monsters as this.

There are no flags or incandescent decorations on the bridge now. It is growing gray itself, in wear and tear and the smoky atmosphere of the two cities that it has forever bound together. They figure its users by the millions. An army of people cross and recross it each day.

Through the cloudless days of summer, it rises supreme in all its conquering majesty above the river. It is a beautiful thing; not beautiful in the gewgaws of

decorators, but rather beautiful in the glorious dignity of its great size and of its giant work as the servant of the cities. Then, when the clouds sail into those skies, when winter bears down and with it thicker, thicker clouds that fog the river, the bridge is lost in the mist and the gray; you come close to it before you see its muffled arcs, strangely fantastic and oddly contorted, and faintly catch the dull roar of its traffic.

But the cities know that it is there; they know that their bridge is a dependable servant. So while the fog lies low and the blind ferry-boats are ill at ease, the bridge is the master highway. High above the water, to and fro, passes the multitude of humanity, tired humanity, home-bound humanity.

The river, all powerful, has been conquered by the genius of man.

Wild Wishes

BY *ETHEL M. HEWITT*

I WISH, because the sweetness of your passing
Makes all the earth a garden where you tread,
That I might be the meanest of your roses,
To pave your path with petals passion-red!

I wish, because the softness of your breathing
Stirs the white jasmine at your window-frame,
That I might be the fragrance of a flower,
To stir the night breeze with your dearest name!

I wish, because the glory of your dreaming
Strews all the field of heaven with throbbing stars,
That I might storm the portals of your slumber,
And soar with you beyond night's golden bars!

I wish to be the day you die, Beloved,
Though at its close my foolish heart must break!
But most of all, I wish, my dearest darling,
To be the Blessed Morning when you wake!

The Chinago

BY JACK LONDON

"The coral waxes, the palm grows, but man departs."—*Tahitian proverb.*

AH CHO did not understand French. He sat in the crowded court-room, very weary and bored, listening to the unceasing, explosive French that now one official and now another uttered. It was just so much gabble to Ah Cho, and he marvelled at the stupidity of the Frenchmen who took so long to find out the murderer of Chung Ga, and who did not find him at all. The five hundred coolies on the plantation knew that Ah San had done the killing, and here was Ah San not even arrested. It was true that all the coolies had agreed secretly not to testify against one another; but then, it was so simple, the Frenchmen should have been able to discover that Ah San was the man. They were very stupid, these Frenchmen.

Ah Cho had done nothing of which to be afraid. He had had no hand in the killing. It was true he had been present at it, and Schemmer, the overseer on the plantation, had rushed into the barracks immediately afterward and caught him there, along with four or five others; but what of that? Chung Ga had been stabbed only twice. It stood to reason that five or six men could not inflict two stab-wounds. At the most, if a man had struck but once, only two men could have done it.

So it was that Ah Cho reasoned, when he, along with his four companions, had lied and blocked and obfuscated in their statements to the court concerning what had taken place. They had heard the sounds of the killing, and, like Schemmer, they had run to the spot. They had got there before Schemmer—that was all. True, Schemmer had testified that, attracted by the sound of quarrelling as he chanced to pass by, he had stood for at least five minutes outside; that then, when he entered, he found the prisoners already inside; and that they had not

entered just before, because he had been standing by the one door to the barracks. But what of that? Ah Cho and his four fellow prisoners had testified that Schemmer was mistaken. In the end they would be let go. They were all confident of that. Five men could not have their heads cut off for two stab-wounds. Besides, no foreign devil had seen the killing. But these Frenchmen were so stupid. In China, as Ah Cho well knew, the magistrate would order all of them to the torture and learn the truth. The truth was very easy to learn under torture. But these Frenchmen did not torture—bigger fools they! Therefore they would never find out who killed Chung Ga.

But Ah Cho did not understand everything. The English Company that owned the plantation had imported into Tahiti, at great expense, the five hundred coolies. The stockholders were clamoring for dividends, and the Company had not yet paid any; wherefore the Company did not want its costly contract laborers to start the practice of killing one another. Also, there were the French, eager and willing to impose upon the Chinagos the virtues and excellences of French law. There was nothing like setting an example once in a while; and, besides, of what use was New Caledonia except to send men to live out their days in misery and pain in payment of the penalty for being frail and human?

Ah Cho did not understand all this. He sat in the court-room and waited for the baffled judgment that would set him and his comrades free to go back to the plantation and work out the terms of their contracts. This judgment would soon be rendered. Proceedings were drawing to a close. He could see that. There was no more testifying, no more gabble of tongues. The French devils were tired, too, and evidently waiting for the

judgment. And as he waited he remembered back in his life to the time when he had signed the contract and set sail in the ship for Tahiti. Times had been hard in his seacoast village, and when he indentured himself to labor for five years in the South Seas at fifty cents Mexican a day, he had thought himself fortunate. There were men in his village who toiled a whole year for ten dollars Mexican, and there were women who made nets all the year round for five dollars, while in the houses of shopkeepers there were maid servants who received four dollars for a year of service. And here he was to receive fifty cents a day; for one day, only one day, he was to receive that princely sum! What if the work were hard? At the end of the five years he would return home—that was in the contract—and he would never have to work again. He would be a rich man for life, with a house of his own, a wife, and children growing up to venerate him. Yes, and back of the house he would have a small garden, a place of meditation and repose, with goldfish in a tiny lakelet, and wind-bells tinkling in the several trees, and there would be a high wall all around so that his meditation and repose should be undisturbed.

Well, he had worked out three of those five years. He was already a wealthy man (in his own country), through his earnings, and only two years more intervened between the cotton plantation on Tahiti and the meditation and repose that awaited him. But just now he was losing money because of the unfortunate accident of being present at the killing of Chung Ga. He had lain three weeks in prison, and for each day of those three weeks he had lost fifty cents. But now judgment would soon be given and he would go back to work.

Ah Cho was twenty-two years old. He was happy and good-natured, and it was easy for him to smile. While his body was slim in the Asiatic way, his face was rotund. It was round, like the moon, and it irradiated a gentle complacency and a sweet kindliness of spirit that was unusual among his countrymen. Nor did his looks belie him. He never caused trouble, never took part in wrangling. He did not gamble. His soul was not harsh enough for the soul that must belong

to a gambler. He was content with little things and simple pleasures. The hush and quiet in the cool of the day after the blazing toil in the cotton field was to him an infinite satisfaction. He could sit for hours gazing at a solitary flower and philosophizing about the mysteries and riddles of being. A blue heron on a tiny crescent of sandy beach, a silvery splatter of flying-fish, or a sunset of pearl and rose across the lagoon, could entrance him to all forgetfulness of the procession of wearisome days and of the heavy lash of Schemmer.

Schemmer, Karl Schemmer, was a brute, a brutish brute. But he earned his salary. He got the last particle of strength out of the five hundred slaves; for slaves they were until their term of years was up. Schemmer worked hard to extract the strength from those five hundred sweating bodies and to transmute it into bales of fluffy cotton ready for export. His dominant, iron-clad, primeval brutishness was what enabled him to effect the transmutation. Also, he was assisted by a thick leather belt, three inches wide and a yard in length, with which he always rode and which, on occasion, could come down on the naked back of a stooping coolie with a report like a pistol-shot. These reports were frequent when Schemmer rode down the furrowed field.

Once, at the beginning of the first year of contract labor, he had killed a coolie with a single blow of his fist. He had not exactly crushed the man's head like an egg-shell, but the blow had been sufficient to addle what was inside, and, after being sick for a week, the man had died. But the Chinese had not complained to the French devils that ruled over Tahiti. It was their own lookout. Schemmer was their problem. They must avoid his wrath as they avoided the venom of the centipedes that lurked in the grass or crept into the sleeping-quarters on rainy nights. The Chinagos—such they were called by the indolent, brown-skinned island folk—saw to it that they did not displease Schemmer too greatly. This was equivalent to rendering up to him a full measure of efficient toil. That blow of Schemmer's fist had been worth thousands of dollars to the Company, and no trouble ever came of it to Schemmer.

The French, with no instinct for colonization, futile in their childish play-game of developing the resources of the island, were only too glad to see the English Company succeed. What matter of Schemmer and his redoubtable fist? The Chinago that died? Well, he was only a Chinago. Besides, he died of sunstroke, as the doctor's certificate attested. True, in all the history of Tahiti no one had ever died of sunstroke. But it was that, precisely that, which made the death of this Chinago unique. The doctor said as much in his report. He was very candid. Dividends must be paid, or else one more failure would be added to the long history of failure in Tahiti.

There was no understanding these white devils. Ah Cho pondered their inscrutableness as he sat in court-room waiting the judgment. There was no telling what went on at the back of their minds. He had seen a few of the white devils. They were all alike—the officers and sailors on the ship, the French officials, the several white men on the plantation, including Schemmer. Their minds all moved in mysterious ways there was no getting at. They grew angry without apparent cause, and their anger was always dangerous. They were like wild beasts at such times. They worried about little things, and on occasion could outtoil even a Chinago. They were not temperate as Chinagos were temperate; they were gluttons, eating prodigiously and drinking more prodigiously. A Chinago never knew when an act would please them or arouse a storm of wrath. A Chinago could never tell. What pleased one time, the very next time might provoke an outburst of anger. There was a curtain behind the eyes of the white devils that screened the backs of their minds from the Chinago's gaze. And then, on top of it all, was that terrible efficiency of the white devils, that ability to do things, to make things go, to work results, to bend to their wills all creeping, crawling things, and the powers of the very elements themselves. Yes, the white men were strange and wonderful, and they were devils. Look at Schemmer.

Ah Cho wondered why the judgment was so long in forming. Not a man on trial had laid hand on Chung Ga. Ah

San alone had killed him. Ah San had done it, bending Chung Ga's head back with one hand by a grip of his queue, and with the other hand, from behind, reaching over and driving the knife into his body. Twice had he driven it in. There in the court-room, with closed eyes, Ah Cho saw the killing acted over again—the squabble, the vile words bandied back and forth, the filth and insult flung upon the venerable ancestors, the curses laid upon unbegotten generations, the leap of Ah San, the grip on the queue of Chung Ga, the knife that sank twice into his flesh, the bursting open of the door, the irruption of Schemmer, the dash for the door, the escape of Ah San, the flying belt of Schemmer that drove the rest into the corner, and the firing of the revolver as a signal that brought help to Schemmer. Ah Cho shivered as he lived it over. One blow of the belt had bruised his cheek, taking off some of the skin. Schemmer had pointed to the bruises when, on the witness-stand, he had identified Ah Cho. It was only just now that the marks had become no longer visible. That had been a blow. Half an inch nearer the centre and it would have taken out his eye. Then Ah Cho forgot the whole happening in a vision he caught of the garden of meditation and repose that would be his when he returned to his own land.

He sat with impassive face, while the magistrate rendered the judgment. Likewise were the faces of his four companions impassive. And they remained impassive when the interpreter explained that the five of them had been found guilty of the murder of Chung Ga, and that Ah Chow should have his head cut off, Ah Cho serve twenty years in prison in New Caledonia, Wong Li twelve years, and Ah Tong ten years. There was no use in getting excited about it. Even Ah Chow remained expressionless as a mummy, though it was his head that was to be cut off. The magistrate added a few words, and the interpreter explained that Ah Chow's face having been most severely bruised by Schemmer's strap had made his identification so positive that, since one man must die, he might as well be that man. Also, the fact that Ah Cho's face also had been severely bruised, conclusively proving his pres-

ence at the murder and his undoubted participation, had merited him the twenty years of penal servitude. And down to the ten years of Ah Tong, the proportioned reason for each sentence was explained. Let the Chinagos take the lesson to heart, the Court said finally, for they must learn that the law would be fulfilled in Tahiti though the heavens fell.

The five Chinagos were taken back to jail. They were not shocked nor grieved. The sentences being unexpected was quite what they were accustomed to in their dealings with the white devils. From them a Chinago rarely expected more than the unexpected. The heavy punishment for a crime they had not committed was no stranger than the countless strange things the white devils did. In the several weeks that followed, Ah Cho several times contemplated Ah Chow with mild curiosity. His head was to be cut off by the guillotine that was being erected on the plantation. For him there would be no declining years, no gardens of tranquillity. Ah Cho philosophized and speculated about life and death. As for himself, he was not perturbed. Twenty years were merely twenty years. By that much was his garden removed from him—that was all. He was young, and the patience of Asia was in his bones. He could wait those twenty years, and by that time the heats of his blood would be assuaged and he would be better fitted for that garden of calm delight. He thought of a name for it; he would call it The Garden of the Morning Calm. He was made happy all day by the thought, and he was inspired to devise a moral maxim on the virtue of patience, which maxim proved a great comfort, especially to Wong Li and Ah Tong. Ah Chow, however, did not care for the maxim. His head was to be separated from his body in so short a time that he had no need for patience to wait for that event. He smoked well, ate well, slept well, and did not worry about the slow passage of time.

Cruchot was a gendarme. He had seen twenty years of service in the colonies, from Nigeria and Senegal to the South Seas, and those twenty years had not perceptibly brightened his dull mind. He was as slow-witted and stupid as in his peasant days in the south of France.

He knew discipline and fear of authority, and from God down to the sergeant of gendarmes the only difference to him was the measure of slavish obedience which he rendered. In point of fact, the sergeant bulked bigger in his mind than God, except on Sundays when God's mouthpieces had their say. God was usually very remote, while the sergeant was ordinarily very close at hand.

Cruchot it was who received the order from the Chief Justice to the jailer commanding that functionary to deliver over to Cruchot the person of Ah Chow. Now, it happened that the Chief Justice had given a dinner the night before to the captain and officers of the French man-of-war. His hand was shaking when he wrote out the order, and his eyes were aching so dreadfully that he did not read over the order. It was only a Chinago's life he was signing away anyway. So he did not notice that he had omitted the final letter in Ah Chow's name. The order read "Ah Cho," and, when Cruchot presented the order, the jailer turned over to him the person of Ah Cho. Cruchot took that person beside him on the seat of a wagon, behind two mules, and drove away.

Ah Cho was glad to be out in the sunshine. He sat beside the gendarme and beamed. He beamed more ardently than ever when he noted the mules headed south toward Atimaono. Undoubtedly Schemmer had sent for him to be brought back. Schemmer wanted him to work. Very well, he would work well. Schemmer would never have cause to complain. It was a hot day. There had been a stoppage of the trades. The mules sweated, Cruchot sweated, and Ah Cho sweated. But it was Ah Cho that bore the heat with the least concern. He had toiled three years under that sun on the plantation. He beamed and beamed with such genial good nature that even Cruchot's heavy mind was stirred to wonderment.

"You are very funny," he said at last.

Ah Cho nodded and beamed more ardently. Unlike the magistrate, Cruchot spoke to him in the Kanaka tongue, and this, like all Chinagos and all foreign devils, Ah Cho understood.

"You laugh too much," Cruchot chided. "One's heart should be full of tears on a day like this."

"I am glad to get out of the jail."

"Is that all?" The gendarme shrugged his shoulders.

"Is it not enough?" was the retort.

"Then you are not glad to have your head cut off?"

Ah Cho looked at him in abrupt perplexity and said:

"Why, I am going back to Atimaono to work on the plantation for Schemmer. Are you not taking me to Atimaono?"

Cruchot stroked his long mustaches reflectively. "Well, well," he said, finally, with a flick of the whip at the off mule, "so you don't know?"

"Know what?" Ah Cho was beginning to feel a vague alarm. "Won't Schemmer let me work for him any more?"

"Not after to-day." Cruchot laughed heartily. It was a good joke. "You see, you won't be able to work after to-day. A man with his head off can't work, eh?" He poked the Chinago in the ribs and chuckled.

Ah Cho maintained silence while the mules trotted a hot mile. Then he spoke: "Is Schemmer going to cut off my head?"

Cruchot grinned as he nodded.

"It is a mistake," said Ah Cho, gravely. "I am not the Chinago that is to have his head cut off. I am Ah Cho. The honorable judge has determined that I am to stop twenty years in New Caledonia."

The gendarme laughed. It was a good joke, this funny Chinago trying to cheat the guillotine. The mules trotted through a cocoanut grove and for half a mile beside the sparkling sea before Ah Cho spoke again.

"I tell you I am not Ah Chow. The honorable judge did not say that my head was to go off."

"Don't be afraid," said Cruchot, with the philanthropic intention of making it easier for his prisoner. "It is not difficult to die that way." He snapped his fingers. "It is quick—like that. It is not like hanging on the end of a rope and kicking and making faces for five minutes. It is like killing a chicken with a hatchet. You cut its head off, that is all. And it is the same with a man. Pouf!—it is over. It doesn't hurt. You don't even think it hurts.

You don't think. Your head is gone, so you cannot think. It is very good. That is the way I want to die—quick, ah, quick. You are lucky to die that way. You might get the leprosy and fall to pieces slowly, a finger at a time, and now and again a thumb, also the toes. I knew a man who was burned by hot water. It took him two days to die. You could hear him yelling a kilometre away. But you? Ah! so easy! Check!—the knife cuts your neck like that. It is finished. The knife may even tickle. Who can say? Nobody who died that way ever came back to say."

He considered this last an excruciating joke, and permitted himself to be convulsed with laughter for half a minute. Part of his mirth was assumed, but he considered it his humane duty to cheer up the Chinago.

"But I tell you I am Ah Cho," the other persisted. "I don't want my head cut off."

Cruchot scowled. The Chinago was carrying the foolishness too far.

"I am not Ah Chow—" Ah Cho began.

"That will do," the gendarme interrupted. He puffed up his cheeks and strove to appear fierce.

"I tell you I am not—" Ah Cho began again.

"Shut up!" bawled Cruchot.

After that they rode along in silence. It was twenty miles from Papeete to Atimaono, and over half the distance was covered by the time the Chinago again ventured into speech.

"I saw you in the court-room, when the honorable judge sought after our guilt," he began. "Very good. And do you remember that Ah Chow, whose head is to be cut off—do you remember that he—Ah Chow—was a tall man? Look at me."

He stood up suddenly, and Cruchot saw that he was a short man. And just as suddenly Cruchot caught a glimpse of a memory picture of Ah Chow, and in that picture Ah Chow was tall. To the gendarme all Chinagos looked alike. One face was like another. But between tallness and shortness he could differentiate, and he knew that he had the wrong man beside him on the seat. He pulled up the mules abruptly, so that the pole shot ahead of them, elevating their collars.

"You see, it was a mistake," said Ah Cho, smiling pleasantly.

But Cruchot was thinking. Already he regretted that he had stopped the wagon. He was unaware of the error of the Chief Justice, and he had no way of working it out; but he did know that he had been given this Chinago to take to Atimaono and that it was his duty to take him to Atimaono. What if he was the wrong man and they cut his head off? It was only a Chinago when all was said, and what was a Chinago anyway? Besides, it might not be a mistake. He did not know what went on in the minds of his superiors. They knew their business best. Who was he to do their thinking for them? Once, in the long ago, he had attempted to think for them, and the sergeant had said: "Cruchot, you are a fool! The quicker you know that, the better you will get on. You are not to think; you are to obey and leave thinking to your betters." He smarted under the recollection. Also, if he turned back to Papeete he would delay the execution at Atimaono, and if he were wrong in turning back he would get a reprimand from the sergeant who was waiting for the prisoner. And, furthermore, he would get a reprimand at Papeete as well.

He touched the mules with the whip and drove on. He looked at his watch. He would be half an hour late as it was, and the sergeant was bound to be angry. He put the mules into a faster trot. The more Ah Cho persisted in explaining the mistake, the more stubborn Cruchot became. The knowledge that he had the wrong man did not make his temper better. The knowledge that it was through no mistake of his confirmed him in the belief that the wrong he was doing was the right. And, rather than incur the displeasure of the sergeant, he would willingly have assisted a dozen wrong Chinagos to their doom.

As for Ah Cho, after the gendarme had struck him over the head with the butt of the whip and commanded him in a loud voice to shut up, there remained nothing for him to do but to shut up. The long ride continued in silence. Ah Cho pondered the strange ways of the foreign devils. There was no explaining them. What they were doing with him

was of a piece with everything they did. First they found guilty five innocent men, and next they cut off the head of the man that even they, in their benighted ignorance, had deemed meritorious of no more than twenty years' imprisonment. And there was nothing he could do. He could only sit idly and take what these lords of life measured out to him. Once, he got in a panic, and the sweat upon his body turned cold; but he fought his way out of it. He endeavored to resign himself to his fate by remembering and repeating certain passages from the "Yin Chih Wen" ("The Tract of the Quiet Way"); but, instead, he kept seeing his dream-garden of meditation and repose. This bothered him, until he abandoned himself to the dream and sat in his garden listening to the tinkling of the wind-bells in the several trees. And lo! sitting thus, in the dream, he was able to remember and repeat the passages from the "Tract of the Quiet Way."

So the time passed nicely until Atimaono was reached and the mules trotted up to the foot of the scaffold, in the shade of which stood the impatient sergeant. Ah Cho was hurried up the ladder of the scaffold. Beneath him on one side he saw assembled all the coolies of the plantation. Schemmer had decided that the event would be a good object-lesson, and so had called in the coolies from the fields and compelled them to be present. As they caught sight of Ah Cho they gabbled among themselves in low voices. They saw the mistake; but they kept it to themselves. The inexplicable white devils had doubtlessly changed their minds. Instead of taking the life of one innocent man they were taking the life of another innocent man. Ah Chow or Ah Cho—what did it matter which? They could never understand the white dogs any more than could the white dogs understand them. Ah Cho was going to have his head cut off, but they, when their two remaining years of servitude were up, were going back to China.

Schemmer had made the guillotine himself. He was a handy man, and though he had never seen a guillotine, the French officials had explained the principle to him. It was on his suggestion that they had ordered the execution

to take place at Atimaono instead of at Papeete. The scene of the crime, Schemmer had argued, was the best possible place for the punishment, and, in addition, it would have a salutary influence upon the half-thousand Chinagos on the plantation. Schemmer had also volunteered to act as executioner, and in that capacity he was now on the scaffold, experimenting with the instrument he had made. A banana tree, of the size and consistency of a man's neck, lay under the guillotine. Ah Cho watched with fascinated eyes. The German, turning a small crank, hoisted the blade to the top of the little derrick he had rigged. A jerk on a stout piece of cord loosed the blade and it dropped with a flash, neatly severing the banana trunk.

"How does it work?" The sergeant, coming out on top the scaffold, had asked the question.

"Beautifully," was Schemmer's exultant answer. "Let me show you."

Again he turned the crank that hoisted the blade, jerked the cord, and sent the blade crashing down on the soft tree. But this time it went no more than two-thirds of the way through.

The sergeant scowled. "That will not serve," he said.

Schemmer wiped the sweat from his forehead. "What it needs is more weight," he announced. Walking up to the edge of the scaffold, he called his orders to the blacksmith for a twenty-five-pound piece of iron. As he stooped over to attach the iron to the broad top of the blade, Ah Cho glanced at the sergeant and saw his opportunity.

"The honorable judge said that Ah Chow was to have his head cut off," he began.

The sergeant nodded impatiently. He was thinking of the fifteen-mile ride before him that afternoon, to the windward side of the island, and of Berthe, the pretty half-caste daughter of Lafière, the pearl-trader, who was waiting for him at the end of it.

"Well, I am not Ah Chow. I am Ah Cho. The honorable jailer has made a mistake. Ah Chow is a tall man, and you see I am short."

The sergeant looked at him hastily and saw the mistake. "Schemmer!" he called, imperatively. "Come here."

The German grunted, but remained bent over his task till the chunk of iron was lashed to his satisfaction. "Is your Chinago ready?" he demanded.

"Look at him," was the answer. "Is he the Chinago?"

Schemmer was surprised. He swore tersely for a few seconds, and looked regretfully across at the thing he had made with his own hands and which he was eager to see work. "Look here," he said, finally, "we can't postpone this affair. I've lost three hours' work already out of those five hundred Chinagos. I can't afford to lose it all over again for the right man. Let's put the performance through just the same. It is only a Chinago."

The sergeant remembered the long ride before him, and the pearl-trader's daughter, and debated with himself.

"They will blame it on Cruchot—if it is discovered," the German urged. "But there's little chance of its being discovered. Ah Chow won't give it away, at any rate."

"The blame won't lie with Cruchot anyway," the sergeant said. "It must have been the jailer's mistake."

"Then let's go on with it. They can't blame us. Who can tell one Chinago from another? We can say that we merely carried out instructions with the Chinago that was turned over to us. Besides, I really can't take all those coolies a second time away from their labor."

They spoke in French, and Ah Cho, who did not understand a word of it, nevertheless knew that they were determining his destiny. He knew, also, that the decision rested with the sergeant, and he hung upon that official's lips.

"All right," announced the sergeant. "Go ahead with it. He is only a Chinago."

"I'm going to try it once more, just to make sure." Schemmer moved the banana trunk forward under the knife, which he had hoisted to the top of the derrick.

Ah Cho tried to remember maxims from "The Tract of the Quiet Way." "Live in concord," came to him; but it was not applicable. He was not going to live. He was about to die. No, that would not do. "Forgive malice"—yes, but there was no malice to forgive.

Schemmer and the rest were doing this thing without malice. It was to them merely a piece of work that had to be done, just as clearing the jungle, ditching the water, and planting cotton were pieces of work that had to be done. Schemmer jerked the cord, and Ah Cho forgot "The Tract of the Quiet Way." The knife shot down with a thud, making a clean slice of the tree.

"Beautiful!" exclaimed the sergeant, pausing in the act of lighting a cigarette. "Beautiful, my friend."

Schemmer was pleased at the praise.

"Come on, Ah Chow," he said, in the Tahitian tongue.

"But I am not Ah Chow—" Ah Cho began.

"Shut up!" was the answer. "If you open your mouth again I'll break your head."

The overseer threatened him with a clenched fist, and he remained silent. What was the good of protesting? Those foreign devils always had their way. He allowed himself to be lashed to the vertical board that was the size of his body. Schemmer drew the buckles tight—so tight that the straps cut into his flesh and hurt. But he did not complain.

The hurt would not last long. He felt the board tilting over in the air toward the horizontal, and closed his eyes. And in that moment he caught a last glimpse of his garden of meditation and repose. It seemed to him that he sat in the garden. A cool wind was blowing, and the bells in the several trees were tinkling softly. Also, birds were making sleepy noises, and from beyond the high wall came the subdued sound of village life.

Then he was aware that the board had come to rest, and from muscular pressures and tensions he knew that he was lying on his back. He opened his eyes. Straight above him he saw the suspended knife blazing in the sunshine. He saw the weight which had been added and noted that one of Schemmer's knots had slipped. Then he heard the sergeant's voice in sharp command. Ah Cho closed his eyes hastily. He did not want to see that knife descend. But he felt it—for one great fleeting instant. And in that instant he remembered Cruchot and what Cruchot had said. But Cruchot was wrong. The knife did not tickle. That much he knew before he ceased to know.

Youth of the Year

BY MARY NORSWORTHY SHEPARD

FRIENDS, I did know the maid had passed this way,
 For through the orchard's branching tracery
 The wind had blown her rosy frock about,
 To float and catch on every naked tree.

And where the brook, beneath the alder shade,
 Cleaves through the mead its Hyla-haunted rim,
 Her purple veil had floated to the ground,
 And the bright sod with violets was dim.

But when I knelt beside the rounded pool,
 The radiant double of the sky to see,
 Over my shoulder in that limpid glass
 She bent—and looked at me.

Two Little English Episodes

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS

CERTAINLY I had not come to York, as certainly I would not have gone anywhere, for battle-fields, but becoming gradually sensible in that city that the battle of Marston Moor was fought a few miles away, and my enemy Charles I. put to one of his worst defeats there, I bought a third-class ticket and ran out to the place one day for whatever emotion awaited me there. At an English station you are either overwhelmed with transportation, or you are without any except such as you were born with, and at the station for Marston Moor I asked for a fly in vain. But it was a most walkable afternoon, and the pleasant road into the region which the station-master indicated as that I was seeking invited the foot by its level stretch, sometimes under wayside trees, but mostly between open fields, newly reaped and still yellow with their stubble, or green with the rowen clover. Sometimes it ran straight and sometimes it curved, but it led so rarely near any human habitation that one would rather not have met any tramps besides one's self on it. Presently I overtook one, a gentle old farm-wife, a withered blonde, whom I helped with the bundles she bore in either hand in the hope that she could tell me whether I was near Marston Moor or not. But she could tell me only, what may have been of higher human interest, that her husband had the grass farm of a hundred and fifty acres, which we were coming to, for seventy-five pounds a year; and they had their own cattle, sheep, and horses, and were well content with themselves. She excused herself for not knowing more than vaguely of the battle-field, as not having been many years in the neighborhood; and being now come to a gate in the fields, she thanked me and took her way up a grassy path to the pleasant farmhouse I saw in the distance.

It must have been about this time that it rained, having shone long enough for English weather, and it hardly held up before I was overtaken by a friendly youth on a bicycle, whom I stayed with the question uppermost in my mind. He promptly got off his wheel to grapple with the problem. He was a comely young fellow, an artisan of some sort from a neighboring town, and he knew the country well, but he did not know where my lost battle-field was. He was sure that it was near by; but he was sure there was no monument to mark the spot. Then we parted friends, with many polite expressions, and he rode on and I walked on. For a mile and more I met no other wayfarer, and as I felt that it was time to ask for Marston Moor again, I was very glad to be overtaken by a gentleman driving in a dog-cart, with his pretty young daughter on the wide seat with him. He halted at sight of the elderly pilgrim, and hospitably asked if he could not give him a lift, alleging that there was plenty of room. He was interested in my search, which he was not able definitely to promote, but he believed that if I would drive with him to his place I could find the battle-field, and, anyhow, I could get a trap back from The Sun. I pleaded the heat I was in from walking, and the danger for an old fellow of taking cold in a drive through the cool air; and then, as old fellows do, we bantered each other about our ages, each claiming to be older than the other, and the kind, sweet young girl sat listening with that tolerance of youth for the triviality of age, which is so charming. When he could do no more, he said he was sorry, and wished me luck, and drove on; and I being by this time tired with my three miles' tramp, took advantage of a wayside farmhouse, the first in all the distance, and went in and asked for a cup of tea. The farm-wife, who came in

out of her back garden to answer my knock, pleaded regretfully that her fire was down; but she thought I could get tea at the next house; and she was very conversable about the battle-field. She did not know just where it was, but she was sure it was quite a mile farther on; and at that I gave up the hope of it along with the tea. This is partly the reader's loss, for I have no doubt I could have been very graphic about it if I had found it; but as for Marston Moor, I feel pretty certain that if it ever existed it does not now. A moor, as I understand, implies a sort of wildness, but nothing could be more domestic than the peaceful fields between which I had come so far, and now easily found my way back to the station. Easily, I say, but there was one point where the road forked, though I was sure it had not forked before, and I felt myself confronted with some sort, any sort, of exciting adventure. By taking myself firmly in hand, and saying, "It was yonder to the left where I met my kind bicyclist, and we vainly communed of my evanescent battle-field," and so keeping on, I got safely to the station with nothing more romantic in my experience than a thrilling apprehension.

I quite forgot Marston Moor in my self-gratulation and my recognition of the civility from every one which had so ineffectively abetted my search. Simple and gentle, how hospitable they had all been to my vain inquiry, and how delicately they had forborne to visit the stranger with the irony of the average American who is asked anything, especially anything he does not know! I went thinking that the difference was a difference between human nature long mellowed to its conditions, and human nature rasped on its edges and fretted by novel circumstances to a provisional harshness. I chose to fancy that un-human nature sympathized with the English mood; in the sheep bleating from the pastures I heard the note of Wordsworth's verse; and by the sky, hung in its low blue with rough, dusky clouds, I was canopied as with a canvas of Constable's.

It was the more pity, then, that at the station a shooting party, approaching from the other quarter with their

servants and guns and dogs, and their bags of hares and partridges, should have given English life another complexion to the wanderer so willing to see it always rose-color. The gunners gained the station platform first, and at once occupied the benches, strewing all the vacant places with their still-bleeding prey. I did not fail of the opportunity to see in them the arrogance of class, which I had hitherto so vainly expected, and I disabled their looks by finding them as rude as their behavior. How different they were from the kind bicyclist, or the gentleman in the dog-cart, or either one of the farm-wives who sorrowed so civilly not to know where my lost battle-field was!

In England, it is always open to the passenger to enforce a claim to his share of the public facilities, but I chose to go into the licensed victualler's next the station and sit down to a peaceable cup of tea rather than contest a place on that bloody benching; and so I made the acquaintance of an interior out of literature, such as my beloved Thomas Hardy likes to paint. On a high-backed rectangular settle rising against the wall, and almost meeting in front of the comfortable range, sat a company of rustics, stuffing themselves with cold meat, washed down with mugs of ale, and cozily talking. They gained indefinitely in my interest from being served by a lame woman, with a rhythmical limp, and I hope it was not for my demerit that I was served apart in the chillier parlor, when I should have liked so much to stay and listen to the rustic tale or talk. The parlor was very depressingly papered, but on its walls I had the exalted company of his Majesty the King, their Royal Highnesses the Prince and Princess of Wales, the late Premier, the Marquis of Salisbury, and, for no assignable reason except a general fitness for high society, the twelve Apostles in Da Vinci's *Last Supper*, together with an appropriate view of York Minster.

I do not pretend this search for the battle-field of Marston Moor was the most exciting episode of my stay in York. In fact, I think it was much surpassed in a climax of dramatic poignancy incident to our excursion to Bishopsthorpe, down the Ouse, on one of

the cozy little steamers which ply the stream without unreasonably crowding it against its banks. It was a most silvery September afternoon when we started from the quay at York, and after escaping from embarkment on a boat going in the wrong direction, began, with no unseemly swiftness, to scuttle down the current. It was a perfect voyage, as perfect as any I ever made on the Mississippi, the Ohio, the St. Lawrence, or the Hudson, on steamers in whose cabins our little boat would have lost itself. We had a full but not crowded company of passengers, which had overflowed into a skiff at our stern, in which a father and mother, with three women friends, preferred the high excitement of being towed to Bishopsthorpe, where it seemed that the man of the party knew the gardener. With each curve of the river and with each remove we got the city in more and more charming retrospective, till presently its roofs and walls and spires and towers were lost in the distance, and we were left to the sylvan or pastoral loveliness of the low shores. Here and there at a pleasant interval from the river a villa rose against a background of rounded tree-tops, with Lombardy poplars picking themselves out before it, but for the most part the tops of the banks, with which we stood even on our deck, retreated from the waterside willows in levels of meadowland, where white and red cows were grazing, and now and then young horses romping away from groups of their elders. It was all dear and kind and sweet, with a sort of Mid-Western look in its softness (as the English landscape often has), and the mud-banks were like those of my native Ohio Valley rivers. The effect was heightened, on our return, by an aged and virtuously poor (to all appearance) flageolet and cornet band, playing *'Way down upon the Swanee River*, while the light played in no-tone over the groves and pastures of the shore, and the shadows stretched themselves luxuriously out as if for a long night's sleep. There has seldom been such a day since I began to grow old; a soft September gale ruffled and tossed the trees finely, and a subtle Italian quality mixed with the American richness of the sunshiny air; so that I

thought we reached Bishopsthorpe only too soon; and I woke from a pleasant reverie to be told that the steamer could not land with us, but we must be taken ashore in the small boat which we saw putting out for us from its moorings. To this day I do not know why the steamer could not land, but perhaps the small boat had a prescriptive right in the matter. At any rate, it was vigorously manned by a woman, who took tuppence from each of us for her service, and presently earned it by the interest she showed in our getting to the Archbishop's palace, or villa, the right way.

So we went round by an alluring road to its forking, where, looking up to the left we could see a pretty village behind Lombardy poplars, and coming down toward us in a victoria, for their afternoon drive, two charmingly dressed ladies, with bright parasols, and looking very county-family, as we poor Americans imagine such things out of English fiction. We entered the archiepiscopal grounds through a sympathetic Gothic screen, as I will call the overture to the Gothic edifice in my defect of architectural terminology, though perhaps gateway would be simpler; and found ourselves in the garden, and in the company of those people we had towed down behind our steamer. They were with their friend, the gardener, and claiming their acquaintance as fellow passengers, we made favor with him to see the house. The housekeeper, or some understudy of hers, who received us, said the family were away, but she let us follow her through. That is more than I will let the reader do, for I know the duty of the cultivated American to the intimacies of the gentle English life; it is only with the simple life that I ever make free; there, I own, I have no scruple. But I will say (with my back turned conscientiously to the interior) that nothing could be lovelier than the outlook from the dining-room, and the whole water-front of the house, on the wavy and willowy Ouse, and that I would willingly be many times an archbishop to have that prospect at all my meals.

We despatched our visit so promptly that we got back to our boat-woman's cottage a full hour before our steamer

was to call for us. She had an afternoon fire kindled in her bright range, from the oven of which came already the odor of agreeable baking. Upon this hint we acted, and asked if tea were possible. It was, and jam sandwiches as well, or if we preferred buttered tea-cake, with or without currants, to jam sandwiches, there would be that presently. We preferred both, and we sat down in that pleasant parlor-kitchen, and listened, till the tea-cake came out of the oven, and was split open and buttered smoking hot, to a flow of delightful and instructive talk. For our refection we paid sixpence each, but for our edification we are still, and hope ever to be, in debt. Our hostess was of a most cheerful philosophy, such as could not be bought of most modern philosophers for money. The flour for our tea-cakes, she said, was a shilling fivepence a stone, "And not too much for growing and grinding it, and all." Every week-day morning she rose at half past four, and got breakfast for her boys, who then rode their bicycles, or, in the snow, walked, all the miles of our voyage into York, where they worked in the railway shops. No, they did not belong to any union; the railway men did not seem to care for it; only a "benefit union." She kept the house for her family, and herself ready to answer every hail from the steamer; but in her mellow English content, which was not stupid or sodden, but clever and

wise, it was as if it were she, rather than the archbishop, whose nature expressed itself in a motto on one of the palace walls, "Blessed be the Lord who loadeth us with blessings every day."

When the range, warming to its work, had made her kitchen-parlor a little too hot to hold us, she hospitably suggested the river shore as cooler, where she knew a comfortable log we could sit on. Thither she presently followed when the steamer's whistle sounded, and held her boat for us to get safely in. The most nervous of our party offered the reflection, as she sculled us out into the stream to overhaul the pausing steamer, that she must find the ferry business very shattering to the nerves, and she said, "Yes, but it's nothing to a murder case I was on once." "Oh, what murder, what murder?" we palpitated back; and both of us forgot the steamer, so that it almost ran us down, and we ignored the man leaning for our line over the gunwale while our ferrywoman began again: "A man shot a nurse— There! Throw that line, will you?" And he, who ought to have thrown the line for her, in his distraction let her drop her oar and throw the line herself, and then we scrambled aboard without hearing any more of the murder.

This is the climax I have been working up to, and I call it a fine one; as good as a story to-be-continued ever ended an instalment with.

Tides

BY JOHN B. TABB

LIKE inland streams, O Sea,
Thro' joy and pain
All Nature dreams of thee;
Nor more appears
Thy life in mist or rain
Than in our tears.

The Incubus

BY JOHNSON MORTON

WHEN the subject of her own future was broached—the moment came at the heels of Mary's announcement of her engagement to Gordon Fayne—Mrs. Trescott had made a graceful gesture of protest. Her smile, at once brave and pathetic, fitted the occasion. Tears stood in her eyes, and her voice trembled as she spoke.

"My dear children"—it was on Fayne's arm that her hand sought a resting-place—"I am really of not the least consequence. . . . Do with me as you like! Only one thing shall be quite understood: you must not ask me to live with you. No house is large enough for two establishments!"

A certain tender modulation gave an air of novel distinction to the threadbare sentiment. Fayne's chivalrous young breast swelled with hospitality.

"Ah, dear Mrs. Trescott," he cried, "I know what you and Mary have been to one another. Do you think I could come between you? I am sure that I—that *we*"—his voice held the new pronoun caressingly—"could never let you live alone. No; you must not even think of it! Dear Mrs. Trescott, your place is always with us. Isn't that so, Mary?"

To Fayne's surprise, Mary's answer, though its phrase, "I want mamma to do what will be best for her," was impeccable, seemed scarcely adequate. When they were next alone he taxed her gently with a lack of warmth. Mary Trescott struggled between loyalty and candor. Her answer chose the path of compromise. "I didn't mean to be cold, Gordon, but don't you think it's possible that I may understand mamma better than you do?" Of course he laughed an assent to this—though what man of intuition may not cling to a reservation? But he dropped the discussion at once in favor of fond personal matters.

The question did not come up again until, their marriage an accomplished fact, the Faynes had returned from their honeymoon and were properly engrossed in their own affairs. Then, strangely enough, the *deus ex machina* proved a purely material one! The widow, possessor of a comfortable income and an admirable house, had received an offer for the latter, that she bore in some excitement to her son-in-law's office.

"Read what these people say." She thrust a letter into Fayne's hand. "It seems to me that I can't endure the thought of giving up my home, Gordon, the house sanctified to me by happiness and sorrow; by life itself! But don't you think one may be pardoned for hesitating when one is offered such a sum as this? Doesn't it almost take the decision out of my hands? Why, I can get another house for much less money: something quite good enough for an old woman to end her days in! Gordon, I'm going to rely absolutely on you. You will help me, won't you? . . . Then, too, there is always the future to regard," she smiled up at him with meaning. "Think how delightful it will be for me some day to have some one to save for!"

Fayne raised his eyes from the paper, which he had read carefully, to laugh aside her delicate insinuations. Then he grasped the business decisively with a change of tone.

"Yes. You are right. You *can't* afford to miss a chance like this. Accept the offer at once. You must lose no time. I shall, of course, be glad to attend to the details for you. By the bye," he added, "as soon as you give up the house, why don't you come to us, so that you can look about for another at your leisure? There's plenty of room, you know, and we shall be delighted to have you."

This had happened six years ago, and Mrs. Trescott's visit, entered upon with

affectionate protestations on her part, as a temporary convenience, had become a chronic condition! Intermittent at first, the periods had gradually grown longer, until now they practically overlapped one another. There was no more talk of an establishment of her own. The money paid for her house had been invested so that it brought in a large addition to her income; and, although what Mrs. Trescott had declared she longed for had come true, she had evidently changed her views, for she preferred to *spend*, rather than to *save*, for five-year-old Trescott Fayne. Did the child's health seem to demand a change of air? He was sent at once, with attendant nurse and maid, to the sea at his grandmother's expense. He must be brought up to ride; so his birthday gift from her was a pony. Nor did Mrs. Trescott's material generosity stop at her grandson. It was she who insisted—backing up her insistence with a check, tactfully proffered—on the purchase of a motor; that splendid string of pearls, hanging on festal occasions at Mrs. Fayne's white neck, attested a proud mother's lavishness; and finally, latest of benefactions, she had bought land on a hilltop, from which her son-in-law himself had often admired the view, and had presented it to him, on the occasion of his thirty-fifth birthday, as a site for a future country-seat.

In curious fashion, this particular gift took on a saliency that kept it uncomfortably in Fayne's remembrance all day. That very night he spoke of the matter to his wife, suddenly realizing afresh, as he waited for the opportunity, how rarely they were alone together save when the doors of their bedrooms had closed behind them.

"Confound it, Mary!" he began, without preliminaries, as he flung himself into a chair. "I may be ungrateful; but I can't say that I altogether like the idea of your mother's giving me that piece of property, though, Heaven knows, I've always wanted it! I seem to realize suddenly, for the first time, what a lot she's done for me, and I find myself discovering a sense of obligation that isn't pleasant, because I'm really giving her very little in return. Mary! I don't mind telling you that I feel uncomfortable

over the whole business. Can't you help me out? I'm too stupid to put what I mean into words; but really your mother seems to be taking altogether too important a place in our lives. Ah . . . I didn't mean to hurt you." Fayne stopped short at the sight of his wife's expression, as she turned from the mirror before which she sat arranging her hair for the night. With the thick black braids hanging long on either side, her face looked plaintive like that of a troubled child. He drew his own chair nearer and kissed her tenderly, his arm about her shoulders. "My dear girl, I didn't mean to hurt you," he repeated. "Perhaps I said more than I meant. You must see that I am very fond of your mother on her own account; and then, too," he added, "I never forget that she is your mother!" To his surprise his wife's expression changed instantly.

"My dear Gordon, I sometimes wish that you *would* forget!" she cried.

Then she put her hand on her husband's lips, as if to thrust back a retort, and hurried on.

"Oh, I'm glad you've told me this, Gordon! But don't be shocked yet; wait till you hear more. . . . Do you remember, years ago, before we were married, that you thought it was strange of me not to be more cordial when you asked mamma to live with us? You didn't at all like my saying that I understood her better than you did! Oh, I knew, and I wish I'd insisted; but really I never dreamed that things would turn out as they have. . . . So I said nothing when mamma came to us for what she declared was a visit. A visit! She has stayed on and on, and now she scarcely goes away at all. It would be ridiculous if it wasn't tragic. I confess I've been foolish enough to hope that Aunt Octavia would need her; that she'd take a fancy to travel with the Bletchleys, or even that something would 'come' of the correspondence that she's carried on for years with that Major Stilton in India; but the only thing that happened is that mamma is established here, perhaps more securely than I am myself. She's an enchanting person, and I love her dearly; but—is it heresy to say so?—I know I'd love her even more if I were not with her so constantly. I don't mean



Drawn by Will Foster

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

"ISN'T FATE GIVING ME A GOOD OPENING?"

to be ungrateful, and I try with all my heart to make her kindness and her generosity balance the things that trouble me; but somehow they won't!"

Mrs. Fayne's arms clung closely to her husband, her cheek rested against his, and her voice sank to a whisper.

"And when are you and I ever alone together, Gordon, except when I make a point of going with you if you have to take a journey? Haven't you noticed that mamma is sure to find some reason—and usually it's a good one—for my not going? But on this point—of being with you all I can—I won't yield, though I'm made to feel underhanded and guilty. Gordon dear, the situation is so intangible that it confuses me. But I do see one thing clearly. She is doing all she can—though she doesn't know it herself, and her motives are the very best and most devoted in the world—to spoil our lives. Yes; I don't know what we can do; perhaps nothing! I dare say we must keep on making the best of things; for, as I analyze the situation—and it's dreadfully complicating that I have to analyze my own mother in the process—it seems to me that mamma has always been one of those absolutely self-centred persons to whom the sense of being first with everybody is a constitutional necessity!"

Contrary to her usual custom, which made her prompt appearance behind the tea-urn—she had once called that prerogative a burden and lifted it from her daughter's shoulders—the feature of that meal, Mrs. Trescott did not come to breakfast the next morning. And Fayne, who in a single night had grown to realize that he must not only face a fact, but solve a problem, could but regard her absence in the light of a reprieve. It was good to see Mary once more in her proper place; to watch her hands as they moved among the cups. He congratulated her smilingly, begging her to follow up the precedent. And in this easy morning atmosphere matters certainly seemed less inelastic than when they had discussed them together the night before. The very appetite with which he fell upon his eggs and bacon was reactionary, and Fayne felt a temptation to turn from his own assertive plan

of immediate action to the pleasant policy of temporizing that his wife seemed to approve. But of a sudden all this was changed, and simply by the advent of a maid, who handed him a note. Its shape and color, three-cornered and violet, branded the missive as coming from Mrs. Trescott, whose dogma it was that a verbal message should never pass through a servant, and whose utterances in consequence took on an importance not unlike that of the leaves of the Cumæan Sibyl. Fayne put down the note after he had read it, and rose at once from the table.

His wife looked up inquiringly.

"It's just a message from your mother. She wants to see me before I go down-town." Then he added, laughingly: "Don't you think I'd better speak to her now? Isn't fate giving me a good opening?"

Mary Fayne shook her head. "Oh no; not yet!" she cried. The habit of years was strong. But a glance at her husband's face brought a qualifying clause. "Unless, of course, you think best. I suppose it's really your affair. Only, don't be too sanguine." She laughed in turn, a little nervously.

Fayne laughed again, this time to himself, as he made his way to Mrs. Trescott's sitting-room. His passage over the stairs and down the long corridor gave him a ludicrous sense of a progress toward some audience-chamber. And in the moment of unaccountable hesitation that preceded his knock he found that he was really approaching the undertaking with diffidence. The situation had suffered a change overnight; for it was not simply a charming and intelligent lady, who had proved, perhaps, in some ways a rather difficult member of his family, whom he must meet, talk with, and convince, but, as he had learned from his wife's confidences, a sort of subtle incubus that he must confront, and of whose draining presence he must rid his household forthwith.

The gentleness of the voice that answered his call and the attractiveness of his mother-in-law's appearance, as Fayne came into the room, added to his disquietude. It seemed impossible that they could be the usual physical adjuncts of so dangerous a nature!

At fifty-one, Mrs. Trescott's face, thanks to the advantages of a handsome nose, a firm contour of cheek, and a texture of skin impregnable alike to the assaults of time and emotion, had kept easily the best things of youth. Her figure, strong and straight, showed graceful lines under the silk of the lace-trimmed violet morning-gown she wore, while a delightful, though unnecessary, cap, crowning her crisp and curling gray hair, gave a hint of the immortal coquetry that in a charming woman defies the years.

The *mise en scène* with which she had surrounded herself was entirely compatible. Her room, half library, half salon, offered an impression at once dignified and cheerful—in the sombre bookcases on every side, the old French engravings that hung above them, the big mahogany desk, with its litter of papers and shining silver; the fresh curtains of violet cretonne at the windows; the easy chair, brave in the same gay patterns; the flowers, overflowing everywhere from vase and jar; and the smouldering wood fire that flickered reflections in the gleaming brasses.

Mrs. Trescott was sitting at her desk, a heap of freshly opened letters lying before her. She gave Fayne her hand and, with a smile and shake of the head, forestalled his obvious question.

"Oh, I'm not at all ill, Gordon, only so busy that I didn't come down. I hope that you weren't inconvenienced and that Mary was there to give you your tea. You see, the post arrived unexpectedly early; my letters were brought here, and one of them"—she touched some closely written sheets of thin paper—"contains news that is a great pleasure and surprise and makes an immediate reply necessary. It is from my friend Major Stilton, of India. You've often heard me speak of him, an old and good friend, though I've not laid eyes on him for years. He writes that he is going home to England on leave, and that he is choosing this way, San Francisco and across the continent. He ought to be here next week, for he sailed on the very day his letter is dated; and he's given me an address in Chicago, where he is to stay with some friends, so that I may write him there if I am to be in town

when he comes. And now, Gordon, I am realizing afresh"—Mrs. Trescott smiled and shook her head gently—"how dull and weak it was of me to yield so easily to your and Mary's invitation that I should live with you. It is borne in upon me again that I ought to have a house of my own, to which I could bid my old friend welcome. But, when all is said and done, it's really your fault, isn't it, that I haven't? And so you have only your hospitable self to thank if I ask a great favor. Won't you let me write and beg Major Stilton to come directly here and make this house his headquarters while he is in New York?"

Fayne hesitated. Somehow the definite refusal, which he knew perfectly well would cut the Gordian knot of the situation like a sharp sword, failed to reach his lips. The appeal to his hospitality, and Mrs. Trescott's flattering deference as she made it, combined to divert momentarily his thought, and with the instant the opportunity passed. So when he answered he found himself, somewhat to his surprise, parrying the question. Of course it would be delightful to have Major Stilton for a guest, but was Mrs. Trescott quite sure that he would not prefer the freedom of a hotel or a club—the Commonwealth or the Patroon, for example? It would be a pleasure to give him cards. Strangers liked to be untrammelled; but, of course, the more time the Major chose to spend at the house, the pleasanter it would be—the advantages of a visit with none of the restrictions. That these tactics were unconvincing was painfully apparent to Fayne even as he put them, and he seized upon the idea of strengthening his position by a hint of anxiety for his wife's health. Had Mrs. Trescott not noticed that Mary was far from strong of late; that she was rather subject to headaches? Would it not perhaps be wiser on this account—of course he merely ventured the suggestion—to save her the burden of any visitor, of one even so delightful as Major Stilton was sure to prove? Perhaps they'd better not speak of this to Mary herself. Surely her husband and her mother might be trusted to look out for her. Mrs. Trescott's assent to this suggestion, but half believed in as he made it, and flung out only as a sort of spar

on which he might float to safety, was so sudden and complete as to be disconcerting. More than that, its sympathy, in the tender touch of the lady's hand on his shoulder, in the lowered voice of anxiety, filled him with a sudden apprehension. Could it be possible that Mary was really ill, that inadvertently he had stumbled upon something that the women kept from him?

"Not that I mean to be serious," he reassured himself with the phrase, "only you see—"

His mother-in-law's pleasant voice interrupted. "But *I* am serious, Gordon," she declared. Then she began to convince him. Hadn't he noticed that Mary was depressed at times and quite unlike her equable self? No? Of course, being out of the house so much, he hadn't the opportunity of seeing what she herself had remarked. But there were—she hated to say so—indications of a nervous irritability that might be symptomatic. Mary was moody and prone to disagreement. Naturally she herself understood and made little of this; but might not the proverbial "stitch in time" be wise? She was sure he would agree. Then Mrs. Trescott evolved a plan—a plan that bore all the marks of sense and good judgment. Mary ought to go South. A month, or at most six weeks, of the Hot Springs, perhaps, would set her right. She would find friends there. No; decidedly he ought not to go with her. He must not leave his work; and then, too, in nervous cases the presence of those nearest to us is disconcerting. Mary would be quite comfortable with her maid. As for little Trescott—his grandmother's sigh, as she made the offer, breathed responsibility—she would be delighted to look after him to save Mary all anxiety. "And you and I are sure to get on well together," Mrs. Trescott concluded, with a smile. "It is a comfort to feel that my son-in-law is also my friend. You are sure to like Major Stilton, too. . . . Ah, but we mustn't keep each other longer." She glanced at the clock and rose at once. "We are both of us busy persons; and, see, it is nearly ten! So think this over, Gordon, and we can make an opportunity for discussing it again by and by."

Fayne took his dismissal with no sense

of relief. His thought, as he passed along the hall, seemed to ignore the defeated purpose of the interview, even the news of Major Stilton's coming, and to fasten with alarm on Mrs. Trescott's belief in Mary's illness.

At the top of the stairs he was pleased to hear his wife's voice calling his name, and to see her standing in the lower hall, dressed for the street.

"Well?" she looked up at him mischievously. Then, as he reached her side and started to speak, she stopped him. "Don't say a word yet, though I'm wild to hear how it came off! Get your hat and coat. Can't you see, sir, that I'm waiting my chance to walk down-town with you across the Park?"

Mary Fayne had scorned the anxieties which her husband hastened to confess to her on the instant that he closed the door.

"What nonsense! I'm not in the least ill," she had declared. "If I were, I should tell you first of any one. So don't think of that again, foolish boy! Of *course* I have headaches; who doesn't? And, of course, I'm sometimes cross to mamma. I'm ashamed to say I can't help it. . . . But we won't talk about me, please. I must know what mamma wanted of you, and why you stayed so long."

Then Fayne had told her in detail of the morning's interview. Freed from worry, for a time at least, by her assurances, his spirits rose in sudden relief, and he was able to color the episode with such picturesqueness that his wife laughed.

"I can see it all," she cried. She clung to his arm as they passed along a secluded path under the trees. "You were quite thrown off your guard by having mamma agree so completely with the poor little story that you yourself had made up. It's too funny! Dull Gordon and clever mamma! But never mind; I'll help you out, dear," she added, in answer to a certain puzzled look in Fayne's eyes. "I haven't any idea of going away; not the least! I refuse positively. I sha'n't budge. By and by, you and I will face mamma once for all—Oh, we shall manage, even if we have to make a serious point of it—and tell her that really we can't have that ridiculous

Major Stilton come here. Why shouldn't we be brutal and suggest that she needs a change, and that if any one goes away, it had better be herself? Everything in the world that I need, Gordon, you know perfectly well, is to have my house and my baby and you—quite, quite to myself." Then, as they came to the gates of the Park, she had stopped abruptly to face her husband. "Dear, I refuse to talk about this any more. The morning is too beautiful to spoil. Let's be happy and gay while we're together, and put this troublesome problem in the very back of our minds to work out its own solution. . . ."

That the process produced a speedier result in her own case than in Fayne's was startlingly apparent half an hour later; for, as she left him at his office door, she had suddenly reopened the subject and, to his surprise, reversed abruptly her former decision. "On the whole, Gordon," she had said, "I think I *will* go away." She brushed past his astonishment. "I've been thinking it over, and it seems to me that, after all, we're on the wrong track. Let's take the straight road. Why isn't it quite the best plan to encourage Major Stilton's coming? His devotion to mamma for all these years can mean but one thing! Don't you see?" she smiled, wisely. "I dare say it's horrid of me, but I can't help feeling somehow that this may be one way out, along the line of least resistance. Indeed, I can see it quite clearly. We'll fall in with mamma's plan. Major Stilton shall be her guest. You shall stay and give countenance and support—but I shall take Trescott and go away. Yes; it will be much better. Don't you think, Gordon," she laughed softly, "that I'm rather in the position—only it's reversed—of the impossible mother who is wise enough to keep out of the way so that her daughter's suitor may not see into what that young person is sure to develop?"

In the carrying out of this plan, Mary Fayne had exhibited a firmness that brought its results quickly. Indeed, a fortnight later she and young Trescott were pleasantly settled at Atlantic City, with the promise of Fayne's companionship over the week-ends, and Major Stil-

ton was established in the New York house as Mrs. Trescott's guest. To Fayne himself, privileged—even deputed—as he was, to watch and to foster the unfolding of a promised romance, the situation was at once agreeable and absorbing. Mrs. Trescott, quite at her best as the head of the household—a post which, as her deprecating smiles assured them, was only hers vicariously in her dear daughter's absence, but which, after all the years, she found strangely delightful—bore in her perfect manner an allure to which the Major, a bronzed and impressive veteran of power and charm, seemed to respond gallantly. He was, as Fayne could see, genuinely interested in Mrs. Trescott, yet on occasions he bore the blinking air of a man who, having gained his knowledge of a woman from the starlight of her letters, comes for the first time into the sunshine of her personality. That Mrs. Trescott reciprocated the Major's growing enthusiasm was not so apparent. She had even shown some signs of a coquetry—modulated to a becoming dignity, it is true—that at first alarmed her son-in-law. But, reassured by his wife that this was a legitimate concomitant of any courtship—had he so soon forgotten his own and the hours of anxiety that she had, she didn't mind saying so now, purposely inflicted on him?—Fayne took courage and was soon able to discern, with even his second-rate masculine perceptions, that the Major's ardor but glowed the redder under the cool blast that the widow occasionally blew.

Indeed, it was but a week later that he bore in triumph to Atlantic City a piece of particular news of much moment. The Major, late at night and over a cigar, had confessed, in a burst of that singular candor which seems sometimes the sudden birthright of the reticent middle-aged, that his feelings toward Mrs. Trescott were those of a lover, and that it was his intention, "God willing," the stanch old soldier had added, honestly, to make her his wife. He was even prone to consult the younger man as to methods and to appeal to his experience. "Curiously enough, just this thing has never happened to me before," the Major confessed, with flashes of apology, "and I want to make no mistake at my time

of life—you have the right to know that I shall be sixty on my next birthday. I'm prepared to go into all my affairs with you when you say the word. . . . Gad! Fayne, what a woman your mother-in-law is—a woman in a thousand! I don't wonder you're a happy man if your wife takes after her. Do you think she'll have me? She's everything to me. I couldn't bear the thought of losing her."

Mary had clapped her hands when she heard of this from her husband. The news colored rosily their Sunday together; it projected bright shafts of anticipation; it allowed them play of thought for the future. They parted on Monday morning in high spirits with Mary's last words. "Oh, the Major's sure to win, if he puts it like that," she decided, "for his *need* of her will make the strongest possible appeal to mamma. You remember what I told you once? She must stand first with everybody! You see, I knew. Now aren't you proud of me for having arranged it so well? We may expect a *dénouement* early in the week."

She was right. Gordon found it awaiting him on his return to town. It took the form of an interview sought by the elated Major. Later on Mrs. Trescott came into the room. She wore a becoming air of youth regained, and there was no doubt that happiness sat in her eyes. But, with the Major's arm about her, she was prone to apology. "I don't know what you think, Gordon; though I'm sure that you're glad to see me happy, as I am. Is it absurd of me? I've known him for years, through his letters, of course," she blushed at the pressure of the enraptured Major, "but really I never expected *this* would happen! Don't let people call me a selfish old woman to leave you and Mary and the boy! Will Mary mind? Do plead for me. . . . For I've *got* to go away, Gordon; the Major insists that we must be married next month—it's foolish to wait at our age, don't you think?—and after that we shall be in England."

Fayne's assurances were supreme. He felt himself a sort of hypocrite as he made them, crushing down meanwhile the sense of satisfaction at his heart and veiling the note of exultation in his voice. It was all too good to be true. What geese he and Mary had been to worry!

The solution was upon them in a way that must please every one concerned. Each had, he reflected whimsically, the proper adjective. The Major was ecstatic; Mrs. Trescott, radiant; and, even if some might call them a trifle unfilial, he and Mary would be jubilant, at the very least. But Mary must know of this and at once. So, as soon as the others had gone, he ran to the telephone to give her the news. As he took up the receiver the bell rang, and instead of speaking he found himself listening. The voice, a strange one, seemed to come from a distance. It spoke his name; and, after some preliminaries, he heard with dismay the words: "Mrs. Fayne has been taken suddenly ill. Come to her by the next train."

To Fayne's relief, he found his wife's condition much less serious than his anxieties had pictured; and the peaceful reality a few hours later, as he sat at her bedside with her hand on his, feeling the joy of her answering clasp and watching the smile at her lips as, in answer to her question, he told her briefly of her mother's decision, made, in retrospect, of his departure from home almost too dramatic a contrast. For, tortured by a thousand fears, Fayne had hurried off alone, insisting almost fiercely on Mrs. Trescott's remaining behind. No; Mary wanted just him. There was no time to discuss the matter. Really, he could not wait for her preparations, so there would be no use in making them. Yes, he preferred her to stay where she was and not think of leaving the Major. Didn't she see that she must be there in case it became necessary to send back the boy and his nurse?

In this mood, which complicated itself with a haunting impression that perhaps Mrs. Trescott had all along been right as to Mary's illness—for was it not she who had really suggested Mary's going away?—Fayne had left the house abruptly. And later on, with the absorption of anxiety, he had dismissed, with every other save that of his wife, the thought of Mrs. Trescott and her affairs from his mind.

Now it was Mary who brought it back again. When he came into her room the next morning her smile was stronger.

The serious chill of the day before had been but a threat. She lay comfortably in bed, and the doctor pronounced her already decidedly better. After he had gone out, Mrs. Fayne turned to her husband. "I've thought of nothing all night long but what you told me, dear," she declared. "It's too delightful, isn't it, and better than you and I deserved, for we haven't been very nice. Oh, it's such a relief, Gordon," she clung to his coat sleeve, "that I feel well enough to get up at once and dress myself and go home with you. What a wonderful time we shall have at home together! And when we get there and are *alone*—isn't 'alone' a dear word?—let's never go away again."

In the reiteration of sentiments like these, in fond plans and tender arrangements, the morning passed on wings; and it was not until noon that Mary Fayne bade her husband leave her.

"It's quite ridiculous, but I'm so sleepy that I can't talk any more; I suppose it is because my mind is at peace." Her heavy eyes bore out her words; and Fayne, when he had drawn the shades against the yellow winter sunshine that glared upon the sea, bent over his wife and held her long in whispered conferences. But suddenly Mary dropped her arms from his neck and grew alert in a question.

"Gordon, it's just occurred to me. Did you send any word to mamma that I was better?"

Fayne drew a long breath. "By Jove! I didn't," he confessed. "I suppose I forgot, and, worse than that, I never thought of it this morning, either. Well"—he shrugged a shoulder and laughed uneasily—"under the circumstances, I dare say it hasn't made much difference. I'll go and telephone now."

Mary looked up at him roguishly. "Personally, I rather like your forgetting; but"—she shook her head—"I'm by no means sure that it hasn't made a difference, 'under the circumstances'! Never mind; it's all over now," she added. "Hurry and tell mamma that I'm quite right and shall come home in a day or two—you might even say to-morrow! Yes; say it. Don't look so astonished, dear. . . . I know!"

It was at this crucial moment that

both of them turned to sounds in the corridor outside; voices held in anxious restraint; the touch of softened footsteps and the flutter of silken skirts in quick movement. Their eyes met in a flash of recognition that filled the instant of suspense, prefacing the knock which both knew to be inevitable. Mary sank back in bed and Gordon straightened himself to await the sound. With his answer the door opened and Mrs. Trescott came into the room. Her air breathed tragic disorder, and she brushed past him to fling herself upon her daughter.

"My darling child, my little girl!" she cried. "It is mother come to you! Thank God you are alive! Such anxiety, such torture! Ah, why didn't you let me know, Gordon?" she turned in fierce reproach. "I've waited and waited. I've known *nothing* since you left me and refused to let me go with you. There was no answer to my telegram—tell me you never *got* it—and they said the telephone line was out of order, so I have come. Such torture!" she began again, and her eyes shone fires of condemnation that even the grayness of her tear-stained cheeks could not dim. "Such torture! Ah, it was cruel of you. But it is myself that I blame most of all. I have failed in my duty to my Mary; to you both." One of Mrs. Trescott's hands clasped her daughter's, the other seized her son-in-law's. She sat between them like a link—or might it not be a barrier? "Yes; it is just my fault; you have made me see it now," she went on. "I've been selfish, dear children; bound up in my own happiness. It has been happiness such as I have never known before; not even with your dear dead father, Mary. No; I am not ashamed to say it, for this is the time for truth. Yet I have done wrong to yield to it. My duty, my first duty, was to you! Can you ever forgive me because I forgot it just once? Be merciful to mother, Mary! Then I shall atone, for I see things clearly now. Dear ones, I shall never leave you again. I know, as you know, that my place is with you always. . . . Oh, I've said nothing to Major Stilton yet. How could I even think of him when the thought of Mary and you, Gordon, absorbed my mind? Why, she needs me, and you need me, too. Some day you both will



Drawn by Will Foster

'I SHALL NEVER LEAVE YOU AGAIN'

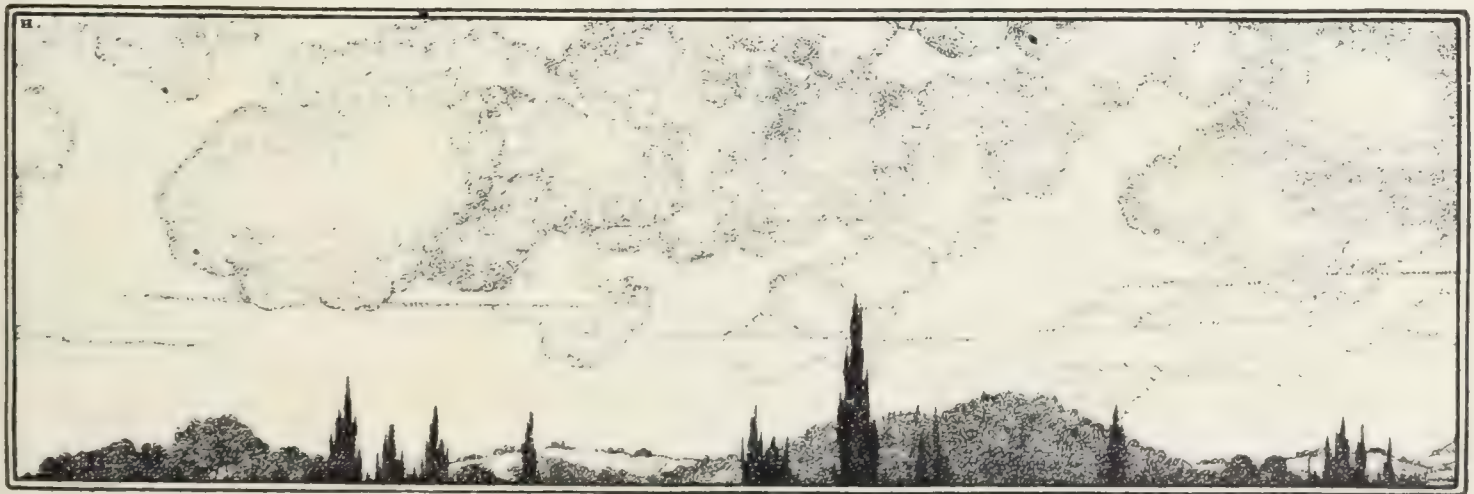
feel and understand the meaning of this call. But I shall write the Major and tell him that I cannot be his wife. My penalty is hard, hard; but God will give me strength to pay it. Nothing shall move me; my mind is made up."

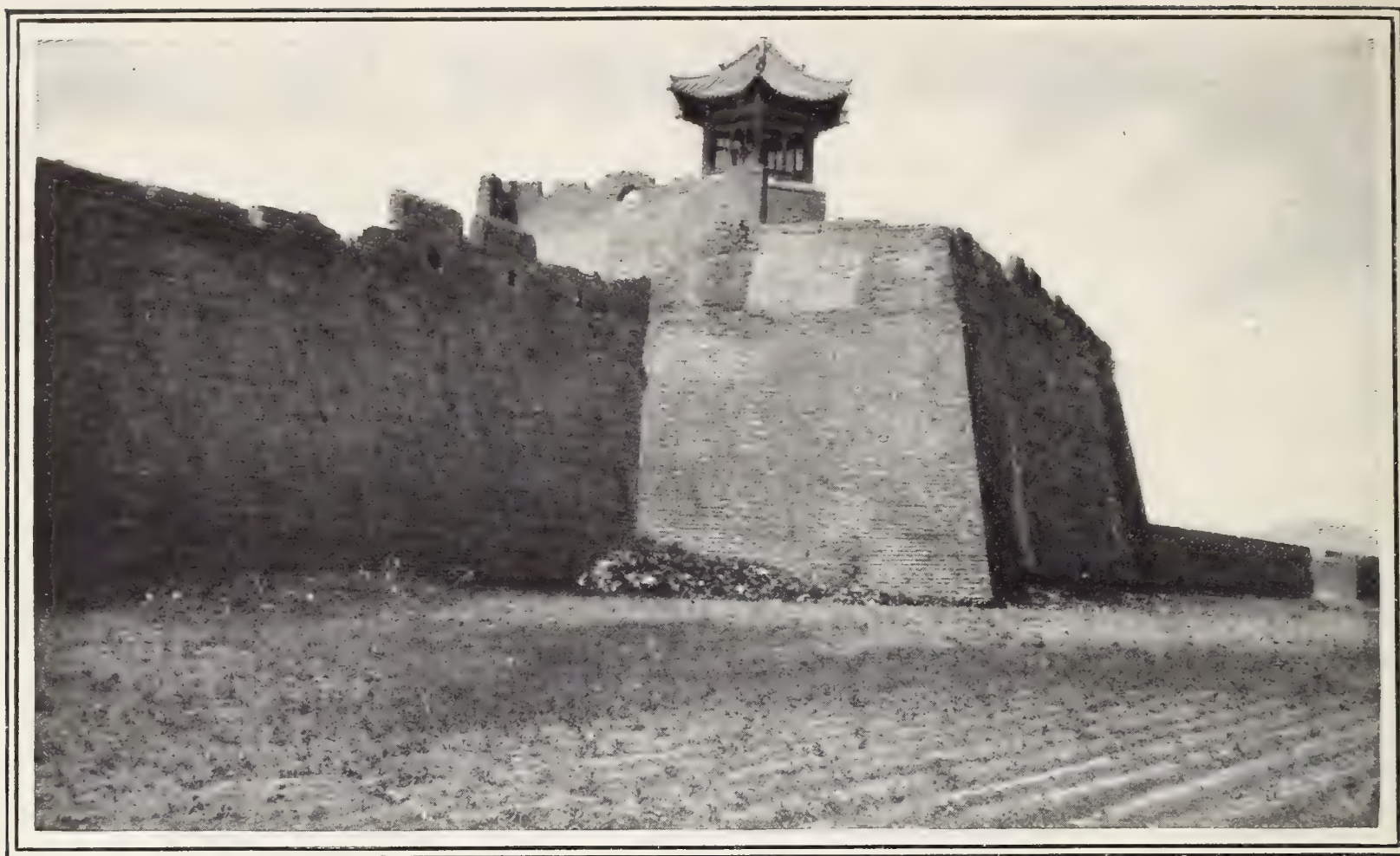
Then she turned briskly, woman of execution that she was, to the present. "This room is close," she declared, "and there is too much light. Gordon, open the window at the end a trifle, please, and close those outer blinds. . . . That is better! Mary seems very tired," Mrs. Trescott was straightening her daughter's pillow. "I'm afraid you are rather responsible for this," her glance embraced both Fayne and the clock. "So I'll leave you together only an instant longer. Meanwhile I shall go to my room—I've got one at the end of the corridor—and make myself ready to take entire charge here. You needn't worry any more, Gordon. Leave everything to me."

The moment that followed her exit had the quality of an exclamation point. In its silence Fayne and his wife stared at each other blankly; then suddenly burst into simultaneous laughter. But while Mary's gave but adequate response to the call of humor, her husband's seemed to hold in it a sense of resignation, an acknowledgment of defeat. He came and sat on the edge of his wife's bed. He took her in his arms. "I suppose the jig is up!" He spoke lightly. "After all, it may be just as well," his tone breathed compromise. "I'm sorry for your mother, dear. She cares; and she is good to us.

She's making a sacrifice, too. Perhaps we haven't done her justice. I'm terribly disappointed; but I dare say it will come out all right. At any rate—fate seems too strong for us; doesn't it?"

"Nonsense!" Mary Fayne sat bolt upright in bed and flashed on him eyes of scrutiny. "You're worse than she is! There's no fate about it; it's just another phase of mamma's emotions. I can't give this up and I won't. Neither shall you. I'm not sorry for mamma. Why should you be? Who wants her sacrifice, anyhow? Listen," she glanced anxiously toward the door, "I've got a plan. It's so desperate that it can't fail. Mamma hasn't written to Major Stilton yet! I'll see that she doesn't as long as she's with me—if I have to—tie her hands! Go back to New York at once—the very next train; and see the Major immediately. Send word to him to meet you somewhere, and then tell him everything, everything! Make him understand. It will be hard work, for he's a Briton. But once you do—and you've got to, Gordon—he'll understand forever. Don't forget that he's in love with her when you're talking. Then tell him that he simply must make mamma feel that he needs her more than any one else does in the world. Gordon—I think I hear a step in the corridor—Gordon, tell him that if nothing else will do, he must fall ill—much iller than I am—desperately ill; and then send post-haste for mamma! Hurry, Gordon, hurry. And tell him, from me, that she shall come to him, if I have to carry her!"





Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

PAVILION ERECTED TO THE GOD OF LITERATURE
Junction of the Great Wall with the City Wall of Shanhaikwan

Along the Great Wall of China*

BY WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL, F.R.G.S.

ONE hundred and seventy-seven miles to the east of Imperial Peking lies the city of Shanhaikwan, on the fortieth parallel of north latitude. It boasts a population of about a thousand families, on whom Christian missionaries are making an impression, as is evidenced by various examples of Christian civilization. Also, a division of the railway ends at Shanhaikwan; a hotel of foreign inclinations offers refreshment and rest to casual travellers, while in the summer months troops of certain European Powers are quartered there by the waters of the Yellow Sea.

Such is Shanhaikwan—except for one thing more, a feature which serves to magnify its name above most other towns of corresponding size the world over. He who searches may find a tablet set up two miles from Shanhaikwan,

facing the sea, and bearing an inscription, which, when translated, reads:

HEAVEN MADE THE SEA AND THE
MOUNTAINS

That tablet marks the eastern boundary, the beginning, of the Great Wall of China. From that spot the present wall follows, more or less, the line of the ancient wall built 2,100 years ago, and stretches its serpentine length westward for a thousand miles and more, straight across level stretches, plunging down the deeps into great valleys, rearing itself higher and higher along the summits of mountain ranges, until as a whole it seems to be an enormous dragon whose coils and curves were laid on the surface of the earth ages ago, there to remain for future ages.

From Shanhaikwan the Great Wall reaches out toward the setting sun,

* Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil.

and does not reach its western limit until more than one-twentieth of the circumference of the earth has been covered. And there, when our party had traversed the sinuous curves and folds of this great dragon of masonry and arrived at Kia-yükwan, we found another tablet:

THE MARTIAL BARRIER OF ALL
UNDER HEAVEN

It was in the year 1901 that I first undertook to explore certain regions of China which were practically unknown to the civilized world. Months were spent in this expedition, studying the natives, learning their habits and customs, becoming familiar with conditions; all of which was necessary preparation for the second visit, which was made for the purpose of traversing the entire length of the Great Wall—a feat never before accomplished by white men, so far as history records.

I started in May, 1908, from Shanhaikwan, my party consisting of Americans and Chinese. With pack-mules heavily laden we crawled along the wall, forded rivers and streams and tramped steadily onward, until in September, 1908, we arrived in Tibet, having covered a distance of perhaps 1,800 miles. We followed numberless curves and loops, although as the crow flies the eastern and western ends of this great rampart are but 1,145 miles apart.

During seven months of exploration I discovered evidence of the existence of at least ten other walls, built at various times, and some of them probably erected before the Great Wall was conceived in the marvellously active, highly imaginative brain of that truly great ruler, Chin Shi Hwang.

“High-pointed nose, slit eyes, pigeon breast, wolf voice, tiger heart, stingy,

cringing, graceless,” is the Chinese historian’s description of the mighty man who completed the Great Wall of China. In fact, however, he was one of the greatest executives the world has ever known, despite the very uncomplimentary remarks of the harsh historian Ssü-mach’ien, translated literally above from the Imperial History of China.

It was a fine attempt of Chin’s to obliterate all previous records and start the world afresh. He had no Gatling guns, men-of-war, powder, or steam, but instead a soaring ambition. Never, perhaps, was there a greater ambition than that possessed by this emperor, who lived two hundred years before Christ, when Hamilcar and Hannibal were invading Spain. One of his first decrees, as recorded in history, abolished the use of posthumous titles, declaring his pleas-



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

TABLET MARKING THE EASTERN END OF THE GREAT WALL



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

VIEW OF THE GREAT WALL ABOVE THE PASS OF LIENHWACHI

Heavy stone construction up to the terreplain which carries battlements of brick

ure that "he should be known simply as Shi Hwang-ti, the First Emperor; and that all successive generations should be distinguished numerically as the second generation, the third generation, and thus onward to the ten-thousandth."

After the subjugation of a score of smaller states, the unification of the empire and the reported burying alive of his grandparents because they had treated him badly, he began to cast about for the means to accomplish the ends of his itching, restless ambition. When the performances mentioned above, in addition to a great many others, were finished, Chin had been on the throne about five - and - twenty years. He was now sole proprietor of a territory which the Chinese historian says extended from Korea to the equator, and from the Eastern Sea to Shensi and Szechwan.

He changed the face of the whole country. His ambition for public achievements impelled him to do prodigious works which can be most favorably compared with the great works of Egypt. "Many objects which were in bronze, and others in gold, were of such weight that some of his successors deemed it a considerable task to remove them from one city to another." These statues and other monuments were destined to adorn the superb palace that had been built at his capital.

But the Chinese of his day objected to such magnificence, when the books of antiquity recommended simplicity in all things. They quoted multitudinous examples of princes who had behaved themselves differently from the reckless, feckless Chin. "The monarch in a fit of irritation, in order to destroy the remembrance of these ancient sovereigns who were quoted continually by the learned as a reproach to his pomp,

resolved to burn all the books." Abolishing the title of king, he used that of emperor instead; and, as his disregard and contempt of the past increased, he proclaimed himself Chin Shi Hwang, or Chin, "The Only First."

When the antiquity-loving scholars protested against his wanton unconcern



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

CIRCULAR TOWER OUTSIDE THE MALAN PASS

for the precious past, The Only First unceremoniously buried about five hundred of them alive and carried into execution his resolve to eliminate the odious classics. The "useful" books which treated of fortune-telling, astrology, agriculture, and medicine were spared. If anybody was found whispering or insinuating that his censorship was uncanonical, the unlucky individual was promptly decapitated. Not only were the blind followers of ancient usage beheaded, but their faithful families were exterminated like pestiferous rats, and the officials of the districts were held responsible for not stamping out all vestiges of the mouldy, dusty past. "So many scholars were buried that melons grew in winter on the soil above their bodies." "History," The Only First decreed, "shall begin with *me*."

By the mere force of his character and will he unified the customs of the people and introduced equitable and uniform

systems of weights and measures. He improved the roadways, and ordered all cart tracks to be made certain lengths apart and exactly parallel, so that vehicles could easily traverse the empire, now so wide in extent, thus foreshadowing the railway system to be built in the far-distant future.

To superstitious notions Chin added the lust of luxury, his life being a blaze of Oriental magnificence. He built a wonderful palace, which has been described in the Imperial History as having certain gorgeous annexes attached at intervals, the whole extending over a distance of one hundred miles. In consequence of his life of luxury, perhaps, he

became more and more a prey to superstition, and it may be that because of this he completed the Great Wall. At any rate history records that he was informed by prophecy that in time he would be overwhelmed and destroyed by outside enemies. So he mobilized an army of 300,000 men to work on the Great Wall, and if necessary to fight in his behalf. Chin's design evidently was to enclose his massive empire in a rampart which should have the shape of a horseshoe with the heel calks at the ocean shore. He did not plan to parallel the coast with a wall, doubtless considering the seaside an ample protection to a country vast and densely populated.

The Wall is not for modern use; it is an ancient fossil, the largest fossil on the earth. But fossils are useful and truthful. It is a dividing line between two civilizations and between two eras. In space it cut off the herdsmen of the north from the tillers of the south. It would be interesting to hear how the Mongols regarded the "White Wall," as they called it, a barrier to cut them off from the water for their flocks, and, if they complained, a barrier whence would issue an army to cut them down and slander them afterward. The wolf first quarrels with the lamb, then eats him, then tells the world that the lamb was attacking him. The Wall divided the wolves from the lambs, but which was on which side is a question. In time the Wall divided the China of mist from the China of history. Before it we see dimly and discern only two or three groups of feudal states; after it we recognize plainly one civilized, centralized empire.

As already mentioned, in



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

A PICTURESQUE TOWER AT THE LIENHWACHI PASS

Shanhaikwan, near the Yellow Sea, from which our expedition started, there is nothing of special interest except the Great Wall. The railroad, which is paying a yearly dividend of sixty per cent., runs through the Wall at this point. The imperial government gave permission to build to the Wall, but not through the Wall, which has never been pierced for such a purpose. At Nankou, where a passage is necessary, a tunnel delves deep under the great barrier. It would be considered a sacrilege to pierce the Great Wall with an iron track.

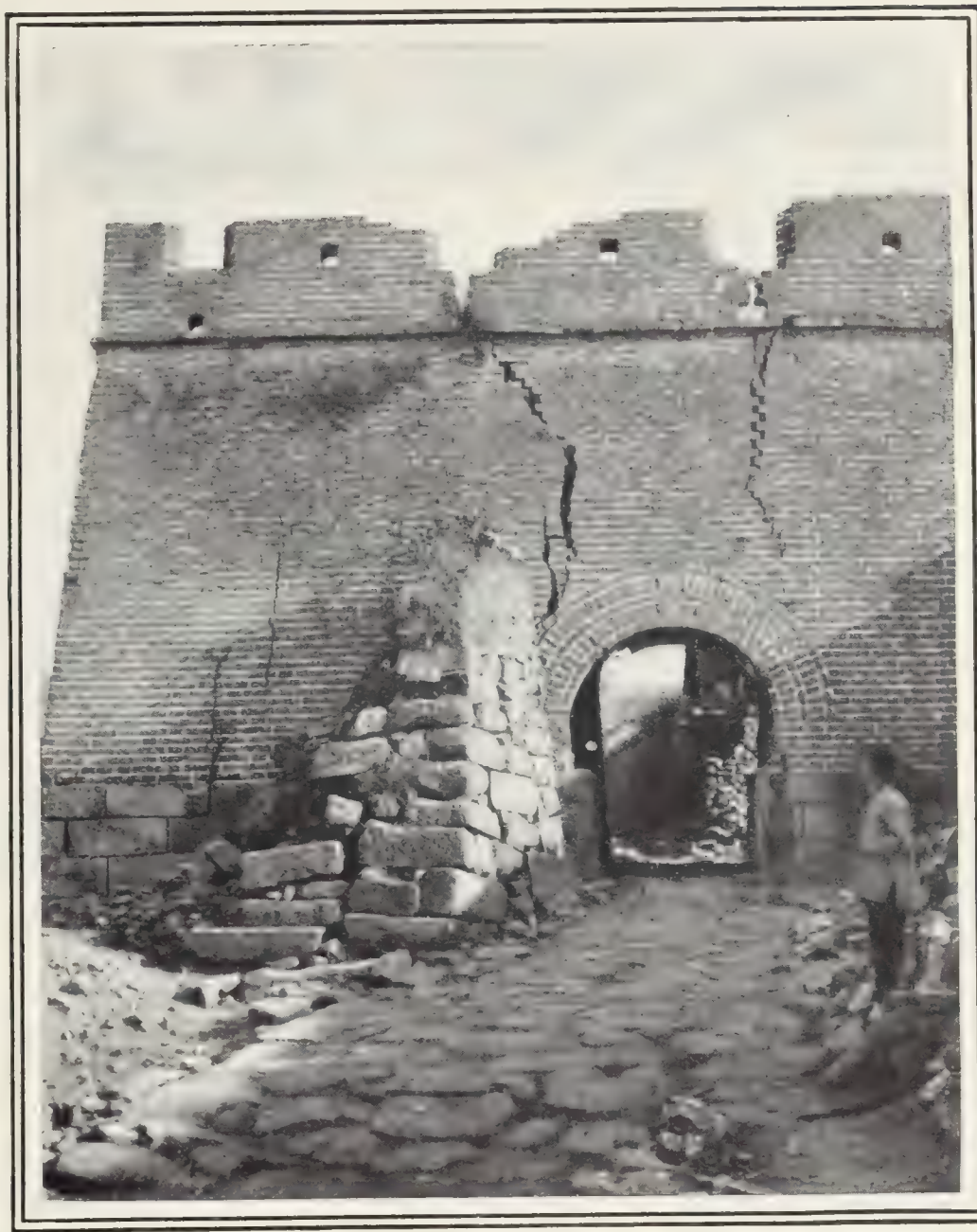
But the story of how the road got through the Wall at Shanhaikwan is interesting. It came to us in this wise: Early one summer's day, after passing through a hole in the Wall, a native hove in sight. We politely saluted him with, "Lend us some light"—the customary salutation of one seeking information. The tawny rustic stopped, gave a polite grunt, after the manner of his clan, and illuminated his fine yellow face with a liberal and benevolent smile.

"How came the hole in the Great Barrier where the Iron Cart passes through?"

He gave ready reply: "The iron road did not make the opening; it was there long ago."

He then related the following love-story, which is the version of the people:

Many, many years ago there was a prince who was employed by the emperor in the construction of the Great Wall. For some reason or other this prince had incurred the bitter enmity of the sovereign. One day the prince mysteriously disappeared, as many others did in those unhalcyon days. The story goes on to relate that this prince had married a beautiful woman who loved him tenderly and devotedly. Hearing no news



Copyright, 1900, by William Edgar Geil

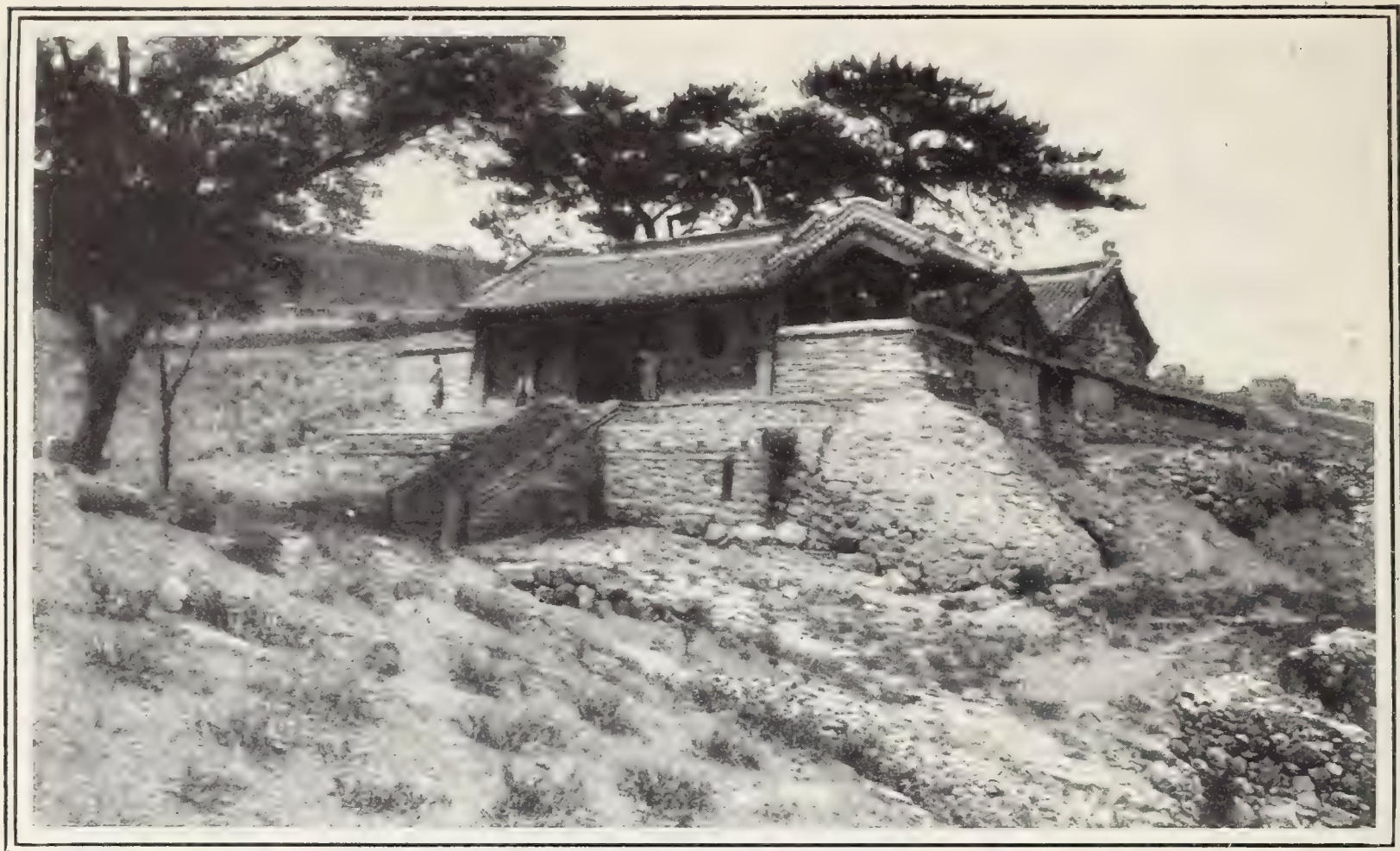
THE LO MA GATE

A famous opening in the Wall. The fractures are evidently the work of past earthquakes

of him, she undertook the long journey to the Wall in hopes of discovering some clue to her lost loved one. After passing through many perils and hardships, she arrived at her destination only to learn that her husband had perished and that his body was entombed somewhere in the half-completed structure. Stricken with grief, she stood weeping on the Wall, and in her desolation had given up all hope even of discovering her husband's remains and of bringing them back to the family burying-ground, where the magic influences would waft prosperity to the family. Just then a beautiful fairy, lithe and slender, lightly descended before her and inquired of the disconsolate widow the cause of her tears.

"Oh, help me to find my darling husband," replied the half-frightened but expectant girl. "I am so miserable and unhappy, take pity on me."

"Do as I bid you," replied the sprite. "Cut your hand for blood that will flow



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

TEMPLE TO THE GOD OF WAR—MULE-HORSE PASS

Numerous mud-gods are here installed for the protection of the Northern Barrier

from the heart, and follow the crimson drops as you walk along."

Eagerly seizing a sharp stone, the girl gashed her delicate hand, and as the blood fell, her footsteps followed until they brought her to the object of her desire, lying in an opening that had been miraculously made in the Wall. Through all the ages since then the Wall in this spot has never been repaired; and when rude, remorseless commercialism laid unholy hand upon the Barrier of Chin to push through the parallel bars of steel for the Iron Horse, it was at this elfin pass that the Wall was crossed and the road made.

When the story was finished we politely said to the native, "We have delayed your chariot."

He was walking.

Shanhaikwan was easy to find, but the "Y" of the Wall was a troublesome matter. The ascents were steep and hard to make; the natives, even, did not know where the Wall actually branched off, to Kalgan on the northwest and to Nankou on the southwest. Several times we were led astray by natives who affirmed they knew the exact spot where the Wall forked. In answer

to their confidence the climb was made, only to enjoy the superb scenery and to be disappointed in the quest for the junction of the two walls from the west to the one great Wall toward the east. There was also a chart error in the otherwise excellent map, which helped to lead us astray. The error consisted in the misspelling of a town name, and also in misplacing the "Y" by some miles, when located by angles with certain known towns.

Our caravan of mountain mules had rested overnight at the pass of "The Lily Pool" (Lienhwachi). Since there was no inn at the hamlet, we were taken in by the "rich man" of the place, with all the hospitality of a mountaineer. The whole population was permitted to come and look us over. Our arrival in that hamlet was what a circus, years ago, was to village towns in our own country.

The day was very young when we began the ascent of the mountains in further quest for the lost "Y." At one thousand feet above the Lily Pool, which itself was far above the sea-level, the scene enraptured all except the third muleteer. Continuing the ascent, we came upon large sections of the Great Wall in almost perfect repair and in truly classic

ensemble which would rival that of ancient Greece. Not only the Great Wall, but a solid tower, standing on the very verge of a steep cliff, and several hundred feet distant from the Wall outside, attracted our attention. The "rich man," acting as guide, advanced two explanations. First, that the solid solitary tower had been used by soldiers for their horses. The tower being solid, this theory was dubious. The other explanation was the true one. Due south of this point lay the "Thirteen Tombs," or the Imperial Ming Reservation. The geomancers had reckoned it imperative to build such a tower in this high place in order to suck in good influences and concentrate good luck on the resting-place of the Mings. How much of the "favorable" was converged by the tower on the Place of Tombs we could not learn.

The sunrise end of the Great Wall is below the level of the sea. The Wall never again descends to the tide-line. Soon after leaving the shore it follows a course upward and northward bearing off to the west. During the first thousand *li* it is never on a level.

Irregular in direction and altitude, it has been regular only in purpose. Built for peace and repaired for war, the Great Barrier has never been disappointing. The scenery is almost sublime. For one whole day we passed through a chain of canyons of marvellous beauty. Eighty miles north of the overestimated city of Peking, capital of the vastest empire of mortals, are location, altitude, and grandeur fit for the Olympian gods. From tide-water to a height of nearly a mile this stupendous structure keeps steadily on its westward course. China's wonder of the world might readily challenge comparison with Egypt's pyramids.

The Great Barrier passes through regions pleasing to the scientist. The botanist can stock his herbarium as he travels from the sea to the "Y" through seven belts of flowers, in addition to shrubs, plants, and trees. The ornithologist is in almost equal clover with six belts of birds; while the student of rocks and stones has awaiting him binary granites, sandstones, and conglomerates of bewildering variety and design. The biologist will find abundant material among the Imperial



Copyright, 1909. by William Edgar Geil

Tombs. The imperial reserve for burial purposes of the reigning family, known as the Eastern Tombs, is located against the Great Wall. Indeed, the Great Wall furnishes the enclosure with its protection on one side. A charming spot the geomancers marked out as "Lucky." In the enclosure grow funeral-pines, and death by strangling is the penalty to any mortal who dares to cut or mar the trees. Here her late Majesty the Empress Dowager will be buried in a gorgeous grave palace. We made a list of a score or more of wild creatures that ran about, and along this great barrier for the first time in China we saw snakes. We can but mention the peonies, roses, clematis, snow-in-the-mountains, with other flowers in great profusion; the orioles, rain-doves, woodpeckers, and scores of other feathered folk. We must also note finding a white dandelion, growing amid environment fit for the feet of cherubim! Nature has done no better work anywhere than along the Great Wall, nor is there any work of man superior to this which we see amid forest-clothed mountains, streams, and ravines.

The people dwelling near the Great Wall are mostly poor. We may say that a thousand *li* of travel was through a thousand *li* of poverty; a thousand *li* of ignorance—for the natives know little of the history and condition of the only wonder of the Far East; and a thousand *li* of goitre. This disease we have seen in many mountain lands among different peoples, but never with the same proportion as among the people of the Great Wall.

The effort necessary to provide the material (stone, brick, and mortar), to carry it and lay it, impresses the traveller when he is attempting to scale the almost inaccessible portions of the Wall. And such portions occupy no small part of the whole. It was impregnable to the enemy because inaccessible. Often we were hauled up by ropes, and many of the ascents were accomplished by holding on to a mule's tail, the steepness preventing one from remaining on the animal's back.

Among the mountain villages stowed away in the fastnesses of these heights along the Great Barrier may be men-

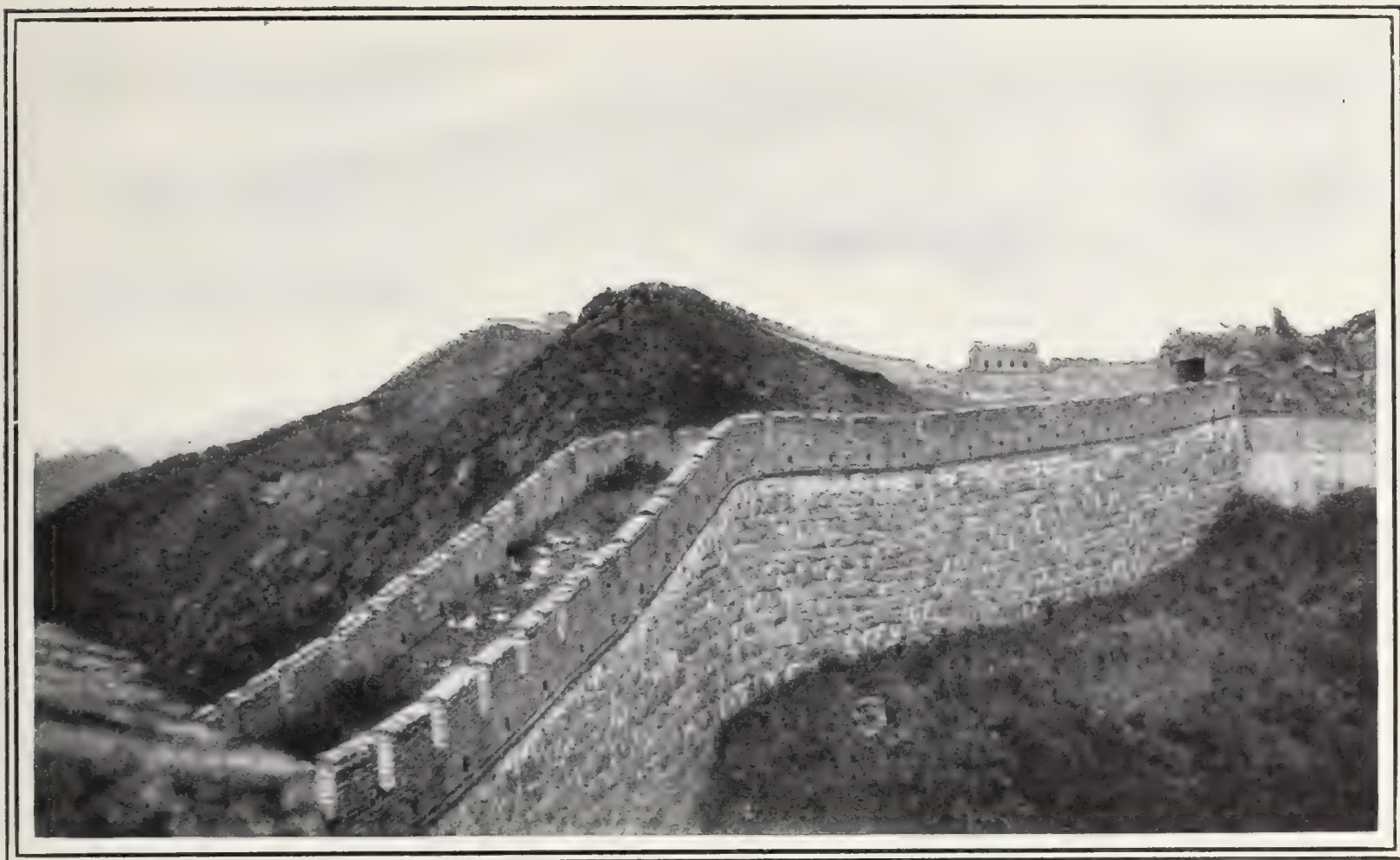
tioned "Thistle Ravine." Far from the "Barbarian Sea," as Euripides terms it, there are here two colors, the green of the mountains and the blue of the sky. These are, however, in almost infinite shade, and this lofty valley is entirely surrounded by peaks of a strange and picturesque form. The hamlet has six families. We inquired of a native, and he said, "Five or six." When we urged on him the absurdity of his not knowing the exact number in so small a place, and that the village of his birth, from which he had never wandered, he replied, "Six," laconic and correct.

As there are not ten acres of flat land, every inch is under cultivation, and work extends well up the steep slopes, where the tiller of the soil must brace himself when planting to prevent sliding down. Along the Wall at regular intervals are the remains of garrison towns, but Thistle Ravine, 3,500 feet above the ocean currents, was not one of these.

At twilight we arrived, after a hard climb, at the open end of the only street. There being no inn to shelter us, the kindly mountaineers placed a new house at the disposal of the expedition. This was called "The House of the Lucky Star." A red cloth with a bit of charcoal dangled at the door to prevent the evil spirits from bothering us. When "The House of the Lucky Star" is finished a basket of cakes will be upset and a general scramble ensue, to insure luck.

We were amused to find on the main timber of this very modest mansion a happy saying, "This is a great work." We were, they said, the first foreigners who had ever burst into that quiet valley. My glasses interested them, and they had never heard of false teeth. They are manual workmen, and on the Great Wall near by are slabs with inscriptions naming the head brickmen, blacksmiths, and stone-masons who directed the repairs on the Great Barrier centuries ago. These highlanders are religious people. Often along the Wall we saw towers and temples erected to the tutelary gods of the northern boundary, but here we found a vacant shrine. No incense diffuses fragrance in the godless, mud-made cairn of Chi Li K'ou.

There are birds here which the mountaineers do not kill, and which we found



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

IN THE MOUNTAINS NORTH OF PEKING

Miles of the Wall are in excellent repair, as here shown

nesting in the pear trees. One was pointed out by an old man. He said that years ago an emperor, whose early morning slumbers had been disturbed by the noise of this bird at his palace window, issued a decree forbidding all feathered creatures of this description to screech within forty *li* of Peking. It is generally reported that these birds heard of the decree and obeyed the "Ruler of all under Heaven" until this day.

The Great Wall passes through a region which is now sparsely settled, but which was probably densely populated in ancient days. Indeed, the Great Wall suggests that centuries ago in this part of the country China supported a large population. The Wall varies in size as well as in material, but it averages twenty feet in height, and is wide enough for from three to six horsemen to ride abreast on the top.

Here at Thistle Ravine is one of the most entrancing views we have had in any land, the wonderful festooning of the Wall, exactly on the sky-line from mountain peak to mountain peak, following an almost inaccessible ridge, seemingly hung there by the Maker of the mountains. How it was constructed is a mystery. But there it is, towers and

wall; and it has been there for centuries—defying the frost and the rain, the snow and the wind, or protecting the mountaineers from a strong enemy, who might overwhelm their slender force of warriors and overrun their meagre farms.

This ponderous mass of masonry upon which we are now looking lies, like some mythical monster, prone upon the shadowy mountain and the dreary plain, as if prostrated by the blow of a gigantic foe. It does not suggest impious pride or sinewy force, but enormous might. It was evidently inspired less by rage than by the desire to prevent rage in an age of rage. The fierce Mongols between this heavy line and the frozen north, elate with unerring bow, would gladly precipitate themselves on the plodding peasants of the southland. It seems to us that the Wall was designed to preserve peace, and as such still stands the most pronounced effort of ancient or modern times. The builder even two thousand years ago was ahead of the senseless militarism of Europe.

Immortal honors to the intelligence that conceived and constructed the greatest Wall in the world, which has for ages stood for peace and which has for ages counselled delay!

The Body with the Sequins

BY MARIE VAN VORST

WHEN I first knew Miss Debb I watched her one particularly dreary afternoon as I looked down on a particularly dreary garden.

My own room, at the top of the house, gave on an acre of dank, squat shrubbery—the grottos and *charmilles*, the green-painted benches, the gravelled walks, of what the circulars called “A vast and flowering garden”; in reality the weed-grown front yard of a second-class Swiss *pension*.

The semi-verdant melancholy frontage flanked by the white stucco house was, however, near to great beauty—at the wall's foot stretched the peerless waters of Lake Lemman, fluttering like gray veils under a storm; and, gazing upon their disturbed mirror, I saw Miss Debb leaning with her arms upon the stone parapet.

The small figure remained quiet so long that I grew tired of watching the immovable lady, and when, some half-hour later, I looked out again, it was to see her still standing in the same place. She had raised an umbrella, for down through the bushes and the trees the rain was beginning to fall. The gong had rung for six-thirty table d'hôte when Miss Debb finally left her point of observation, and the garden through which she passed was as dreary as her short, dark-robed little figure.

It is to be wondered if there is any thing distinctive in any *pension*. Some one composite horror must have served originally as model from which the evil-smelling, ill-conducted replicas have been struck off. There is nothing distinctive, at all events, about Pension Slatter with the exception of Miss Debb, and no doubt she has her prototype in some one or other of the million boarding-houses with which the Continent swarms.

The long table that trenchantly cut through the dining-room seated some thirty guests, not one of whom paid

over a dollar a day for his living, including the wine. There was a German professor and his wife, the usual number of small-featured men with large appetites, and ill-dressed, untidy women. There was the raw-boned Miss Harriet, who smelled of hot-water bottles, toilet soap, and London fog; and the Frenchman and the Italian suggestive of no soap whatsoever. It was a miscellaneous, inharmonious gathering of the travelling poor, who had come blindly together as second-class riffraff from all parts of the globe; the herding of those who form a unity only because they are too poor to herd apart; and across a few yards of dirty table-cloth they create a new world with a language as polyglot as Volapük, and find themselves become friends over the miserable stews whose grizzle floats in greasy sauce. The *pensionnaires* of Pension Slatter made common cause in the fact that even at five francs a day they were a speculation for their landlady!

As the latest arrival, I had the last seat at table. According to his length of stay the guest moves up toward the landlady, until the oldest inhabitant has the seat of honor. At Madame's right sat a small lady in black cashmere, an inch-wide bit of lace about her throat fastened by a coral brooch. Her hair—there was very little of it—was sandy-gray and smoothly parted, and neatly done back into a small compact bun, worn low in the back of her neck. Her eyes were mild and blue, rather timid and short-sighted behind glasses. Her face wore a patient expression, and one could imagine that if the creature lived who cared to *try*, the lady might be easily frightened. This was Miss Debb. She was the oldest inhabitant.

There was at every other napkin ring the usual array of mineral-water bottles and cheap wines, but at Miss Debb's place was only ordinary water. Miss Debb

bore no evidences of typhoid microbes, however, and her color was something the tint of a faded rose. Bad the place might be, but she was used to it. Food, dirt, smell of the kerosene with which the floors were polished, smell of the kitchen (which, to judge from the subtle pervasive odor of food, must have had its branches on every floor), the pallid slatterns who "did the rooms" and cleansed the house—all was familiar to Miss Debb, and peculiar horrors, if they ever struck her, had ceased to alarm her now. The Pension Slatter was home to Miss Debb. She had been there a matter of twenty years.

There was something extremely sordid in the introduction of Pension Slatter into the beauty of the canton. The mountain peaks with their creeping snows, the serene blue lake, the flying gulls, the swans, the vineyards, and the flowers cried out in their harmonious voices against Pension Slatter. But I felt afterward, indeed I felt it the night I saw Miss Debb lean on the parapet watching the lake, that melodious nature did not cry out against *her*, and that, unlike the case of the destroyed cities of Biblical time, something had been found in Pension Slatter to mitigate destruction!

Miss Debb was a British spinster, one of the numberless old maids who swarm in Switzerland, who seem eternally "gone off on a tour" of some sort or other. But Miss Debb, poor dear, wasn't on a tour, she was on a long stay; and romance, which is more lenient to the plump than to the lean, affirmed that Miss Debb had no angles.

Miss Debb had just two dresses to her name. How long she had possessed these, how often they had been turned and pressed

and cleaned and ripped and remade, would be hard to say. The history of Pension Slatter does not tell us. All my information was given me by the *valet de chambre* of my *étage*, a man nearly as venerable in his position of faithful retainer as was Miss Debb in her rôle of *doyenne*. Little Miss Debb paid sixty cents a day, year in and year out, for her living. She went regularly the first of August and took a very humble "cure" at a very obscure little watering-place, the distance of a tramway ride from the Pension Slatter, and this was her only "Swiss touring." She had an income of three hundred dollars a year, and after her living was paid she sent the rest to her brother—a blind old brother, who was breathing his life away in an old man's home.



LEANING WITH HER ARMS ON THE STONE PARAPET

Miss Debb was very much beloved. Every one in the Pension Slatter told me so.

"Why, figurez-vous, Monsieur—" and from then on it continued with one story of kindness after another—beginning with the crippled *valet de chambre* himself, and ending with the girl who sold flowers on the railway-station platform. Miss Debb could not afford to buy these flowers sold in the hurly-burly of arriving and departing trains toward places to which she could never go, but she contrived some kind action which won her the decorous salutations of the officials at the big Montreux station, from the surly *chef de gare* himself to the tramway driver who once a year put her in the electric car that took her on her annual voyage. All these things I knew before I observed her under her umbrella looking out at the lake.

No doubt just because she was a fixture and a sure victim, the lady occupied the smallest room in the house, and it did not look out on any of the beauties that cried against the Pension Slatter. Her apartment looked on the back of the dark shrubbery, and with visions of the chameleon-like lake whose dark waters changed with every breeze, of the white lateen sails, of the swans, Miss Debb could only feast her eyes from the parapet or from a tram-car or from the benches in the garden.

"I am very fond of Lake Geneva," she said to me, in her broad English, when I first knew her. "A great many celebrities have been fond of it, *haven't* they? Byron and Voltaire and . . . the Prisoner of Chillon," she wavered, for we had just been introduced and she was timid, so much so that any cruel creature could have frightened her to death with a "boo" in the right place. And as she spoke I wondered if the Prisoner of Chillon saw from his dungeon much more of the azure water than did Miss Debb from her gloomy room.

It took me some time to grasp and then to believe the fact that Miss Debb had never been on the lake. The bright steamers plied from Savoie to Vaud, but she never boarded any of their planks; it cost just the money she could not afford to spend.

We are led to believe that no woman lives who has not her romance, and one was led very gently and with the kindest curiosity to wonder what this woman's romance had been, and in what far past she had lived her sentimental holiday! She could not have been—though in the freshest of them and in the greenest of them—less than sixty years of age.

The valet and the little maid on my floor, even the proprietress herself, had given me bits of history regarding the spinster, but no one had remotely hinted a love passage in that sterile life. On the other hand, I should not have encouraged their tales: it would have been a profanation—something like robbing a dove-cote or startling a gentle fold. Miss Debb at sixty was so timid that she flushed—went into such an eighteenth-century flutter at a word that intercourse, in order not to terrify her into speechless confusion, had to be carried on with great caution. She had lived so long alone, debarred from the polyglot conversation of the *pension* table—for she spoke English only—the sound of human voices in friendly, intimate conversation where she herself was the point of interest, was so distant . . . !

The Montreux Kursaal is a stout, vigorous bit of architecture, stolid and withal confection-like, resembling the *pièce de résistance* of a German bouquet, and from its site on the borders of the lake it offers twice a day the excitement of Petits Chevaux, a very good concert, a very good vaudeville, and the cheer of beer and pretzels and tea to the Swiss tourists through the canton. Every passer-by and visitor is taxed, with or without his consent, two francs a week in order that the Swiss government may run this animated whirligig of delights. Miss Debb was exempt from this tax. And she had never crossed the building's threshold.

With what delicacy of which I was master I opened up a campaign toward—shall I say the heart or the mind or the self of Miss Debb? . . . My first advance was a game of checkers with her in the parlor of the *pension*, in whose close, velvet, stuffy precincts the checker-board was the sole enlivenment. Miss

Debb had fine, sensitive little hands, fine wrists—hands made for nothing else in the world but to be played with, dressed up with rings and pretty gloves, drawn through a man's arm to rest there; hands that at sixty were unusually white and fair. Pathetically, eagerly they fluttered among the checker dummies, and however they moved one man down to the king row I can't conceive, unless the wooden man became suddenly animate and realized his duty and regretted that he could not do more for little Miss Debb than to crown himself a king. She beat me several times, deprecatingly, flutteringly wondering at my bad game and surprised at her own. Several times she walked with me down to the parapet and with her parasol pointed out points of interest on the opposite shores, and pointed out Chillon where it bloomed like a rose on its jutting point. Pointed out to me, also, the curve in the mountain around which the train cut its way through the Simplon to Italy; and as she spoke of Italy something like awe came into her voice.

When the Kursaal finally announced a gala night with an unusually brilliant concert programme my campaign had sufficiently progressed for me to ask Miss Debb to go with me. She accepted with more *aplomb* than I should have given her credit for, and hurried off to her own room. She did not come down to dinner. The shock to the *pension* was not small and the proprietress herself went to investigate. Calmly as Miss Debb had accepted the first and only invitation of any sort for many years, its shock had been too much for her. She had to take the occasion to her own

room to tame it—to accustom herself to it—and the fact *that she had accepted* frightened her more than anything else.

The concert had been set for the following week, and the next day Miss Debb for the first time accosted me in



MY FIRST ADVANCE WAS A GAME OF CHECKERS WITH HER

the hall. Her little, breathless sentence was so entangled that I could not follow it at once, but it unravelled itself at length.

"I've been thinking it over, about the concert, and I wonder if I *shall* wear my body with the sequins."

It was a poser for a man. A body with sequins!

"I've had it with me," Miss Debb went on, in a low voice, "in one of my boxes ever since I came to Vatel. I think I *could* freshen it up a bit." Her blue eyes brightened, they kindled, her timidity was gone, she had ceased to be embarrassed. Miss Debb, in short, had become nothing but a woman as the matter of toilet transformed her. At sixty she was pretty and eager as a girl: sex triumphed over twenty years of prison and monotony behind *pension* walls.



MISS DEBB WAS GIVING AN EXHIBITION OF HER PARTY CLOTHES

Until the night before the concert she scarcely ate; I believe she scarcely slept; she grew a little thinner each day, a little younger, and when at table our eyes met, she actually nodded at me. She grew jaunty, something close to a ghost of coquetry twinkled in her eyes, and if sunlight would have found its way back to those thin strands of hair it would have touched them to color: the roses did bloom in her cheek. Meanwhile, wondering vaguely what manner of costume or armor, what mode or style of dress, a "body with sequins" might be, or how Amazonian-like or houri-like the little lady would declare herself on the night of our engagement—I waited. Once more she came to me, and this time in distress. I hope I may never see a look like that again on any woman's face.

"I hear it's an *evenin'* affair," she said, in a half-suffocated voice, "and I'm afraid I *sha'n't* be able to go."

"Why, pray?" I asked, with asperity.

"Because I've no wrap of any sort. I couldn't go unsuitably dressed."

Not a great distance from the Pension Slatter a certain lady of my acquaintance was spending a season on the

banks of Leman, a beautiful and clever lady, whose presence and propinquity may in some measure have explained my stay at the Slatter, the only available lodging near her villa. I put Miss Debb's problem as it stood to my friend, and the next day an evening cloak of substance and character as mysterious as the "sequin body" lay on the lady's bed. I could guess with what beauty and fragrance it filled the little spinster's room. I didn't need her eyes to tell me of her pleasure, but she herself was far too *grande dame* to put me to an awkward denial of such pleasure. She had demurred only, "Your friend herself might want to go to the concert." And she was comforted by the assurance that the lady would make shift to find some other cloak, and accepted the loan as charmingly as it was made.

I noticed, the day of the concert, a continual opening and shutting of my friend's door in the little room at the end of the passage; indeed there seemed to be a procession of people going in and out. I waylaid the maid and asked her what the commotion meant. "It is," she said, "*pour voir la toilette de mademoiselle.*"



THE INMATES OF THE PENSION WERE GATHERED ABOUT TO SEE US DEPART

It appears that Miss Debb was giving an exhibition of her party clothes. For twenty-four hours her wearing apparel had been in readiness, in very much as perfect readiness as the harness of a fire-horse which at the ring of the bell falls into place. She had slept with the objects spread out about the room, that nothing might be displaced at the last moment. On the little table near her bed were her white gloves (two-button sixes) side by side. There was also a little fan which had no history that the servant knew, a scent bottle also without an air of adventure, and over the more intimate details of petticoat and vesture and the "body with sequins" I draw the veil, for, with the exception of the *valet de chambre* there were no gentlemen invited to Miss Debb's afternoon at home.

The concert was to begin at eight. I have every reason to believe that my friend was dressed at five. She did not go down to dinner, but, fully caparisoned, sat in her window looking out on the dank garden. At seven I ordered

a cup of tea to be sent to her room and sent in a bunch of flowers. Punctually at half after seven the lady was handed down to me at the door of the carriage I had ordered to take us to the Kursaal. The inmates of the Pension Slatter were gathered about to see us depart. If rice had been flung at us or an old shoe or two I would not have been surprised. My companion was a slight shock to me as I handed her in, swathed in the all-concealing mantle with whose color and perfume I was familiar. But when I had taken my seat I recognized that it was Miss Debb beside me and no one else. She carried her bouquet firmly, her head was swathed in a white veil, and I could see but little of her and I heard less, for in spite of my efforts to make her speak she said nothing until we reached Montreux. There at the door her cloak was given up and her head-dress unwound, and as we walked in side by side with the throng I perceived my companion in the full glory of the dress unearthed from her box in the Pension Slatter. I had

not been content with the ordinary seats on this occasion. I had determined that Miss Debb should drain the cup of pleasure to the dregs, and in the box nearest the stage I seated the lady with her bouquet of orchids and lilies in her hand.

When we had installed ourselves, and my friend of the neighboring villa had found her chair as well beside us, I gave my curious eyes their will.

The "body with the sequins" had been fashioned originally by some deft hand, by the hand of some great *couturière* in the days of the Empire. Where it had come from, from what beautiful wardrobe it might have been blown to Miss Debb, I do not know. It had not been made for a slender figure, for it fitted her plumpness to perfection. It was fashioned of some soft silky material of a bright scarlet color, satin up to the breast line, I should think; and under the gauze the white neck, white still, could be seen, and the whole corsage was hung and sewn with small glittering sequins. I can't say of what metal they were made, but they had kept their mellow color. The little sequins shook and gleamed and twinkled as Miss Debb moved and

breathed—they shook musically on her matronly bosom as though she had not been ignorant of all alluring sounds. The lines of the dress showed how round and well made she was, how pretty her form had been, what a girl she had been, what a woman she was still in spite of her sixty years! Her hands in the short gloves clasped her scent bottle and her bouquet. Her face was glowing and sparkling. She was a woman to whom a little pleasure, and, oh, so little of life, had given back sex and youth. The brilliance of her costume stopped short at her waist. She wore an old black silk skirt, shiny as a mirror at the knees, and bearing the marks of ironing and cleansing and dyeing.

The second number on the programme was the *Berceuse* of Godard's, and played on this night by a violoncellist who was "making a little cure" in Vatel, and was meanwhile taking the place of the regular performer. He played exceedingly well, and sat with his great sonorous instrument forward on the stage and directly under our box. I should never have observed him excepting for the sympathy with which he played. He was an ordinary-looking Italian in the ripe prime of middle age. He had a kindly face, smooth shaven, he wore no glasses, and had dark clear eyes which, as we were directly in his most natural range of vision, fastened upon us. I thought my friend of the neighboring villa—indeed she was so considered—to be the most lovely of women, and it was no new thing for me to see her admired and observed. As for my guest, in her crimson body with the sequins, her gentle flushed face, her rapturous delight, her touching emancipation from everything that suggested kerosene floors, bad food, and humid sordid poverty, her blithe soaring, as it were, into this realm of harmony and delight, her bright sweet taking of the occasion, were enough to inspire any one.

If with one stroke of a wand I could have set free every captive of small income and unloved existence it would have been done that evening. The *Berceuse* is too well known to need anything more than a remark. On this night its cradle-like melody played a



strange part. The little lady, to whom cradles and lullabies were as far removed as the lands beyond the peaks of snow, whose passions lay with the past, of which no one knew — whose romances slept in some far-off English hamlet — the old maid listened, her hands clasped over her flowers. Her attention was fixed so entirely on the violoncellist that it was as though he magnetized her by the bow he drew across the strings and by the tones his cello gave out. Yet, as I watched, I might rather have said that Miss Debb

magnetized him. Hers was the corner near the stage, and the electric light shining on her few strands of glossy, faded hair flashed as well on her sequins, and I gave a start of surprise that it was not my beautiful friend of the neighboring villa who inspired the player, for the violoncellist was looking at and playing to my guest. She did not move hand or foot, she scarcely breathed. I felt even at the time that, pleased as she was by the music, it was the man that held her, and I wondered if in his face there might not be something that suggested her real romance.

When the last notes reached their close my guest sighed and relaxed. Her eyes followed the player as he took his place among the orchestra, but I'm sure she discovered him as he sat there and watched him all the evening long.

At the end of the evening Miss Debb said to my friend, "I was in London ten years ago, and that time I had an invitation to the opera." She paused, that the fact might be absorbed. "I



HER ATTENTION WAS FIXED ENTIRELY ON THE VIOLONCELLIST

thought then," she gravely continued, "that I might buy an evenin' cloak, but I've never had occasion to wear it until now. I think," she meditated, "I *shall* order one next year."

On the back of her chair reposed the evening cloak, the soft enveloping garment out of whose common conventional chrysalis she had unfolded into such a brilliant butterfly.

It was so arranged that we were to take her home, and when she had been given over to the care of the valet who waited for her at the door I drove my friend of the neighboring villa to her house.

"What a dear!" the lady exclaimed — "what a dear old face, what a young old face, what a patient creature!"

"And," I added, "the body with the sequins!"

"It might have been in Captain Kidd's chest, or have come out of a museum. I wish Captain Kidd would sail up for her and carry her off to some fairy island where she would be happy!"

As I went back later into the evil-smelling halls to my room in the *pension*, past the closed doors of the French and German *pensionnaires* on whom the corroding life had apparently no effect, I asked myself how far such a break as the evening had been would be kind to little Miss Debb—whether or not the routine would come back to her with the friendliness of familiarity, or if the pleasure of the night would be a too poignant memory.

On the following morning very early I was off on a motor trip before the house was astir, and some five weeks had gone by before I passed by Montreux again.

This time I had no intention of stopping at the Pension Slatter, its use as far as I was concerned was past, but directly I arrived in Vatel I went to the dark garden, up the gravel walk, past parapet and *charmilles*, past arbor and grotto, to ask after Miss Debb. I had not reached the house, however, before I saw a familiar figure in shirt-sleeves and green apron standing by a flowering bush of magnolia; the garden had fulfilled some of its promises in the prospectus—it was “in bloom.” The crippled *valet de chambre* came briskly with the alacrity of those servants who have an agreeable souvenir of the passing guest. I told him I had run in but for a moment to leave my card for Miss Debb. The cripple nodded, twisted his hands in his apron strings—the knotty, deformed hands which had kerosened the floors, mounted the trunks and valises of how many hundred guests in the Pension Slatter for a decade or more.

Miss Debb wasn't any longer at the Pension Slatter. The news put bluntly made me start. . . . Poor little lady! It was his way to break it to me. . . . But François still nodded, still smiled, as I thought he could hardly have done over the death of the oldest inhabitant. Indeed, his air was so decidedly that of having a story to tell that I drew near him, and as I knew he expected me to ask, I said:

“Not any longer here, François? Mais quoi de neuf?”

Miss Debb was in fact no more Miss Debb. She was married. . . .

Here, as we had come to the bench

directly under the magnolia, I sat down upon it and stared up at the valet, who stood before me with his hands neatly folded over his green apron. And in his picturesque and sympathetic way he told me what I will briefly give as follows:

A day or two after my departure, more markedly after the grand fête at the Kursaal, Miss Debb received the news of her brother's death. The incurable at the old man's home had ceased to be a burden to his sister, and her income was added to by some hundred francs a year. She had not gone into mourning, as, poor dear, how was it expected that she should! unless she donned the body of the sequins in the fashion of a barbaric rite! But she *did* keep her room a day or two, and wept (for François assured me that her eyes were red), and grew pale, and after a little—he was forced to confess, after an unconventionally little time—Miss Debb began to go out. She went by tram to Montreux and to Vevey and, as it afterward transpired, to the Kursaal to the four-o'clock concerts. It had been a great shock to the *pension*, this display of Miss Debb so soon after her bereavement, but she had been bereft of life too long.

François was in a position to give me more or less intimate details of what followed on those festive afternoons when Miss Debb passed her time at the concerts, for François' brother was a janitor in the hall, and one of the nephews of the proprietor played in the orchestra.

From the first Miss Debb sat in the front row—boldly and bravely. She never changed her place. She stayed without budging through the entire programme, and then took the tram home. Once Miss Debb was seen to speak—bravely and boldly—to the violoncellist, and after that, within the fortnight after my leaving Pension Slatter, the musician came to call on Miss Debb. There were walks in the garden, François told me, there were trips on Lake Geneva. And one afternoon the two went together out of the gate to be married at the English church. And François himself and the cousin of the proprietor had been witnesses at Miss Debb's marriage. The player had given up his Montreux engagement and returned to his regular position in Milan, and around

the curve of the mountain in a third-class carriage Miss Debb, at sixty years of age, had gone on her honeymoon across the valley of the Rhone.

This was the sum of François' information. It was enough from him, it was so delightfully easy to fill in and compose the rest. Every bud must flower, more or less completely, unless killed by too violent a frost, and no such deadly element had ever approached the heart of little Miss Debb! On life's tree she had hung a bud in the darkest corner of the garden, and when the sun had suddenly shone upon her . . . well . . . even at sixty she had bloomed!

How much of a sudden gigantic purpose she had developed who is to know? How decidedly the meek creature (and they are sometimes the giants of the time) had determined to seize upon some spoke of fate's flashing wheel and be carried on by it who is to say? But I am inclined to think that she was simply irresistibly drawn to the vortex, and that she had nothing to do with it herself at all.

It was more than pleasantly easy to fancy how this especial spring which had come to Montreux during my absence had dazzled her this year. The narcissi were white on the slopes, the vines were growing green, and over the multicolored carpet of field flowers the vineyards drew their fertile lines. Lake Lemane, serenely, quietly blue, reflected the peaks of snow that wedded the lake in crystal depths.

"How did she ever manage it?" my friend of the neighboring villa asked me

when I told her; "it's not even *l'été de la Saint-Martin*, it's June and January."

"That's just it," I replied, "*did* she manage it? I saw the fellow looking at her the night of that monumental concert, and I thought at the time he was looking at you" . . . ("Which," my friend told me, tartly, "proves that there is more than one woman.")

"It was the bodice with the sequins," she assured me. "One couldn't wear such a thing and not fall into the clutches of a romance! Didn't I say Captain Kidd should steal up the lake and carry her away? Do you think the musician married her for her treasure? . . . You don't suppose he thought the sequins were pure gold?"

"He thought Miss Debb was," I told my friend.

The episode beyond question was unusual, nothing short of fantastic, and for this reason dangerous and inspiring. If such things can come out of a Swiss *pension*, what romance may not surround a neighboring villa? But my friend laughed and lingered and wondered still, for standing in the doorway we had been talking some half-hour of the gentle spinster.

All that I could discover subsequently was good. The man was a sober, hard-working Italian with a stable income, a widower with an only child, and something in the face of the little spinster, something in her eyes fixed on him as he played his solo, drew him, seemed to him *sympatica*, and he had played to her unconsciously, and she, with the music of her awakened heart, had played to him.



Martin Van Buren, Diplomat

MINISTER OF THE UNITED STATES TO ENGLAND

BY MONTGOMERY BLAIR

EARLY in April, 1831, Van Buren resigned from Jackson's Cabinet, anticipating the gathering storm which must involve all who stood near to the President. Social in its origin, the difficulty had become political, and the known firmness of Jackson, when his mind was made up, presaged serious trouble for those in opposition. On August 1st a commission was issued appointing Van Buren minister to the Court of St. James, and Clay, his rival for future honors, at once saw in the assignment a "safe refuge" under which the minister was to save his standing and influence with his party. Rumors prevailed of differences, if not a quarrel, between the President and his late Secretary of State; but if the originators of those rumors intended to produce the separation between the two men which they so ardently wished, they failed.

Although Jackson was averse to parting with Van Buren, the premier of his councillors, he yielded to the necessities of the situation, chief of which was the reorganization of his Cabinet. The selection of his successor was also in his mind, and on that point his wish would be law to his party. None of his predecessors had formed the plan which he wished to carry out, of selecting a Vice-President with the view of his succeeding to the Presidency. Already the availability of Van Buren was recognized, and this fact made him the closer to Jackson and the centre around which factional intrigue would rage.

The most important diplomatic question at that time between the United States and Great Britain was our trade with the latter's colonial possessions in the West Indies. After nearly fifty years of negotiation the question was still an open one; and Van Buren, believing that his predecessors in the Department of State had not adopted the proper course,

set aside part of their instructions. Louis McLane, the minister of the United States at the Court of St. James, had not succeeded as well as could be wished under Van Buren's new instructions. What could be more natural than that Van Buren himself should undertake the mission? The Northeastern Boundary dispute was another question of interest between the two countries. The King of the Netherlands had just made his award, as yet not accepted by the British Ministry. Lord Palmerston said that this award was far from satisfactory to his government, yet, anxious to keep on good terms with the United States, they had determined to carry it into effect.

Van Buren landed in England September 9, 1831, after a pleasant voyage of twenty-four days. He soon found a satisfactory house at Stratford Place, and on the 21st was presented to the King, who had been crowned the day before Van Buren reached Cowes. An official report of his presentation was sent Edward Livingston on the same day, as follows: "Agreeably to an arrangement previously made with Lord Palmerston, I had, this day (the King's regular Levee day) an audience of His Majesty, to whom I delivered my letter of Credence. He received me in the kindest manner; and in reply to the assurance I gave him of the respect entertained by the President for his character; of the earnest desire of my Government to preserve and improve the friendly relations at present existing between the two countries and of the satisfaction which the President derives, from his own confidence in the existence of a corresponding disposition on the part of the British Government, he said That he had succeeded to the throne at a period when the political condition of Europe was most critical, and when its peace could only be pre-

served by the exercise of the utmost prudence on the part of those entrusted with the Governments of the principal Powers; That, for himself, if he had been ambitious, or willing to involve his country in war, there had not been wanting occasions when he might have done so without subjecting himself even to imputations of seeking to disturb the public tranquillity; but he was not ambitious; and believing, as he did, that the best interests of his own country, as well as the happiness of the world, could only be promoted by the preservation of the general peace, he had exerted all the power with which he was invested to accomplish that great end. He said the task had been a difficult one; That Great Britain had endeavored to exercise, and, he trusted, had succeeded in exercising, an important influence on the side of peace; That the issue was in the hands of Providence; but that he entertained very flattering expectations of a favorable result; That as to the country, in particular, from whence I came, he had always been anxious for the preservation of the very best relations between it and Great Britain; That not only did their common interest point to that course, but their common origin, and the kindred relations subsisting between them, should stimulate both nations to practise forbearance towards each other, and to cultivate in their intercourse feelings of mutual kindness and good neighborhood. That, for himself, always mindful that his first duty lay at home, he should not fail to do all in his power to preserve the relations of friendship now so happily existing between the two countries.

“He added that he had served during the whole of the war, and that he had endeavored to discharge the duties which, under the existing circumstances, he owed to his country, with fidelity and zeal; but that on the return of peace, he had laid aside all the feelings which war had given rise to, and resumed with pleasure those which were of a character more congenial to his disposition. He then referred to the colonies of Great Britain in the neighborhood of the United States, and to the intercourse recently established between them, and now in active and mutually beneficial

operation, as offering additional inducements to the preservation of amicable relations between the two nations. He added several observations upon this head, the influence which the geographical situation of the colonies with reference to the U. States, ought to have upon the policy of the two Governments as inducements for the preservation of peace and good understanding. He referred to the President by name; said that he had observed the course followed by him since the affairs of the U. States had been committed to his hands, with much attention and great interest, and, he took pleasure in adding, with great satisfaction, That detraction and misrepresentation were the common lot of all public men; That the President had not been exempted from them; but that from all he had seen of his public course, he had formed the highest estimate of his character.”

To Jackson on the same day Van Buren wrote more freely: “His [the King’s] observations were more extended than I had reason to expect & the effort on his part to make a favourable impression was very obvious. The notice which I have taken of that part of his speech which relates to yourself is by no means as full as the original remarks would justify, but as I am obliged to report from memory what was unexpectedly said & under circumstances illy calculated for distinct recollection I have thought it at least prudent to keep on the safe side. The design evidently was to make a marked & unqualified expression of his respect & regard.”

On October 14th Van Buren wrote to his friend Churchill C. Cambreleng: “Your suggestion in a former letter will be borne in mind & I shall do all I can as well for the Country as for myself; but you must make great allowances for the state of the Ministry & this Country. They will be as it is quite natural they should be, disinclined to enter upon any matter not absolutely necessary to be attended to; for with a majority agt them in the House of Lords, and the Country agitated to the extreme, they have their hands full. . . . The public men, here, as every where else, grow less as you approach them nearer, indeed this is not the age of

great men here, nor is it in any Country. But most of them in public employ here are a good deal above mediocrity. Of the speeches in Parliament you can judge as well as myself. There is this difference between the debates of that character here, & with us. We make not only set speeches, but we prepare them under an impression that it is our duty to go over the whole ground, & exhaust the entire subject. Our speeches are therefore able, but long & laboured. Here on the contrary, they select a single or some time two or three points and speak to them, apparently without preparation & I frequently I [*sic*] have no doubt really so. An American attending a formal & important debate cannot fail to be disappointed—as I was. Still you cannot help feeling much respect for the whole proceeding, confused and disorderly as it certainly is.”

Shortly afterward he dined with the King and Queen, and wrote Jackson on October 21st: “The dinner was an informal one, & I had much reason to be gratified with the reception which John & myself received. At the table, the King, after a few introductory remarks, in which he stated that it was not his practice, when he had foreign ministers to dine with him, to refer to the relations between his own Country & theirs in the way he was about to do, but that as I was the only minister at table, &c &c, he would take the liberty of expressing, in the form of a toast, his sincere wish that there may be perpetual & sincere friendship between the U States & Great Britain—a sentiment which I of course very cordially reciprocated. The ladies (as is the universal custom here) left us at the table, & on our return to the drawing room we found the Queen, & some of her attendants sitting round a table, busily employed in embroidery. At his request I took a seat with them, and entered into a long, and on her part, very sensible conversation, of which the habits, productions and institutions of our Country formed the principal topic. I mention these things to you not on account of their intrinsic importance, but to shew the disposition which exists here to be on good terms with us & shew you also that that simplicity, and modest reserve on the part

of those who are placed in high stations for which you are so strenuous & practicable an advocate, is not altogether lost sight of, even in this country. The ceremony of the prorogation was certainly one of great pomp & parade, to an extent of which we have no idea; but that sort of pageantry, & all its kindred exhibitions, are regarded by the highest orders of society here, as a part of their business, from which when finished they retire to simplicity & care for their enjoyments.”

When Van Buren arrived in England, the Reform Bill had reached its final stage, and when the House of Lords rejected it, he wrote to Jackson on October 11th: “You see that the Reform Bill has been thrown out by the Lords. The excitement here is intense & were it not for the circumstance, that the King, ministry, & people are all on the same side, & constitute 19/20 ths of the Nation, would be truly appalling, as it is, I believe a civil commotion will be avoided, as long as the King & ministry remain firm, and the people retain their confidence in them. When either ceases, this Country will be exposed to a dreadful agitation. I believe every one of the Royal Household, except the Duke of Sussex (who appears to be a very sincere & clear headed man) is opposed to the course the King is pursuing, & if he maintains his ground, he will be entitled to great credit.”

On November 25th Van Buren wrote Jackson suggesting the appointment of Washington Irving in the diplomatic corps: “Washington Irving has been staying some weeks in my house, & will I hope continue to do so through the Winter. He leaves here for the U. States in the Spring. An intimate acquaintance with him, has satisfied me, that I was mistaken in supposing that his literary occupation had given his mind a turn unfavourable to practical business pursuits, & as I am not sure that you did not entertain the same impression I think it but just to correct the error. So far from it, I have been both disappointed and pleased to find in him, not only a great capacity, but an active and interesting disposition for the prompt, and successful discharge of business. If an opportunity should pre-

sent itself in which you can employ him as Charge d Affairs, I am confident that you may count with confidence on his faithful discharge of the duties imposed upon him, and I am quite sure, that a truer American or a more honest man does not live. Mr Mc Lane is anxious to gratify him for this merit, and can tell you all about him. Mr Irving is not pressing, so far from it, that my writing to you is not of his seeking. He would have accepted the Mission to Naples, but is perfectly satisfied that it was not offered to him, as he setts up no claim. If Mr Van Ness would ask to return next year, as I presume he will, & the state of our relations with that Country be such, as to render it allowable, to reduce our Mission there to the rank of a Charge's; which it appears to me would be in all respects proper, if the subject of claims there, should before that time, be, in any way disposed of, Mr Irving would be the proper man for the place. He has resided there for many years, is well acquainted with the Spanish Character, and has by his writings made, (which is very unusual) a marked impression upon the favourable feelings of the men who constitute the Court. This has shewn itself in several acts of respect & kindness to him; and I have no doubt that he would be able, to do more good there under existing circumstances than any other selection that could be made. Bear this in mind if you please if an opportunity should present itself to act upon it."

In a despatch to Livingston, the Secretary of State, January 28, 1832, Van Buren gives the following picture of the political situation in England: "You will see by the papers forwarded herewith the great danger to which the Ministry has been exposed by the simultaneous attacks made upon it in both Houses of Parliament on the night of the 26th instant. These assaults were planned with very considerable address & were in the Commons pressed with much force & in both houses unusual zeal. I attended both debates & Remained in the Commons until about three o'Clock in the morning. The ministry had decidedly the advantage of the discussions in the Lords. Lord Aberdeen is a very unpleasant speaker and his principles are

of too ultra a character to be well recd. The Duke of Wellington's speech although it reads very well was extremely confused & painfully tedious in the delivery. The old veteran was evidently suffering from the debility occasioned by his late indisposition and greatly doubt whether much public service can hereafter be expected from him. He is an honest straightforward man & if his political principles were in keeping with the temper of the times he would in better health be likely to prove the most successful Minister the King could have. Earl Grey acquitted himself with ability. In the commons the case was reversed, the ground taken (the merits of which you will find clearly & truly stated in the Times of this day) was well calculated not only to embarrass the Ministers there but to give a better odour to Ld Aberdeen's motion* than it would otherwise have had. Although certainly not entitled to that character it was made to wear the appearance of a measure of retrenchment, thus occupying the Ministerial ground, and for the moment taking from them the advocacy of popular interests of which they have for so long a time been in the exclusive possession and which is the pillar of their strength. The effect of this change of position was very evident on both sides. The House was very full, the opposition were gay clamorous & full of confidence & whilst their adversaries were evidently depressed & desponding. The candor & firmness of Lord Althorp did not however for a moment desert him nor did any of his colleagues evince the slightest personal concern about the fate which was generally supposed awaited them. If Lord Aberdeen's motion had succeeded the resignation of Ministers would have been a matter of course & the same would most likely, though not as certainly have been the result if the opposition had prevailed in the Commons. It is not I think to be doubted that the inducement in both cases was the hope of reaching & defeating the measure of reform at least under the auspices of the present Ministry by their overthrow; for it can scarcely be supposed that the op-

* Praying King to change some of the articles in the Belgium treaty. Defeated by thirty-seven votes.

position would seriously advise the King to violate a Treaty which he had so recently ratified upon the fullest consideration & you will perceive that Mr Peel carefully avoided committing himself agt the ultimate payment of the Russian loan insisting only that the previous authority of Parliament was necessary & leaving to others to go the whole length & cater for public favour by urging the entire exoneration of England. The movement was well calculated to carry with all those, not a small number as you may naturally suppose, who though in their hearts opposed to reform are constrained by the will of their constituents & in some cases by the general force of public sentiment to support the measure as well as those disaffected and all those who owing their importance to their being noisy and their unceasing support of retrenchment would be afraid to vote agt a motion having for its object the saving of several millions. The small majorities in each house shews that the opposition reasons correctly & if the opposing Bishops could have been induced to attend and vote for Ld Aberdeen's motion I have no doubt it might have been carried. You will perceive that whilst the three reform Bishops were in their places none of the others made their appearance. The general belief was that the Ministry would have been outvoted & the result shews that the impression was not without reasonable foundation. If such had been the case & new Ministry the consequence, a measure of reform framed according to their notions of what it would be indispensable to yield to public opinion would I am confident have been introduced; but I am equally confident that it would not have been satisfactory. The only security for the present Ministry is the popular favour and the dread of Tory domination. If they are in any way deprived of the good opinion of the people the King could not if he was so disposed sustain them agt the overpowering influence of the Tory Aristocracy by which he is surrounded, indirectly aided as that would be by the secret dread of the political hereafter if they continue in their present course by which I am persuaded many of the Whig noblemen are not unfrequently disturbed. But I

think it extremely doubtful whether a pure Tory Ministry will ever again be able to sustain themselves. If as [It is?] altogether likely that an opportunity will before long be afforded for the experiment for it is I think quite probable that if Lord Grey does not avail himself of the pendency of the reform question to strengthen himself in the House of Lords they will as soon as he is deprived of that shield subject him to a vote which will compell him to resign. Such a state the failure of a Tory Ministry & the recall of the Whigs would I think give to the last mentioned interest something like a permanent ascendancy.

"In regard to the creation of Peers and the probable course of Russia & Austria with respect to the Belgium Treaty nothing new has transpired since my last. I am gradually extending and I hope improving my acquaintance with the Ministry and flatter myself that when the moment for direct action arrives the wishes of the President will not be defeated on account of their personal indisposition to treat favourably with his representative."

Van Buren's appointment to England afforded the opposition to the Jackson administration another opportunity for attack. The union of Clay and Calhoun—high tariff and nullification—succeeded in securing the rejection of his nomination by the Senate, although only by the casting vote of the presiding officer, Calhoun himself. Jackson considered this an "indignity offered to the Executive and an insult to the nation and to Europe." It was a most short-sighted proceeding on their part, for it put a stop to negotiations favorably begun; while the only effect on Van Buren's political fortune was to place him temporarily in an embarrassing position. He wrote to the President on March 9, 1832: "Immediately after the receipt of your letter informing me of my rejection by the Senate, I asked for and obtained an interview with Lord Palmerston, which was of long continuance, and upon his suggestion took place at his own House. Alluding to the motives which had induced me not to press them upon the subject of Impressment, until they were a little relieved from the onerous weight of the Conferences & Reform question,

and the unexpected events by which I would be separated from the negotiations, I expressed a strong desire, to be, at least able before I left the Country, to inform you on my return of the Views of this Government upon the subject for your future Government. He said he had been greatly pleased with the delicate respect I had paid to their situation, which had been one of unprecedented pressure, and that he deeply regretted the decision of the Senate, if, as he supposed, it would remove me from the Legation, as he begged me to be assured of his sincerity when he said, that he would greatly prefer to discuss the subject with me, & that he was satisfied from the intercourse he had had with me, that it would have been done in a proper spirit &c &c his sincerity in this I have no doubt, as his entire conduct towards me, has been of the most fair liberal & friendly character. He said that the utility of any discussion now from the probable temper in which any thing done by me would be received by the Senate, he was not a competent judge, but would have apprehensions. I told him, that although I should not hesitate to sign a Treaty if one could be agreed upon that would be conformable to my instructions, I should not under the circumstances, think it expedient to prosecute a long discussion, with a doubtful result in prospect; but that I should nevertheless be pleased to have at least an informal examination of the points, that I might be enabled to apprise you of the difficulties, if any, which should be found in the matter. He said that although he had been relieved in a great degree from the conferences, his occupation upon unavoidable matters was still intense—that his desire however to manifest the sincere disposition to strengthen the relations between the two Countries, by which he is influenced, and his confidence in the sincerity of your good feelings towards this Country, would induce him to give the subject the best examination that he could, and to consult with Lord Grey and Sir James Graham the First Lord of the admiralty and see me again when he should decide what was best to be done. This was of course all that I could ask and I since learn from the under Secy that he had

recd directions to prepare a statement of what has heretofore been done."

On March 28th Van Buren wrote to Jackson a description of his leave-taking of the King and of his final interview with Lord Palmerston: "I have just returned from a visit to the King at Windsor, will present Mr Vail* on Saturday, leave here for the Continent on Monday & sail from Havre as I have before advised you. My interview with Lord Palmerston was a very interesting one, but terminated as I anticipated. . . .† [Lord Palmerston said] the course which would be most acceptable & in which he was most anxious that it would be agreeable to me to concur,—would be, to defer the matter until the arrival of my successor, when he trusted the reform question, as well as the affairs of the Continent (which at this moment required their attention to an extent, which, when he saw me last he had not anticipated) would be finally, & satisfactorily adjusted, & that in the mean time he would give the subject the fullest examination, with an earnest desire, to devise some suitable mode, in which the commendable views of the President might be carried into effect, & future collisions avoided, in a way satisfactory to the people of both Countries. . . .

"I must defer until I have the pleasure of seeing you the repetition of the remarks with which I preceded my consent to the course he proposed— We then continued our conversation upon the general subject, in the course of which I read to him such parts of Mr Livingston's instructions, as contained general observations upon the motives by which the two Governments ought to be actuated, & the strong reasons which existed for some suitable provision upon the subject, &c, with which Ld Palmerston was highly gratified, & the effect produced upon him, in convincing him of the sincerity and disinterestedness of our views, was very apparent. We dropped the subject with a renewed promise that he would make himself master of it by the arrival of my suc-

* Aaron Vail, Secretary American Legation.

† The omissions in this letter are recapitulations of Lord Palmerston's remarks in the preceding letter. The subject under discussion was Impressment.

cessor, and assurance of the satisfaction he had derived from what had taken place, & of his convictions of its utility &c. I then asked him to get his Majesty to fix the time for my interview to take my leave of him at as early a period as would comport with his convenience which he promised to do. A day or two afterwards I recd a private note from Ld Palmerston, in which he informed me that the King would give me an audience before the Levee on the succeeding Thursday, and adding that his Majesty wished that I would make him a visit to the Castle at Windsor before I left England, if the state of Princess Queen's [sic] health, who lays there dangerously ill, would admit of it, and, remain there from Saturday until Monday. At the appointed time I had my interview at which of course civil things were said on both sides without much form but I verily believe with entire sincerity. He approached me familiarly, and said Well Mr Van Buren, I cannot of course, take part in the decisions of your Government, nor any branch of it, but I may be permitted, without impropriety to express my regrets that it has been thought necessary to remove you from us, &c he then went over some of the subjects touched upon at my presentation—particularly the alarm which existed in England at your election—his declaration that he never would condemn any untried man—& his present impressions & wishes expressed in messages to you which were entirely informal, & friendly, & of which I will give you a more particular account when I have the pleasure of taking you by the hand, after alternate observations of some duration in which he repeated the account which had been given him of me by his Ministers & particularly Ld Palmerston who was present—his own observation &c he concluded the interview by an earnest expression of his desire to keep well with the United States & his feelings toward me personally, & by informing me, that happily the state of the Princess health was such as to admit of his receiving me at Windsor, and that he should therefore expect me at dinner on Saturday, & hoped I would be able to stay over until Monday. On my return to the Throne Room I had an opportunity to take leave

of Ld Grey, & the rest of the ministers, . . . which was done in a manner every way gratifying to me.

"In giving you some what of a particular account of my visit to Windsor, I should, were I writing to any one else, be apprehensive that I might be regarded as placing an undue estimate upon attentions of this character—so far from that being the case, I assure you, that I have derived no small share of self compliment, since I have been here, from finding how well grounded my Republican notions are, and how utterly impossible it would be to inoculate me with the high & peculiar notions of Loyalty & nobility which enter so deeply into the character of this people. That however furnishes no reason why I should not give them full credit for the good that I have found in their characters, which has certainly not been inconsiderable. In this particular matter however, I consider myself as altogether, subordinate and secondary, the principal object of the King, in the very kind & unusual manner in which he has seen fit to treat me before my departure, having undoubtedly been, to manifest his respect for the Country & yourself. On the day of the Levee he pressed Ld Palmerston to come out & meet me which the latter promised to do if he could—He also sent for our friend Vaughan*—(who happened to be at Oxford fifty four miles off) to attend at the Castle without apprising him of the object. When I arrived I found Ld Palmerston there, & to my great gratification Mr Vaughan, who had had an interview with the King, by whom he was informed that he wishing to make my stay at the Castle as agreeable as he could, he had sent for him to meet me, & that he must remain as long as I did. At dinner the kind hearted old gentleman recd and entertained us with good cheer, & unbounded hospitality; expressing his regrets that the Queens indisposition prevented her dining with us, but bringing a message from her that she would do so if in her power on the morrow. We con-

* Charles Edward Vaughan, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the United States August 25, 1825, to May 7, 1831, and returned March 29, 1833, to September 19, 1835.

tinued in a very interesting conversation with the King, Ld Palmerston &c &c until twelve o'clock, in the course of which I was greatly surprised by his knowledge of our Country, & pleased with the good sense & information he displayed—which is I am quite confident much greater than he is supposed to possess. His enquiries about the structure & operation of our political institutions were very minute, & sensible, & Mr Vaughan will answer in part those about yourself by sending him a print of you. Sunday was spent in church—a drive of fifteen miles through the Park, & in seeing the interior of the Castle, (certainly the most magnificent establishment in Europe) which the King preferred to shew us himself, and gave us a minute account of the different parts, apartments and pictures, & the historical recollections connected with them. Ld Palmerston was obliged to go to Town but was requested to return to dinner—& stay till Monday, which he did. The Queen made her appearance at dinner the first time for several days, & was throughout very affable & kind. The evening was spent very pleasantly and under the circumstances very unostentatiously. We were requested to remain as long in the morning as we could as there were yet several things which the King was desirous that we should see. In the morning he sent Genl Barnard his Equerry to us, & the principal architect who shewed us the Tower—&c &c and at one o'clock he sent for us to his study where Vaughan & myself had a long talk upon Agriculture &c &c with him & where we were joined by the Queen in her riding dress, our carriages were then sent round to the Queens lodge, a favourite cottage of his, to which we walked and which was shewn to me in detail by the Queen, & where I took my leave of them in the presence of the party, with the most friendly and particular observations by both of them in succession— Before we parted the King took a separate walk with me through the grounds during which he repeated the civil things he had said at my formal leave taking, and also his desire to preserve a good understanding between the two Countries—& the Queen requested me to visit a friend & relation of hers on the

Rhine, to whom she promised to send me a letter of introduction, & on reaching my carriage I found four splendid engravings of the Castle, which she had directed to be put up for me. I am aware that this detail, if exposed to the popular gaze, would excite ill natured criticism, but there can be no harm in giving it for your private perusal—particularly as it has a bearing beyond what is merely personal. I confess that these attentions, which in our happy country would be almost matters of course with our highest public functionaries, but which are here so unusual, as to attract public attention, gratified me, as they cannot but serve to counteract, what I firmly believe to have been a leading Motive on the part of my enemies— They do not want me at home, but the temptation to mortify me in the presence of the assembled representatives of Europe, & the aristocracy of this Country, and through that means to reach you, was too strong to be resisted. To have seen me sneaking away from here humbled by their rebuke would have been quite the thing, but to witness not only the consternation of their views at home, but my departure from this Court, distinguished by a degree of respect & attention, of a confessedly unusual character, cannot fail, I think to make them believe that their labours of malice have been in vain."

Meanwhile many of Van Buren's political friends, including the President, urged his return to the United States. He could be Senator from New York, if one of the incumbents would resign; he could have the Governorship, if he preferred that; the Vice-Presidency was his by command of Jackson. Addresses condemning the Senate were issued by party organizations in different parts of the country. He wrote his son John that "The State of New York is literally in flames—meetings holding, and violent resolutions passing in my Town and county, and a general spirit of dissatisfaction and indignation is manifesting itself all over the Country." So he left London intending to make a short stay on the Continent, but the cholera at Paris drove him away, and in midsummer, 1832, he was again on his farm, awaiting the promotion which his enemies had flung at him and compelled him to take.

“Neighbors”

BY MARIE MANNING

THEY had been in the high school together, and their “engagement” probably dated from that time. They thought it was the little white and gold volume of *Sesame and Lilies*, read aloud in the evenings, that showed them how much they had in common. And their engagement, when they told of it, had in it something of challenge to the rest of their world—people who did not daily read Ruskin.

Young Warren remained at home for two years after this event. He was in daily expectation of meeting some one who would “offer an opening”; but as time went on and a capitalist in dire need of an untrained young man failed to present himself, Philip took Lucy Estes’ advice and went West. She understood vaguely that most great fortunes were made in the West; to her mind Philip had only to look about to secure one. She began her trousseau as soon as Philip had started on his quest, being as sure of the fortune as she was of her lover. It would be unnecessarily painful to tell the history of that trousseau and how it had to be twice made over—to meet the fluctuations of sleeves and skirts—in that five years’ interval of waiting. Indeed, it might have required a third recasting, but Lucy again took matters in hand, and Philip wrote that if, for a while, she could be contented with a little, they could be married in the spring.

Philip had aged twice five years in his absence; he had the look of a man who had brooded and taken more buffets from life than his share. He seemed to have forgotten about Ruskin, Pater, and the Della Robbia casts that had meant so much to them in the first years of their engagement. And when Lucy mentioned taking these West, Philip demurred on account of the heavy freight charges.

In the months that followed her wedding, Lucy looked back on their train

journey westward as a memorable social experience. The deference of the train officials, the servility of the negro porter, delighted her; the scenes in the dining-car nightly were to her a series of brilliant banquets. She was as pretty and as well dressed as any of the women travelling; this was life to Lucy, the rush and glare of travel, with perhaps people envying her.

In the wagon journey over the long trail she set herself to grasping the formula of her husband’s prospects. She had spoken of him in Millbrook as a “wool-grower,” by far the most ambitious title in the category of the sheep trade. He was really a shepherd owner; or, to be exact, a one-fourth owner of a small flock that had been acquired by the slow and painful method of herding sheep on shares. To those to whom sheep terms are obscure it should be explained that this means that a man runs a flock for a year or two for the smallest of daily wages and his keep. He takes his pay finally in a bunch of ewes, and runs them with his master’s flock. With the year’s increase he becomes the owner of a small bunch; if the weather conditions are favorable and there is good pasturage, in time he may become a large owner. Some of the richest sheepmen in the country have sprung from these small beginnings; but it’s all in the hands of the fates—a matter of weather and pasturage. Warren had united his interests with those of three other men—jugglers with fortune like himself. Among them they had twelve thousand sheep, and, what with cattlemen and range troubles, their hands were full to keep them.

“Are your partners gentlemen, Phil—men one can have in to tea?” Her husband looked at her with the quiet despair that even the most beloved woman can produce when it pleases her to ask foolish questions. But Lucy’s fair skin had be-



Drawn by Oliver Kemp

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

TWO UNCOUTH MEN WERE WAITING TO GREET HER

come so rosy with the day's drive in the open, and her brown hair, touched with gold, blew about her face so enchantingly, that her husband finally consented to explain.

"Tea? When do you think there is time for tea? We're out on the range with them every day in the year, and some nights, too—in blizzards, droughts, and dust-storms. It's a dog's life. But there are compensations too. I would not live in Millbrook again if you gave it to me."

Undoubtedly Millbrook was narrow; Lucy felt its restrictions would be less tolerable now that she had travelled on a Pullman and stopped over at Niagara. "What are the other men like, dear?"

"Landor is a college man, but never speaks of it—had some trouble with his family, and is done with the East. He is a moody chap, the only one of us that had the money to buy his sheep; the rest of us herded for shares."

"Are the other two college men?"

"Lord! no." Philip laughed at the thought. "Dawson White is the real type of adventurer; he's been a miner, a sailor—goodness knows what else—he's as straight as a string, but a rolling stone. Dan Finch is the best-hearted man alive—wanted to be a doctor, but never had the money to study. Dan's a first-water rough diamond, regular uncut Kohinoor."

Lucy smiled to hide her disappointment. But if the men on the ranch were impossible, there would be, of course, congenial people among the neighbors. Anyhow, one could not be other than happy, when the air was sweet with the first spring blossoms, and the ponies stretched their good legs as though determined to eat up that dun-colored ribbon of road that wound and unwound among the foothills up to the mountains and the snows. Philip sat soldier-straight on the wagon seat, handling the ribbons with such easy skill, and was, withal, so manly and handsome in his rough clothes, that Lucy would not have been human if she had not been happy.

But nature, that had given her the bluest of blue eyes, had withheld the gift of humor, and when they came to their journey's end, after the better part of four days' driving, she had no mollifying influence to bring to bear on the

actual conditions awaiting her. The ranch—the very word had been as a chord of music—was a rough-hewn cabin still sweating from the axe. The stark landscape, yielding never a glimpse of human effort—there were no neighbors nearer than five miles—oppressed her with its vast loneliness. The two uncouth men waiting to greet her were in the nature of the last straw.

There was a red and green carpet in the living-room, fresh from the looms of Omaha, bought for five times its worth in Rawlins and hauled over two hundred miles across the Desert—but Lucy saw only its crude colors, not the endless trouble that her husband's partners had taken to procure it. There was a rocking-chair in the living-room and a couch covered with a Navajo. The "Rolling Stone" and the "Kohinoor" were smiling broadly; they could scarcely restrain their transports over the room that had been furnished by them as a wedding-present to the bride.

"You must have had your nerve reset to bring a beauty like that out here," Dawson White remarked to Philip, with his usual bluntness. His speech invariably had the frankness of a steam-siren; subtleties were unknown to him.

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen and waste its sweetness on the Desert air!" quoted Dan Finch, otherwise the "Kohinoor," who felt that poetry was the proper greeting for a bride, and who had been hard at work coaching himself with appropriate verse all the afternoon.

Lucy, like a tormented animal, waited some opportunity of escape, and when it came she fled to her room and cried scalding tears. It seemed to her as if youth itself were being swept away in this torrent of emotion. Something—the power to feel again one's personal griefs so keenly—went with those tears.

She had been several weeks on the ranch before she met Landor, "the college man"; he seemed to absent himself deliberately after she came, and this in no slight degree whetted her interest. The first flutter of the trousseau from the locked trunks was in his honor; there was even tea awaiting him when he came in white with the dust of four days' following of the flock. Lucy was all rippling girlhood again—here was some one

who really knew the world. But one glance at the big lean man with the quiet eyes that seemed to see through everything was not reassuring. She strove to hold her ground—flashing, challenging, sparkling over the absurdities of the Desert life. She subtly intimated that they, whose criterion was more rarefied, had at least this bond of amusement. The quiet eyes held her, for perhaps three ticks of the clock, in which she found herself shrinking and shrivelling from standards as different from his as they were from those of the rougher men.

"I am here," he said, simply, "because the elemental is the only phase of life that interests me. I believe, when you come to understand it better, Mrs. Warren, you'll like it, too."

Philip, now that he was back again in this country where life must be wrung from the soil as painfully as water from a stone, became a very demon of energy who worked as if the furies were lashing him. Sometimes he would be away on the range for days together. Lucy had even been left alone overnight at the ranch-house when some exigency of the flock demanded all of them, even old José, a California herder who hung about the place and did odd jobs for his keep. The sheep always came first. Lambing, shearing, dipping, cutting out of "muttons" for the market—these were the real events of life to which all human relations must adjust themselves. No wonder that life in Millbrook hung like a golden mirage in the Desert. She began to write voluminously to people with whom she had hardly exchanged a word at home. There was no complaint; she was too proud for that; but her letters were made up of one theme—there were no neighbors anywhere near the new home.

The winter passed like a troubled dream—she heard talk of sheep lost in the drifts, dying because they were too weak to paw the snow from the sagebrush that would have saved them. Her husband would be away with the flock for weeks at a time seeking better pasturage; then he would return, silent and old-looking, and one of the others would take his place. The snow-drifts were high about the cabin door; sometimes Lucy did not leave the house for days.

She had hoped to go East in the spring, when she was expecting her baby, but the flock dwindled under the bitter conditions of winter; she knew there would be no money for the journey and that she must stay in this accursed place. She went about her tasks quietly, doing them better now that she had become accustomed to the lack of all the conveniences that her upbringing had taught her to regard as the necessities of life. She began to notice that the men helped her in every way they could, even preparing meals and washing dishes when they could be spared long enough from the range. The water-buckets and wood-boxes were full to overflowing. She was thankful, but the men never seemed quite human to her.

The baby came sooner than she had expected. An erratic half-breed Indian woman took care of them, filling her office partly by the working of spells and partly by entertaining her patient with accounts of awful deaths she had seen in the wilderness because there were no doctors. But Lucy did not die, nor the girl baby that greeted life so lustily, and that slept and grew and thrived as if all the forces of science had waited in attendance. The baby had come like a benediction to that little band in the Desert. Here was something at least to which they could pin a faith all but gone; something that the world had not crippled or blunted in the struggle. And with the forlorn hope that wrestles with despair they began to look on the baby as their luck.

To Lucy, who, in those numbed days of waiting, had dreaded the baby as one thing more in this conspiracy against her, the revelation came as a shock, it was so simple—the baby made up for everything. Even the drudgery readily adjusted itself to this little miracle of delight—for the first time the mother was unconscious of the lack of neighbors.

She looked on the Desert world with eyes that saw it for the first time. There were the long afternoons when the tasks were done—and the Desert sand was gold, and the sunlight and all the world between seemed to glitter with Midas' touch. And the faint down on the baby's head glowed like a pale nimbus, and she would think of Mary and the Divine Babe in the land of Egypt, and her own

exile was no longer pitiable, but full of significance. She had ceased to make demands of life for herself; she was content to waive all claims and have them paid in full to her child.

The baby had grown and thrived in "God's great out-of-doors." Lucy would keep her in the little patch of shade that was to be found on some side of the cabin from morning till evening. But as June wore away, and July advanced, the patch became smaller, and she had to be kept in the cabin in the middle of the day. The trench, filled with melted snow that flowed from the mountain past the cabin—one of the most primitive forms of irrigating—was growing narrower and shallower each day. And it became an ever-increasing problem to keep sweet the supply of milk brought once in twenty-four hours from clear across the divide. It all came about so suddenly that Lucy had the guilty feeling of perhaps having been unfaithful in some duty, but the baby who had been laughing and well one day was listless and pale the next. She would cry when her mother put her down, and Lucy, with some of the old sullenness in her face, held her all day and let the men shift for themselves. In the cool of the evening the child was better, but next day she was again ailing, and the mother, ignorant in matters of sickness, did not know what to do but hold the child and grimly wait.

Dan Finch was the first home from the range. He and Philip, who had been away for several days, brought back a bunch of "muttons" that were to be shipped East, and their shuffling hoofs and their baaing as they were driven to the corral were especially trying in this hour of tension. "I have prepared nothing," Lucy said, doggedly. She knew that the men had been working since sunrise and that they expected food, but with this anxiety eating at her heart she did not care.

"That's all right, ma'am," said Dan Finch, cheerfully. "We can rustle something for ourselves. Ain't the baby no better?"

Lucy looked at the child lying in her arms, white and waxen, and the hot tears ran down her cheeks. If Finch had been angry over his lack of supper, she would

have indulged her sullen anxiety without further consideration of him, but with his waiving of rights she felt contrite.

"Oh, supper be blamed!" Finch had the usual susceptibility to tears. "I'll scare up something. Don't you give it another thought. But I can't help wishin' you had a little book called *The Care of the Child*. When I was workin' with the Triple Bar Cattle Outfit, Mrs. Mitchell, the manager's wife, had one of them little books, and she'd cheat the doctor out of his fee every time. Not that you could have got a doctor out there for love or money. But when any of her kids took sick—she had five—she went for that little book like a sheep for salt. When you took it up, it just naturally flopped open at the ailments most common to kids. All the pains and aches were arranged alphabetical. A—airin' and arysipelas—it started something like that. Then it took up with the B's. I remember seein' under B—'buttons in the nose.' And it fetched 'em round every time, and I've seen 'em a heap sicker'n your baby."

Lucy listened dully; the alphabetical system of therapeutics did not make much impression on her. And Finch, not a little crestfallen, went his way. Presently the odors of supper, in the course of preparation, came from the kitchen to where she sat outside of the living-room waiting for the tardy evening breeze. And she remembered with a wave of bodily exhaustion that she had not eaten all day. The sudden faintness made her head light and swimming, the child grew like lead in her arms, and she leaned against the cabin wall to steady herself.

"Now, Mrs. Warren, ma'am, you just have this cup o' tea and you'll feel like you been pasturin' on blue-grass." Dan Finch, with a huge meat-platter doing duty as a tray, offered a meal that he prided himself was of appealing daintiness. Some slices of toast, a couple of bits of crisp bacon, and a little brown earthenware pot of tea. Lucy ate and drank with gratitude; the tea seemed to flow through her veins as an elixir; she had been almost dizzy with fatigue. Now she felt vigorous and decisive; she must do something for her child before it was too late.

"You spoke of a little book just now; where could I get it—in town?"

"Oh Lord, no, ma'am! Mrs. Mitchell got hers back East; her mother sent it to her. Now, ma'am, I know I'm an awful-lookin' some one to prescribe, but if that was my baby I'd take her off that cow's milk; you can't keep it real fresh without ice, now that the melted snow's gone. Oh Lord, if we only had that little book, you'd find it all under S—stomach; that's what ails her."

"How far is the Mitchell ranch?" Lucy asked.

"It's clear into Idaho; you'd make better time sendin' back East. But don't let that discourage you, ma'am; I remember something under S—that used to work like a charm. The book said, when their stomachs got on the stampede, to get a fresh hen-egg and beat the white up with a cup of cold water and a leetle pinch of sugar—and, Lord! how it fetched them Mitchells back to pasture every time!"

Her husband came to say good-by, and Finch, who was not devoid of tact, took Lucy's dishes back to the kitchen. Philip and Landor were to take advantage of the cooler temperature of evening and drive the sheep the two hundred weary miles to town, where they would be shipped to the Eastern market. Warren kissed his wife as a child recites a text; he did not ask after the baby. It was this rather than the mechanical character of his farewell that roused Lucy's latent resentment. With his ill fortune had come a lack of sensibility concerning them that was harder to bear than the very troubles that caused it. Something strange had befallen Philip Warren in this doldrum phase of his experience, where each turn of events seemed to make for new losses. With everything against him had come a blunting of the tenderer side of his nature—there were times when wife and child were but extra burdens in the balance.

Lucy's first thought was to let him go without speaking of the baby's illness—he didn't seem to care much—but her kinder nature prevailed.

"I can't stop, Lucy; we've been trying to make connections for years with this firm, and this is our first chance. It isn't as if I had only myself to con-

sider—but the others have risked every dollar too."

"There's nothing *you* can do, Phil," she couldn't refrain from the bitter emphasis, "but I thought you ought to be prepared."

"Prepared for what? Do you mean the child is dangerously sick?"

"I think it will be a miracle if she pulls through, out here without a doctor, or ice, or anything—"

He did not answer—he had the look of one impotent in the clutch of destiny. His very face as he stood before her, helpless, driven, had something of the quality of those woolly creatures among which he had spent the best years of his life. And Lucy remembered with a chill of horror a tale she had heard of a man who lived and endured hunger, thirst, loneliness, with his flock, till he went mad, and when they found him he was on his hands and knees grazing with the sheep.

She took her husband's arm and led him to where the baby lay on her makeshift bed of chairs and pillows. The child was sleeping, but sleep bafflingly akin to that which knows no waking. Already death seemed to have set its august impress on the little face. Together they stood in silence looking down on the flickering life. Lucy felt Philip's great wrecking sobs—there was something terrifying in seeing this man, her husband, with whom she had always had her reserves, in the grip of an emotion that broke him as mercilessly as a force of nature.

"Not the baby! Not the baby!" she heard him say over and over, as if begging some blind scourging force to spare only that.

They could hear the shuffling of hoofs in the corral, the bark of the dog as he rounded up the flock for the long trail. Clouds of dust, mingled with that smell that is unlike any other smell, the sheep reek, rose chokingly. The sheep, the sheep—always they came first; their foolish faces thrust themselves before every cherished plan, every obligation. Philip might not watch one hour with his wife while their child lay dying, because there must be mutton for the market, and the sheep—always they came first. The very round-backed hills that girdled the Desert were like a great flock of them, keep-



Drawn by Oliver Kemp

Half-tone plate engraved by S. G. Putnam

FINCH BEGAN TO WALK UP AND DOWN SINGING

ing human souls from the rest of the world, where people lived for other things than sheep.

Lucy put her arms about Philip and held him close. "You couldn't let one of the others go, could you, Phil?"

The paroxysms had spent themselves; the old driven look had again settled on his face. "They couldn't make it, dear; both of them are staved up from overwork—they've been watching that damned cattle outfit nights in addition to their regular work. Landor and I are in better condition to stand the march—"

She kissed him. Neither spoke again—he hurried down the path leading to the corral, but when he looked back she was waving to him bravely.

Of the despised Finch she had begun to stand in awe; he knew things about sick children. He came from somewhere in the darkness; White was with him.

"Mrs. Warren, ma'am," Finch said, with professional cheerfulness, "luck's comin' our way. The rest of the flock's on this side of the divide—old José's with 'em now, and he won't have no trouble holdin' 'em with that Nellie dog; she's the best collie in the country; and me and White are goin' to bring that baby round—see if we don't."

She held out her hands to them as one might praying alone to God.

"What we need to get her through this fever is ice—good pure ice."

"Is there any to be had this side of Cheyenne?"

"If you look right on top of them mountains, there's plenty of it—up there where the snow never melts."

"Yes, yes, but could you get it down without melting—"

White spat solemnly on the ground. "That's jest what I'm goin' to move heaven an' earth tryin' to do. I'm goin' to take my bronco that's used to climbin' hills, and I've rigged up a sort of sled contrivance, and I'll take the old buffalo robes to wrap up that ice—now you jest dare me to do it, Mrs. Warren, ma'am."

The baby stirred uneasily, then wakened with a cry. Lucy took her, crooning softly. And Dawson White had gone on his wild-goose chase after ice, without a word of thanks.

"You don't have to go back with the sheep?" Lucy asked Finch.

"The sheep can go plumb to—Texas. I've left 'em with old José and the best of the dogs—this kid's worth more'n every sheep in the State."

It seemed to the mother as if some miracle of healing must bring the baby health, her own hope and courage had such an uplift at these words.

"And now, ma'am, as herder to this yere little lamb I must insist that the owner of the flock goes and takes a nap—now we got to be plumb sensible, and not waste all our strength on the first drive. You an' me must be on our mettle to turn the tide."

"You're such a capable nurse, Dan, it's too bad you couldn't have studied medicine."

"That's right, ma'am. I never somehow mind the other things I've missed—bein' queer in my looks, no money, an' no womankind s' much as lookin' at me if they could git out of it—but there's something in me, ma'am, that goes right out to sickness—it's like I was passin' 'em out the life in my veins. I just love it, ma'am."

And there was something about this rough, kindly creature that made Lucy feel it was to the child's best interest to obey. He took the baby in his great arms, smoothed down the little clothes comfortably, and began to walk up and down singing:

"In the gloaming, O my darling,
Think not bitterly of me."

Though her heart was wrecked with anxiety, Lucy could not repress a smile at his choice of a ditty. Her three nights' vigil had exhausted her utterly, and she slept longer than she had expected—dawn was peering in at her window when she awakened, missing the light burden from her arms. There was a moment of stifling anguish before she realized—then she hurried to the front of the cabin. Finch was moistening the baby's lips with water. To Lucy's anxious eyes the child seemed to have failed in the slight interval of separation. But her courage rallied to Dan's hearty, "They're always a leetle peaked this time o' day, ma'am; gettin' them off bed-ground is hard on invalids of all kinds."

Lucy hurried off to prepare Finch's coffee before she should assume charge of the baby for the day. And when he

had eaten he set out to see how old José was doing, disregarding Lucy's protest that it was his time to rest.

"I don't think I'd enjoy a night's sleep, ma'am, as much as I do if I didn't miss one pretty often." And, when she still protested, "Oh, what's an old black-face like me want o' beauty-sleep?" And he was gone, after he had told her the best method of keeping the white-of-egg water cool.

It was a long, long day. The child rallied, as Finch had said, after the first bleak morning hours. Then, as the patches of shade drew close to the house, and the whirling "dust-devils" danced in the air that shuddered with the noonday heat, the little one drooped again. Lucy looked toward the hill trail, but there was never a sign of Dawson White and the coveted ice. If it happened—she would be brave and not distress them with her grief. Perhaps this was what life meant, after all—to labor, to be of service, to suffer uncomplainingly—maybe it was a privilege to have known life really. To have had the baby one day was worth the bitter disappointments she had endured the past year. She had thought of them at the time as such anguish; she could smile at the remembrance now—as a girl's foolish vanity!

Finch came back in the early afternoon. He said nothing after he had looked at the baby, but his eyes held the dumb sympathy of a dog's.

"It's four now; the heat will begin to break in an hour," he said, as they sat together in the stifling little room. The very earth was parched and cracked beneath the glare—trenches gaping wide like mouths, in that land of little rain. Suddenly both heard a sound that set them rigid, as if the slightest movement on the part of either might retard the steady oncoming of hoofs. They were afraid of each other's glance—perhaps Dawson White did not have the ice, after all. He was so close now that they could hear the dragging of the sled's runners on the dry ground. Lucy looked at Finch—he returned her look helplessly—both lacked the courage to go to the door and see.

"Here's your ice, Mrs. Warren, ma'am," said Dawson White.

When the baby had had some ice,

crushed with a few drops of brandy, and the heat that had held the Desert began to break after five, as Finch had said, a sort of crazy joy took possession of these three who had held the door against the angel of death—no less mad because it had to be restrained, with the baby sleeping quietly at last.

"I've mined gold in the Klondike," said Dawson White, as he lit a pipe preparatory to taking the trail for the sheep, "an' I've sailed round the Horn, but for pure raw blood-and-hide adventure, takin' a chunk o' ice from the top of the Wind River Mountains in August gets my back-in' every time."

"Minin' ice in August," and Dan Finch rammed the bowl of his pipe with a squat thumb, "is sort of like courtin' a woman—you work, you sweat, and think you've got 'em, and the first thing you know they ain't there."

"It took a blanket, a poncho, and two buffalo robes to keep that ice from changin' her mind—and the trail down the mountain marked with little drops of water just like the hymn, 'Little drops o' water, little grains o' sand.' Lord! that's what you need in the sheep-raisin' business, little grains o' sand—"

When Warren and Landor came back, two weeks later, with the money for the "muttons," and more of it than they had anticipated by three hundred dollars, both expected to find the little colony in the Desert short by one member. Warren felt that it was all in line with his "devilish luck" that prosperity should have glanced toward them now in the form of a substantial connection with the Eastern firm, and the necessary money to take Lucy and the baby out of this hole, now that it was too late.

It was midday when they turned in at the gate. There was no sign of life about the place—then Warren caught a glimpse of something that made his heart leap like a rocket. It was nothing more than a line of baby-clothes swinging in the breeze—little dresses pinned by the hem, beating the air with little empty sleeves. He dashed to the house. Lucy was in the living-room rocking the baby. "'Sh-sh-sh!" she said, as casually as if she had seen him half an hour before, for this was a moment of the utmost importance—" 'sh-sh-sh! don't wake the baby."



FOR ACRES THE SAND WAS COVERED WITH BIRDS IN COMPACT MASS

Triumphs of Bird Protection

BY HERBERT K. JOB

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHOR

BEARING down on its mighty tide immense cargoes of alluvial mud, the Mississippi River, Father of Waters, has for ages been at work building the eastern coast of Louisiana. Through innumerable passages opening into the sea the murky tide has been pushing the new-made land farther and farther out. Scores upon scores of miles extend the great salt marshes and mud-flats, either as part of the main or as marshy islands. Away out beyond these, in the almost boundless shallows of the Gulf of Mexico, the pearly ocean currents, in counter-attack upon the muddy river tide, have been advancing their barricade, a long tier of narrow sandy keys stretching from the western edge of the State of Mississippi far down nearly opposite the southern extremity of the

river delta, fortifying Louisiana's entire eastern shore.

Inside these outer keys are hundreds of square miles of shallow water and marshes. Far out of sight of land the sounding-pole often marks but five to eight feet of water at low tide. No human beings dwell in this desolation. Only an occasional fishing-craft of light draught is to be seen, or the smoke of a distant steamer far to seaward, entering or leaving one of the mouths of the river. Much of the year the merciless sun blazes down upon the overheated marsh, on which, besides mosquitoes and other pests, the terrible swarms of great green-head flies help to create conditions unfitted for human life.

The very hopelessness of the region, from our own standpoint, makes it an

ideal one for bird life. Three decades ago these marshes and islands fairly swarmed with water-fowl and herons, which nested in immense colonies. Then came the era of millinery devastation, followed by the policy of protection, and now these marshes and waters are beginning once more to be populated by a wonderful return of the birds. The government has set apart these outer keys, uninhabitable for men, as the Breton Island Reservation for the propagation of wild birds, while the admirably progressive Louisiana Audubon Society controls a large number of the inner marsh islands. Five hundred square miles of this wilderness is controlled and watched by a warden of the National Association of Audubon Societies, through whose vigilance and activity the destruction of bird life is largely prevented.

The fame of the increasing wonders of bird life in this region had reached me, and my curiosity was aroused to see for myself what was being done, and to depict those scenes with the camera. Through the kindness of the president of the National Association of Audubon Societies I was asked to inspect the reservation, and the patrol boat was put at my disposal for the purpose.

It was not until the first day of June that the cruise began, a presumably unpleasant time to go so far south. I might have gone down in the winter to see the immense concourse of wild ducks and geese which are then found on these waters, or in April or early May for the wonderful migration of the golden plover and other shore birds. But I wished to see the breeding colonies of Southern water-birds, and some of these do not lay their eggs before early June, as though, perchance, they realized the dangers from the early spring hurricanes which inundate the low-lying islands. So late in the season the heat is intense, but I was determined upon a visit to those cities of birds, which can boast of a more rapid proportionate growth than any cities of our own.

The patrol boat proved to be a very comfortable, seaworthy forty-four-foot schooner, with auxiliary engine—that is to say, the long-suffering warden had to spend much of his time trying to make the engine auxiliary! Besides the warden

we had two young men as crew, one of whom, Tony, was to help me in my photography.

In summer the prevailing wind of that region is southerly and light, so as our general course of the islands was north we had to burn gasoline. As we slipped along over the placid Gulf that warm summer afternoon, seated at the stern under an awning, the warden became reminiscent.

“You wouldn’t think,” said he, “to see me now patrolling this reservation to stop them from killing birds, that a while ago I was the hardest on the birds of any of them. That was the case, though. But we fellows never used to think it was any harm, the birds were so thick. I’ll tell you how that feather-hunting down here came about. One day, some years ago, a man stopped off at Pass Christian who was some sort of a doctor from Venezuela. He could talk English all right, and he got after us fishermen and oystermen and told us what a pile of money we could make by shooting the birds out on those islands and sending their skins or plumes to New York. The cheapest of them would bring thirty-five cents apiece, and from that up. The white herons’ aigrettes brought the biggest price of all.

“Well, he showed us how to skin the birds, and we got busy and killed them by the thousands. Of course it did seem wicked to leave all those poor little chicks to starve, but dollars by hundreds mean a lot to a poor fisherman, and we thought if those rich women up North could stand for it, we might as well get what there was in it. My, but after I got a few checks I was getting rich quick! I was always quite a forehanded chap, and I took the brilliant notion that I would hurry things up a bit more; so I hired a lot of men to work for me, and we cleaned up pretty much the whole coast. One time I shipped off to New York \$35,000 worth of feathers of various sorts. I didn’t hear from them and got anxious, so I wrote. The firm said that they never got them, and pretty soon I heard that they had been confiscated by the government. That broke me all up, and I was in a terrible hole. It was the last that I ever did at that business. Then the government and the Audubon Society began to protect the birds on the islands,

and I got this job as warden, and I reckon I'm making up for my badness. There are five hundred miles of islands and waters for me to look after, and mighty few guns are fired on it, if I do say so. One fellow tried shooting ducks out there one winter, when he knew I was home at 'the Pass,' but the fishermen told me about it, and I got him in court and had him fined. There were a few other little rows, but I wasn't afraid, and I came out on top every time; so now they let me alone, and we're all good friends enough."

It is only in recent years that the seed of bird protection has taken root in Louisiana soil. Birds were destroyed almost at will by any one. The New Orleans markets sold a profusion of birds of all sorts as game, even song and insectivorous birds. But at length so much had been published broadcast favoring bird protection that good sentiment began to make itself felt in this as well as in all the States, and the National Association assisted the organization of the Louisiana Audubon Society.

One of the first matters taken in hand was to stop wholesale destruction of the water-birds on the sea islands along the coast. By hard work laws were passed, and the dealers in contraband bird plumes for millinery purposes were raided and fined. At the same time efforts were

made to protect the birds on the islands where they nested. The Louisiana Audubon Society secured control of many of the smaller marsh islands on the east coast of Louisiana, and in time formed what is called the "Audubon Reservation." President Roosevelt was appealed to, who responded by setting aside the whole chain of outer islands as the "Breton Island Reservation," named after one of the principal islands of the group. The Audubon Societies financed the patrolling of the islands and secured suitable craft. The model A. O. U. law was passed, protecting non-game birds in addition to those already protected, and various other excellent measures were enacted, such as the abolition of spring shooting and the imposing of hunters' license fees. This represents wonderful progress from the indifference to bird and game protection of a few years ago—a veritable triumph. And now I was about to see for myself, out on the great areas of the reservation, what these five years of protection had accomplished, as compared with former conditions under which the bird colonies had been almost exterminated.

For several hours we glided along over the calm Gulf, whose surface was scarcely more than rippled by the soft southerly breeze. First we passed Cat Island with its tall pine timber, and then a low

projection of the Louisiana marsh.

As we neared the latter a wicked-looking greenhead fly arrived on board, and made a vicious strike at the bare feet of one of the crew. It was the beginning of the battle, for the nearer we approached the marsh country, the larger grew the bloodthirsty swarm. Now we were fairly among the inner islands, which in themselves were unattractive enough,



THE WARDEN ABOARD THE PATROL BOAT



TERN COLONY ON BATTLEDORE ISLAND—THE CROWNING TRIUMPH OF THE RESERVATION

merely small areas of ordinary-looking salt marsh with strips of low white mangrove bushes near the shores. But their redeeming feature was that they were abundantly populated with bird life. Practically every islet had its noisy colony of laughing-gulls, which rose in the air as we approached, cackling with laughterlike notes. Many Louisiana herons had their nests in the bushes, containing eggs and young, and flew out in squadrons, squawking noisily, to alight out on the marsh, and, with their long slender necks extended, silently to watch our progress. Now and again we saw a little compact colony of a couple of dozen pairs of the Forster's tern nesting on areas of driftweed cast up by the tide. From the grass the scolding chatter of the clapper-rail, or marsh-hen, was often borne to our ears. A very few pairs of the exquisite pure white snowy heron were nesting along with Louisiana and black-crowned night-herons. The snowy heron is the species which bears the very choicest and daintiest of the

aigrette plumes, the small sort, the ends of which curl up. Owing to fashion's desire for these, the beautiful species is almost on the verge of extinction, but a hard fight is being made to save it. With all that is now known and being written on the subject, the day is rapidly passing when ignorance can be made an excuse for the wearing of an aigrette. Contrary to popular supposition, these cannot be manufactured, nor made from chicken feathers, nor are they picked up in the swamps after they have been shed. The only way in which they are secured is by shooting the heron in the breeding season, the only period when they bear these nuptial plumes, leaving the eggs to perish or the young to starve. The aigrette on a hat has been well called "the white badge of cruelty."

It would take too long to describe our examination of all these different marsh islands. We spent several days among them and followed a regular programme. Anchoring off a group of islands in the afternoon, we went ashore and carefully



THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S TENT PITCHED NEAR A BIRD COLONY

inspected whatever there was to be seen, noting the condition of the various nests. At this season most of the birds had fresh eggs, only the herons having young. This was the time for flight pictures with my five-by-seven reflex camera, as the birds hovered around, and certainly there were splendid opportunities for this sort of work. At evening, having chosen a suitable spot, I would erect my little umbrella-tent blind at the edge of some colony, or beside some specially interesting nests, within five or six feet of them, disguising the structure with grass, bushes, or weeds. In a short time I could see from the vessel that the birds returned to their nests without fear, accepting the tent as a pile of grass, a part of their natural surroundings.

After supper, having changed plates in a stuffy little closet on the vessel, in which I would be almost suffocated, I would join the rest of the company on deck, where, each under his mosquito-bar, we passed the beautiful nights. The air was so mild that one hardly needed a blanket, and it was delicious to drowse off to slumber watching the thickly studded heavens blazing with stars, seeing the ragged strips of cumuli drift slowly across the face of the moon, and enjoying the soft southern breezes.

When the sun peered above the horizon, promptly at 5 A.M., Central time, there was no more slumber for us. Arising,

we ventured forth again among the persistent greenheads, performed a rather hasty toilet, and partook of a hearty breakfast, which often included sea-trout or other fish caught by members of the party, or luscious oysters which they had taken from the natural beds. There are no finer oysters in the world than these Southern oysters, which are beyond suspicion of contamination in wilds so far from man, of excellent flavor, and often of great size—"oyster-steaks" we called them—nearly as large as one's hand.

By half past six or seven Tony rowed me ashore and went with me to the tent. After I had crawled in with my photographic outfit, he would leave me and row back to the vessel. Apparently the birds are unable to count, for no sooner had he withdrawn than they returned at once to their nests, without any suspicion that I was there in hiding. I can never get over the wonder of thus being able to remain in the immediate presence of wild birds without alarming them. As I peered through the little holes cut in the tent, I had them right before me. Sometimes one would brush its wings or tail against the tent as it walked past, separated from me only by the thickness of the cloth. I had to keep perfectly still and work very cautiously in photographing them. As the sun climbed in the sky and beat down upon

the tent, the little enclosure became frightfully hot. The flies and mosquitoes soon found their way in, and I had to give them battle. Sometimes the tide would rise over the roots of the marsh-grass, and I would have to squat in the water, no less wet with perspiration than by the sea. In two or three hours, after securing all possible pictures, I would break camp, causing consternation among the confiding birds, signal for the boat, and be taken on board. There, after changing my clothes, I would sit under an awning in the breeze and drink lemonade almost to the danger-point, while the crew hove up anchor and headed the *Royal Tern* toward new islands to be conquered.

After finishing the inspection of the inner islands of the Audubon Reservation, we headed the vessel for the outer islands, extending in a long chain from north to south, about twenty miles farther out to sea, which comprise the Breton Island Reservation. They are long narrow strips of shell-sand, some of them with a higher rim in the centre, overgrown with bushes, others mere barren sand-bars. This shell-sand is commercially valuable, being used in making the streets of Southern towns, with much the effect of crushed stone. The demand for it has so increased that the warden has had a hard fight to prevent men from carrying off whole islands by vessel-loads, but a few arrests and convictions have put a stop to the depredations. These are the islands to which the sea-birds, such as terns, gulls, skimmers, pelicans, and man-o'-war birds, resort in immense numbers to breed. At the northern end of the chain are the group called

North Keys, three in number. Then come the Freemason Keys, and outside of them begin the long series of the Chandeleur Keys, followed by Mitchell Key, Grand Cochère, Breton Island far to the south, and Battledore Island, westward toward the delta of the great river.

We ran straight out to sea, and after about a dozen miles, when the low marsh had long since been lost to view, we noticed that the troublesome greenheads had mostly left us, perhaps missing the odor of their native marsh. The remaining ones we managed to kill, and then we had glorious peace, without any insects to trouble us, save a very few mosquitoes when we went ashore. But, compared with the flies, the mosquitoes were not worthy of notice.

Our first stop was at Southwest Key—a narrow, barren sand-bar nearly a mile long and but a few rods wide, where there was an immense tern colony. As



LOUISIANA HERON NESTING

we approached, we saw that the southern half of the key was black with thousands of great man-o'-war birds—also called frigate pelicans—and brown pelicans. These were not nesting; in fact, they had raised their young earlier in the season, the warden said. But the terns had an astonishing colony. For acres the sand was covered with them in a compact mass. The frigates and pelicans were wary and left the vicinity, but not so the terns, for each pair of these had their single egg lying in a slight hollow of the sand, and thus were bound to the spot by ties of love and home. They were very tame, and we could walk up to within ten paces before they would fly, and then only the nearer ones. I stood and gazed at them, taking flight pictures and exulting in the wonderful sight. Most of them were the royal tern, a comparatively large Southern species, but with them were mingled a good many of a somewhat smaller kind called the Cabot's tern.



ROYAL AND CABOT'S TERN AT CLOSE RANGE

These could be distinguished, aside from their size, by the black bill with a bright yellow tip, whereas the bills of the others were of a deep carmine hue. There must have been two thousand nests in this area, about a quarter of them being those of the Cabot's tern.

Though this number seemed to me remarkable, the warden was far from

pleased. The week before, when he made his round, he had seen another even larger colony down near the north point of the island. Meanwhile there had been an unusually high tide which, though the weather was calm, had lapped over the lower end of the island and carried away every egg of all the thousands, except those in about a dozen nests located a few inches higher on a little knoll.

That night I pitched the hide-tent close beside part of the remaining large colony, and the next morning had a most successful séance with the terns. I had selected a place where there was a sort of narrow extension of the colony, so as not to have birds in the background shading off into indistinctness, and also where both kinds were present. Every opportunity was mine to study their home life and to secure intimate photographs. For the most part the birds incubated peacefully side by side, but the Cabot's terns seemed now and then to

have little differences among themselves. Two of them would lay hold upon each other's bill and pull and bite for a moment, but it was soon over, and peace restored. When I wanted flight pictures at close range, all that I had to do was to jar the side of the tent a bit, and the nearer birds would fly up in alarm, to return a moment later, reassured. It was a beautiful, wonderful, animated scene on which I had gazed through the peek-holes. Each of the thousands of terns screamed at regular

and frequent intervals, which resulted in continuous pandemonium.

The next keys examined were those to the north, where the man-o'-war birds and pelicans were accustomed to nest, but we found that they were entirely through with their nesting for the season. On one key, however, we discovered a new colony of a couple of hundred



A COLONY OF TERNS AT SOUTHWEST KEY

pairs of laughing-gulls which had come in there and begun to build nests since the last week's visit of the warden—an overflow from some other colony. In this way the various birds are spreading from island to island, and, if they can be protected, in a few years interesting and beautiful sea-birds will be found all over our coasts, giving pleasure to multitudes of people. How very much does the presence of winnowing gulls, plunging terns, and the like, add to the beauty and interest of the seashore! Where one person might enjoy a bird dead, thousands are pleased with it alive.

On Mitchell's Key there had been, the week before, a colony of about two hundred pairs of the rather scarce Caspian tern, the largest tern of North America. Now we found the nests all empty, with raccoon tracks around them, and presently we saw a couple of the varmints in a piece of marsh half a mile beyond. The warden said he would trap or poison them later in the season. Surely bird protection has all sorts of obstacles to surmount. Here I saw a pretty flock of dowitchers, or red-breasted snipe, in full spring plumage, feeding along the

seashore. Most of the shore-bird flight had passed on to the North, but a few scattered flocks were still to be seen—of turnstones, various sandpipers, and the dowitchers. The week before, the warden had seen the last flock of the golden plover. The shore-birds as a class are notably among the birds which are in great need of protection. For years they have grown more and more scarce, and it is certainly a reason for rejoicing that on these great natural feeding-grounds, where immense numbers of them linger in the migrations, and to some extent in winter, they are protected from harm, and thus large numbers of them saved for breeding stock. Already an increase in the numbers of migrant shore-birds has begun to be noted on our eastern coast, and we may believe that these reservations are in part responsible for this—another triumph of bird protection. Birds will be found again among us, if only we give them a fair chance.

On all the islands, as we made our round, we found colonies of the various birds. But when, running free before a strong easterly breeze, we reached Battle-dore Island, we witnessed the crowning

triumph of the reservations. The island seems to be composed mostly of broken oyster-shells, and is nearly half a mile long, quite narrow, and somewhat in the shape of a horseshoe. From end to end Battledore was simply teeming with bird life. So important is this colony that a special warden had been stationed there throughout the breeding season to watch it, living on a small schooner owned by the Audubon Society, called the *Laughing Gull*. He is a man about eighty three or four years young, and we found him that day somewhat ill, but attending to his business, for he went ashore after us as soon as we landed.

Words are inadequate to describe the sights of this remarkable island. It was simply full of birds. A nest of some sort or other there was at nearly every step. Squadrons of skimmers had their handsome white eggs, boldly blotched, all along the beaches. Throughout the grass everywhere were nests of the laughing-gulls with their dark, mottled eggs. The bushes were full of Louisiana herons, and near one end of the island was the largest area of royal and Cabot's terns on the whole reservation. In all directions the air was full of birds, uttering a perfect babel of bewildering cries. Here bird protection seemed to have reached its climax, its limit. There was positively no more room here, not another bird house-lot was for sale.

During parts of two days spent blissfully amid the wonders of this crowded metropolis of the birds, there was occupation for every moment. The birds, accustomed to the presence of the warden, were so tame that I could study and photograph them at will. Occasionally, when I used the tent for some very intimate work, I could erect it in plain sight of the birds, crawl in, and in a moment all would be on their nests again, even before I could make ready my camera. I shall never forget my sensations when, having finished the work to my satisfaction and exposed my last plate, I took a bath in the tepid water close at hand. Floating on my back, I watched the hovering cloud of birds, and listened to the chorus of their voices. Somewhat weary from my activities in the hot sun, a delicious languor began to steal over me, and I felt as though I

were very near Paradise, the gates ajar. Yes, I had indeed entered—into Nature's Paradise! Here bird protection had absolutely triumphed, and on Battledore at least there was nothing further to be done. It was the achievement of the ideal, the victory of the right, the crowning success of the Cause, the wondrous result of but five years of bird protection.

Such results as these, along legislative, educational, and other lines of bird protection, are being achieved through the statesmanlike, far-sighted work of the National Association of Audubon Societies. With comparatively small means at its disposal, it has extended this noble humanitarian work all over the United States. But various great centres of bird life are not yet under this protection, through lack of funds.

On our sail back to "the Pass" I was treated to another experience which, if not quite so enjoyable, was none the less interesting and exciting. It was late afternoon, and heavy, angry squall-clouds loomed black on the horizon. One squall seemed to be approaching from the southwest, another from the southeast. Presently the conditions looked so ominous that the captain decided to anchor near the end of a small key, and we tied everything down tight. In a little while the squall from the southwest struck us, and it began to rain and blow. The two squalls were now coming into conjunction, the new arrival being heralded by a revolving funnel-shaped cloud—the dreaded tornado. There was no dodging or escaping. All we could do was to wait and let it come; and when it struck we were in no doubt as to that fact. It came with a rush and a roar. There was no time for surf to arise. The screaming wind simply picked up the surface of the ocean and blew it along bodily in a blinding sheet. Sea and sky were so intermingled that it was hard work to tell where one left off and the other began. At the first onslaught the vessel dragged anchor, broached to, and went over almost flat on her beam-ends, where she lay still for a moment, about to fill and sink. The captain knew just what to do. Shouting to the crew to follow him, he threw himself flat on the deck and, clinging to the rail to keep from being blown away, crawled rapidly to the

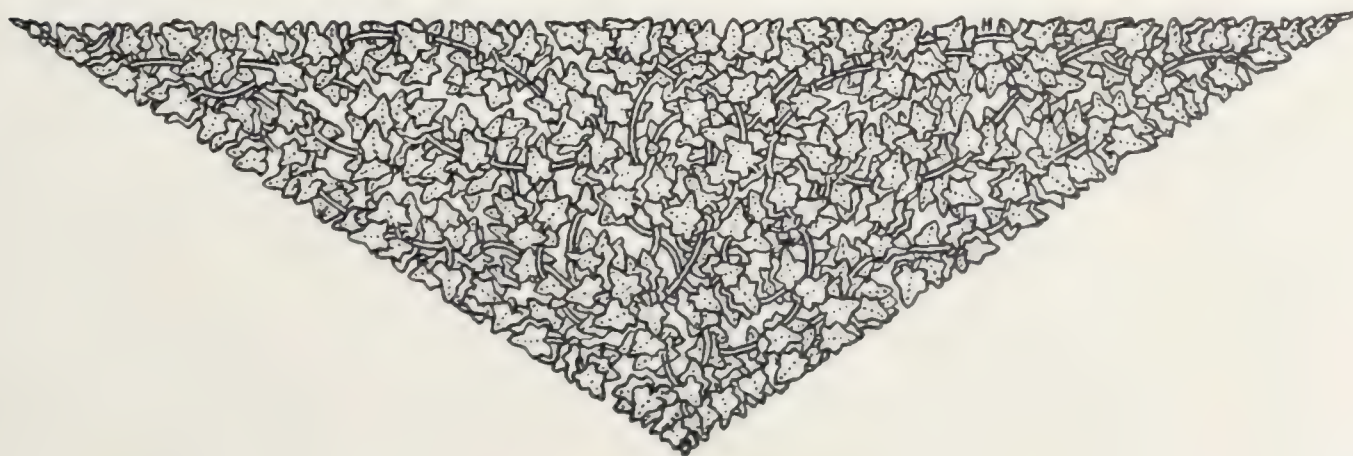


IN ALL DIRECTIONS THE AIR WAS FULL OF BIRDS AND A BABEL OF BEWILDERING CRIES

bow. On the bits lay a 250-pound anchor, which the day before the other members of the crew had vainly tried to lift, barely stirring one end. The captain was a big, powerful man. It was a matter of life and death, for instant action. Without waiting for assistance, with an almost superhuman effort he picked up the great anchor and threw it over the side as though it had been a toy. Immediately the vessel responded. Her head swung to the shrieking blast, the masts pointed up again, and we were safe. In a few

moments the worst was over, but for another half-hour it blew hard. The captain estimated that we had experienced a wind velocity of over a hundred miles an hour, and I believe it, for though I have been much on the sea, and thought I had seen some blows, the like of this I confess I had never met.

"I'm glad," said the captain to me, "that you were out in this, because now you'll know what we wardens are up against, and understand better what it costs us to protect the birds."



The Chief Operator

BY ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS

EXCEPT for the noise of the storm the exchange was noticeably quiet. For an hour calls had been few; when they came they tangled and overlapped as if from some general cause affecting particular cases. Men were occupied with facing the weather, or hurrying home from it. Many mothers had gone out with umbrellas and little coats to bring children back from school. There was a lull in the demands upon the wire, which for a small country exchange was rather a busy one. Now and then a drop fell, or a young voice called, "Number?" and betweenwhiles the girls chattered disjointedly as girls do when they have half a chance, or looked dismally out upon the rain from the drowning windows. There were two girls, known as Molly and Mary, and the chief operator, held in respect by them not only for a certain power to enforce official authority, but because she was a married woman; and Molly and Mary were at the age when this circumstance appeared of more importance than it ever does before or after. The effect was depleted a little by the fact that Mrs. Raven was a widow; but she was quite a young widow, and still attractive—who could have said why? Of beauty she had little or none; but the eye remained upon and returned to her. The girls thought it was an "air" she had, the fit of a shirt-waist, the hang of a skirt, the way of braiding her bright hair below the head-receiver. An older or finer observer would have said, "It is her expression."

This was self-possessed, but gentle; the old-fashioned word modest might have said it better than any of the newer feminine adjectives. There was a firm curve to her full, irregular lip which every operator knew and regarded, but her clear eyes, wide and warm, found it more natural to plead than to command. Her features, her gestures, her

voice, appealed. She was without self-assertion. This, one would soon have determined, was not from deficiency in force, but from the acquisition of a quality which is the essence of force, although it may seem at first to be antagonistic to it. In some way, in some form, life had taught her to disregard herself. Even the girls perceived that their young chief was not uppermost in her own thoughts. They supposed it was because she was a widow.

It had rained continuously for three days and nights, and the river was swollen and perturbed. It was not a very broad river in its normal condition, but a deep one, and swung upon a powerful current. Now it had risen and looked unnaturally large; the banks at that point were low, and the exchange stood within a hundred feet of the water. This gave a cool, agreeable outlook, which the chief operator liked in summer, and at which she glanced gratefully whenever she could. It was August—the scorching August of 1908. She sat at her desk apart from her staff of two, beside the large, low window. The exchange stood by itself—a wooden building, well put together; there was a small grocery-store upon the first floor; the telephone occupied the second story; the grocer was an old man, and sometimes walked a part of the way to protect Mrs. Raven when she went home to her stepmother's house, two miles down the desolate riverside, at half past nine at night; after that no woman remained in the exchange, and the night operator came on duty.

The town had the wide spaces and uncertain comforts of the Territory. The telephone was cherished accordingly. It was still treated like a miracle.

Sarah Raven sat at her desk and looked thoughtfully into the storm. It was toward the end of the month, and the great drought had broken, only to be renewed

in a fiercer form after passing relief. Meanwhile the dark weather had something of the effect which the interruption of drought always has—finding one less grateful than one should be, because one has become so accustomed to sunshine that its absence influences the spirits to the defiance of the season. Mrs. Raven was tired with the season's work, and something pale. She was a compact little figure of a woman; her black skirt and white waist with the black tie at her throat looked like a uniform or a habit upon her. She sat a trifle averted from the girls, the profile of her face and delicate bust against the long window set in a mist of rain and river. The head-receiver gave a Greek look to the American working-woman.

More than the sadness of storm was on her that afternoon, and as the day declined this increased. She attended listlessly to her duties when the girls called: "Number? What number?" and her eyes returned to the bloated river. What mattered a creeping tear if the river alone could see? This was August the 28th. To-morrow would be one of the anniversaries of which people who know life say that they are "days to be got over." To-morrow would be—From the pang of it she tried to forget, and then for the love of it she determined to remember, and then she dashed forgetting and remembering from her and whirled upon her revolving-chair.

There was a sudden acceleration of demands upon the exchange. Calls came in from everywhere—most of them were impatient, and many irritable. Wives were summoning husbands, and husbands reassuring wives. "The storm is so bad—do get home! The house shakes, and the river frightens me. Hurry home, Harry; do!"—"Don't be anxious, Sue, if I am late to-night. It's pretty bad, and hard going. I'll get there sometime." Messages rained as hard as the storm. The drops upon the switchboard clattered fast.

"What number?" asked Molly.

"Chief operator?" called Mary.

"Chief operator," said Mrs. Raven, instantly.

The wind had mounted in the last half-hour and buffeted the exchange, which shook in the grip of it. The river

ran angrily, and took on a frown as the early twilight of the storm descended. Between the three sounds—the threat of the water, the onset of the wind, and the complaining of the rain—it was hard to hear the slender cry of the wire. The girls had ceased to chatter, and listened sedulously.

The electric bulbs, staring with their indifferent eyes behind their softening shades, brightened as the room darkened; for an unnatural dusk had set in upon the place. The switchboard itself wore a curious look, almost an expression like that of a face—a consciousness; it had the air of power before which the girlish figures playing upon it were trivial and inefficient—the puppets of a mystery which might turn master when it appeared to be most slave. Somehow the rage of the river and the storm added to this impression; as if the elemental forces—water, wind, and electricity—had combined into insurrection against human control.

If Mrs. Raven felt this, she had not time to think it; she had no time to think at all before there came quivering down the wire from her chief at headquarters, some fifteen miles up-stream, an order before which she stiffened into military attention. Now her voice rose like a thing that was trying to fly, and grew a trifle shrill; then it fell into the low, sustained telephone tones.

"What did you say? Please repeat. It is very noisy here. The storm. . . . Please repeat, I say. . . . More distinctly. . . ."

"... *What?* I don't get it all. Something ails your transmitter. . . . I can't make it all out . . . only a few words. . . . *What?*"

She had begun to tremble now; her bright head, with its Greek head-piece like a fillet, shook, and her hands. The operators at the switchboard had snatched at the sense of the message, and she could hear them crying out between disjointed fragments. Now the disability in the current—or perhaps it was the interference of the storm—had for the moment succumbed, and the call from headquarters, peremptory and clear as cut glass, came to her ears with the insistence of irrevocable catastrophe.

"The dam is going down. The river

is breaking loose. Run for your lives! You have no time to spare. Notify anybody you can, but fly for your life! Do you hear me? Good-by."

"I hear you perfectly," said Sarah Raven. "I thank you for notifying me. Good-by."

Her chair whirled, but she did not leave it.

"Girls—" she began. But the girls had already plucked the danger from the wire and had melted from the switchboard madly; they were flitting and screaming like the flock of birds swaying outside the window—little beings seeking shelter from fate, and fussily complaining of it.

"You can go, Molly and Mary," said the chief operator, quietly. She put out her hand for her official directory.

"Mrs. Raven! Mrs. Raven!" cried Molly. "Why don't you come, too?"

"Mrs. Raven!" called Mary. "*Dear* Mrs. Raven! Hurry! . . . Mrs. Raven, ain't you coming with us?"

"No, I am not coming—not yet. Don't talk to me, girls. I have my subscribers to think of first. Good-by, girls."

The girls dashed at her and kissed her and pleaded with her; but she repeated obstinately, "Good-by, girls," and so they turned, sobbing childishly, thinking of themselves, as girls do, and started for the stairs. At the top of the long flight Mary looked back and cried out once more:

"*Dear* Mrs. Raven! . . . Don't you want me to stay, too?" But Sarah Raven did not answer. It was doubtful if she heard. Her record of listed subscribers wavered in her hand, but her voice did not shake at all. As Mary went down the stairs she heard it echoing through the empty exchange.

"Is this 122, ring 2?"

The young chief was calling her subscribers. She was about to warn them. Mary knew that Mrs. Raven meant to warn them all—all who were in danger and had not been notified. There were forty of them in the lower valley. At the foot of the stairs, tumbling out pell-mell, the girls heard one authoritative order—their last—from the exchange above:

"Tell the grocer. Tell Mr. Rice. He's old. He needs plenty of time."

Sarah Raven left her desk and went to the deserted switchboard. She had removed her head-receiver to do so, and put on one belonging to the girls. She sat at her post with a composure which affected every muscle; if it did not reach the nerve, one watching her would not have known it. But there was no one to watch. She was not thinking of herself at all—not yet. She felt in some subterranean corridor of her being that the moment would come when she should, but dismissed the idea as an interruption to her duty. To this she set herself with a passion that obliterated everything else gloriously; as passion does when it is high enough.

If anything that she did in that whirlwind of mind and heart could be called deliberate, she had deliberately chosen to call 122, ring 2, the first of all. It seemed to her that she had the right to so much—and the house was very near the water.

"For father's sake," she thought. "She was father's wife. And she's been a good stepmother to me."

Flashing, and fading as soon as they had flashed, she saw the comfortable commonplace things that signified home to her—an orderly sitting-room with a hot Rochester burner on the centre-table; a red silk shade; a light-wood blaze sparkling on the hearth for her when she should drag herself in, drenched and tired; the table set for supper with willow ware in the dining-room beyond; a portly, kindly figure trundling in a blue cotton dress and white apron across the room to say: "Land! You must be frazzled out." As the door swung back she could see her husband's crayon portrait above the mantelpiece.

Her voice pierced the turmoil of water and wind with an astonishing self-possession:

"Mother! Run for your life! The dam is broken. Don't wait for anything—run! . . . No, I can't come yet . . . No, it doesn't matter about me . . . not till I've warned my subscribers. . . . Oh, I *must* take time to say—you've been a good mother to me. . . . No, no, no, I *can't do it*. Good-by."

She was surprised to find, when she had rung off her stepmother's agitated cries and entreaties, that she did not

know for a wild moment what to do next; which of all the human homes dependent upon her to warn first. She perceived that they depended no more upon her heroism than upon her good sense, and yet that seemed to be the very quality which was deserting her. She sat drenched in a cold sweat of indecision, and for a few minutes she rang up her subscribers mechanically, by order of their number: 123 . . . 123, ring 1 . . . 124 . . . 125.

But she quickly collected herself and began to select from the unconscious families upon which the doom of the river was bearing down. With the swiftness of a sympathetic operator in a country exchange where she knew everybody and everybody knew her, she recalled the circumstances of her subscribers—who was sick, who was incompetent, who was hysterical, who had no man in the house.

She had rung up the daughter of a bedridden mother; they two lived alone at the bend of the stream where the flood must double upon itself and leave but half a chance, if any, even now; she was calling:

"128? Fanny! The river is rising. Run for the neighbors to lift her. You haven't a minute. Run!"

She was still crying: "Fanny! Get the neighbors to lift her!" when the old grocer stumbled up the stairs and stood wheezing behind her. He had grasped her by the arm and shoulder.

"You get out o' here!" he screamed.

She shook her head without a glance.

"I won't have it. I tell you I won't stand by and see it!" shouted the grocer. "You come along o' me. There's time ef you're spry. Lord! Feel this damn building rock! You drop them there wires and get out o' here, I say! . . . *Won't*, hey? Well, Sarah Raven, I'll jest set here till you will."

The grocer sat down and looked at her obstinately; he was shrivelled with terror. The flood had yet a considerable distance to come; the dam was six or seven miles above the telephone headquarters in the country town; but the writhing valley helped the advance of the torrent, and it was impossible either then or after to time that terrible race.

The old grocer stamped up and down the room; he had begun to gibber.

"Mr. Rice," said the operator, "this room is the property of the Southwestern Telephone Company, and I am their officer. I order you to leave the place. Oh, go!" she broke into a womanish cry; "there may be somebody—something—"

At this he went, as she had thought he would; she did not turn her head to see; she felt that she was alone with her duty. She glanced out of the long window. She saw foam and heard thunder. The stream, frenzied by rain, had already acquired a terrible breadth. It was not yet quite dark.

"It looks like the River of Death," she thought. She did not look at it again. Her eyes, burned dry, smarted as if they had been fastened to her task with hot wax. The electric jets beneath their green shades winked and dimmed about her. The building quivered through every oaken sinew. A man might have been pardoned had he shaken with sheer physical terror. A soldier might have fled and been forgiven. The young woman sat at her post like a figure carved from the switchboard, a creature born of the thrill and power of modern life, whose opportunities replace the old brutal heroisms by as much as its ingenuities are finer. She rang to her task as truly as the call-bells, and clung to it as simply as the plugs and levers. She could easily have escaped from the building; there was still plenty of time; but it did not occur to her to do so.

Her mind worked swiftly now, and very clearly. Yet down the list of her subscribers her feeling ran ahead of her thought. Her instinct to save was quicker than electricity. It leaped before the current could, and melted with pity into forty homes. She set her white teeth and glanced over her shoulder at the advancing terror.

"You—you!" she defied it. "I'll warn them all in spite of—you."

Then she grew abject, and humbly entreated the river:

"Just give me time, won't you? I need more time."

There was a little boy down with scarlet fever at 116, ring 3. The house stood too near the bank. Oh, they all did, for that matter. It would be hard to get the little fellow out . . . and in the storm! There seemed to be as much



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE GLANCED OVER HER SHOULDER AT THE ADVANCING TERROR

water falling from above as there was rising from below. Her name? What *was* her name? Was the operator's reason going with all the rest?

... "Mrs. Penney! Run for your life—and Johnny's! The dam is broken. Wrap Johnny up in something—your waterproof. Leave everything else—only Johnny. Somebody will take him in. Oh, I am sure they will. You haven't a minute. Good-by."

... "Miss Gregory? Is that Maria Gregory? There's a flood coming. Keep your head, Maria—you're the only person in the house that has one—and get your mother and sister out. Good-by."

... "Mr. Cole? That you, Mr. Cole? The dam is broken. Run for your lives! The nurse will help lift her—and the new baby— You have time if you're quick. Good-by."

... "Mary Brown! Mary Brown! The river is rising. Don't stop for anything. Get out of the house with your father. Is he sober to-night? Can he walk? ... Then *roll* him out. You'll drown if you don't. ... Good-by."

... "Mr. Henshaw? Mr. Henshaw, that you? There's a flood coming. Run and intercept Jenny on her way from the office. Don't go back home. Run!"

... "Helen Patterson? Helen Patterson! Isn't this 126, ring 3? Mrs. Patterson?—126—ring 3? Helen Patterson?"

The call-bell at 126, ring 3, remained unanswered. The operator's fingers flew along her plugs: 126, ring 4? But 126, ring 4, was silent, too.

"112? Is this 112? Aren't you there, 112? Why don't you answer me? I am Mrs. Raven. The dam is broken. Can't you speak? 112? Can't you *hear*?"

She rebuffed the truth from her as long as she could. She played upon the board bravely. She piled number upon number, selecting here and there, testing every wire on her map. She kept her head and her courage till this was done. Then for a moment her hands fell upon her lap, and her chin upon her breast.

But she collected herself quickly, and recalled with a dash of shame at her passing confusion that the up-stream wires still hung between herself and her headquarters. She rang up her manager,

nervously now, without waiting for him to answer:

"I have to report that my lower wires are down. They are *all* down. I can't notify my subscribers . . . any more. . . . I have done the best I could, sir. . . . I can't do anything . . . more."

She thought he tried to say, "Escape!" But if he replied at all, and she was not sure that he did, the word was cut off as if it had been slashed with a knife. At the same instant, suddenly and utterly the lights went out.

The operator's voice trailed away into beaten silence, and she stared about her into the oscillating darkness. The wires to headquarters were disabled, too. The last strand that connected her with the living world had snapped. The electric fire, so long her servant, had betrayed her. Up to now she had comforted herself by the sense of contact with humankind, with the living voices in the human homes for the sake of which she had ceased to think of herself or her young life. So profound and so absorbing was her sense of solitude that at first it half displaced from her consciousness what it signified to her. The ruin of the wires gave her the right to think of herself—to save herself.

She sprang, but the head-receiver—the signal of her official duty—held her. She removed it and went to the window. The floor, as she crossed it, swayed like a reeling bridge. She glanced at the river. It was an ocean of blackness, flogged by foam. She ran to the head of the stairs, but stopped to look out of the front window. She could swim—all the river girls could—and it suggested itself to her that, if the water were only quiet enough, she might yet make her way to land.

One look sufficed her. There was no longer any river; it had become a raving sea. The exchange stood, an island in a whirlpool. Perhaps it would continue to stand—it was a sturdy building. That was a reasonable chance, she thought, and she clung to it sensibly.

She felt her way to her seat at her switchboard, and from long habit, perhaps, put on her head-receiver, or it might have been that she still cherished a hope that the trouble men would be able to do something and repair the trunk wire.

In the dark she began to grope for her plugs and drops, feeling for the numbers that she knew almost as well by sense of touch as by sense of sight. There might still be a chance to warn some helpless family—some foolish, incompetent woman or disabled person. She reviewed her list of subscribers, name by name, asking whom she had omitted. It comforted her to believe that all the sick people had been told in time. She sat before her switchboard and thought of this.

Every one who has listened much to electric systems knows how impressive is their capacity for rhythmical sound. Wild weather strikes strange concords or discords from the local labyrinth. He could not have known the burden of his words who told us of "the music of the spheres," centuries before electricity was named or tamed.

The operator with her metal fillet on her head hears nothing of this inchoate harmony; only the obedient hum or the rebellious roar of her working line. But as she walks home on bitter nights beneath the frosted wires, or lies hearing their thrilling cry upon the roof above her tired head, she listens with the acute sentience of her calling. She cannot deafen to the overmastering voices as another might. Her auditory nerves are never at rest. Sleep scarcely assuages them. She longs for silence which she may not find. If she be at all a sensitive woman, or especially if she be a music-loving one, she fancies curious harmonies or dissonances even in the monotonous and maddening buzz of the wire whose bond-slave she is. The world to her is never still; it is an autocracy of electric sound.

Sarah Raven had been, in a simple, country fashion, a musical girl, and she had been used to imagine sometimes that the current and the weather, united or apart, played accompaniments, or struck melodies to the hymns and sacred songs by which the musical education of the village was chiefly bounded: little tinkling things that she had heard in churches and at weekly meetings—*Shall we gather at the river?* was one of them. There was another that she used to like:

"Sweet fields beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green."

Now the wires were rent and snarled and flung—dashed and drowned in air and water. Yet—how was this?—the great choral seemed to her to sweep along outside the rocking building, as sounds that have actually ceased continue to repeat themselves to overstrained ears. As she sat at her post awaiting her fate—this was now a matter of moments, but her thoughts and sensations seemed to cover a long time—as she sat there, patient and grand, she remembered that she had meant to pray for herself as she had been taught in her religiously trained childhood. There had not been any time to think of that. Who, with forty human homes to warn, could stop for such a thing?

Plainly, it had been impossible. She wondered if God would blame her because she had forgotten her own soul.

Now, stealing upon the brutal uproar in whose central cell she was imprisoned, there came to her consciousness the strains of one of the great hymns by the power of which men have lived and died for more than a hundred and fifty years of human struggle.

Upon the wings of many waters she could hear this borne past the tottering building. It seemed to her as if it had stopped to take her up and sweep her on with it; as a phalanx of soldiers with their bugles and drums might gather up some defenceless creature in a riot, and so protect him.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul!

"While the billows near me roll,
While the tempest still is high.

"Jesus, Lover of my soul!
Let me to Thy bosom fly."

The morning wore a wicked glitter. It showed a blazing, almost a blasting, sun, and there was no wind. But for the river it would have been a very quiet, cheerful day; one of the mornings when people hurry out-of-doors, laughing, and make up little picnics, and play with children, and smile at neighbors passing, and wish them good day with cheery hearts.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

IT SEEMED HALF A PITY TO INTRUDE UPON HER DREAM

But no one smiled that day throughout the valley. Tragic searching parties followed the river's new and fatal banks. Boats went down as soon as the torrent would hold them, and, swirling on snapping oars, hunted for signs of death or life. All the stalwart citizens offered themselves, and every man who could row or swim volunteered to leave no snag untouched, no eddy unexamined. A few persons floating on trees or roofs had been saved at dawn. More whom it was too late to save had been silently lifted and covered from sight. The old grocer ran to and fro calling shrilly:

"Where is Sarah Raven? Can't *anybody* find Mrs. Raven? Mebbe she's a livin' woman somewheres yet."

"He tried to put out in a boat for her last night," a compassionate neighbor said, "but he was oversot, and it's kinder crazed him."

Mary and Molly had followed the grocer, and stood childishly wringing their hands. For once in their little lives they did not talk. They felt ashamed to.

Midway of the morning there appeared a few men on horseback from the county-town. These were the officials of the Southwestern Telephone Company—the manager, the superintendent of construction, and one or two subordinates. Their rigid faces wore the look of overwrought and sleepless men who are divided between grief and action. They were silent, as men are in such a case, but they worked with the more formidable determination for that.

Six miles—eight miles—ten miles down the stream, a horse and afoot and by spinning boats, the search went past the people. But the river vindictively refused to them their heroine.

It was hot, still noon when a man, wading waist-deep beneath a flooded orchard, called loudly for help, and twenty ran and dashed into the water at his side.

Twelve miles below her own exchange the young operator lay among the trees; so quietly, one might have said, from the smile of her so happily, that it seemed half a pity to intrude upon her dream. Whatever it was, it had the sense of security that our dreams never know; and it would have been difficult to suppose, as one regarded her mercifully unmarred face, that she had ever suffered.

A mud-bespattered wagon with a limping horse that had followed the search since daylight stopped opposite the mute, bareheaded group. A large woman climbed down—a woman in a drabbed blue cotton dress with a soaked white apron; she plodded laboriously through the mud at the orchard's edge; she was sobbing without restraint.

"Gentlemen," she said, "bein' men-folks, I don't know's you'll feel to care so much to know it, but if she'd been my own—I never knew she warn't—and, gentlemen, it is the 29th of August—and that's her wedding-day."

The manager of the Telephone Company, her chief from the upper town, rode splashing through the water and stood uncovered before Sarah Raven.

"She saved a good many," he said, speaking with difficulty. "She's got that comfort. It's more than most of us will ever get in this world. As nearly as we can tell, there are fifty persons alive to-day that . . . if it hadn't been for *her* . . ."

He could not finish what he was saying; but the old grocer, half crazed, fell upon his knees in the water.

"Lord," he cried, "forgive us our trespasses! Question is whether we're *wuth* it, Lord!"

Now it was seen that the manager had asked leave to help carry her through the flooded trees. He looked down upon her proudly as he waded at her side.

"For the honor of the company," he thought.

But her stepmother babbled as she sobbed:

"She'd oughter been buried in her wedding-dress. But it's gone—with everything else. She ain't even a home to her dear body to be laid out in."

"Every home left standing is hers to-day, madam," the chief answered, with emotion. "But that is the company's privilege. She is not yours any longer, madam; she is ours. No, she is not ours—she is the world's."

He stooped and touched her with a solemn reverence. The head-receiver, with its Greek look, was still fastened upon her bright hair. When some one would have removed it, the chief refused.

"We will not disturb that crown," he said.

Editor's Easy Chair

MUSIC at meat is not a joy about which there cannot be two minds. With some it gets into the viands and dilutes the drinks until they have no absolute flavor of their own, and with others it promotes indigestion by tending to distraction in which a feeder, the least gluttonous by nature, falls a prey to involuntary voracity. It will either do this, or it will so take off his attention that he will rise from the table filled mainly with sweet sounds. For some such reasons, probably, music has been banished from the feasts of kings and nobles, and those who emulate them, until now it is heard only at those public banquets where the harp and the sackbut prelude the strains of after-dinner oratory. It used to accompany the midday meal at the summer resorts of the old American pattern, notably Saratoga and Niagara and the Catskills and White Mountains, and for all we know it does so still; but it is no longer heard in the hostelryes of the greater cities. Some of the fashionable restaurants still have it in a refined and subdued sort, but it is now chiefly purveyed, in the metropolis at least, in the humbler places which you will find advertised in a group on the last page of your paper under the heading, "Where to Dine," with the abbreviated lure, "Td., 60 cts. Wine. Music." There it is offered in the guise of something for nothing, which always takes the fancy, and upon these terms it is rather growingly in favor. In the long waits which the hurrying but not hurried service leaves between the courses, it is not so bad; and, in fact, the plaintive murmur of the mandolin playing through the song of the Italian tenor, if heard at the far end of the room, is of a charm which we should be the last to deny.

Even then it has not the merit of music after meat, which seems to free all the peptic juices to their work, and to invite to those winged slumbers in which

a moment's unconsciousness does the effect of a whole night's sleep. The orchestra at the opera is almost a necessary evil, and at the play it is almost a good, if it can be kept reasonably quiet; it should there be restricted to a few stringed instruments of attenuated tone; but at the circus the band may bray out all it likes: nobody can be the worse for it in that large air. For entire inoffensiveness, however, music on a steamboat, if shut off promptly at ten o'clock, is best; but this does not apply to music by the second-cabin band on steamers: that is purely a nuisance, and spoils the joy of meals even for those who would not be seasick. Time was, and not so very long ago, when this affliction was peculiar to the steamers of the German lines, and their comparative cheapness was impaired by the subscription of ten marks for the band at the end of the voyage. But now the contagion has spread to liners of all languages. Well does one of the many friends of the Easy Chair remember, when he had taken passage on a Cunarder (or was it a White Star?) in the just hope of crossing the Atlantic in peace and quiet, with what dismay he was filled on being met with the infuriate bang of the second-cabin band as he entered the dining-room. Amid the clash of cutlery and the clatter of crockery, the dreadful noise surged on, and no one could hear himself speak, much less his neighbor, if she was soft of voice and subtle of wit. The bores, indeed, made themselves heard (as where will they not?), but even they could not drown the band; and then at the end of the voyage there were ten shillings to pay for the suffering borne. Added to this was the bitterness of the disappointment, the failure of hope for the future. If the Cunarders, with their conservative tradition, and their habit of never losing a passenger, had yielded, there was an end of confidence. What avail wireless

equipment, and printed news from home four days out; what the improved cuisine, the increased civility, the more reasoned prices, the broken records, if a second-cabin band is to shriek and bray the whole way over, twice every day in the dining-room, and once on the quarter-deck (wherever that is) at the hour of the afternoon tea? Four days, twenty-three hours, fifty minutes, and forty-seven seconds are longer than whole peaceful weeks without such a band; in vain is speed increased and the path of commerce shortened.

On his last return from Europe, when this frequentative exile's mind was divided between joy at escaping from his London lodging and fear of his native customs examinations, he was pleased to find himself at the farthest possible remove from the band the first day at luncheon, and he bore its music fairly well. If it was not going to be any worse than *that!* But the following day the piano had been put next to his table, and all the horns and drums and viols were touching elbows with him. He lived to tell the tale to the head steward, who will always sympathize with any one on any ground, in view of his ten shillings tip; and the head steward said it was the captain's orders; he hinted that the victim might speak to the captain, but there was no promise in his hint. It was with a brightening and gladdening eye, however, that he suggested a change of place for the victim, and he found him a seat at the very farthest corner of the dining-room, and let him have the same steward, for whom he had formed a lifelong attachment on the previous day.

The biography of this steward would lead us too far from our theme (whatever it is), but we may at least intimate that he had once been on the variety stage, and that at the charity concert which no Christian steamer fails of, the last night out, he sang beautifully, with no band to bellow him down. He sang *I wore her picture next me 'eart* (has the reader ever heard of it? for it should be on the lips of all the people), and he illustrated the loyalty of the hero by producing from his bosom photograph after photograph of differing dear ones till they formed a thick pack.

But all this is struggling and strag-

gling in the effort to lead up to or back to the orchestral concert which seems to offend least on a Hudson River or Sound steamboat. Say, therefore, it was on a Sound boat that two elderly persons sat listening one night in the early spring of this year to instruments not so deadly as some other shawms and cymbals. They were brother and sister by their looks, and in a family likeness of temperament they were able to sweeten the uses of adversity by forgetting the music, and going off into reveries and quiet colloquies. Their fellow listeners amused them, and interested when they did not amuse, by suggesting question of who they all were and where they came from. It was yet too soon for the nobility and gentry to be going down to Newport in their advance-guard of maids and grooms, and all those passengers could not be Canadians returning from the annual cut-rate excursions to New York. Canadiennes, at least, you can nearly always know by a fine fury of feather and fur in their equipment, and none of those present was noticeably Canadienne. Who, then, could she have been, who unduly pervaded space in a vast whorl of Merry Widow hat, and dwindled to Directoire dimensions below in the general figure of a parachute? She was really no larger than the Merry Widower beside her, as she came down the saloon, all crushed strawberry and black plume; but when she took her place near the elderly brother and sister, she had much the advantage of him in chin. He, in fact, had only the common chin of North America, and hers weighed down her profile, which was not bad. They were clearly bridal, as appeared when she put her ungloved hands together genteelly on one knee, and showed her wedding-ring amid the glint and glow of other rings. But what immediately struck the kind eyes looking her over was the large make and work-hardened shape of those hands. Their size and coarseness were nothing against them or her, but their incongruity with the splendor of their jewels somewhat grieved. Yet would it really have been better if she had not put on that splendor and so satisfied a barren sense of consistency in her beholders? It was once in a way, once in a life; she would put off her splendor in whatever

simple home she was going to, and in her every-day clothes would get supper with these large, able hands, her Merry Widow hat and her crushed strawberry Directoire hung up in the clean, fresh-smelling new bedroom closet.

What was clear was that the Merry Widower was as satisfied with her as she was with herself. She was his bride, his wife, his woman, and he let her bedizen herself to their common glory. The men have nearly all now delegated the bedizening to the women; it is the hen-bird of our species which wears the glories worn by the cock-birds of all others, and very lovely she looks in them, though sometimes a little funny.

Besides this crushed-strawberry bride there sat near the brother and sister a group of quite young maidens, not over sixteen or eighteen years old, who were also very dear and somewhat droll to see. They were the hardy buds which, later in the season, would blossom into summer girls, but as yet they were folded in the green sheath of the dreams which were to be experiences more or less unlike the dreams. Meanwhile the pretty dears wore hats of the milliners' latest design. Some of their hats were designs in a double sense, and betrayed their ideals. There were of course the popular peach-baskets, but there was also one hat which gave the beholder the sense of a swelled cheek in the wearer, and it was only in a belated analysis of this impression that the elderly brother realized that it was a disproportion of the hat brim on one side which caused it; on that side it was a foot wide, and on the other only six inches.

But who had imagined such a hat? One of the wearers of the hats was in elbow-sleeves, and the brother said, dreamily, "I thought elbow-sleeves had gone out." "They have," the sister answered, and then he realized, "Ah! There is a Reason," and in fact the child had lovely round arms.

Fashion is not everything in hats or sleeves; personal taste and ambition may have something to do with them, as they may with the female figure, so increasingly beyond the male stature. The sister belonged to the modest generation of women who were five feet four, in the measure of the Medicean Venus, and she

had suffered much in New York from the crushing height of the giantesses whom she had seen about the streets as Maypoles walking. Her shame for them continued on the boat, where they went round towering over the men, and even sat higher. Where was it all to end, she asked, and it seemed too probably in the clouds. She asked the question, with others, while the music played on with unwonted inoffensiveness; and she wondered with the brother what had become of the mother and daughter whose table was next theirs at dinner, and who had waited so long a half-hour for their order, that he ventured to express a generous indignation for them. He said they had been outrageously neglected, and the daughter owned it was rather trying, for they had wished not to miss any of the music. He had noted with what a delicate and distinguished politeness she had treated the delinquent waiter, and when at last those sweet ladies' simple dinner came, he noted with what forgiving kindness she accepted the waiter's uncouth excuses. It was one of those chances which spread a rosy light over the harsh face of travel, and he was very willing for some afterglow of it at the mitigated music. But in vain he searched, and his sister searched in vain, for those ladies among their fellow listeners. He had to take it out in romancing their derivation and identity and destination, and we should be ashamed to say what flights his fancy took. It is to his honor that it was as gladly employed with the mother as with the daughter in whom he felt one equal quality of beautiful behavior, with a pang for the rarity of such manners as theirs among us. They were unmistakably Americans, but they seemed refined and engentled by a different world from ours: republicans whom long association with princesses had contented to return to their native circumstance and spread the winning and endearing influence of a breeding too high for impatience, too kind for condescension.

Perhaps it was the thought of this, the sense of it, that enabled him to bear the band with unfailing fortitude. He could not remember ever to have sat through a steamboat concert before, but here he was sitting through this without a murmur. Was he always hoping that those

lovely ladies would yet appear? He controlled his anger when the placard at the leader's stand announced the first "By Request" piece, and he was rewarded by finding it merely substituted for the proper number, and not put in to lengthen the concert.

The lovely ladies never came; perhaps they had been so enfeebled by their long fast before dinner that they were not able to come; and in their cabin somewhere the daughter was quieting her mother to sleep, with a book or with talk. But the crushed-strawberry bride came again and again; except that she seemed constantly seated near, she seemed always coming down the long aisles between the staterooms, a drifting parachute which has reached the earth. Doubtless as a human girl she did not touch it, but was soaring high in a heaven of hopes and joys. He tormented himself, that poor elderly brother, with a thousand guesses at what was going on in her mind. Did her Directoire gown, did her Merry Widow hat, satisfy her as fully as they seemed to do? How did the Merry Widower really look to her? As much like a god as he ought, or like the decent average young business man he was? Of what quality were her dreams, what was her ideal of bliss? This, perhaps: being on a Sound boat, and going home in glory to the suburban neighborhood, and the neat new wooden house of eight rooms in which the elderly brother settled them. It would be long before that bright parachute would settle herself in it; long would she skim the carpets of those Sound boat aisles, or rest listening to that concert. The elderly brother tried to contrive some relation for the crushed-strawberry bride with his lovely ladies, but it would not work; there was no American material for it; they would have been gently willing enough, but she would have been too proud; and rightly, he owned with a sigh.

"Are you getting tired of the music?" his sister asked, knowing his make.

"Oh, no. It has given me very pleasant dreams. I don't say I should have liked so much music at meat, but here I have really enjoyed it all."

"Well; and this is the last piece."

"I'm almost sorry," he said, looking round once, and once more in vain, for the lovely ladies.

It is one of the losses of travel, not only on the Sound boats, but in various other conveyances and places of sojourn, that you have glimpses of beauty in behavior which you would like for your pleasure and profit to accompany you through life, but which pass from you like the sense of sunset or of June weather. We will not say that this elderly man woke early and left his stateroom as soon as he could in the hope of seeing his lovely ladies yet again before they had time to go ashore; very likely the rumble and clatter of putting off freight at Fall River had much to do with his premature activity. But in any case they were nowhere to be found, and in vain he looked for them in the parlor car after he had failed of them in the breakfast-room. Possibly they had got off at Newport, while he still slept; and possibly they were like all the summer dwellers there, or such of them as do not get so much into the newspapers as some others. In any case he was sensible of being a better if not a wiser man for having even so briefly met them, and he wished they might always travel, and diffuse their sweet civilization wherever they went. The waiter whom they had taught that endearing lesson of patience might impart it to the passenger he next served, and so forge the second link in an endless chain of good manners, and help bind our whole continent together in mutual courtesies. The brother and sister did not think this too much to expect, as sun came up over the landscape which the winter had lately left, and the young maples in the greening lowlands made a feint of being, with their soft pink buds, so many peach trees in bloom.

Editor's Study

IT is done at last—a big piece of work long waiting to be done. The Shakespeare puzzle has tormented us for half a century—from the time of its invention by Delia Bacon, with Bacon as Claimant, to the recent publication in England of George Greenwood's *The Shakespeare Problem Restated*. Now, Mark Twain, incited by this latest publication—his interest freshly awakened in a subject which, from the time it began to be a subject, had engaged his attention—enters the field with a book which should put an end to the controversy forever and restore all minds which have been perturbed by it to that normal mood which prevailed in the early fifties, before Delia Bacon's appearance.

"Away back in that ancient day"—as Mark Twain phrases it—people read Shakespeare without any doubt as to his authorship, without looking for ingenious cryptograms—whereby some other writer, anxious to conceal his claims for his own generation, sought no less anxiously to reveal them to posterity,—accepting this wonderful achievement of human genius with unmixed delight. There were questions which naturally arose, but they had arisen with reference to every other transcendent genius which had emerged on this planet. They were the old questions suggested by a mighty visible greatness incommensurable with its visible source. But the readers of that time were easily reminded that, among Shakespeare's literary contemporaries, Marlowe was the son of a shoemaker, Spenser the son of a poor tailor, and John Webster—ranking next to Shakespeare as dramatist—was himself a tailor. The instances of great men of humble birth and of limited early opportunity are innumerable.

In that old time, little more than half a century ago, commentators dwelt upon the legal knowledge displayed in Shakespeare's writings and wondered how he had acquired it; but, the question of au-

thorship not having been raised, this was accepted as a part of the still greater wonder. Then again it was a surprise that one who evidently was moderately versed in Latin, French, and Italian had no direct knowledge of Greek and, in his dependence upon North's translation of Plutarch, copied the translator's careless mistakes; also that, knowing so much, he betrayed such ignorance of European geography.

It is true that before the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy was thrust upon us there was a good deal of ignorant idolatry of the great poet. He was placed upon a pedestal and openly worshipped. His fame was inviolable, his art infallible. This at least was not normal. Idolatry begets scepticism; it is in itself an eclipse of the real personality. The human lineaments disappear. While to those blinded by the mists of this superstition the sudden appearance of a hitherto unsuspected claimant of these high honors may have seemed as blasphemous as it was rude, to some of the more intelligent it seemed a welcome distraction. It would prove a failure, but for the time it would be sanative. It would hurt to cure, if this multitude of idolaters were brought face to face with the imminent destruction of their idol—just the idea of it would be redemptive. To blot out Shakespeare—to destroy every visible earthly token of his fame, even for a brief season—would restore him in his reality and integrity. Possibly then men might speak of him in such simple terms as Ben Jonson did when he called him "The applause, delight, and wonder of our stage"—Ben Jonson, who also dared to say that "Shakespeare had no art!"

The obliterators made a poor job of it. They dabbled. Their chief mistake was that they began at the wrong end. They stood provided beforehand with a substitute to fill the place they were about to make empty. But they helped to

break a mischievous illusion. There is nothing more fascinating to the common mind than a puzzle. When, as in this case, men felt called upon to show cause for their belief in the literary existence of a writer who for three hundred years had held undisputed supremacy as the greatest of poets, it was but a step from apology to unhampered criticism. To what extreme lengths literary criticism has gone, on the ruinous side, one sees in the comment of Tolstoy and Bernard Shaw. As to the man—apart from his reputation for wit among his London comrades and the affection which these comrades had for him—we have been brought to see mainly the practical side of him and how prominent it was, in his business as theatrical manager and, after his retirement to Stratford, as a thrifty financier. If we look for a parallel to such practical ability, combined with genius, we find it in Molière, a generation later.

Thrift was a notable characteristic of the great men of Shakespeare's time—such men as Raleigh and Bacon—in the latter's case emphatically "the thrift that follows fawning." It was an age of action, of romantic enthusiasms, of rare speculation. Shakespeare's dramatic career began with that of the drama itself. It was for him a voyage of discovery. It was the wind of his creative genius that brought him into a prosperous port; but it was always as piratical a voyage as any upon the high seas in his time. He was the greatest plunderer of his or any other age. He took anything in sight that would serve his ends, and he seems to have discerned everything worth taking and to have made the most and the best of it. As Sir Edward Sullivan has shown, he took, word for word, from Holinshed that very legal phraseology which has been adduced to show his intimate familiarity with the Salic law. He had the most alert assimilation of any writer in the whole field of literature, as he had the quickest and surest intuition, and what he assimilated was transformed in the alchemy of his marvellous genius.

Then there were the collaborations. Shakespeare sought the assistance of contemporary playwrights to such an extent that in some of his plays it is difficult

to apportion the work and say what was his and what was theirs. Only in some passages we feel sure, since none but Shakespeare could have written them.

All this "stage business" was brought into the foreground by Shakesperean study, as the mere actualities of the poet's life had been by the controversialists. We saw the outward and professional, not the real Shakespeare. We saw the man bent upon success. Doubtless he enjoyed to the full the felicity of the success, but the miracle in it was as far beyond his sounding as it is beyond ours.

Now, without a sense of this miracle, no one can comprehend the essential Shakespeare—Shakespeare the creator. The predatory Mercury we may follow, and make a list of his various purloinings, but the winged god on the heaven-kissing hill is far away from all this merchandise.

The discussion of the great dramatist's constructive art dealt with effects in many respects alien to our sensibility, making him seem remote from us, and delivering him over to the clutches of Shaw and Tolstoy; it did not disclose the quality of his genius. His characterization, in so far as it is creative or intuitive, helps to a true vision; but it has another aspect, as of something fashioned—and it is generally this side of it which is uppermost in the minds of those who comment upon his "knowledge of human nature," meaning by that his acquired knowledge *about* human nature—a kind of Polonian sagacity, which makes a poor show, though not quite so mean as that displayed in Bacon's advice to Essex how to curry favor at court. The only practical knowledge of human nature which Shakespeare had was that which best served him in his profession; he knew better than any contemporary dramatist how to captivate at the same time the court and the crowd. Ben Jonson was probably right when he said it was not art, according to academic standards, but it was, for his time, effective; and something entered into the whole effect from the dramatic master's poetic imagination, lifting it out of the field of merely practical wisdom—something which brought it into the field of wonder and became its deathless distinction for all time.

Now, whatever wonder emerges on this earth, whether divine or human, it becomes in time belittled or eclipsed. What is essential in it escaping comprehension, that which is accidental is seized upon and made the subject of endless comment, controversy, and conjecture. This has happened to Shakespeare. Ignorant worship hid him by enshrining him, and prepared the way for the Shakespeare-Bacon controversy. Then iconoclastic criticisms followed and seemed to reduce the poet to such mean proportions that almost there seemed to be no prize worth fighting for. During recent years there has been a lull in the controversy; and but for the "Restatement," Mark Twain would have relegated the whole matter, for what he had to say about it, to his *Autobiography*. As it is, we are fortunate in having another glimpse of that rich treasury of humor, every chapter of which is a psychical disclosure without losing its fun.

In entering the field, Mark Twain seems to take up the thread of discussion where he dropped it fifty years ago when, just for argument's sake, he had held Bacon's brief against Shakespeare in his debates with the Mississippi pilot. He had even then gone deeply enough into the merits of the question to fix upon the legal knowledge displayed in Shakespeare's dramas as the pivotal point of the problem. That was a long time ago, and the old pilot is dead, but almost we can imagine this stormy Ealer still listening to Mark's discourse, and chuckling to himself at finding that, in the interval, his old antagonist has not yet been quite convinced by his own argument—not to the point of asserting Bacon's authorship—and that he allows Shakespeare a stable tenure for three centuries to come.

What the humorist's purpose is in this undertaking is an impertinent question. We are always asking what the author has in *mind* and just what he *means*. It must have made Cervantes very sad when all Europe assumed that his *Don Quixote* was intended to make chivalry ridiculous, when his whole heart was given to chivalry! He was a humorist—the Mark Twain of the sixteenth century. The humorous phase of the theme appealed to his genius, with no reference

to any rational purpose; his humor selected and determined every lineament of his pathetically idealistic story; all his sympathies were engaged, as he expected those of his readers would be, in his tender impersonation. After all, he found that he had buried what he had sought rather to exalt—so far apart may be the writer's motive from his effect upon readers who are blind to that and looking for some ulterior mental object. The one thing a humorist cannot escape is his humor. The one thing the reader cannot escape is the effect of it upon himself, as determined by his temperament and mental constitution.

It is a humorist's privilege to write, if he chooses, simply for the entertainment of his readers—just to give them the joy of laughing. It is his fate that this office is always expected of him. If he wishes serious attention, he must conceal his identity—as Mark Twain did when he wrote the *Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc*. His humor will not desert him even then, but it will be seen to be as incidental as it is inevitable. When he appears in his accustomed rôle, he may wear a mask, if he will, or be as downrightly himself as he chooses to be. The reader is left just as free; usually he is satisfied if he is sufficiently interested or amused.

In the particular case now presented, the reader who cherishes the Shakespeare tradition has the comfort of it, with an undisturbed lease of three centuries, and may take his amusement without alarm.

This comforting assurance, though given in due time, is not imparted at the outset, where we are confronted by the startling question in the title of the book, *Is Shakespeare Dead?* That properly belongs at the end, when, to the reader of average intelligence, every vestige of Shakespeare, except his dreary epitaph, seems to have been swept off the face of the earth. There he stands—this reader—in some such amazement as overtook Jean Paul Richter after his dream that God was dead, and, looking around him upon the blank wilderness, repeats the awful question. Then there flashes upon his mind, like a wholly fresh wonder, the living world which Shakespeare created, and he asks, "Who, then, *was* the creator of this marvellous world?"

Possibly this is the effect which the humorist wished to produce. We cannot say. He stands like a Sphinx in the desert he has made and only echoes the question, "Who?"

But the effect has been produced. For Mark Twain is no dabbler. Nothing has been permitted to enter the view which could disturb the illusion of utter obliteration. Every debatable fact, or hypothetically alleged fact, of Shakespeare's life has vanished for lack of evidence, of even a witness or a scrap of writing. How stupendous appears the fatuity of the Stratfordians in laying stress upon these phantoms and in trying to fit out Shakespeare with an equipment logically adequate to the mighty achievement!

And this gigantic obliterator comes provided beforehand with no substitute to fill the immense vacancy. He leaves it to others to suggest one. He quotes a chapter from the "Restatement" giving the opinions of eminent authorities who lay especial stress on Shakespeare's intimate knowledge of the law—one of these, Lord Penzance, going so far as to say that "at every turn and point at which the author required a metaphor, simile, or illustration, his mind ever turned *first* to the law. He seems almost to have *thought* in legal phrases." Of course Bacon occurs to the mind, and is convenient, as his life overlaps Shakespeare's at both ends. Mark Twain quotes the brilliant Macaulay to show the wit, imagination, mental attainments, and actual achievements of this great Elizabethan. But he does not attempt to put him in Shakespeare's place. Having shown the futility of one set of conjectures which the Stratfordians have been so busy with, he declines to incur the imputation of a like folly by constructing a new set, to build up just another Shakespeare. Then, too much is known about Bacon—an accumulation of precise biography which discourages invention. He wrote the best imaginative prose of his time, but showed in it no leaning to legal metaphor. Besides, he wrote some poetry, which—well, it is better than the epitaph! There is a Baconian Wonder, but it is not like the Shakespearean Wonder.

If John Webster had been a score of years earlier in his appearance upon the

stage, he might have served as a substitute. Some of his plays stand upon a level with Shakespeare's. Of his actual life, apart from his dramatic writings, nothing is known except that he was a tailor—not even the date of his birth; we know twenty times as much about Shakespeare. To him might have been attributed the whole Shakespeare repertory, making allowance for collaborations, if he had not been out of time.

As the case is left by Mark Twain, in complete suspense, Shakespeare, for the reader of average intelligence, resumes his place. Logically the achievement was one for which he had no equipment. But genius transcends logic. He could not, from any rational point of view, have written the works—therefore he wrote them, and so the Wonder stands, beyond the reach of controversy.

There was another marvellous personality, two centuries before Shakespeare, now the Beatified Maid. What was the equipment of this Joan of Arc for *her* achievement? She could not read or write, could not ride, and had never handled a sword, when, still in her teens, she was placed by the Dauphin in command of his troops, and, clad in white armor, mounted a white war-horse, lifted her white standard, and within a week had raised the siege of Orleans—turning a defeat into victory—and redeemed France. The story of her life has been written by many authors, but by none has the miracle been disclosed with greater power and simplicity than by Mark Twain. All the controversies which the theme had naturally aroused were swept out of sight.

That was serious work. The humorist's method in this Shakespeare case is different, but the effect upon the average reader is the same. The controversy is forever destroyed, and only the miracle of Shakespeare remains.

There is another class of readers, who are specially informed, knowing, as Mark himself does, every verifiable and significant fact relating to Shakespeare, and who have never had a doubt as to his authorship of the plays and poems bearing his name. It is this considerable portion of Mark Twain's audience who will get the most fun out of his humorous exposition of the mock combat.

Editor's Drawer

Captain Parkinson's Ghost Cure

BY CLARENCE B. KELLAND

"CAP'N PARKINSON he was a peculiar feller an' firm fixed an' immutable into his opinions on subjec's," announced Cap'n Saturn Horgin, as he prepared to drop his fish-line into the river. "That there sailor-man was as full of beliefs an' not-b'iefs as a sand scow is o' fleas—an' th' way he stuck to th'm was more so th'n a fly to a pitchy deck."

The old fellow chewed ruminatively as he gazed across the St. Clair River. Evidently he was conning over his friend's eccentricities.

"Ya-as. Among other things, that there Parkinson he didn't b'lieve in ghosts. It was a sayin' of his'n that the onl' spirits there was was them yuh cud drink outen a glass. Time an' agin I've seen him standin' onto th' deck of th' ol' *Jenny M.* jus' a-delugin' th' worl' with th'm there i-connyclastic theories of his'n.

"'Ghosts,' says he, 'ain't.' Th'm was his conclussions, an' nobody couldn't move him outen 'em no easier 'n yuh cud a air-ship outen a dredge.

"One day Cap'n Parkinson jus' finished coalin' up to M'rine City an' was waitin' t' give th' order to cast off, when a feller dressed up to capty-vate th' fleetin' affections of th' fee-male sect come scramblin' over th' rail.

"'Howdy, Cap'n Parkinson?' says he.

"'Howdy? An' who be yuh, an' what'n you doin' onto this here vessel? Git!' responds Cap'n, irritated an' lackin' p'liteness an' polish.

"T'other feller didn't do nothin' but brush th' dust off'n his gloves an' smile. He walks up to th' bridge an' leans agin' th' railin', jus' like he don' care none how big a plug he can git f'r a nickle.

"'I hear yuh don't b'lieve in no ghosts,' says th' Dressed-up Feller, tentative an' enquirin' like.

"'Tain't none of yer ding-donged, bang-banged

biz'ness what I b'lieves er fails to put my trust into,' Cap'n states. 'I don't allow no dudes onto this here vessel. Yuh gather th'm Sabbath garments aroun' yuh an' git outa here, afore I unpacks my quarrelsome dispy-sition an' chucks yuh clean onto th' dock.'

"'My, hain't he rough!' sighs Dressed-up Feller. 'Hain't he jus' a tough ol' cust'mer—an' he don't put no credit into ghosts, neither. Jus' think o' that!' He shakes his head sad-like yit admirin' an' looks at Cap'n sorrowful an' compassionate.

"Cap'n he ponders w'ich fist he'll select f'r th' sad duty of knockin' Dressed-up Feller plum past th' hori-zon.

"'I won't tetch yuh,' he growls. 'Nothin' but a Sweede deck-hand cud grab onto th'm clo's 'thout gittin' spiled by perfumery.'

"'Hey, Ole! Yon!' he calls, vociferous like an' commandin'. At th'm words two fellers comes up rapid an' enquirin'.

"'D'yuh see that there walkin' tailor-shop? That there amb'latory perfumery-bottle? That there gangle-legged dude with a canal down th' middle of his hair? D'yuh?'

"Ole an' Yon gazes intent at th' Dressed-up Feller an' then gazes at each other.



"OLE HE GITS A WHALLOP INTO TH' STABBOARD OPTIC"

Then they gazes back at Dressed-up Feller agin.

"'I bane see heem,' says Ole, Sweedishly.

"'I bane seen heem, too,' shouts Yon, proud jus' like he'd diskivered N' York State two days ahead of th' Dutch.

"'Chuck him off'n this here vessel. Grasp that there b'iled-shirt dressmaker's dummy an' pitch him further 'n th' wind kin waft back th' odors of th'm sashay powders he's wearin'—which same is nause'us in th' extreme.'

"Ole an' Yon approached Dressed-up Feller b'liggerent an' pleasure-seekin'. He don' 'pear to be wastin' no amazin' quantity of nerv'usness onto their doin's a-tall. Smilin' pleasant-like an' affyble, he waits th' comin' of th' furriners. Cap'n he watches too, expectin' to d'rive consid'able amoosement outa th' spectacle of Dressed-up Feller navigatin' th' air involuntary. Th'm navigations never takes place, howsumever. Not th'm.

"Ole he forms hissself into a flankin' party an' comes at Dressed-up Feller fr'm th' right side. Yon he does sim'lar fr'm th' left exposure. W'en there the attackin' forces is ready, both makes a dive f'r th' en'my blind an' vicious.

"Ole he gits a whallop into th' stab-board optic an' Yon's th' recip'ent of a slam into th' ribs. But 'tain't Dressed-up Feller that inflicts th'm inj'ries—it's their-selves. Each of them Sweedes shuts his eyes an' sails in promisc'ous an' savage, thinkin' to expurgate Dressed-up Feller entire an' rapid. But Dressed-up Feller wa'n't a candidate f'r revision—in fact, he wa'n't there a-tall. Cap'n he can't see how it happens, but it looks to him 's if Ole an'

Yon dives right through th' dude an' come together terrific in his midst. Anyhow, th' intended victim stands leanin' agin' th' rail graceful an' smilin' an' apparently payin' no heed to th' turmoil goin' on among him.

"'Bully fight. Ain't it, Cap'n?' he asks, p'lite an' int'rusted.

"Perty soon Ole an' Yon rolls to th' deck an' continooes skirmishin' all th' way aft, bein' under th' d'lusion they was rastlin' with th' Dressed-up Feller.

"'Who be yuh?' asks Cap'n, bewildered some an' wonderin'.

"'Never yuh mind who I be. Le's be fren's 'fore I go. Shake an' we'll call it square.'

"Cap'n he's consid'able mollified an' forgivin', so he extends his hand to give Dressed-up Feller a squeeze. He grabs at th' hand that's stuck out to him an' closes onto it. There ain't no results—he finds he's jus' doubled up his fist. His fingers went right through th' digits of th' dude. This makes Cap'n furious mad, an', havin' his fist all doubled up to use, he slams it at th' pervokin' party, aimin' to knock his head square off'n his shoulders. Th' feller never moves. Cap'n sees his fist mash up agin' th' enemy's chin an' continoo clean through like 's if there wa'n't nothin' there a-tall.

"'Suff'rin' catfish!' gasps Cap'n. 'Who be yuh?'

"'I,' says Dressed-up Feller, 'am a committee. Hearin' yuh didn't harbor no b'liefs into ghosts, I come to interview on th'm subjec's. I'm th' miss'nary to this here region fr'm th' Sassiety of Orthodox Ghosts, an' I find devolvin' onto me th' dooty of convertin' yuh if possible. I'm a shade myself, yuh see, an' nacherally I dislikes havin' folks think I ain't. I be. Here, yuh; stick yer finger into enny part of my anatymy an' see f'r yerself. That's th' idee—poke hard. Yuh see, I'm here an' yit I ain't here. I'm a gen-u-ine spook.'

"'I don't b'lieve th'm words,' says Cap'n. 'Ghosts ain't. Yuh air a hunk outa a nightmare. I'm a-dream-in' an' I'll wake up perty soon. Yuh can't bamboozle me into b'lievin' into no ghosts with no sich tricks, yuh can't.'

"'I got orders to stick by yuh till you does b'lieve,' said Dressed-up Feller. 'An' I'll stick. Git th' spare cabin ready f'r me. I'll put up there.'

"'Yuh'll not,' ree-plies Cap'n, distinc' an' p'remp-tory. 'Yuh git off'n this here craft. Th' rules of th' comp'ny says there can't be no passengers aboard. Git afore I chucks yuh.'



"'GIMME IT, QUICK!' HE HOLLERS"

"Yuh jus' c'lected a few edifyin' experiences concernin' th' carryin' out of that there promus,' says Dressed-up Feller."

"Cap'n makes a rush f'r th' feller, who never moves a inch. Parkinson was a wonderful powerful ol' sailorman, an' he grabs as hard as he kin. But his arms goes right through that there party like he was gatherin' a armful of fog."

"See?" asks Dressed-up Feller. "'Tain't no use. Yuh can't git rid of me 'til yuh says yuh b'lieves I'm a ghost."

"I won't never make no sich deceivin' statement," says Cap'n.

"I lingers 'til yuh does," says Dressed-up Feller, like 's if he don't care a darn how long it takes.

"I tells yuh yuh ain't," howls Cap'n. "Orders is that there ain't to be no passengers onto this here boat. Orders is orders—they ain't nothin' else—an' I sticks to th'm. Yuh git yer laigs into action an' cease infestin' this here place."

"But Dressed-up Feller he on'y laughs an' walks to th' spare cabin, where he lays down an' goes to sleep ca'm an' placid as a sturgeon onto a sand-bar."

"Cap'n he don' know what in blazes to do. He sees plain he can't git th' feller off'n th' boat 'thout he admits there is ghosts, which, bein' sot an' stubborn, he ain't disposed to do. Despairin'ly he rushes off to th' telegraft office an' sends a message to th' comp'ny sayin': 'Passenger aboard. He won't git off. What 'll I do?'"

"Answer comes back prompt an' p'remptory: 'Kick him off.'"

"Cap'n wires back: 'Can't make out to do it. There ain't nothin' a kick 'll take effect onto.'"

"Back comes orders: 'Kick him off, anyhow.'"

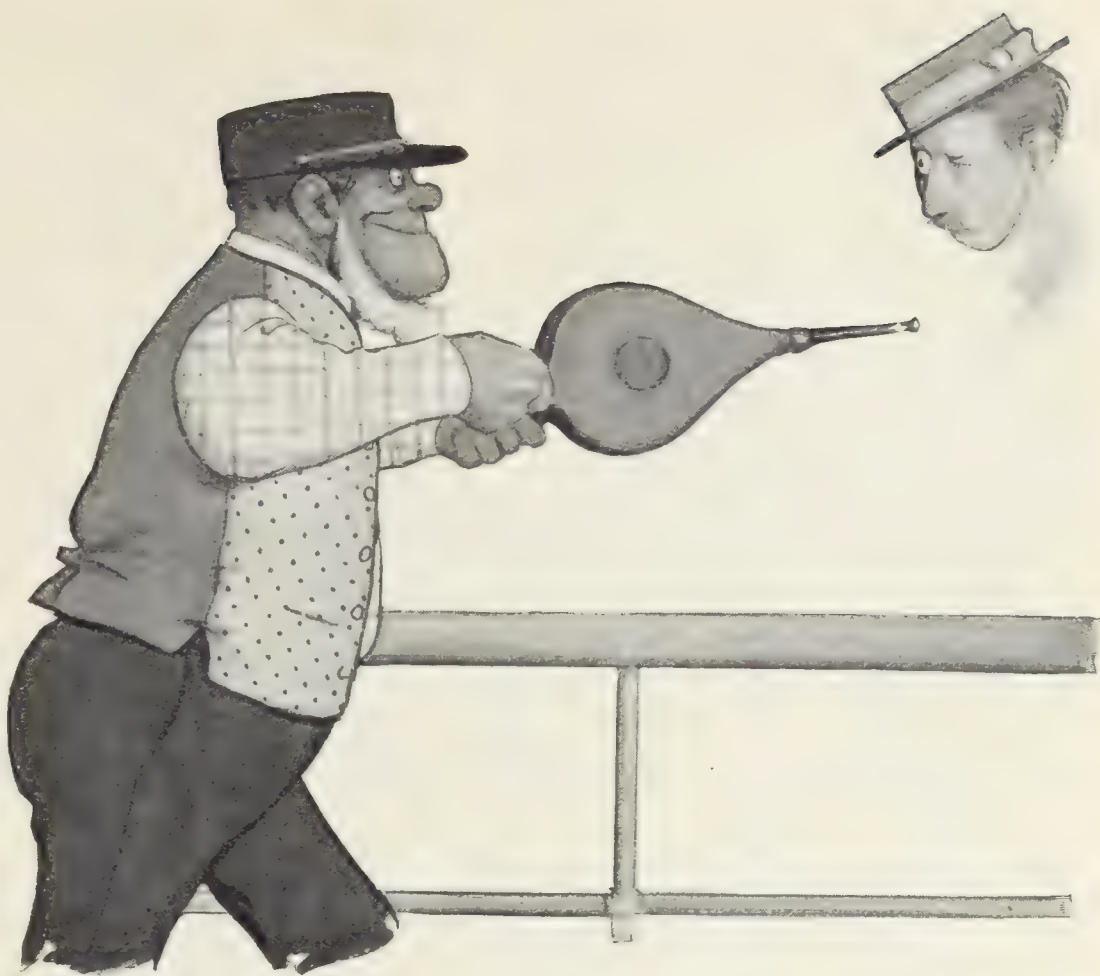
"Wa-al, things is goin' perty bad f'r Cap'n. He's walkin' down to th' vessel feelin' mighty low in his mind an' dubious. All to oncet he looks into a drug-store winder an' sees a magyzine a-hangin' there with readin' into it bearin' th' title: 'How to Tame a Ghost.' Cap'n utters a whoop of dee-light an' dashes in. He approaches th' clerk like he was a cannibal done outa a meal f'r nigh onto a week."

"Gimme it, quick!" he hollers.

"Clerk he looks scairt."

"What kinda pizen yuh took?" he asks, thinkin' Cap'n's after a anecdote.

"Ghosts," says Cap'n, 'thout thinkin'. "Gimme that there book 'bout how to tame an' subjugate th'm."



"IT WINKED VI'LENT AN' IMPLORIN'"

Clerk he done so, an' Cap'n casts off an' bears down on th' vessel. There is Dressed-up Feller waitin' f'r him smilin' an' expectant.

"Come on, Cap'n. We'll read it together," says he.

"How'd yuh know I got it?" asks Cap'n, feelin' qucer in his pins.

"Never yuh mind that there. Us ghosts knows a lot we ain't tellin' to competitors."

"At that Cap'n sorta loses faith in th' book; but he thinks he'll give it a try, anyhow."

"I don't want yuh a-pryin' aroun'," he tells Dressed-up Feller. "I'm a-goin' to peroose this here volume industrious an' exclusive."

"Dressed-up Feller don't 'pear none put out an' watches Cap'n go into his cabin an' shet th' door tight. Cap'n he sets down an' commences to read. Fust he knows he looks at th' ceilin', an' there he sees a laig an' foot comin' through. Nex' comes another foot an' laig an' a pair of fancy pants onto th'm. Then a coat an' collar an' pink tie comes oozin' in, follered by a head an' a hat. It's Dressed-up Feller. Jus' like he's walkin' down a flight of stairs, th' dude party comes down to th' floor an' heaves to alongside of Cap'n."

"Thought I'd come in an' keep yuh comp'ny," he says, soft an' mollifyin'.

"Cap'n breathes hard an' chokes a little."

"Look on page sixty-three," says th' feller. "There's a good rule there."

"Cap'n looks obedient an' sees: 'Rule III. F'r catchin' an' exterminatin' ghosts onto a steam-vessel. This here is a diffy-cult feat to accomplish. Fust yuh must think up a sad, sorrowful story an' tell it

to th' shade. Ghosts is all sympathetic, bein' near related to funerals. Tell it to him 'til he melts into tears, an' then pour him over th' side into th' water.'

"Parkinson looks up discouraged. 'I ain't no story-teller,' he says, pitiful-like an' despairin'. 'Ain't there no other way?'

"'Own up yuh b'lieves I'm a ghost,' says Dressed-up Feller.

"'Dummed if I will if yuh stick 'til th' mainmast gives milk like a cow,' roars Cap'n.

After a pause, Cap'n asks:

"'If they was sich redic'lous things as ghosts, what be they made of?'

"'A good, fust-class, fash'nable ghost is made outa air,' answers Dressed-up Feller.

"'Jus' air—th' stuff we breathe—th' thing that gits to be wind an' flaps th' washin' onto th' line?'

"'That there an' a little p-psychology throwed in.'

"Cap'n looks like he was ponderin'. Then he looks like he was ponderin' some more. Final an' concloosive a smile sprouts outa th' corners of his mouth. It grows an' grows 'til it gits to be a grin an' ends up in a holler of laffter.

"'Air!' he shouts. 'Air! Wind! Breath! Ho! Haw! Haw-r! Who-o-orp!'

"Dressed-up Feller looks some startled.

"'Yuh gone crazy?' he asks.

"'Keep yer weather eye peeled an' watch,' gasps Cap'n betwixt laughs. 'Jus' yuh watch.'

"Risin' rapid an' industr'ous, he goes out of th' cabin an' runs aft like he's fleein' fr'm a pree-posal of matree-mony. In a few minnits he comes back with suthin' under his arm.

"'Hey, you Dressed-up Feller!' he shouts. 'Yuh wind puddin'! Yuh air castle! You gentle zephyr! Come out here! I wants to hold touchin' converse with yuh!'

"Dressed-up Feller comes out an' stands close to Cap'n, who up an' pulls a big bellows outa a bundle an' aims it at th' introodin' party.

"'Now git,' says he, exasperated-like, an' begins blowin' at th' passenger.

"First he starts with th' left laig an' blows it off. Then he blows off a arm. Here he stops to contemplate th' job.

"'Perty ghost yuh be now, hain't yuh?' he mutters, wrathful. 'Here goes th' other laig.' He blowed it off, an' th' other arm follers an' then th' body. All that's left is th' head, an' th' face is wearin' a expression wich is all mixed up consternation an' other emotions, incloodin' lonesomeness.

"'Guess that there 'll do,' says Cap'n. 'I'll let that much stay as a example to other mauraudin' miss'nary spooks.'

"'Please, Cap'n,' pleads Dressed-up Feller's cranium, 'blow me off too. This here ain't no good way f'r a ghost to be. It ain't stylish fr'm no standp'int.'

"Cap'n he thought it over.

"'If I blows yuh away, will yuh make me a promus?'

"'I will do so,' says th' head.

"'Promus that I don't have to b'lieve into no ghosts, an' that no more of yuh won't come pirootin' aroun' a-pesterin' th' life outa me.'

"'I promus,' says th' head.

"'Cross yer heart,' deman's the Cap'n.

"'I will soon's I git where yuh blowed it,' says th' head.

"'Wink, then. That there jesture 'll do jus' as well.'

"It winked vi'lent an' implorin'.

"'Now git,' says the Cap'n, an' he blows th' head away after th' rest.

"When this here is did the Cap'n goes aft agin an' paints a sign f'r hisself. It reads:

"'Notus. I, Cap'n Jonathan Parkinson, don't b'lieve in no ghosts, an' I don't have to, f'r th' reason that there was one here an' I done him up.'

"This he sticks onto th' mainmast an' then goes off contented to bed an' slumbers peaceful.

"So, yuh see," Cap'n Horgin finished, "ol' Parkinson retained them there views of his'n to th' final end."

Nobody Don't Love Me

BY MINNY MAUD HANFF

NOBODY don't love me at all!

Nobody don't love me!

I'm mos' too mis'erable to cry;

'Twould serve 'em right if I'd jes' die
From a heart that's broke in two, oh my!

Nobody don't love me!

Oh I'm a bad, bad girl, I s'pose.

I don't mind folks—I tear my clothes,

An' sister says 'at's why, she knows,

Nobody—don't—love—me!

Nobody don't love me at all!

Nobody—don't—love—me!

If I could run away I'd go

An' join a gorg'us circus show

An' wear a dress all stars! I know

'Twould make 'em *all* love me!

N'en how they'd beg me come back home!

But I'd say, 'Nope!' I'd rather roam

Where I don't have to wash er comb

To make the folks love me!

Circumstantial

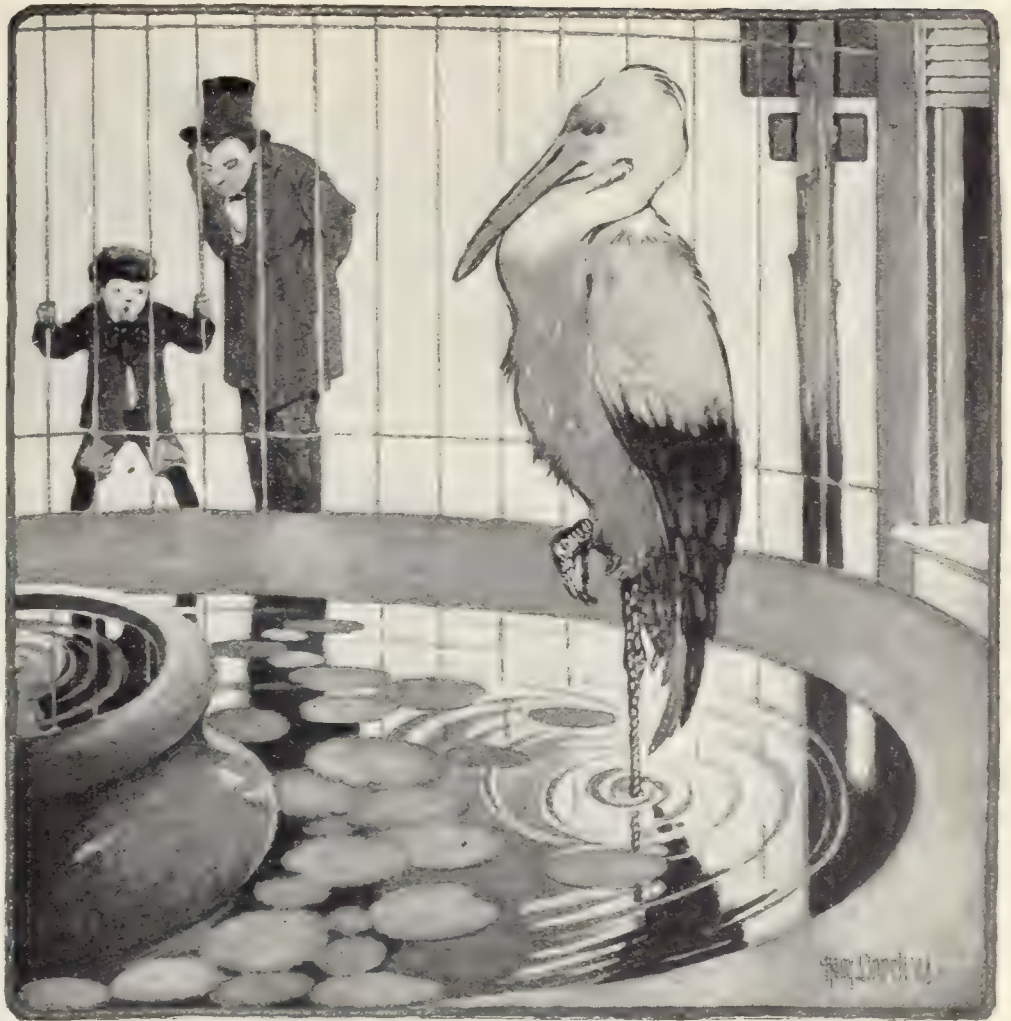
A RELIGIOUS worker was visiting a Southern penitentiary, one prisoner wherein in some way took his fancy. This prisoner was a negro, who evinced a religious fervor as deep as it was gratifying to the caller.

"Of what were you accused?" the prisoner was asked.

"Dey says I took a watch," answered the negro. "I made a good fight. I had a dandy lawyer, an' he done proved an alibi wif ten witnesses. Den my lawyer he shore made a strong speech to de jury. But it wa'n't no use, sah; I gets ten years."

"I don't see why you were not acquitted," said the religious worker.

"Well, sah," explained the prisoner, "dere was shore one weak p'int 'bout my defence. Dey found de watch in my pocket."



Stork and Boy

SMALL BOY. "I don't see any babies, pa. Maybe he's all sold out."

Against the Rules

THERE is a park policeman in the service of a Western zoo who is quite a joker in his way, as is evidenced by an occurrence in the vicinity of a large bears' den in the zoo, which lies at a lower level than the grounds about it and which is surrounded by a railing.

One day a visitor, while leaning over this rail, lost his balance and fell into the pit.



Graft

He fell at the side of a bear, which at once seized the intruder's leg in its mouth, and would have proceeded to crunch the same at his leisure had not help immediately been summoned.

When the keepers had got the visitor out of the bears' den he was not much injured, but, naturally enough, pretty well frightened. His fright was increased by the action of the policeman, who stepped up to him, saying:

"You are under arrest."

"Arrest?" gasped the unlucky one. "What for?"

"For violating the rules of the park," said the policeman, pointing to the sign over the railing:

IT IS POSITIVELY FORBIDDEN TO FEED THE ANIMALS.

Quite Intentional

IN one of the large department stores the clerk at the soda fountain was mixing a drink that required vigorous shaking, when suddenly the glass broke in his hands, and the contents splashed all over his clothes. A woman passing at the moment, horrified at the sight, leaned over the counter and tried to be sympathetic, saying:

"Oh my! Did the glass break?"

Covered from head to foot, the clerk looked at her coldly, then in a dry voice replied:

"Did—the—glass—b-r-e-a-k? Oh no, madam, not at all! You just happened to pass as I was taking my morning shower!"

Ballade of a Modern Poet's Woe

BY CAROLYN WELLS

MERRILY sounds my bounding lyre
When lyrics to ladies I would essay;
My music is touched with divinest fire
When I sing of girls that are glad and gay.
The merry mischief of roguish May,
The blushing glance of demure Florette,
Set my heart athrill! But tell me, pray,
How can I sing to a Suffragette?

Feminine foibles my pen inspire;
Smiling caprices I'd fain obey.
My cadences rival an angel choir
When I warble of woman's winsome way.
Round a trusting sweetheart my fancies play,
A shy, sweet maid or a fair coquette;
But my Muse in a flowery field would stray—
How can I sing to a Suffragette?

Of dominant Dames I am not a squire;
No "able appeals" my opinions sway.
The Leaguèd Ladies arouse my ire,
I shrink from their fevered fret and fray.
How can I trill a lilting lay
To Matron or Maid like a martinet?
Whether her hair be gold or gray—
How can I sing to a Suffragette?

L'ENVOI

Poets, forsooth 'twas a fair array,
The ladies you sang in the older day;
And I strum your measures with vain regret—
How can I sing to a Suffragette?



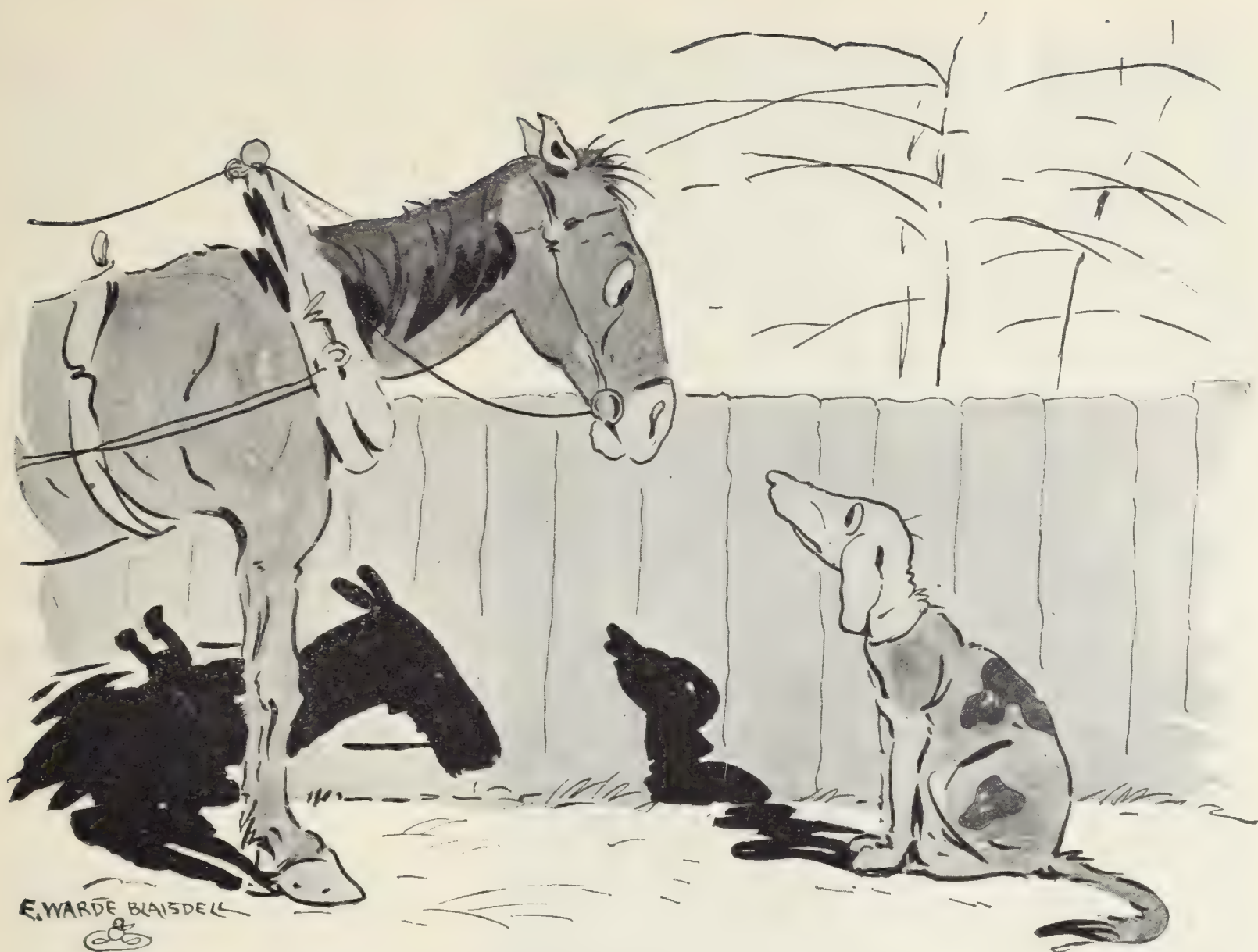
“Fortissimo”

Most of Us Have

THE importance of having every child present a birth certificate on the opening day of school is impressed upon parents; nevertheless, little Mary appeared without one. After listening to the teacher's explanation, and the order that she go home and get the certificate, the child departed in tears.

“Why, Mary!” said another teacher, encountering her in the hall. “Where are you going? That isn't the way, my dear. You must go right back into the room with the others.”

“Oh, teacher, teacher!” cried Mary, bursting into fresh tears, “I can't! I've forgotten my excuse for being born.”



DOG. *"I have to work like a horse these days."*
 HORSE. *"Is that so? I'm being treated like a dog."*

Correct

SARAH P., aged four, was proud of her ability to spell. She wished her father, who had been away from home some time, to test her. So he started:

"What does d-o-g spell?"

"Dog," was her ready reply.

"C-a-t?" he asked next.

"Cat," came quickly.

After a number of successful attempts, he finally said:

"Well, what does h-a-t spell?"

She thought a moment, but could not say, so her sympathetic grandmother, to help her out, said:

"Something to wear on the head, dear."

Then with proud and knowing air she answered:

"Rat!"

Undaunted

MILDRED, a small city girl, was daunted by nothing. On her first visit to the country, contrary to the expectation of all her friends, she displayed not the least fear when a huge turkey-gobbler came strutting toward her with every feather spread, but calmly exclaimed:

"Oh, you great big chicken! Put down your clothes!"

Comprehensive

JOHNNY was always burdened at his evening prayers by a long list of relatives upon whom he was expected to invoke the divine blessing. One sleepy night, after "mamma and papa, grandma and grandpa," he said, wearily: "God bless the whole bunch. Amen."

Slow Work

TWO youthful artists having a studio in Philadelphia, wherein they not only work, but lodge as well, were obliged to make shift not long ago, during a period of financial stress, with such meals as they could themselves prepare in the studio.

One morning as the younger of the two was "sketching in" the coffee he gave utterance to loud and bitter complaint. "This is a fine way for gentlemen to live!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, I don't know," was the airy comment of his friend. "Lots of people are far worse off. I was reading only this morning of a recluse who cooked his own breakfast for nineteen years."

"He must have been awfully hungry when he finally got it done," rejoined the other, savagely.



An Antique Knocker

No Honey

AN old farmer, who earned a livelihood by making butter and selling it and other farm produce in a near-by city, stopped one morning at Mrs. B——'s door. Mrs. B—— was of middle age, but had a fine figure and a beautiful youthful face. Entering into conversation with her, the old farmer told of the death of several wives, and that he was all alone now.

The lady, after listening for some time, proceeded to business. "Well, have you any honey?"

The old man sorrowfully replied:

"No. But I'm looking for one."

Revised Version

ALITTLE girl who had been to Sunday-school, when asked what she had learned, replied, with great enthusiasm, that she had learned about a man named John, who went about in the woods crying, "There is a man coming after me who can tie shoe-strings better than I can."

Expatriated

A TEACHER in one of the public schools in Richmond, Virginia, incidentally learned that the superintendent would soon visit her room. Anxious that her pupils should make a creditable showing, she drilled them strenuously for the impending examination. One pudgy, stolid little fellow had proven so obtuse in the preliminary coaching that at the very last moment, when the superintendent was already in the building, the ambitious teacher asked, cautiously: "Johnny, are you sure that you can tell what country you live in?"

"I don't live in no country at all now," was the amazing response. "We has done moved to town."

True Thrift

"WHEN visiting a certain town in Massachusetts," says a Bostonian, "I was told of an extraordinary incident wherein the main figure, an economical housewife, exhibited, under trying circumstances, a trait so characteristic of New England women.

"It seems that an elderly lady of the place had by mistake taken a quantity of poison—mercurial poison, the antidote for which, as everybody knows, comprises the whites of eggs.

"When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious:

"Mary! Mary! Save the yolks for the pudding!"

Why They Escaped

TEN-YEAR-OLD Granger is very enthusiastic upon the subject of vaudeville performances, and attends them with a fidelity worthy of a better cause. At least so his Sunday-school teacher thinks. He is far more conversant with the names and the exploits of variety folk than with those of the characters of Holy Writ.

One Sunday morning, not long ago, his teacher turned to him with the question:

"What three men went into the fiery furnace?"

Granger reflected a moment and then exclaimed, excitedly:

"The Asbestos Brothers!"



WHEN ALL THE WORLD WAS YOUNG

Painted for Harper's Magazine by Howard Pyle

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIX

AUGUST, 1909

No. DCCXI

The Children

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

IT all came over me, as you might say, when I began to tell the new housemaid about the work. Not that I hadn't known before, of course, what a queer sort of life was led in that house; it was hard enough the first months, goodness knows. But then, a body can get used to anything. And there was no harm in it—I'll swear that to my dying day! Although a lie's a lie, any way you put it, and if all I'm told—but I'll let you judge for yourself.

As I say, it was when I began to break Margaret in that it all came over me, and I looked about me, in a way of speaking, for how I should put it to her. She'd been house-parlor maid in a big establishment in the country and knew what was expected of her well enough, and I saw from the first she'd fit in nicely with us; a steady, quiet girl, like the best of the Scotch, looking to save her wages, and get to be housekeeper herself, some day, perhaps.

But when Hodges brought the tray with the porringers on it and the silver mugs and said,

"I suppose this young lady 'll take these up, Mrs. Umbleby?" and when Margaret looked surprised and said,

"I didn't know there were children in the family—am I supposed to wait on them, too?"—then, as I say, it all came over me, and for the first time in five years I really saw where I stood, like.

I stared at Hodges and then at

the girl, and the tray nearly went down amongst us.

"Do you mean to say you haven't told her, Sarah?" says Hodges (and that was the first time that ever he called me by my given name).

"She's told me nothing," Margaret answers, rather short, "and if it's invalid children or feeble-minded, I take it most unkind, Mrs. Umbleby, for I've never cared for that sort of thing, and could have had my twenty-five dollars a month this long time if I'd wanted to go out as nurse."

"Take the tray up this time yourself, Mr. Hodges, please," I said, "and I'll have a little talk with Margaret;" and I sat down and smoothed my black silk skirt (I always wore black silk, of an afternoon) nervously enough, I'll be bound.

The five years rolled away like yesterday—as they do now . . . as they do now.

I saw myself, in my mind's eye, new to the place, and inclined to feel strange, as I always did when I made a change, though I was twenty-five and no chicken, but rather more settled than most, having had my troubles early and got over them. I'd just left my place—chambermaid and seamstress—in a big city house, and though it was September, I was looking out for the country, for I was mortal tired of the noise and late hours and excitement that I saw ahead of me. It was parties and balls every night and

me sitting up to undress the young ladies; for they kept no maid, like so many rich Americans, and yet some one must do for them. There was no housekeeper either, and the mistress was not very strong, and we had to use our own responsibility more than I liked—for I wasn't paid for that, do you see, and that's what they forget in this country.

"I think I've got you suited at last, Sarah," the head of the office had said to me, "a nice, quiet place in the country, good pay and light work, but everything as it should be, you understand. Four in help besides the housekeeper, and only one in family. Church within a mile, and every other Sunday for yourself."

That was just what I wanted, and I packed my box thankfully and left New York for good, I hoped; and I got my wish, for I've never seen the inside of it since.

A middle-aged coachman in good, quiet country livery met me at the little station, and though he was a still-mouthed fellow and rather reserved, I made out quite a little idea of the place on the way. The mistress, Mrs. Childress, was a young widow, deep in her mourning, so there was no company. The housekeeper was her old nurse, who had brought her up. John, who drove me, was coachman-gardener, and the cook was his wife—both Catholics. Everything went on very quiet and regular, and it was hoped that the new up-stairs maid wouldn't be one for excitement and gayety. The inside man had been valet to Mr. Childress, and was much trusted and liked by the family. I could see that old John was a bit jealous in that direction.

We drove in through a black iron gate with cut-stone posts and old black iron lanterns on top, and the moment we were inside the gates I began to take a fancy to the place. It wasn't kept up like the places at home, but it was neat enough to show that things were taken thought for, and the beds of asters and dahlias and marigolds as we got near the house seemed so home-like and bright to me I could have cried for comfort. Childerstone was the name of the place; it was cut into a big boulder by the side of the entrance, and just as we drove up

to the door John stopped to pick some dahlias for the house (being only me in the wagon), and I took my first good look at my home for eight years afterward.

There was something about it that went to my heart. It was built of gray cut stone in good-sized blocks, square, with two windows each side the hall door. To some it might have seemed cold-looking, but not to me, for one side was all over ivy, and the thickness of the walls and the deep sills looked solid and comfortable after those nasty brown-stone things all glued to one another in the city. It looked old and respectable and settled like, and the sun, just at going down, struck the windows like fire and the clean panes shone. There was that yellow light over everything and that stillness, with now and then a leaf or so dropping quietly down, that makes the fall of the year so pleasant, to my mind.

The house stood in beeches, and the trunks of them were gray, like the house, and the leaves all light lemon-colored, like the sky, and that's the way I always think of Childerstone—gray and yellow and clean and still. Just a few rooks (you call them crows here) went over the house, and except for their cry as they flew, there wasn't a sound about the place. I can see how others might have found it sad, but it never seemed so to me.

John set me down at the servants' entrance, and there, before ever I got properly into the hall, the strangeness began. The cook in her check apron was kneeling on the floor in front of the big French range with the tears streaming down her face, working over her rosary beads and gabbling to drive you crazy. Over her stood a youngish but severe-appearing man in a white linen coat like a ship's steward, trying to get her up.

"Come, Katey," he was saying, "come, woman, up with you and help—she'll do no harm, the poor soul! Look after her, now, and I'll send for the doctor and see to madam—it's only a fit, most like!"

Then he saw me and ran forward to give a hand to my box.

"You're the chambermaid, miss, I'm sure," he said. "I'm sorry to say you'll



CHILDERSTONE STOOD AMONG THE BEECHES

find us a bit upset. The housekeeper's down with a stroke of some sort, and the madam's none too strong herself. Are you much of a hand to look after the sick?"

"I'm not so clumsy as some," I said; "let me see her," and so we left the cook to her prayers and he carried my box to my room.

I got into a print dress and apron and went to the housekeeper's room. She was an elderly person, and it looked to me as if she was in her last sickness. She didn't know any one, and so I was as good as another, and I had her tidy and comfortable in bed by the time the doctor came. He said she would need watching through the night and left some medicine, but I could see he had little hope for her. I made up a bed in the room, and all that night she chattered and muttered and took me for different ones, according as her fever went and came. Toward morning she got quiet and, as I thought, sensible again.

"Are you a nurse?" she says to me.

"Yes, Mrs. Shipman; be still and rest," I told her, to soothe her.

"I'm glad the children are sent away," she went on, after a bit; "'twould break their mother's heart if they got the fever. Are the toys packed?"

"Yes, yes," I answered, "all packed and sent."

"Be sure there's enough frocks for Master Robertson," she begged me; "he's so hard on them and his aunties are so particular. And my baby must have her woolly rabbit at night or her darling heart will be just broken!"

"The rabbit is packed," I said, "and I saw to the frocks myself."

There's but one way with the sick when they're like that, and that's to humor them, you see. So she slept, and I got a little nap for myself. I was glad the children were away by next morning, for she was worse; the cook lost her head, and managed to break the range, so that the water-back

leaked, and John and Hodges were mopping and mending all day. The madam herself had a bad turn, and the doctor brought a nursing Sister from a Catholic convent near there to look after her; she wasn't allowed to know how bad her old nurse was.

So it turned out that I'd been a week in the house without ever seeing my mistress. The Sister and I would meet on the stairs and chat a little evenings, and once I took a turn in the grounds with her.

"It's a good thing the children are sent away," I said; "they always add to the bother when there's sickness."

"Why, are there children?" says she.

"Oh yes, a boy and a girl," I answered. "Poor old Mrs. Shipman is forever talking about them. She thinks she's their nurse, it seems, as she was their mother's."

"I wish they were here, then," says she, "for I don't like the looks of my patient at all. She doesn't speak seven words a day, and there's really little or nothing the matter with her that I can see. She's nervous and she's low and she wants cheering, that's all. I wonder the doctor doesn't see it."

That night, after both patients were settled, she came up to my room and took a glance at the old lady, who was going fast.

"Mrs. Childress will soon have to know about this," she said; and then, suddenly, "Are you sure about the children, Sarah?"

"Sure about them?" I repeated after her. "In what way, Sister?"

"That there are any?" says she.

"Why, of course," I answered. "Mrs. Shipman talks of nothing else. They're with their aunty, in New Jersey, somewhere. It's a good thing there are some, for, from what she says when she's rambling, the house and all the property would go out of the family otherwise. It's been five generations in the Childress family, but the nearest now is a cousin who married a Jew, and the family hate her for it. But Master Robertson makes it all safe, Mrs. Shipman says."

"That's a queer thing," said the Sister. "I took in a dear little picture of the boy and girl this afternoon to cheer her

up a bit, and told her to try to think they were the real ones, who'd soon be with her, for that matter, and so happy to see their dear mamma, and she went white as a sheet and fainted in my arms. Of course I didn't refer to it again. She's quiet now, holding the picture, but I feared they were dead and you hadn't known."

"Oh no," said I, "I'm sure not," and then I remembered that I'd been told there was but one in family. However, that's often said when there's a nurse to take care of small children (though it's not quite fair, perhaps), and I was certain of the children, anyway, for there were toys all about Mrs. Shipman's room and some seed-cookies and "animal-crackers," as they call those odd little biscuits, in a tin on her mantel.

However, we were soon to learn something that made me, at least, all the more curious. The doctor came that morning and told the Sister that her services would be no longer required, after he had seen her patient.

"Mrs. Childress is perfectly recovered," he said, "and she has unfortunately conceived a grudge against you, Sister. I need you, anyway, in the village. Poor old Shipman can't last the night now, and I want all that business disposed of very quietly. I have decided not to tell Mrs. Childress until it is all over and the funeral done with. She is in a very morbid state, and as I knew her husband well I have taken this step on my own responsibility. Hodges seems perfectly able to run things; and, to tell the truth, it would do your mistress far more good to attend to that herself," he said, turning to me.

"It would be a good thing for the poor lady to have some one about her, doctor," the Sister put in, quietly. "If there were children in the house, now—"

"Children!" he cried, pulling himself up and staring at her. "Did you speak to her about them? Then that accounts for it! I should have warned you."

"Then they *did* die?" she asked him. "That's what I thought."

"I'm afraid not," he said, shaking his head with a queer sort of sad little smile. "I forgot you were new here. Why, my dear Sister, didn't you know that—"

"Excuse me, sir, but there's no sign



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MY MISTRESS WAS EMBROIDERING ON SOME LITTLE FROCKS

of your mare about—did you tie her?" says Hodges, coming in a great hurry, and the doctor swore and ran off, and I never heard the end of the sentence.

Well, I'm running on too long with these little odds and ends, as I'm sure Margaret felt when I started telling her all about it. The truth is, I dreaded then, just as I dread now, to get at the real story and look our conduct straight in the face. But I'll get on more quickly now.

Old Mrs. Shipman died very quiet in her sleep, and madam wasn't told, which I didn't half like. The doctor was called out of those parts to attend on his father very suddenly, and Hodges managed the funeral and all. It was plain to see he was a very trusty, silent fellow, devoted to the family. I took as much off him as I could, and I was dusting the drawing-room the day of the funeral, when I happened to pick up a photograph, in a silver frame, of the same little fellow in the picture the Sister had shown me—a dear little boy in short kilts.

"That's Master Robertson, isn't it?" I said, very carelessly, not looking at him—I will own I was curious. He gave a start.

"Yes—yes, certainly, that's Master Robertson—if you choose to put it that way," he said, and I saw him put his hand up to his eyes and his mouth twitched and he left the room.

I didn't question him again, naturally; he was a hard man to cross and very haughty, was William Hodges, and no one in the house but respected him.

That day I saw Mrs. Childress for the first time. She was a sweet, pretty thing, about my own age, but younger-looking, fair, with gray eyes. She was in heavy *crêpe*, and her face all fallen and sodden like, with grief and hopelessness—I felt for her from the moment I saw her. And all the more that I'd made up my mind what her trouble was: I thought that the children were idiots, maybe, or feeble-minded, anyhow, and so the property would go to the Jew in the end, and that his family were hating her for it! Folly, of course, but women will have fancies, and that seemed to fit in with all I'd heard.

She'd been told that Shipman was away with some light, infectious fever,

and she took it very mildly, and said there was no need to get any one in her place at present.

"Hodges will attend to everything," she said, in her pretty, tired way; "not that there's much to do—for one poor woman."

"Things may mend, ma'am, and you'll feel more like having some friends about you, most likely, later on," I said, to cheer her a bit.

She shook her head sadly.

"No, no, Sarah—if I can't have my own about me, I'll have no others," she said, and I thought I saw what she meant and said no more.

That night the doctor and the legal gentleman that looked after the family affairs were with us, and my mistress kept them for dinner. I helped Hodges with the serving, and was in the butler's pantry after Mrs. Childress had left them with their coffee and cigars, and as Hodges had left the door ajar I couldn't help catching a bit of the talk now and then.

"The worst of it is this trouble about the children," said the doctor. "She will grieve herself into a decline, I'm afraid."

"I suppose there's no hope?" said the other gentleman.

"No hope?" the doctor burst out. "Why, man, Robertson's been dead six months!"

"To be sure—I'd forgotten it was so long. Well, well, it's too bad, too bad," and Hodges came back and closed the door.

I must say I was thoroughly put out with the doctor. Why should he have told me a lie? And it was mostly from that that I deliberately disobeyed him that night, for I knew from the way he had spoken to the Sister that he didn't wish children mentioned. But I couldn't help it, for when I came to her room to see if I could help her, she was sitting in her black bedroom gown with her long hair in two braids, crying over the children's picture. "Hush, hush, ma'am!" I said, kneeling by her and soothing her head. "If they were here, you may be sure they wouldn't wish it."

"Who? Who?" she answers me, quite wild, but not angry at all. I saw this and spoke it out boldly, for it was plain that she liked me.

"Your children, ma'am," I said, softly but very firm; "and you should control yourself and be cheerful and act as if they *were* here—as if it had pleased God to let you have them and not Himself!"

Such a look as she gave me! But soon she seemed to melt like, and put out her arm over my shoulders.

"What a beautiful way to put it, Sarah!" says she, in a dreamy kind of way. "Do you really think God has them—somewhere?"

"Why, of course, ma'am," said I, shocked in good earnest. "Who else?"

"Then you think I might love them, just as if—just as if—" here she began to sob.

"Why, - Mrs. Childress," I said, "where is your belief? That's all that's left to mothers. I know, for I've lost two, and their father to blame for it, which you need never say," I told her.

She patted my shoulder very kindly. "But, oh, Sarah, if only they *were* here!" she cried, "really, really here!"

"I know, I know," I said, "it's very hard. But try to think it, ma'am—it helped me for weeks. Think they're in the room next you here, and you'll sleep better for it."

"Shall I?" she whispered, gripping my hand hard. "I believe I would—how well you understand me, Sarah! And will you help me to believe it?"

I saw she was feverish, and I knew what it means to get one good refreshing night without crying, and so I said, "Of course I will, ma'am; see, I'll open the door into the next room, and you can fancy them in their cribs, and I'll sleep in there as if it was to look after them, like."

Well, she was naught but a child herself, the poor dear! and she let me get her into bed like a lamb, and put her cheek into her hand and went off like a baby. It almost scared me to see how easy she was to manage, if one did but get hold of the right way. She looked brighter in the morning, and as Hodges had told me that Shipman used to do for her, I went in and dressed her—not that I was ever a lady's-maid, mind you, but I've always been one to turn my hand easily to anything I had a mind to, and I was growing very fond of my poor lady—and then I was a little proud,

I'll own, of being able to do more for her than her own medical man, who couldn't trust a sensible woman with the truth!

She clung to me all the morning, and after my work was done I persuaded her to come out for the air. The doctor had ordered it long ago, but she was obstinate, and would scarcely go at all. That day, however, she took a good stroll with me, and it brought a bit of color into her cheeks. Just as we turned toward the house she sat down on a big rock to rest herself, and I saw her lip quiver and her eyes begin to fill. I followed her look, and there was a child's swing, hung from two ropes to a low bough. It must have been rotted with the rains, for it looked very old and the board seat was cracked and worn. All around—it hung in a sort of little glade—were small piles of stones and bits of oddments that only children get together, like the little magpies they are.

There's no use to expect any one but a mother or one who's had the constant care of little ones to understand the tears that come to your eyes at a sight like that. What they leave behind is worse than what they take with them; their curls and their fat legs and the kisses they gave you are all shut into the grave, but what they used to play with stays there and mourns them with you.

I saw a wild look come into her eyes, and I determined to quiet her at any cost.

"There, there, ma'am," I said quickly, "'tis only their playthings. Supposing they were there now and enjoying them! You go in and take your nap, as the doctor ordered, and leave me behind. . . ."

She saw what I meant in a twinkling, and the color jumped into her face again. She turned and hurried in, and just as she went out of sight she looked over her shoulder, timid like, and waved her hand—only a bit of a wave, but I saw it.

Under a big stone in front of me—for that part of the grounds was left wild, like a little grove—I saw a rusty tin biscuit-box, and as I opened it, curiously, to pass the time, I found it full of little stoneware platters and cups. Hardly thinking what I did, I arranged them as if laid out for tea, on a flat stone, and left them there. When I went to waken



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MORE THAN ONCE I FOUND THE TEA-SET SPREAD OUT IN THE GARDEN

her for lunch, I started, for some more of those platters were on the table by her bed, and a white woolly rabbit and a picture-book! She blushed, but I took no notice, and after her luncheon I spied her going quickly back to the little grove.

"Madam's taking a turn for the better, surely," Hodges said to me that afternoon. "She's eating like a Christian now. What have you done to her, Miss Umbleby?" (I went as "Miss," for it's much easier to get a place so.)

"Mr. Hodges," I said, facing him squarely, "the doctors don't know everything. You know as well as I that it's out of nature not to mention children, where they're missed every hour of the day and every day of the month. It's easing the heart that's wanted—not smothering it."

"What d'you mean?" he says, staring at me.

"I mean toys and such like," I answered him, very firm, "and talk of them that's not here to use them, and even pretending that they are, if that will bring peace of mind, Mr. Hodges."

He rubbed his clean-shaven chin with his hand.

"Well, well!" he said at last; "well, well, well! You're a good girl, Miss Umbleby, and a kind one, that's certain. I never thought o' such a thing. Maybe it's all right, though. But who could understand a woman, anyway?"

"That's not much to understand," said I shortly, and left him staring at me.

She came in late in the afternoon with the rabbit under her arm, and there was Mr. Hodges in the drawing-room laying out the tea—we always had everything done as if the master was there, and guests, for the matter of that; she insisted on it. He knew his place as well as any man, but his eye fell on the rabbit, and he looked very queer and nearly dropped a cup. She saw it and began to tremble and go white, and it came over me then that now or never was the time to clinch matters, or she'd nearly die from shame and I couldn't soothe her any more.

"Perhaps Hodges had better go out and bring in the rest of the toys, ma'am," I says, very careless, not looking at her. "It's coming on for rain. And he can take an umbrella . . . shall he?"

She stiffened up and gave a sort of nod to him.

"Yes, Hodges, go," she said, half in a whisper, and he bit his lip, and swallowed hard, and said,

"Very good, madam," and went.

Well, after that, you can see how it would be, can't you? One thing led to another, and one time when she was not well for a few days and rather low, I actually got the two little cribs down from the garret and ran up some white draperies for them. She'd hardly let me leave her, and indeed there was not so much work that I couldn't manage very well. She gave all her orders through me, and I was well pleased to do for her and let Mr. Hodges manage things, which he did better than poor old Shipman, I'll be bound. By the time we told her about Shipman's death she took it very easy—indeed, I think, she'd have minded nothing by that time, she had grown so calm and almost healthy.

Mr. Hodges would never catch my eye, and I never talked private any more with him, but that was the only sign he didn't approve, and he never spoke for about a month, but joined in with me by little and little, and never said a word but to shrug his shoulders when I ordered up a tray with porringers on it for the nursery (she had a bad cold, and got restless and grieving). I left her in the nursery with the tray and went out to him, for I saw he wished to speak to me at last.

"Doctor Wilmet would think well of this, if he was here? Is that your idea, Miss Umbleby?" he said to me, very dry. (The doctor had never come back, but gone to be head of a big asylum out in the West.)

"I'm sure I don't know, Mr. Hodges," I answered. "I think any doctor couldn't but be glad to see her gaining every day, and when she feels up to it and guests begin to come again, she'll get willing to see them and forget the loss of the poor little things."

"The loss of *what*?" says he, frowning at me.

"Why, the children," I answered.

"What children?"

"Master Robertson, of course, and Miss Winifred," I said, quite vexed with his obstinacy. (I had asked her once if the

baby was named after her, and she nodded and went away quickly.)

"See here, my girl," says he, "there's no good keeping this up for my benefit. I'm not going into a decline, you know. I know as well as you do that she couldn't lose what she never had!"

"'Never had'!" I gasped. "She never had any children?"

"Of course not," he said, steadying me, for my knees got weak all of a sudden. "That's what's made all the trouble—that's what's so unfortunate! D'you mean to say you didn't know?"

I sank right down on the stairs. "But the pictures!" I burst out.

"If you mean that picture of Mr. Robertson Childress when he was a little lad and the other one of him and his sister that died when a baby, and chose to fancy they was hers," says he, pointing up-stairs, "it's no fault of mine, Miss Umbleby."

And no more it was. What with poor old Shipman's ramblings and the doctor's words that I had twisted into what they never meant, I had got myself into a fine pickle.

"But what shall I do, Mr. Hodges?" I said, stupid like, with the surprise and the shock of it. "It 'd kill her if I stopped now."

"That's for you to decide," said he, in his reserved, cold way. "I have my silver to do."

Well, I did decide. I lay awake all night at it, and maybe I did wrong, but I hadn't the heart to see the red go out of her cheek and the little shy smile off her pretty mouth. It hurt no one, and the mischief was done, anyway—there'd be no heir to Childerstone now. For five generations it had been the same—a son and a daughter to every pair, and the old place about as dear to each son, as I made out, as ever his wife or child could be. General Washington had stopped the night there, and some great French general that helped the Americans had come there for making plans to attack the British, and Colonel Robertson Childress that then was had helped him. They had plenty of English kin and some in the Southern States, but no near friends near them, on account of my mistress' husband having to live in Switzerland for his health and

his father dying young (as he did), so that his mother couldn't bear the old place. But as soon as Mr. Robertson was told he was cured and could live where he liked, he made for Childerstone and brought his bride there—a stranger from an American family in Switzerland—and lived but three months. If anybody was ever alone, it was that poor lady, I'm sure. There was no big house like theirs anywhere about—no county families, as you might say—and those that had called from the village she wouldn't see, in her mourning. And yet out of that house she would not go, because he had loved it so; it was pitiful.

There's no good argle-bargling over it, as my mother used to say. I'd do the same again! For I began it with the best of motives, and as innocent as a babe myself of the real truth, you see.

I can shut my eyes now and it all comes back to me as it was in the old garden of autumn afternoons—I always think of Childerstone in the autumn, somehow. There was an old box hedge there, trimmed into balls and squares, and beds laid out in patterns, with asters and marigolds and those little rusty chrysanthemums that stand the early frosts so well. A windbreak of great evergreens all along two sides kept it warm and close, and from the south and west the sun streamed in on to the stone dial that the Childress of General Washington's time had had brought over from home. It was set for Surrey, Hodges told me once, and no manner of use consequently, but very settled and homelike to see, if you understand me. In the middle was an old stone basin all mottled and chipped, and the water ran out from a lion's mouth in some kind of brown metal, and trickled down its mane and jaws and splashed away. We cleaned it out, she and I, one day, *pretending we had help*, and Hodges went to town and got us some goldfish for it. They looked very handsome there. Old John kept the turf clipped and clean and routed out some rustic seats for us—all gray they were and tottery, but he strengthened them, and I smartened them up with yellow chintz curtains I found in the garret—and I myself brought out two tiny armchairs, painted wood, from the loft in the coach-house. We'd sit

there all the afternoon in September, talking a little, me mending and my mistress embroidering on some little frocks I cut out for her. We talked about the children, of course. They got to be as real to me as to her, almost. Of course at first it was all what they *would* have been (for she was no fool, Mrs. Childress, though you may be thinking so), but by little and little it got to be what they *were*. It couldn't he helped.

Hodges would bring her tea out there, and she'd eat heartily, for she never was much of a one for a late dinner, me sewing all the time; for I always knew my place, though I believe in her kind heart she'd have been willing for me to eat with her, bless her! Then she'd look at me so wistful like, and say, "I'll leave you now, Sarah—eat your tea and don't keep out too late. Good-by—good-by..." Ah, dear me!

I'd sit and think, with the leaves dropping quiet and yellow around me and the water dripping from the lion's mouth, and sometimes I'd close my eyes and—I'll swear I could hear them playing quietly beyond me! They were never noisy children. I'll say now something I never mentioned, even to her, and I'd say it if my life hung by it. More than once I've left the stoneware tea-set shut in the biscuit-box and found it spread out of mornings. My mistress slept in the room next me with the door open, and am I to think that William Hodges, or Katey, crippled with rheumatism, or that lazy old John came down and set them out? I've taken a hasty run down to that garden (we called it the children's garden after a while) because she took an idea, and seen the swing just dying down, and not a breath stirring. That's the plain gospel of it. And I've lain in my bed, just off the two cribs, and held my breath at what I felt and heard. She knew it, too. But never heard so much as I, and often cried for it. I never knew why that should be, nor Hodges, either.

There was one rainy day I went up in the garret and pulled the old rocking-horse out and dusted it and put it out in the middle and set the door open and went away. It was directly over our heads as we sat sewing, and—ah, well, it's many years ago now, a many and a

many, and it's no good raking over too much what's past and gone, I know. And as Hodges said afterward, the rain on the roof was loud and steady. . . .

I don't know why I should have thought of the rocking-horse, and she not, that was always thinking and planning for them. Hodges said it was because I had had children. But I could never have afforded them any such toy as that. Still, perhaps he was right. It was odd his saying that (he knew the facts about me, of course, by that time), being such a dry man, with no fancy about him, you might say, and disliking the whole subject, as he always did, but so it was. Men will often come out with something like that, and quite astonish one.

He never made a hint of objection when I was made housekeeper, and that was like him, too, though I was, to say so, put over him. But he knew my respect for him, black silk afternoons or no black silk, and how we all leaned on him, really.

And then Margaret came, as I said, and it was all to tell, and a fine mess I made of it, and William Hodges that settled it, after all.

For Margaret wanted to pack her box directly and get off, and said she'd never heard of such doings, and had no liking for people that weren't right.

"Not right?" says Hodges—"not right? Don't you make any such mistake, my girl. Madam attends to all her law business and is at church regularly, and if she's not for much company—well, all the easier for us. Her cheques are as sensible as any one's, I don't care who the man is, and a lady has a right to her fancies. I've lived with very high families at home, and if I'm suited, you may depend upon it the place is a good one. Go or stop, as you like, but don't set up above your elders, young woman."

So she thought it over, and the end of it all was that she was with us till the last. And gave me many a black hour, too, poor child! meaning no harm; but she admired Hodges, it was plain, and being younger than I and far handsomer in a dark, Scotch way, it went hard with me, for he made no sign, and I was proud and wouldn't have showed my feelings for my life twice over.

Well, it went on three years more. I

made my little frocks longer and the goldfish grew bigger and we set out new marigolds every year, that was all. It was like some quiet dream, when I've gone back and seemed a girl again in the green lanes at home, with mother clear-starching and the rector's daughter hearing my catechism, and Master Lawrence sent off to school for bringing me his first partridge. Those dreams seem long and short at one and the same time, and I wake years older, and yet it has not been years that passed, but only minutes. So it was at Childerstone. The years went by like the hours went in the children's garden, all hedged in like, and quiet, and leaving no mark. We all seemed the same to one another, and one day was like another, full, somehow, and busy and happy, too, in a quiet, gentle way.

When old Katey lay dying she spoke of those days for the first time to me. She'd sent up the porringers and set out glasses of milk and made cookies in heart shapes, with her mouth tight shut for all that time, and we never knowing if she sensed it rightly or not. But on her death-bed she told me that she felt the Blessed Mary (as she called her) had given those days to my poor mistress to make up to her for all she'd lost and all she'd never had, and that she'd confessed her part in it and been cleared long ago. I never loved any time better, looking back, nor Hodges either. One season the Christmas greens would be up, and then before we knew it the ice would be out of the brooks, and there would be crocus and daffodils for Mr. Childress' grave.

She and I took all the care of it, and the key to the iron gate of it lay out on her low work-table, and one or other of us always passing through; but one afternoon in summer when I went with a basket of June roses, she being not quite up to it that day, there on the flat stone I saw with my own eyes a little crumpled bunch of daisies—all nipped off short, such as children pick, and crushed and wilted in their hot little hands! And on no other tomb but his. But I was used to such as that by then. . . .

Margaret was handy with her needle, and I remember well the day she made the linen garden hat with a knot of rose-color under the brim.

"You don't think this will be too old, do you, ma'am?" she said when she showed it to my mistress, and the dear lady was that pleased!

"Not a bit, Margaret," she said, and I carried it off to Miss Winifred's closet. Many's the time I missed it after that, and knew too much to hunt. It was hunting that spoiled all, for we tried it.

And yet we didn't half believe. Heaven help us, we knew, but we didn't believe: St. Thomas was nothing to us.

Margaret was with us three years when the new family came. Hodges told us that Hudson River property was looking up and land was worth more every year. Anyway, in one year two families built big houses within a mile of us, and we went to call, of course, as in duty bound. John grumbled at getting out the good harness and having the carriage relined, but my mistress knew what was right, and he had no choice. I dressed her very careful and we watched her off from the door, a thought too pale in her black, but sweet as a flower, and every inch full of breeding, as Hodges said.

I never knew what took place at that visit, but she came back with a bright-red circle in each cheek and her head very high, and spent all the evening in the nursery. Alone, of course, for I heard little quick sounds on the piano in the drawing-room, and the fairy-books were gone from the children's bookshelves, and Margaret found them in front of the fire and brought them to me. . . .

It was only three days before the new family called on us (a pair of ponies to a basket phaeton—very neat and a nice little groom), and my heart jumped into my mouth when I saw there were two children in with the lady: little girls of eight and twelve, I should say. 'Twas the first carriage callers that ever I'd seen in the place, and Hodges says to me as he goes toward the hall:

"This is something like, eh, Mrs. Umbleby?"

But I felt odd and uncertain, and when from behind the library door I heard the lady say,

"You see, I've kept my word and brought my babies, Mrs. Childress—my son is hardly old enough for yours—only four—but Helena and Lou can't wait—they are so impatient to see your



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"CHILDREN HAVE SHARP EYES—ONE CAN'T HIDE THEM FROM EACH OTHER"

little girl!"—when I heard that, I saw what my poor mistress had been at, and the terrible situation we were in (and had been in for years) flashed over me, and my hands got cold as ice.

"Where is she?" the lady went on.

At that I went boldly into the library and stood by my mistress' chair—I couldn't desert her then, after all those years.

"Where? where?" my poor lady repeated, vague like, and turning her eyes so piteous at me that I looked the visitor straight in the face, and getting between her and my mistress, I said very calmly:

"I think Miss Winifred is in the children's garden, madam; shall I take the young ladies there?"

For my thought was to get the children out of the way before it all came out, you see.

Oh, the look of gratitude she gave me! And yet it was a mad thing to do. But I couldn't desert her—I couldn't.

"There, you see, mamma!" cried the youngest, and the older one said,

"We can find our way, thank you," very civil, to me.

"Children have sharp eyes," said the lady, laughing; "one can't hide them from each other—haven't you found it so?"

"Now what the devil does she mean by that?" Hodges muttered to me as he passed by me with the tray. He always kept the silver perfect, and it did one's heart good to see his tray: urn and sugar and cream just twinkling and the toast in a covered dish—old Chelsea it was—and new cakes and jam and fresh butter, just as they have at home.

I don't know what they talked of, for I couldn't find any excuse to stop in the room, and she wouldn't have had it, anyway. I went around to the front to catch the children when they should come back, and quiet them, but they didn't come, and I was too thankful to think much about it.

After about half an hour I saw the oldest one coming slowly along by herself, looking very sulky.

"Where's your sister, dear?" I said, all in a tremble, for I dreaded how she might put it.

"She's too naughty—I can't get her to leave," she says, pettishly, and burst into the library ahead of me. My mis-

tress' face was scarlet and her eyes like two big stars—for the first time I saw that she was a beauty. Her breath came very quick, and I knew as well as if I'd been there all the time that she'd been letting herself go, as they say, and talked to her heart's content about what she'd never have a chance to talk again to any guest. She was much excited, and the other woman knew it and was puzzled, I could see, from the way she looked at her.

Now the girl burst into talk.

"Mamma, Lou is so naughty!" she cried. "I saw the ponies coming up the drive, and I told her it was time, but she wouldn't come!"

"Gently, daughter, gently," said the lady, and put her arm around her and soothed her hair. "Why won't Lou come?"

I can see that room now, as plain as any picture in a frame: the setting sun all yellow on the gilt of the rows of books, the streak of light on the waxed oak floor, the urn shining in the last rays. There was the mother patting the big girl, there was Hodges with his hand on the tray, and there was me standing behind my mistress, with her red cheeks and her poor heaving bosom.

"Why won't Lou come?" she asked the girl again.

"Because," she says, still fretful, and very loud and clear—"because she is taking a pattern of the little girl's hat and trying to twist hers into that shape! I told her you wouldn't like it."

My mistress sprang up, and the chair fell down with a crash behind her. I turned (Hodges says) as white as a sheet and moved nearer her.

"Hat!" she gasped. "What hat? Whose hat?"

There seemed to be a jingling, like sleigh-bells, all through the air, and I thought I was going crazy, till I saw that it came from the tray, where Hodges' hand was shaking so, and yet he couldn't take it off.

"The hat with the rose-colored ribbon on it," said the girl—"the one we saw as we drove in, you know, mamma. It's so becoming."

"Sarah! Sarah! did you hear? Did you hear?" shrieked my mistress. "She saw, Sarah; *she saw!*"

Then the color went out of her like when you blow out a candle, and she put her hand to her heart.

"Oh, oh, what pain!" she said, very quickly, and Hodges cried, "My God, she's gone!" and I caught her as she fell and we went down together, for my knees were shaking.

When I opened my eyes there was only Margaret there, wetting my forehead, for William had gone for a doctor. Not that it was of any use, for she never breathed. But the smile on her face was lovely.

We got her on her bed, and the sight of her there brought the tears to me, and I cried out: "Oh dear, oh dear! She was all I had in the world, and now—"

"Now you've got me, my girl, and isn't that worth anything to you, Sarah?"

That was William Hodges, and he put his arm over my shoulder, right before Margaret, and looked so kind at me, so kind—I saw in a moment that no one else was anything to him and that he had always cared for me. And that, coming so sudden, when I had given up all hope of it, was too much for me, weak as I was, and I fainted off again, and woke up raving hot with fever and half out of my mind; but not quite, for I kept begging them to put off the funeral till I should be able to be up.

But this, of course, was not done, and by the time I was out of hos-

pital the turf was all in place on her dear grave.

William had managed everything and had picked out all the little keepsakes I should have chosen—the heirs were most kind, though Jews. Indeed, I've felt different to that sort of people ever since; for they, not caring for the house, on account of its being lonely, to their way of thinking, made it into a children's home for those of their belief as were poor and orphaned, and whatever may have been, the old place will never lack for children now.

I never stepped foot in the grounds again; for William Hodges, though the gentlest and fairest of men, never thwarted me but once, and it was in just that direction. Moreover, he forbade me to speak of what only he and I knew for a certainty, and he was one of that sort that when a command is laid it's best kept.

We've two fine children—girl and boy—and he never murmured at the names I chose for them. Indeed, considering what my mistress' will left me and what his master had done for him, he was as pleased as I.

"They're named after our two best friends, Sarah," he said, looking hard at me once.

And I nodded my head; but if she saw me, in heaven, she knew who were in my heart when I named them!

Losses

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

IF all the losses of the years,
The things which you have missed so long,
And mourned with unavailing tears,
Came trooping back, with dance and song,
And stood expectant at your door,
Say, would you take them back once more?

Along the Great Wall of China

BY WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL, F.R.G.S.

THE Great Wall of China, commencing a few miles from Shan-haikwan, to the east of Peking, and bordering on the Yellow Sea, stretches its long, curving way in a general westerly direction, until, at a point fifteen days' journey from where it started, it sends off a northern arm, which passes on through Kalgan, and then curving to the southwest, rejoins the main portion of the Barrier hundreds of miles from the sea and not far from the banks of the Yellow River. The northern arm, passing through Kalgan, has often been visited by travellers, for which reason my expedition decided not to follow its course, but to proceed along the main line of this great structure.

Before we had proceeded far from the point where the northern arm branches off we arrived at the famous Thirteen Tombs of the Ming Dynasty, the great line that refortified the Wall and held it long against the Tartars. This mountainous mausoleum is to be carefully distinguished from the Western Tombs of the present dynasty.

The Mings consulted an adept in the study of the *Book of the Blue Bag*, a classic of geomancy some thousand years old. He, by the aid of the magic tortoise-shell, fixed upon a felicitous ground, which the Emperor approved, and renamed the Mount of Imperial Longevity. Here was laid out the first of the Thirteen Tombs, and here most of the family were interred.

The cemetery is garnished with a dozen gigantic monoliths of men and two dozen of animals; so impressive are they in their cold, silent majesty, standing naturally on the soil without pedestals, that a later emperor thought of transporting all to grace his own tomb; but a horrified chamberlain chipped a piece off each, and this rendered them unthinkable as decorations for a new

tomb. It was this dynasty which ended the burying alive of wives and concubines. Perhaps these statues were erected in place of them.

Many towers of the Great Barrier remain intact, and even much of the Wall. Thus far in our trip of six hundred miles we appreciate the work of the engineers who brought these masses of stone, brick, and mortar, and built them solidly. But our native attendants appreciate yet more highly the work of the geomancers who fixed the sites of the towers and so brought down good influences on the fields around. Our guide would never enter a tower without knocking thrice and repeating a formula for luck, a prayer to the god of war.

The Wall itself finds votaries all along its course. According to native belief, the mortar from its crevices works wonderful cures, especially for punctures of the skin.

The pathos of life here was well illustrated by the gloom of a coolie we met at a fork in a road. We asked which branch led to the Wall, and how far off it was. He told us it was three miles distant. "But I have not seen it," he added. "To gather fuel takes me from early morning till toward sunset in the woods; when the heavy burden prevents me looking up, and I have never set eyes upon it."

Yet how many Londoners have seen the Tower? How many Kentuckians their Mammoth Cave?

If the Wall in this part is of comparatively recent construction, the ancient engineers who laid out the line seem to have done their best in selecting natural, strong lines of defence, and then intensifying them. Indeed, they followed the line of the greatest natural resistance. In parts more inland they had occasionally to deal with a mere plain, but here they had crags and mountain

chains to furnish an advantageous base. Two level furrows were chiselled out in the solid rock, about twenty-five feet apart, and squared granite blocks were laid on this foundation a few feet above. Then special clay was chosen and moulded by skilled workmen into bricks twenty-two and a half inches long. The unwieldy blocks, according to local legend, were tied to goats, and dragged up the almost inaccessible ridges. Here the bricklayers placed them, all as headers, not stretchers, and the two faces were filled with earth well rammed. As the Wall arose, it was seen that its projecting faces formed a mutually defensive scheme of salients and curtains.

Through centuries of neglect this massive structure has endured—a fit emblem of the Chinese character. Little by little it has gathered to itself legend and superstition. If wells and trees, chairs and tables, are supposed to be the abode of spirits, how much more easy to imagine this Wall the home of a superior race! A tower or peak to the north of a home assures its good fortune; the Wall to the north of the Empire must be propitious. And if the Wall have numerous pinnacles, these must bring special good influences down.

As we try to find a thousand different people along the Wall and get a thousand legends or opinions, we come at times across a few curious specimens. One legend is strangely utilitarian. "Chin went up to heaven and took hold of the frost tree; he shook it and shook it until the country was covered deep with frost and all the young crops were ruined. Then he obliged the people to work on the Wall, but would not give them enough to eat."

The old grumbler who produced this tale was overlooking the fact that the Wall shut off some of the cold north winds, and shut out the desperate foragers from the Mongolian steppes.

To describe the warlike use of the Wall properly a military historian is needed, who can set forth accurately and technically all the strategy involved and the weapons employed. In default of him, a lay view may help the general reader.

The very conception of a chain of thousands of strong blockhouses, linked

by a rampart, and stretching over more than a thousand miles, betokens a mind that can conceive great measures. Vast resources were needed to execute the idea and to defend the wall when once erected. A Wall would need an army of workmen to erect it, an army of soldiers to defend it. The trowel might be laid aside in a few months, the sword must be ever ready. A mere wall without men behind it cannot delay an invader for a day. The Wall of China involved a standing army. Accordingly, China was the first nation to have a standing army, and historians say it numbered 3,080,000 men.

There are signs in the brickwork that the towers were designed and finished first, before any wall was erected. The order was not, therefore, Wall first and then towers on it; but towers, and then a curtain between them. In Cuba and in South Africa there was a time when it was found wise to erect rows of blockhouses near enough together to command the intervening space by rifle fire, and numerous enough to stretch for miles. The line of Chinese defence apparently began in the same way; only, as they had no missiles that could be thrown far and swiftly, a solid line of wall became needful at an early stage. We can imagine that each garrison would be charged to build a section of wall on to meet the builders from the next forts, and thus the time would not be idly spent in mere watching.

But of the early period we have little real information, whereas we are fortunate in having detailed accounts of the frontier defences in the last period when they were important, that of the Ming dynasty. The Mings were the last Chinese who ruled over China; they drove out a line of foreigners, even as the English drove out the Scotch Stuarts. Then they occupied the throne for two hundred and seventy-six years; and for much of the time they had to defend the Empire against the northern barbarians whom they had expelled, but to whom they at last succumbed. Since 1644 the Chinese have been ruled again by foreigners; but the Mings guarded the land against these from the days of Edward the Black Prince to the days of Cromwell. All that time the Great Wall was of supreme



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

ON THE MOUNTAIN RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE PICTURESQUE PASS OF CH'A CHIEN K'OW

importance, and the annals tell much about it.

The policy was adopted of quartering huge permanent garrisons in fortified camps behind the Wall. The generals in command could easily plan for detachments to go on guard duty to the forts for a week or two at a time, and for the guards to post sentries along the Wall itself. The homes of the soldiers, however, were not the little forts, but great camps farther back. Then their time was not occupied in mere drill and manœuvres; they were set to reclaim the land and to till it. Inscriptions point to a system of land grants which acted as bounties to induce enlistment. But these would not avail to content a recruit long. A pioneer into Alberta or Saskatchewan may be tempted there by the offer of half a square mile, but when he has overcome the first difficulties he wants a home, with wife and children. The Chinese authorities recognized this principle, and encouraged the soldiers to marry, so that they should not wish to leave the garrisons and return to the

older settled parts. Thus there grew up a cordon of married military settlers behind the Wall.

The Hwangho is the second most important river in China, and is popularly styled "China's Sorrow"; the reason for which soon developed. Hardly were we across its uncertain flow before we found the landscape obscured by a dry fog, enveloping the whole region. When this settles it does not coat hedges and herbage with refreshing moisture, such as makes Ireland an Emerald Isle, but with a "ginger powder," as the Chinese call the yellow dust, ground to the tiniest particles by the wind. So fine is it that it will sift through the veriest cracks, even into the protected portion of cameras, dry-fogging the plates, and also into the delicate adjustments of the scientific instruments. The dry fog produces a dull twilight like the light on the planet Neptune: a dim and dreary world. This dust has created the fertility of northern China, and has converted the Hwangho into its scourge.

Transportation of dust by the wind is not, of course, peculiar to China. On the uplands of the Andes there are large mounds of sand which are being slowly but steadily blown across country by the prevailing winds, and which assume the form of crescents. On a far smaller scale, every resident near a low, sandy coast knows how dunes are formed because the sea-breeze blows the sand inland. Now the centre of Asia has inexhaustible supplies of sand and dry earth where there is no moisture to cement it into a hard substance. It is also subject to great winds, which appear to sweep the centre of the continent like a colossal down-draught in the centre of a big public hall. It was some of this dust-laden wind that greeted us when we reached the right bank of the Hwangho. Water acts on dry fog as on witches, and stops it going farther. But as the wind drops, so does some of the dust it conveys, and thus the rocky soil gets coated over with dust from afar. This process has gone on for a few millenniums, and the result is that the yellow dust is occasionally

lays the dry fog, but hardens it into earth again. Thus the whole of North China, as far as the Hwangho, is covered with yellow earth, known as *loess*. The canyon-like sunken roads, which appear to have been washed out, have in reality been blown out. We walked in one through dust a foot deep, and a brush of wind dispelled any doubt as to how the roadway was deepened.

The soil here spreads so thickly over the surface, as it is ever being renewed by a top-dressing brought by the wind, that it is constantly fertile. When rain falls regularly, the soil is moistened, and the crops are amazingly abundant. So much is this the case that the district of which we are now speaking was settled early, and is probably the very oldest part of China. Indeed, because its prince was the lord of the Yellow Earth, he took the title, "Ruler of the Yellow"—Huang Ti. And this remains one of the imperial titles to the present day.

The great river, Hwangho, having started from the Sea of Stars and wandered about the north, flows through a soil of this dusty formation. Of course it cuts through it easily, and leaves the banks nearly vertical, but it takes up an enormous amount of the soil it displaces, and flows on, charged with yellow mud. As the slope to the ocean is very slight, this mud always tends to settle and raise the river bed. In much of the lower course the bottom of the bed is above the level of the country around, and the banks have to be built up with



Copyright, 1900, by William Edgar Geil

IRRIGATION WATER-WHEELS ON THE YELLOW RIVER

a thousand feet deep. It has embedded all sorts of decaying vegetation, and the inference is that it must have embedded villages and even men, now and again, in a raging dust-storm. But while the Sahara, also swept by dust-laden winds, remains sandy, northern China receives much rain, which not only

millet-stalks to confine the water. This is a difficulty everywhere experienced with this kind of river, but floods caused by the Po, or even by the levees of the Mississippi bursting, pale into insignificance when compared with those caused by the Hwangho. To say nothing of frequent minor floods, this great

stream has changed its course ten times within a period of recorded history, and has debouched into the ocean at points as far apart as three hundred miles. Even to the end of its course it retains enough mud to discolor the ocean, which on the coast is therefore called the Yellow Sea. As it is now silting up the Gulf of Chihli, and has a bar of mud across it some eight miles up, another huge burst is expected. A few Dutch engineers, familiar with the problem of rivers flowing much above the land-level, might manage to avert the calamity, but the native engineers prefer to pocket the appropriations, not to dredge, or pump from without, but merely to tinker with the banks.

Since we began this section of the journey the mountains have yielded place to a great elevated plain, where for miles and miles the Great

Wall may be seen stretching off in graceful curves toward the west. The plateau is intersected by numerous canyons with steep sides, cleft down by rivulets or rivers. On a small scale the same phenomenon is seen in the Blue Mountains of Australia. For scores of years these barred all access to the interior, though low level canyons wound in, and then terminated abruptly where streams plunge headlong down hundreds of feet. But the Australian mountains are of hard rock, while the Chinese plateau is simply compressed dust. Occasionally the sides of the canyons are in long terraces, corresponding to various heights of the watercourses. Into the faces of these the villagers dig, and get excellent cave-dwellings, while stairs are easily carved from one level to another.

We found an instance of the scarcity of water at a hamlet called the Wolf Sleeping Ravine. This is on the side of

a hill four miles from Chingpien Hsien. The villagers here depend on a well more than five hundred feet deep, and are not too fond of drawing water from its cool recesses.

"Mr. Vermilion," the traveller asks (for all the people here belong to the Chu or Vermilion family), "will your

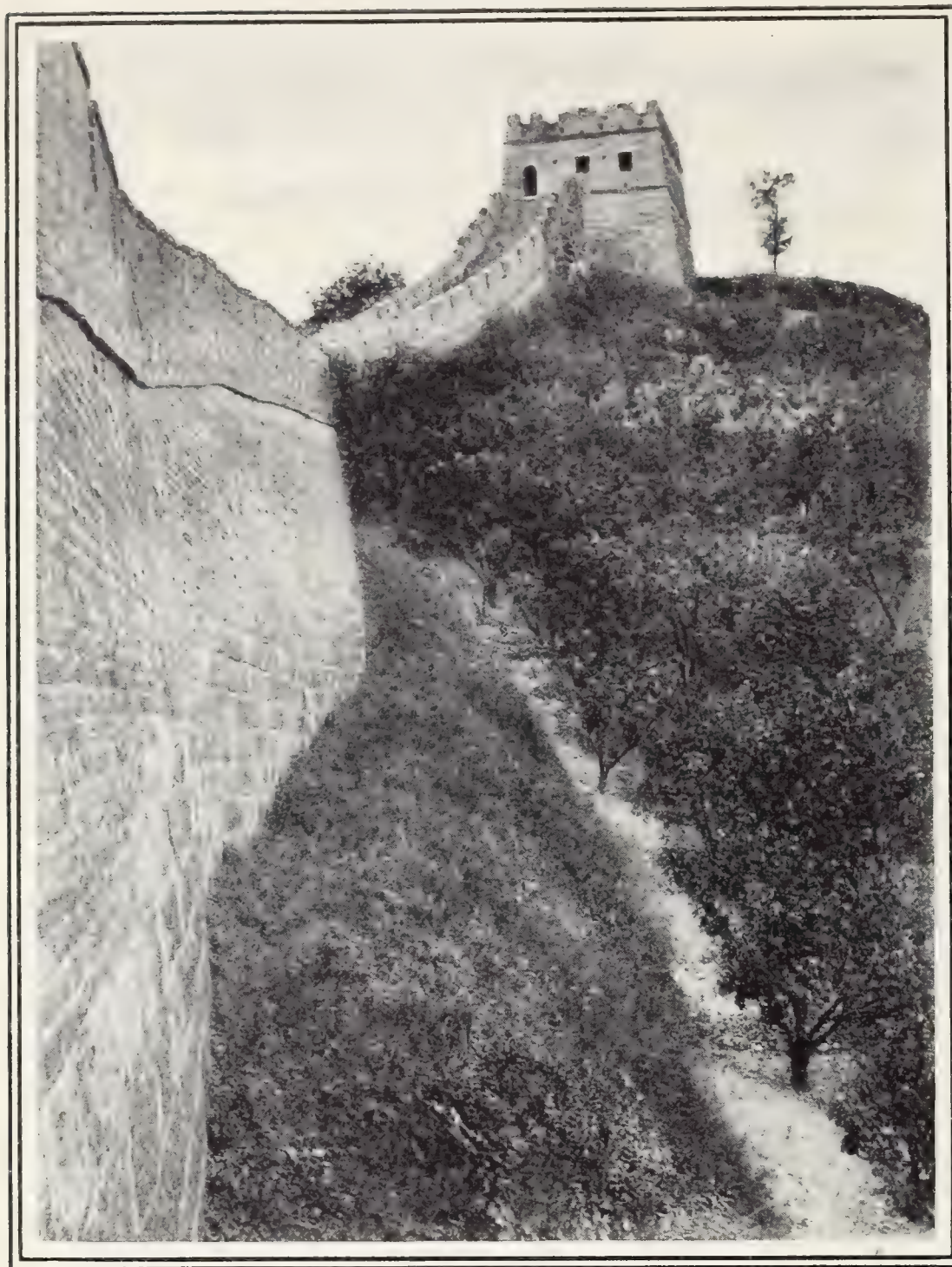


Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

NEAR THE THIRTEEN TOMBS IN THE IMPERIAL MING RESERVATION

honor be so gracious as to deign to bestow a drop of water on your insignificant visitor?" Usually such a request would gain quick response, but here it depends as to the day on which the request is made. The villagers will hand out food readily, but water is only drawn every three or five days, and if supplies on the surface are running low, they will not anticipate the regular day for a chance visitor.

In districts of this kind, where water is scarce, and sand or *loess* is plentiful, the builders of the Great Wall had new problems to encounter. Where should they build, what sort of foundation could they secure, what sort of rampart should they erect? The engineers traced a line from the eastern curve of the river far across country to where it curved back again, and, unlike the engineers east of the Yellow River, they made the Wall fol-



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

THE CLIFF TOWER AT SAN HO LOU

low the line of the least natural resistance, like an inverted bow. Finding that the dust drifted against it and sloped up on the desert side, they laid out a second wall behind, and in very wind-swept stretches even a third. Not only so, but they sunk a moat, its width and depth being equal to the height and width of the Barrier, walling it on sides and bottom in an attempt to make it water-tight. Having thus settled the direction, they built sometimes in the style prevalent in the East, but more often by scarping the natural formation. For long stretches the natural state of the *loess* formation admitted of its being simply hewn down into the shape of a wall. They split the soil down vertically, and then veneered over with brick or stone. If the levels were not convenient for this, a wooden framework was erected, soil was excavated from the moat and watered

and rammed into the casing, which was presently removed and set up farther on for another filling while the rammed earth was cased with brick to protect it from the weather. This style of building is still practical in these parts when houses are erected. It has been said that the Wall in Shensi and Kansu is only a heap of hard mud; but if mud will do to keep people out, why not use it? Earthworks were often good enough for the Romans. Even now, after long neglect, when our men measured the ruins in this region, remains of the Wall found in many places were over fifteen feet high and nearly fifteen feet thick, with towers thirty-five feet square at the base and rising thirty feet. Such a barrier would be awkward to climb over

at any time, but when men are waiting on top with something humorous like boiling oil for a welcome, it would seem to furnish a good defence.

Just west of the level village of the Li Family, the innkeeper tried to detain us with tales of the sudden rises of water; but we took these to be exaggerated. When we reached the brink of the flood, however, the usually quiet stream was a wild, tempestuous rush. On the shore we tarried to wait the subsidence of the waters, and after half an hour a native waded over. Him we at once engaged to lead our mountain mules over the ford, and in a few minutes the whole caravan was safely across. Not too soon, for swirling down the narrow channel between the steep rocks came a fresh volume of water quite four feet high, sweeping everything before it. To note that despite such torrents the line of

the Great Wall lies high and distinct is to conceive admiration for the engineers who planned and built it so well.

Here the top-dressing of dust was thin, and we saw the bare rock; but southeast of Chingpien Hsien we found a mountain called Wu T'ai Ao, the "Five-terraced Rambling Hill." Only a few families inhabit it, for the *loess* roundabout is a thousand feet thick, and will not retain water. Going down the hill to fetch a pail of water does not commend itself to Chinese Jacks and Jills when the distance is some miles; so they prepare water vaults, on the hardest parts of the slope, by digging pits scores of feet wide and deep, and ramming the exposed surface to make it measurably water-tight. Trenches are arranged to lead as much water as possible into the cisterns. But they have a prejudice against mere surface water, and to clarify it they collect various refuse which they blend with it. When well brewed, it is used for drinking, and has a smooth, oily flavor as if it were a decoction of hemp.

Here and there we found rock underlying the soil. The bed-rock is mostly sandstone, although sometimes a gray shale that is black when newly fractured. Hard sand varying to soft sandstone is

also found, and conglomerate occurs. The wild vegetation is neither plentiful nor varied. Grass grows well, with bushy juniper and scrub-like American sagebrush, from which the natives can get fuel but no timber. Yet when well planted and carefully cultivated vegetable gardens will yield well. No afforestation is attempted, though it might be thought that the deep roots of trees would get nutriment even when the surface is bare, and that the foliage might attract more rain.

With the flora thus scanty, the fauna are not numerous. Rodents are well represented, among them the kangaroo-rat. Another local curiosity is the dwarf desert hamster. The natives speak of wild pigs, but these did not present themselves to us. Antelopes by the scores were often seen pasturing on the ramps of the Wall or the grass near by. As for birds, they abounded, the magpie being particularly in evidence.

The most remarkable product of this district are the Chinese Pigmies or Hairy Wild Men. We heard rumors of a wild and uncivilized people living to the south in mountain forests—a sort of forgotten people, who in turn had forgotten the ways of the civilized.



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

IN OLDEST CHINA—CONE OF A TOWER BUILT OF COMPRESSED DUST

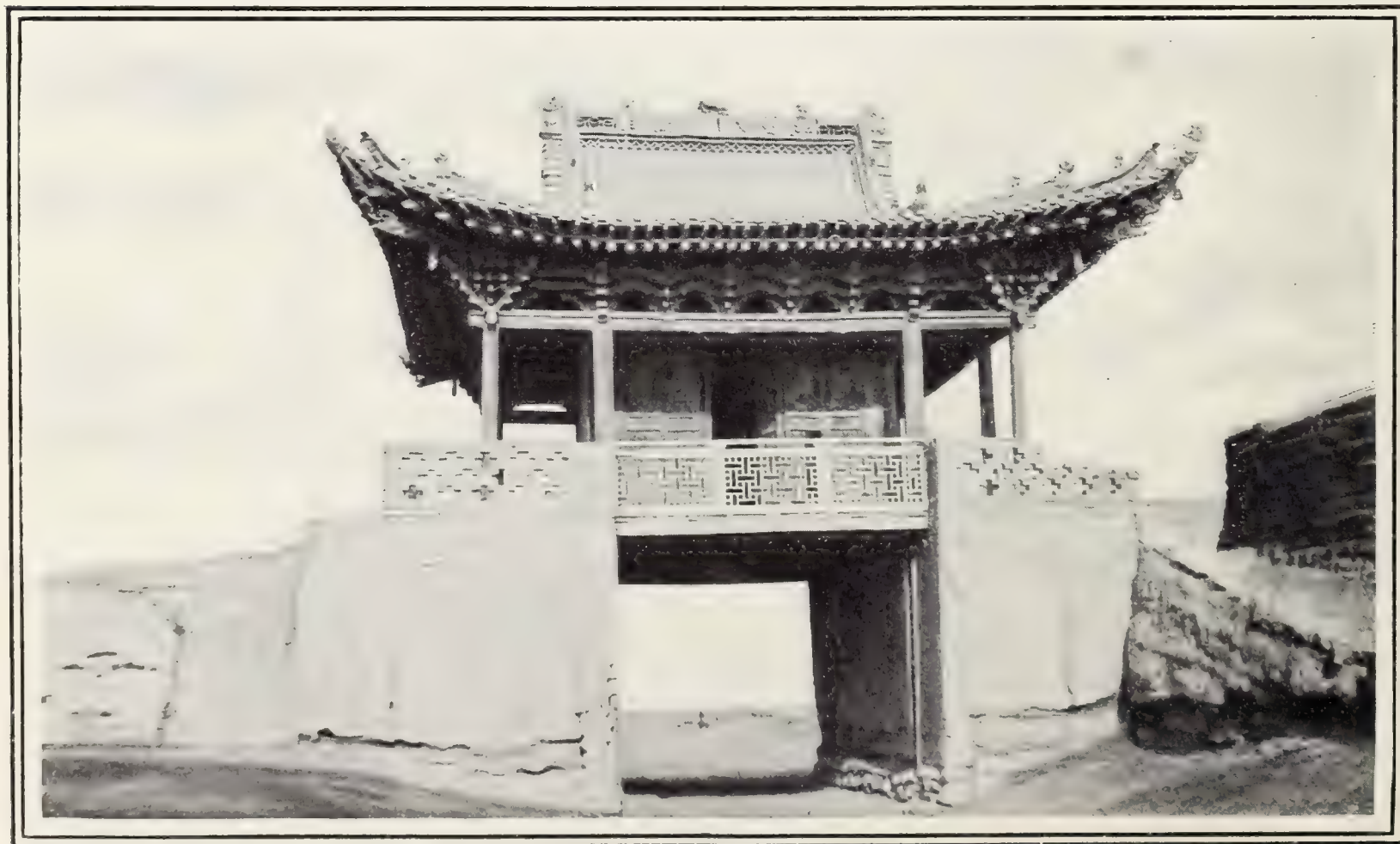
The country was one mass of sand-hill land, and when the wind rises, the roads are hard to find, but we went forward steadily, reaching hamlets and villages just at the time when the wheat was in full ear, until we came to Wan Yin Chien, and stopped. The name of our inn here was the "Ten Thousand Flourishing Inn." The men-mouths of the inn lord were very many, and the place unspeakably dirty, so we all slept on the roof of the mule-house. The next day we arose, but before resuming our journey I asked the governor of the inn about the Long Wall. He made answer thus:

"Chin Shih Hwang without doctrine compelled the people to build it. He walked his horse and examined the boundary. Afterward there was the husband of the Mêng Chiang woman. Because he was building the Wall, he was compelled to die in it. The Mêng Chiang woman, weeping for her husband, moved heaven and earth. The ten thousand *li* long wall, with one cry, was wept down."

In this village, untouched by civilization, ignorant of the camera, where a photograph of a beautiful young lady affrighted the beholders, many interesting legends about the Wall were gathered. In brief some of them are as follows:

Chin, borne triumphantly across the empire on his horse of cloud, stamped thrice every *li*, and on each crushed spot sprang up a tower. Chin was a broken, bad man. The Wall was erected in one day, being 80,000 *li* long. It was ruined when one woman gave a scream, and it collapsed from the sea to Tibet. There were eighteen suns when Chin built; the men were kept working so long that grass had time to grow in the dust which lodged on their heads. The men worked so long that they fell asleep and woke up patriarchs. Chin had mammoth shovels that threw up a *li* of wall at a scoop; the men were twelve feet tall and broad in proportion; nowadays men are small and could not build the Wall. A god looked down from heaven and saw the people being thrown into the Wall for not doing the work, so he came down and gave a thread to the workmen, who put it round their wrists to increase strength. When the king found out he took this magic thread and plaited it into a lash for a whip. With the magic whip he could remove mountains or make the Yellow River stop. . . .

Not far away we halted at a hamlet of four houses, known as the Water Cave Ravine. Here we patronized the Inn of Increasing Righteousness, kept by a Boniface called "Happy Son of Movement,"



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

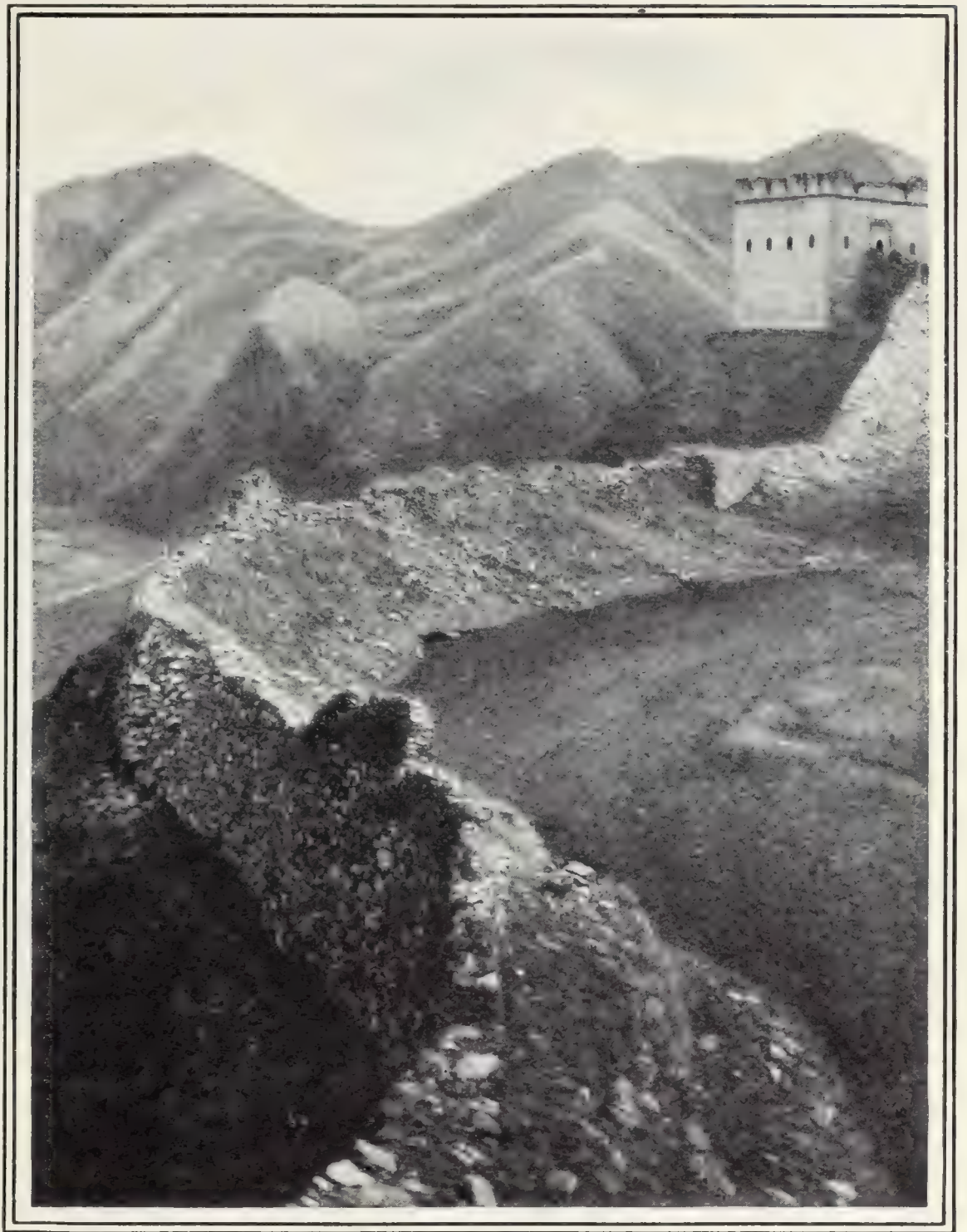
THE LAST GATE OF THE DOOMED CITY OF KU CHANG TSI

a human mine of folk-lore, who produced corroborative statements as to the giants of Chin's day.

"Oh yes," he cheerfully asserted, "I *know* the men were over ten feet high; the old men say so, and I have seen bones in the Wall, four feet long below the knee." The truth of this is accepted as being guaranteed, for Happy Son is clean, frugal, a widower, a goatherd; he does not shave, and he worships seven ancestral tablets.

Here again we gathered a choice collection of local legends, showing many variants on a few themes of cruelty, love, and magic. One is that the line of the Wall was marked out not by Chin, but by Chin's White Magic Horse. A saddle was tied to its tail, and it was allowed to wander freely. Whither it strayed, the architect followed and pegged out the line for the builders. And to this day stand the abandoned forty *li* of wall to prove the story.

In our journey from the sea thus far, to the border-land of Tibet, we have followed various loops or inverted bows of the Great Wall. Looking at the map, one is struck by the resemblance of the line of the Wall to three stupendous festoons. First in the Mountains, second in the Loess, and now in the Desert. This interesting portion of the Great Wall reaches from Ninghia *viâ* Ta Pa Ying to Liangchow. It is a curious instance of the strong local feeling here that the people do not speak of the Ten-thousand *li* Wall, but call it only the Eight-hundred *li* Wall.



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

A PORTION OF THE GREAT WALL IN RUINS

While marching along a level road, following the ruined boundary line, a sturdy blacksmith fell in with us. We lost no time in plying him with questions.

"Chin," said he, "did not finish the Great Wall; the reason was that he lost his whip, his magic whip. The great misfortune fell in this wise: The Emperor treated the common people with great cruelty. This worked upon the mind of a charming young daughter of a master workman. Chin took a fancy to the beautiful girl, and wanted to marry her, to which she objected, because she sympathized with the poor overburdened workmen on the Wall; she avoided matrimony by committing suicide. On arrival in the lower regions, the Dragon King inquired how the Great Wall was getting on, when she up and told him how the mighty monarch with his wonderful whip



Copyright, 1909, by Willam Edgar Geil

THE GREAT WALL ASCENDING A MOUNTAIN OVER FOUR THOUSAND FEET HIGH

was erecting the masonry. Nor did she stop with furnishing the news, but fell upon her knees and begged the Lord of Perdition to pity her people and to send up some spirit who should prevent further cruelty. The Dragon King ordered his own wife, a crafty and charming woman, to make her way to the earth, win the Emperor's affections, and marry him. She was to wait an auspicious moment, and then make off with the wonderful whip. The female devil played her part well, she stole the whip, and that is the reason Chin never finished the Wall."

In coming from Ninghia to Ta Pa Ying, the road is level and good enough for a bicycle. A wire which parallels the Wall speaks of the present, as the masonry of the past. The modern mind will quickly decide which of the two may be relied on to protect the empire. The wire was being used not only for messages, but also by birds. Never have we seen so many feathered creatures in a straight line. They rested on the wire for several *li* so closely together that the

metal took a deep sag. As numerous as the birds above were the frogs below; millions of frogs, sufficient in number to cover the face of the land. They were of one size, as if hatched out on a lucky day by some mammoth frog incubator.

Again and again we ask ourselves why Chin built the Wall. Many reasons have been advanced. The Great Wall is the southern boundary of the Gobi Desert—the soul-appalling desert. We asked the question, "Why is the Gobi Desert?" The answer more properly belongs to the geologist than to the geographer. And yet as we look at the sands of Mongolia the problem of aridity presents itself, and we wonder if this vast extent of sand was deposited by wind action or precipitated by water. The evaporation here is very much in excess of the precipitation, so that the limit of the desert has much extended during the present geological age—the post-glacial period. In historic times lakes have become in Central Asia terrible deserts.

Desiccation continues. The most de-

pressed sheet of water in the world is the Dead Sea. But here is lofty Dead Land, and this region is in process of being fried. When a shovel goes down below the yellow, level, moistless surface it is soon wet. There is a wet desert under the dry desert. Shave off the top of the plateau, and you will have a lofty plain containing a damp desert. But it is not our purpose to discuss scientifically the origin and development of the Gobi. This Great Wall, upon which we are standing, suggests that the population of the world has not materially increased, but that the centre of population has shifted, certainly in this part of the world. During Chin's lifetime there were cities to the north of the Wall—important centres of population. These now lie beneath the sands of Gobi. A much denser population inhabited the "outside" than at present.

Our caravan now enters bad lands, dry stretches where by day the sun scorches through an arid atmosphere, while after a brief ghostly twilight there gathers a darkness that fills the caverns of the sky. It was all dreariness—utter dreariness. While toiling up the sand mountain we unexpectedly came upon a mat tent. In front of the tent was a large jar in which was water. Passers-by when tired and thirsty might use it. I asked what place possessed the man that put it there. It was answered that from below the sand-hill, ten *li* away, he comes here to perform this meritorious deed. One native said, "As he has no son, he does this to store up secret merit that he may ask for a son."

At Ta Ching we spent the night in the Inn of Increasing Justice. The name of the controller was Chin, and in the midst of the city was a temple. In the temple was the corpse of a lama. On the outside was fashioned a mud village. "Why did the body lie there?" we asked, and in reply were told that the lama, seeking to become a living genius, sat down in the midst of the temple where he hoped to change. Afterward

came here a great official named Tien Kung, who entered the temple to worship. The lama paid him no attention, so the enraged official took his sword and cut off the lama's head, which fell to the ground. But the priest picked up his head and put it on again. When Tien Kung again cut off his head, from the lama's neck came forth white breath which went up to heaven. Now the people dare not open the north gate lest the dead lama destroy the city with fire.

These saffron-vested monks are a feature in the population here. Some people think that the Chinese encourage Buddhism among the dwellers in this desert land; for if the men largely turn lamas, and remain unmarried, the population will be kept down below the danger-point.

After resting at Ta Ching we pushed on past forsaken villages and deserted towns, one of which testified in its name to the progressive decivilization in these parts, being called the "Dry Son of a Dike." It was a relief when we sighted the city of Liangchow and entered its gateway.

During a period of recuperation after this toilsome march came an opportunity for clarifying ideas on the topic of the walls we had passed. On the map the Great Wall looks indeed like three great festoons, but there are some odd tassels as well, and about these we made diligent inquiry. We gathered up many fragments of story as to the other walls, which accounted for spurs to be seen here and there.

Not far from Liangchow we decided to alter our plan of march. And the reason for this departure was that we came upon an important arm branching off from the Great Wall, and reaching out far, far toward the southwest, into that strange land of mystery, superstition, and almost incredible credulity—Tibet. Right glad were we, later, that our original plan was thus modified, as the reader will see by the concluding pages of this record.



The Apple Tree Cottage

BY ELINOR MACARTNEY LANE

EVERYTHING was as Hassan had said I should find it. I opened the rope-fastened gate, walked along the planks under the stubby round trees, and came to the old man on the side porch. His shoulders were more drooping than I had expected, but his face was less milk-white, and he was regarding with a magnifying-glass a number of dead fish which lay on a high shelf.

"Where is the little red chair?" said I.

He paused, regarded me with large pale eyes through round glasses, and disappeared into the house. Returning quickly with a painted rocker, he set it under the largest apple tree, and went back wordlessly to the fish.

"And the sun-dial under the quince tree?" I demanded.

He pointed—peevishly, I thought—farther down the garden, near the rocks and the sea.

I liked this place even more than Hassan had said I should. The low, white house spread out to fit under the trees; the paths bordered by mignonette and heliotrope; the afternoon shaft of sunlight, filled with bright gold, falling on blue hydrangeas; and lower down, rocks, and the swaying sea, with breakers booming on a distant shore.

"Fisherman," said I, "how many summers have you lived here?"

"Twenty," he answered, not turning, neither pausing in his work.

"Fisherman," said I, "I have come to stay with you."

He looked at me wildly, I thought, before he spoke.

"There is a mistake," he said, putting down the blade with which he was dissecting a fish long dead. "I am not a fisherman. I am professor of"—he mentioned an "ology" unknown to me—"at Harvard."

"But you don't show it," I hastened to reassure him. "Without your glass-

es, now that I see you fully, you look quite human."

He regarded my white flannels and general appearance critically. I stood it without flinching. I had been a captain at Yale.

"You are not an educated man, I think," he suggested, gently.

"From Yale," said I.

"So I should have imagined," he answered.

"I've a letter to you from Hassan; your nephew, I believe?"

"By marriage only," he said, and I thought I heard him groan.

"He has asked you in this missive," said I, flipping the letter with my forefinger, "to put me up for a month until he can come by." A sound passed his lips. I thought he said "My God!" with horror in the sound.

"Why does he want to send you here?" he demanded, fiercely. "I like to live my own life in my own way—"

"You talk like a great soprano," said I. "It's Hassan's house. He has remembered it but once in twenty years."

"True," he returned. "He has been here but once in all that time, but there was much of the visit while it lasted. He brought friends with attendant valets and automobiles. And one very warm day they went to the village in white silk pajamas. An affair still widely remembered. It was a period of horror. They were all quite young; too rich; and most objectionable. Why didn't he send you somewhere else to wait for him?" he asked, I thought inhospitably.

"I have been at Newport," I explained. "I was not happy there. He knew it, and suggested this place. He said it might be necessary to gain your attention with a brick. But that afterward (you know his way) you would be different from your looks."

"You have an automobile?" he asked, anxiously.



"FISHERMAN," SAID I, "I HAVE COME TO STAY WITH YOU"

"Not here."

"Nor a man—"

"I have," I cried. "Ah, Fisherman! for three glad golden years after I left college I was gloriously poor. I worked hard to get the things I needed. I was only a newspaper man—"

"Your English would not have led me to believe so much of you," he broke in, cheerfully.

"And then my uncle died and left me millions, any number of millions, and the dreary days are with me ever since."

Here I thought I gained his entire attention. Hassan had said that it would take some days to do this, so I felt flattered.

"You could easily endow a chair at Harvard, couldn't you?" he asked.

"I've plenty of money," said I, thinking how Billy Elliott and the rest of that Yale gang would look if they heard of my endowing a chair at Harvard.

"Then wait," said the Fisherman; "I'll come and talk to you."

I swung myself in the sage-green hammock for a quarter of an hour till he returned. He had changed his old clothes for a suit of soft gray, the color of his hair; and the inhuman look of the scientific hunter being gone, he seemed a kind old man of something over sixty years.

"I did not," he said, looking at Hassan's letter, "at first realize that you were *the* Mr. John McIntyre who had so lately inherited a fabulous fortune. As I have said, Hassan's friends have

not hitherto proved companionable. The fact that you shrink from Newport and prefer a quiet place like this speaks well for you," and then a disquieting thought having come to him, "You are not hiding, are you?" he asked, unflatteringly.

"Fisherman," said I, "I *am* hiding; but I have done nothing wrong. I am hiding from people who invite me to dinners and yachts; to automobiles and air-ships. Simply because my uncle left me money unasked seems an inadequate reason for my being hounded to death."

"It is inadequate," he agreed, amiably.

"And so I said to Hassan, 'I want to go where I can remain unknown and unnoticed.' 'Only intellectual people go to Waring. I have a place there with an uncle in it. Go down,' he said. I came and found a welcome not overcordial."

"I am sorry. I am apt," he acknowledged, "to have manners off and on."

"My own failing," said I. "I foresee we shall be great friends. Have a cigar?"

"No," he answered; "a cup of tea."

For the next four days I found a life at the Apple Tree Cottage of celestial peace. Hassan had made the old place over. They gave me a bedroom, sitting-room, and bath in palest yellow, on the second floor. I sent my man to live in the village, and spent my days alone in unsportsmanlike deep-sea fishing.

There were two servants only. A woman of fifty with the perfect name of Priscilla Parmenter, who cooked and bought; and an Englishman some ten years older, who cleaned and served, named John Uxmoor. Uxmoor! Uxmoor! It was to me like Jerry Abershaw to R. L. S.

In the evenings, the Fisherman and I sat under the apple tree in the starlight, when the sea-winds were not too cold, and argued of many things, for he still held the thought that men went to universities to learn to think, and other opinions long rightly dead.

One evening in the dusk a great young chap in white clothes came from the gloom of the orchard and greeted the Fisherman in tones of respect.

"Mr. Kynnett, Harvard '09," said he, presenting him.

It was of studies and conditions they spoke, and affairs peculiarly their own, so I returned to trying to look behind the stars. I was startled by hearing the awful word "girls." "Mrs. Van Amberg," the boy said, "has a house full of them."

"Are you a married man, Mr. McIntyre?" asked the Fisherman, pointedly.

"Yes," said I; "happily married these three years," and the rest of the conversation I wrote to Hassan on the following day.

"DEAR HASSAN,—I would like to buy the place, the two servants, and the old uncle. I will pay extra for the sundial under the quince tree because of its splendid uselessness.

"The row of blue hydrangeas alone is worth all money, and as I want the views, too, I'm fearful lest I may not have the price.

"Seriously, old chap, you've been good to me.

"There are *girls* here, too; but I have protected myself. I am a married man. I have said it, last night, both to the Fisherman and a boy in white—Kynnett, Harvard '09. I said to them: 'I am married now these three years,' and here the Oriental imagination which your insolence has accused me of possessing got in its work. It seemed to get away with me altogether. I had difficulty, there in the dark, in restraining myself from saying that my wife was the daughter of the Dey of Algiers or the Sultan of Morocco. But Christian habits of thought prevailed, and I created her a Russian whom I first met in Paris. I sent her to Schlangenbad for nervousness and to be with her father (whom I created dying). I gave myself a child, a boy. I seemed to need him for corroborate detail. I even expatiated on his beauty and golden curls. When the conversation was over, I felt as if I had been assisting at the General Creation.

THE MARRIED MAN, JACK."

I gave this letter to Uxmoor directly after luncheon on the following day, and lay down in the sage-green hammock, my mind charged with a message the Fisherman had asked me to deliver to a pupil who would arrive at three.

"Tell her," he said. "to wait. I shall be back shortly."

As I myself had seen him start over the waters, uncertainly in a punt, making desperate movements in the direction of Ten Pound Island, I had doubts that he would return shortly, or, indeed, that he would return at all. The fear came on me lest the pupil might perhaps stay near me while waiting, and as I lay, readjusting the Fisherman's message cannily to my desires, she, Hydrangea, came around the corner of the house and stood with the other hydrangeas beside her.

She wore a summery gown, neither blue nor pink nor lavender, but all these colors combined; a broad Leghorn hat with huge flowers clustered on it, with a veil loosely tied. She carried a parasol of lace and lavender, and an old green book was tucked under her arm. As she came toward me I noticed that her face was more round than oval, with a pearly skin, a restless color in the cheeks, and eyes of her own hydrangea blue. Her brow was low. Her hair of softest brown with golden lights, parted in heavy waves back to a coil low on the neck; and altogether I had

not in my life seen another woman one-thousandth part so beautiful.

The hammock caused a more undignified rising on my part than I could have wished, but, recovering myself with something of a lurch, I stood before her.

"Is Professor Peabody here?" she asked. Her voice seemed sad, and I knew, by a method of thought hitherto unknown, she had been ill.

"He has gone," said I, not thinking her a pupil, "to Ten Pound Island to look for a certain fish. Its name was not Angina Pectoris, but similar."

She smiled. "Did he leave a message for me?" she asked.

"Are you a pupil?" said I.

"I might be called so. I read with him every day."

"Ah," I said, placing a chair for her near the hammock, "in that case, you are to wait. He said he would return shortly. As he went in one of those rocking punts, I think the statement overhopeful." She laughed aloud, motioning me to my seat in the

hammock, which was almost beside her.

"It is Mr. McIntyre, isn't it?" she asked. "Percy was telling us at breakfast about your very romantic marriage."



AN OLD GREEN BOOK WAS TUCKED UNDER HER ARM

I was raising my voice in denials, when the Fisherman, who had survived the punt, arrived from the path toward the boat-landing.

"Ah, Barbara," he said, "I hope I've not kept you waiting long."

I did not see her again that day, nor the next, or I should have explained my marriage out of existence, and the third day I received the letter from Hassan which I set below:

"DEAR JACK,—I'm glad you are happy. There are few of that kind. I have just heard that Barbara Kynnett is there. Helen writes that she has been ill, and is resting. Has Lord Avondale shown up, too? I believe they are to be married in the fall. Am coming down about the tenth to arrange for the cruise. Culver comes with me. Regards to Uncle Peabody.

As ever,

JOHN WIGGLESWORTH."

I had forgotten to set down that Hassan's real name is John Wigglesworth, a name something too wormlike to Philistine ears; but to those of Boston, as Cadwalader to Philadelphia, or Ravenel to Charleston.

After reading this letter I felt as if I had lost something. I had not, I suppose, definitely decided to marry Miss Kynnett, having seen her but a few minutes, although time has little to do with such decisions. My judgment has ever been that the quicker a person fits into one's heart, the more perfectly the place has been prepared for her.

But the mention of Lord Avondale as Miss Kynnett's fiancé, annoyed me extremely, and I found I was not alone in my objections to him, for in less than half an hour "Kynnett, Harvard '09," came from under the apple trees, looking like a thunder-cloud.

"Good morning," said he. "Where's the Fisherman?" He had early adopted the name for Professor Peabody.

"He's in, or out, of the punt," said I.

"Do you think he would give me some luncheon?" he demanded, rather than asked, casting his books to the grass.

"I will," I answered. "You seem rather frazzled, you know."

"There's a blooming Englishman over at the Van Amberg's, who drives me crazy. Lord Avondale, friend of my sister's."

"Get some tobacco from my room," said I, "and smoke over it." He came back with the tobacco things and a photograph of Helen Elliott, the handsomest woman (save one) that I have ever seen, which he had found on my dressing-case.

"Is this Mrs. McIntyre?" he asked, expectantly and admiringly.

"It is," said I. If the only girl in the whole world were engaged, I felt I might as well continue married. At Newport, almost every woman had tried to unite her daughter to my uncle's millions, and I felt a need of protection, not from girls, but mothers, if I were to have the peace my soul craved.

He studied the picture with a puzzled air, I thought, before speaking his commendations, and, to keep it safe while he was smoking, put it in one of the volumes which had clouded his summer-time. During the luncheon, he held forth at great length on the imbecility of international marriages, mentioning many that had ended disastrously, as though he had given special research to the subject. About three o'clock, the Fisherman being still absent, he departed untutored for the day.

He was but newly gone when Hydrangea herself, with the same green book, came toward me from the other direction.

"He is not in?" she asked. She held her parasol to shade her eyes, so that a rose-colored light fell around her.

"The punt has conquered at last, I am afraid."

"Do you lie in the hammock all of the time?" she inquired, with, I thought, latent criticism in the tone.

"Only when alone," said I. "If I have some one to talk to, I am fairly animated."

"Did he leave a message to-day?" she asked, abruptly. I gathered she referred to the Fisherman.

"None," said I; "but I think it quite likely he will return almost immediately." I pushed a chair invitingly toward her as I spoke, and she took it laughingly. As she removed her gloves for

comfort, I noted on the third finger a great emerald, quaintly set in silver, but saw as well that she looked far from happy, and there was a mistiness about her eyes which seemed not far from tears.

"Would you like me to tell you a story till the Fisherman comes?" I inquired.

"If it's a funny one," she said, adding, "I'm feeling fractious to-day."

"Then you need *Alice in Wonderland*," said I. "Subtract nine from eight."

"You can't," she answered.

"Take a dog from a bone, and what remains?"

She laughed aloud.

"There," I said, comfortingly. "I knew you'd feel better, almost immediately."

"Are you writing a book, too?" she asked, suddenly.

I did not recall that anybody who was writing a book had been previously introduced into the conversation, but she explained: "Everybody down here is, you know."

"Mine progresses so slowly," I answered, gravely. "I have, however, the title and the plot."

"I call that being a great way along," she laughed, encouragingly.

"But," said I, "I spent two years on the title alone. I call it *The Wane of the Ideal*. Briefly told: Scene—planet Mars, with two moons, red and green. Heroine, a brunette. Meets hero in the red moonlight—most becoming; engaged at once. Meet next, green moonlight—effect on sallow skin horrible; match broken off! I think the use of the word 'wane' peculiarly neat as being useful to both moons and ideals!"

"I had hoped," Hydrangea said, as though believing, "that you were not engaged in literary pursuits. There are so many writers here already."

"What occupation would you prefer for me?" I asked, in an overpolite manner. "I am not really adamant on a literary career."

Her answer astonished me beyond bounds. "Prize-fighting," she said. "It seems so much more real."

"Very well," I answered, "since you wish it."

We laughed into each other's eyes, and I forgot Lord Avondale and an alleged

wife at Schlangenbad, and was only a man looking into the face of his first love.

After that we got on amazingly, and by and by the Fisherman came to the front gate in a victoria with an old lady, who, seeing Hydrangea in the garden, got out of the carriage and came in to have tea under the apple trees.

She wore black with old lace, simply made as old ladies should wear it, and had silver hair, and carried a tall cane with a great gold head, after the manner of another day than ours, and her name was Van Amberg.

"Mr. McIntyre," she said, not waiting for me to be presented, "Percy has been telling us of you." Her voice was beautifully modulated, and her eyes beamed kindly upon me. "You must come over to see me, for I knew your grandmother well when she was Patty Dysart. I have a house full of girls, and we need some gentlemen badly. By the way," she added, "I had not heard of your marriage until yesterday."

"A very quiet affair, abroad; quite natural you should not have heard," I began, when Uxmoor's heaven-sent appearance with the tea prevented further straying on the downward path.

I shall never forget that tea! There will never be any like it again in all the years; nor shall I forget the square table which Uxmoor produced noiselessly; nor the three-legged straw-built thing to hold the plates which Hydrangea called "The curate's assistant"; nor the polished pewter service; nor the old silver spoons, fragile from use; nor the china cups with raised sprigs of dull blue on a ground of white, gold-rimmed.

Although I had fallen hopelessly in love with Hydrangea, I did not wish Mrs. Van Amberg away, for she had wit, and humor as well, and, I could see, adored Hydrangea, who, she told me, was "her adopted cousin-in-law."

The next morning, the way that news shoots (flies seems too slow-moving and inadequate a word) around the country was shown me by a note from Hassan.

"Culver telephoned me this morning that he had just heard you were married. Don't carry this joke so far that I shall have to spend all my time



Drawn by Frank Craig

I HAD FALLEN HOPELESSLY IN LOVE WITH HYDRANGEA

down there explaining it away, as I did at Pau, after you pretended to be crazy, to avoid taking Mrs. Hollis in to dinner."

Hassan is a person with a vicious memory, given to advice on subjects of which he knows nothing.

That afternoon Hydrangea, myself, and Percy Kynnett, with a girl who had a voice like a file, rode all around the cape together. And the next we had tea in the garden, and the next and the next and the next. And once I walked home with her in the gloaming. But whereas we had been very gay when near the Fisherman, it seemed as though we were a little sad when left alone, crossing the moors and gazing into the silvery twilight deepening the sea.

"Will you care to ride to-morrow?" I asked.

"Lord Avondale is coming for the day," she said.

The next twenty-four hours were the unhappiest ones of my life. From the boat, I saw Hydrangea standing on the rocks in her riding-habit, with a face divinely illuminated, talking to a strange man—of course Lord Avondale.

I turned the boat straight to the open sea, to find a place to think the situation over. And the more I thought, the more I became fixed in the idea that there was nothing for it but a clear run and a far one.

There was something humorous in this arrangement of affairs that I, who for nearly thirty years had fled the sight of a girl, should have, at the end, fallen in love with one about to be married to another man.

With the intention firmly fixed to leave Waring on the early morning train, I returned to the Apple Tree Cottage to find a note from Percy Kynnett, saying that a party was going at ten o'clock to Eastern Point to see the surf on the rocks by moonlight, and asking if I cared to join them.

Having made up my mind in the afternoon never to see Hydrangea again, I hastily accepted this invitation. Any man who has been in love will understand this immediately. And a man who has not been in love cannot understand anything.

A great wind was blowing from the sea, and the surf broke in fountain-like sprays, making rainbows of the moonlight, as the party, ten or twelve girls and half as many men, sat in the Profile Rock, where I joined them. Lord Avondale had left at seven o'clock, I heard from Percy, upon which I sought Hydrangea, who was sitting apart from the others in the shadow of a great rock. She gave me her hand with a pretty gesture, and if I had not known otherwise I should have flattered myself there was special kindness in the welcoming.

Two or three times I was on the verge of explaining away my marriage, but I dared not trust myself on personal topics, for I made sure if I once began I would say more than I would or should, under the circumstances.

While the others were preparing to return, Barbara and I were left a little while to ourselves, and I said, as lightly as I could:

"Miss Kynnett, it's been a very happy time for me here at Waring. I want to thank you for most of it. I leave to-morrow!"

She was looking out to sea, but as I spoke she turned quickly with the saddest little face in the world, putting out one hand, palm upward, with an appealing gesture.

"Ah, don't!" she said.

That was all, but it was enough when added to the look in her starry eyes, and the next instant she was in my arms and I had kissed her! What if the people saw! I wished the world had been there to see! We were unnoticed, however; but just then that imbecile Percy clambered into sight with the girl whose voice was like a file, and I had no further chance to speak to Hydrangea, as they put her in the Scotts' automobile, which was waiting, and without even a "good night" she left me.

I lay awake far into the night in open-eyed and happy dreaming, waiting impatiently for the morning.

I might call at eleven upon Hydrangea. By rising at eight, breakfasting at nine, reading till ten, I *could* *probably* survive until that hour.

With the morning paper and some

letters, I sat in the orchard garden, when a boy, freckled, tanned, soiled, flat of nose, wide-eyed, and upright-haired, demanded from the other side of the hedge if I were Mr. McIntyre. Upon my answering that I was, he came toward me with a letter and disappeared.

Opening it, I found the following despairing and unenlightening lines from Percy Kynnett:

"DEAR MR. MCINTYRE,—When you receive this I shall be on my way to Europe. After I got back from the rocks last night I found that my mother and sister had decided to sail to-morrow, from Boston, on the *Saxonia*—"

There were added, in vehement English, remarks about the vagaries of women, for it happened that Kynnett, Harvard '09, had been hard hit by the girl with the voice like a file, but the rest of the screed was nothing to me.

I understood Hydrangea's conduct, for it came back to me like a boomerang that she must still believe me a married man. Thinking of all she must have suffered in the night just passed, and comprehending her noble intention to flee from me, I hastened into the house, threw some things into a steamer-trunk, and in three hours was at the Touraine in Boston.

Even in the scramble, I was aware of two currents of thought running side by side with my main idea of following Barbara and explaining immediately. The first of these was the contemplation of a serene and rosy future through which I should amble only on the direct road of truth. Lies, I reasoned, were too expensive even for self-protection. And the second thought was full of childish honest glee, in escaping from the man who owned me; the person whom an unthinking world called *my* man—a creature, English by birth, bibulous by habit, a pirate and the son of pirates, who for the last four years had permitted me to employ him as valet. My man! I had been his! his! his! And at last I was to be free. I would wear the clothes which seemed good to me to wear. I would eat, drink, sleep un-superintended, and lose things at will, with no questionings after as to what had become of them.

At the hotel I found Percy registered, but not the ladies. There was a new clerk at the desk who failed to recognize me. I asked him if Mr. Kynnett was still there. He replied, not looking from the pencil which he was sharpening, that Mr. Kynnett had just paid his bill and gone.

"Gone where?" I demanded.

The clerk said, still not looking up, that he really couldn't say. Adding that it was not the custom of the hotel to inquire where guests were going after they had paid their bills.

I contemplated him through the little glass window, wondering how one could safely kill a person so surrounded by confederates, when my angry eyes lighted on Andrew, the man who owned me, regarding me with an air of assured authority.

"I came up by the next train after yours, sir," he explained. "I thought you would be 'ere, sir. I just met Mr. Kynnett's man houtside and I concluded has 'ow you 'ad decided to join their party to England. I'll go to the boat for our places right away, sir."

My independence fled at sight of him, to the land of his lost "itches."

"Very well," I said, but I called after him, "If you can overcome your habit of getting staterooms directly on the engines I shall be suitably grateful."

I occupied the time while he was gone in writing to the Fisherman and Hassan. I told the latter the unvarnished and imbecile truth. To the Fisherman I wrote a courteous note of thanks, telling him only what I considered it safe for a Harvard man to know.

At eight o'clock the next morning Andrew conducted me like a prisoner to the dock. I had planned to go down early to greet Barbara when she came aboard, but he craftily arranged (for some villainous purpose of his own, doubtless) that I should arrive but a few minutes before the time for sailing.

I found that he had engaged a stateroom described as "of luxury" in the very attic of the boat. As I realized what a side roll the small ship would have, I knew that I should discover during the next week what it would be like to have a mortal illness in a swing. Not that I am ever really seasick. Only

I find that when I am on the ocean I question the beneficence of the Almighty, the use of existence, and remember every evil thing done to me since I left the cradle. There is nothing which makes me so bitterly resentful of the injustice of all things as an ocean voyage, except perhaps reading the Book of Job.

A squall struck us just outside the bay, and for two days I kept my attic chamber.

The third morning the wind abated. I went down to the main-deck and was almost thrown into the arms of Percy Kynnett, who was practising track athletics on the long promenade.

"Hello!" he cried at sight of me. "How did you come to be here? Did you get my letter?"

"Yes," I answered. "That is the reason I am here. Kynnett," I adopted a more confidential, even an appealing, tone to him, "I am not a married man!"

He opened his eyes, even his mouth, at the last statement, which perhaps seemed to him abrupt, and led me to a chair.

"No," I repeated, "I am no more married than you are. But I want to be. I want to marry your sister Barbara, if she will so far honor me. When your letter came telling me how she had suddenly decided to take this trip, how I had driven her to it, as I realized immediately, to escape my attentions—"

May I never see another face so completely imbecile as Percy Kynnett's became at that moment, and I thought I discovered something of fear in his eyes as well.

"Are you ill, Kynnett?" I cried.

"No," he answered, "not ill." Here he regained himself, though I could see it was hard for him to recover from the shock my words had given him, lighted a cigar, and began to smoke like a chimney.

"And so," I went on, "I followed her immediately to tell her the truth. I have been anxious about her in the storm. Has she suffered much?"

"Not much," he answered, in a voice which seemed choked, probably from sympathy.

"Will you tell her I am here?" I inquired, eagerly. "Will you explain to her?"

He waved his hand behind the cloud of smoke which stood between us.

"It is better, far better, that you should do that," he said, and the next minute he was gone (escaped, comes from my memory as a better word), down an open hole in the deck. Within the next hour I discovered him twice, looking at me from hidden places, but when I started toward him he would quickly disappear. And a third time, unknowing that he was observed by me, I saw him take a chair behind a coil of ropes, smiling to himself. Finally he straightened out his whole body, and, throwing back his head, burst into a roar of laughter. Seeing me regarding him from above, he threw up his arm instinctively as though dodging a blow, and by the time I reached the spot where he had been sitting he had again made one of his mysterious disappearances.

About five o'clock I discovered him assisting two ladies to the deck, and my heart began to beat like a school-boy's at sight of Her. She wore a long fur cloak and an etherealized kind of tam-o'-shanter with a veil and—at this stage of my scrutiny she turned, surveying me with cold, unseeing eyes, for, behold! it was not Barbara, not the Lady of the Hydrangeas at all.

I lay in wait for Percy, and after the two ladies had been made comfortable, went up to him.

"A word with you," said I, at which he joined me. Seizing him playfully by the throat on the far side of a funnel. "Well?" I said, and yet again, "Well?"

The explanation fell from his lips in a single sentence.

"It's my other sister," he exclaimed, adding, with no knowledge, I believe, of how near the remark brought him to an untimely end, "Isn't it all too funny!"

I turned away, leaving him uninjured. Considering what I could and should have done to him, I believe it to be one of the greatest acts of self-restraint in unrecorded history.

I wanted to be alone.

Sitting on the side of my bed regarding the rising blackness of the sea through my attic windows, Andrew added another joy to life by bringing me a wireless from Hassan, who was at Waring, probably lying lazily in the sage-green hammock, perhaps, oh!

desolating thought, with Barbara beside him in the rocking-chair. The message read:

"Miss Kynnett is here. Come back at once.
J. W."

"Come back at once." The words went over and over in my head, they were so alluring in sound, so impossible of execution. Outside, nature seemed to be arranging the scenes for a tidal wave. The ship tossed, rolled, and corkscrewed, playfully throwing a water-bottle or an inkstand at me in my despair. About one of the morning, the end seeming to have arrived with a mighty explosion, the ubiquitous Andrew came to crush me by telling me we had only broken the propeller shaft.

For five days we drifted with no mercy from the waves whatever. At the end of that time a tramp steamer consented to tow us in to one of the Spanish ports.

In the fourteen days of mid-ocean agony, Percy and I became partially reconciled, but I put it to him fairly.

"Do you think," I demanded, "that there is any real reason why I should forgive your stupid letter?"

"But how was I to know that you cared which sister was going to Europe?" he expostulated. "And besides," he added, "Barbara's none too popular with the family just at present. The mater's outdone with her because of Lord Avondale."

During the gay period of being towed through a hot sea to a place where none desired to go, I made no effort to make the acquaintance of Mrs. Kynnett or her elder daughter.

Reaching Gibraltar, I went, as the crow flies, to Havre, and spent three days under the singed trees of that precipitous town waiting for a transatlantic boat to take me to New York.

Here I found old copies of the New York *Herald* with an account of the accident to the boat; the list of passengers, and a half-column devoted to my portrait, with the almost verbatim account I had given of my marriage. Not even the dying father-in-law at Schlangenbad had been omitted. I was undecided at the first reading whether I would bring

suit against or kill the editor; but reflecting that, after all, I was going to explain in person to the only one for whose opinion I cared, I went aboard the *Lorraine* to another attic chamber.

After five weeks of incessant travel I arrived one pleasant September afternoon at the Apple Tree Cottage.

Everything was as Hassan had said it would be. I opened the rope-fastened gate, walked along the planks under the stubby round trees, and came to the old man on the side porch.

"Fisherman," I said, "I have come back to you."

I think he recognized me, for, after a moment's silence, he said, neither asserting nor inquiring, but as though offering the remark merely as a suggestion, "You have been away?"

"For five weeks," I said, severely.

"It did not seem so long," he returned. The words, as he spoke them, seemed something lacking in tact.

"During that time," said I, "I have been shipwrecked and near to death."

He turned an unconvinced profile away from me.

"I have not read of it in the papers," he said, with a yearning gesture toward his work. "Though I can almost recall"—here he became animated enough to make one believe he still lived, and waved the cutting-knife a little toward the sky—"that my nephew told me there was some accident to a boat in which you were going somewhere."

"Is Hassan here still?"

"Oh no!" he said, happily. "He left after a day or two. He seemed very anxious about some friend of his."

The rope-fastened gate creaked on its hinges; the sun shone brighter; a bird-call swelled until it filled heaven's blue; and there she stood, the Lady of the Hydrangeas, by the white corner of the house, with the green book under her arm and the other hydrangeas beside her.

At sight of me she flushed rose-red, but paled again so quickly that I feared she might fall, and I went toward her with my hands outstretched.

She recovered herself on the instant, however, but, though she spoke a welcome for my return, there was a constraint in her manner toward me.



Drawn by Frank Craig

I SAW HER LIPS QUIVER BEFORE SHE TURNED HER EYES TO MINE

It appeared to be the method of the Fisherman to remember other engagements whenever a pupil appeared, for at sight of Hydrangea he inquired if I could assist him in starting the punt toward Ten Pound Island. He explained that help was necessary because of the eel-grass. All but cheering the suggestion, I followed him down to the float, and with the end of an oar pushed him toward the open sea. I saw him reel from the blow as I left him to return to Barbara.

"Miss Kynnett," I began, "I am not a married man."

"Oh," she returned, with a smile, "I knew that long ago. The second or third day after I met you. Percy brought your alleged wife's picture home in one of his text-books. I knew Helen Elliott very well before she went abroad to live."

"Perhaps you know, too, why I left Waring the abrupt way I did five weeks ago."

She flushed again, as she answered: "I thought you had tired of it here. I thought—" She hesitated.

"I went to follow you," said I.

She gave me a sudden look as though questioning my sanity, but I refused to allow her to speak.

"I had a note from your brother the morning after we were on the rocks

together. He said he was off to Europe with his mother and sister. I did not know he had another sister. I thought that you believed me married, and because of my impertinence—" Here she flushed again, and I stopped all further explanations.

"Will you marry me?"

She was looking at the hydrangeas, but I saw her lips quiver before she turned her eyes to mine, and in that look all was settled forever between Barbara Kynnett and me.

Just then Mrs. Van Amberg's victoria with the two impudent black horses stopped at the gate.

"She has come for me," said Barbara, with a gesture (beautiful to me) bespeaking some exasperation.

"When may I come?" I whispered, as our hands touched on the rope-fastened gate.

Barbara said something to Mrs. Van Amberg, who turned toward me graciously.

"Perhaps," she said, "you could dine with us to-night at eight, and afterward from the terrace watch the moonrise on the sea."

Moonrise on the sea! And dear late summer! And the only woman in the world, whose eyes met mine at parting as she said:

"To-night at eight!"

Song

BY SARA TEASDALE

WHEN Love was born I think he lay
Right warm on Venus' breast,
And whiles he smiled and whiles would play
And whiles would take his rest.

But always, folded out of sight,
The wings were growing strong,
That were to bear him off in flight
Erelong, erelong.

An Optimist?—Why Not?

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

SPEAKING of a new book that deals with some of the more conspicuous facts and tendencies of American life, a newspaper said: "It is not easy to recall a single thing with which the author finds serious fault. No doubt he does take mild exception to an occasional infelicity of human nature or of the social order, but such incidental hints are quite lost in the gentle flow of his satisfaction with things as they are. Moreover, his contentment seems genuine."

How is it about things as they are? Should we be satisfied with them or not? The head-lines of the noon papers on the news-stands to-day cried, "Two Hundred Lost by Fire or Wave—Burning of a Steamship." That's not very satisfactory. It is typical of innumerable daily happenings that are sorrowful, dreadful, depressing; which include accident, catastrophe, poverty, disease, the inequitable distribution of goods in this world, the crumbling of character unequal to the strains of civilized life, dishonesties, brutalities, insanities, fallacies:

"And in the world, as in the school,
I'd say how Fate may change and shift;
The prize be sometimes with the fool,
The race not always to the swift.
The strong may yield, the good may fall,
The great man be a vulgar clown,
The knave be lifted over all,
The kind cast pitilessly down."

That is the way of it. At times it gives us all low spirits, and out of some of us it makes pessimists. It was in the paper yesterday that a doctor, who was an assistant in an insane asylum, blew out his brains, leaving written on a sheet of paper, "What's the use?" And that's a question that, first or last, very many of us have to meet. Most of us are subject to fluctuations of energy, health, and spirits, are bolder on a full stomach that is well up to its work, and replenished pockets, than we are when our

physical machinery runs imperfectly, or things in general for any reason seem to be going wrong. When life wells up strong in us and the way is fairly clear ahead, and we want things ardently and hope to get them, "What's the use?" doesn't trouble us, and when our light burns low, and obstacles look big, and work distresses, and we want to stop and sit down, then it seems a very reasonable and natural question. But it should never be a practical question with a real bearing on purpose or effort, and if it is not to be that, the more sound reasons we can find for a general satisfaction with things as they are, and the deeper the foundation on which we can base an open-eyed optimism, the better, surely, for us and for our work in this life.

"Things as they are" includes everything; not only what is being done, but what is going to be done; not only existing facts, but prospects, tendencies, and laws—the whole terrestrial and celestial machinery. To be satisfied with things as they are is to be satisfied with the machinery of the universe and the Mind that devised and directs it. To believe in God, which is instinctive, to have a profound confidence in His wisdom, capacity, and benevolence—no less sure a rock than that will do for the foundation of intelligent optimism. Confidence that things as they are reflect in a large way the purposes of the Almighty Will and are working slowly forward and out in accordance with Almighty Benevolence, is but a corollary to belief in God. That belief is the greatest existing power that makes for sanity, for courage, for patience, and a consistent optimism. It must be that the pessimists are those who, for one reason or another, have lost the usufruct of it, and with it the greatest source of courage to live and work. Some lose it because defective reasoning has beclouded instinct; some

by mental disease, some by intensity of selfishness and self-indulgence; some because details overwhelm them, and they lose sight of generals in the deluge of adverse particulars. Unless one has confidence in the Management of this universe, it must seem a dreary show. Until one somehow has gained that confidence, the more he thinks about things as they are the worse he is entitled to feel. That German scholars, and others who have failed to gain it, should write depressing books about human affairs and creatures and finally settle back into gloom and cut their throats or wind up in madhouses, is quite reasonable and seems to accord accurately enough with the scheme of things. For surely it is part of that scheme that man should know God and trust in Him, and otherwise should not go forward nor find rest for his soul. No working hypothesis about this life has ever been, or can be, satisfactory that does not include a confident belief that somewhere, back of all things, there is a just and benevolent Power, in accordance with which this planet spins on to an adequate destiny. Confidence in the Management, then, is the first essential to a hopeful state of mind about this remarkable terrestrial show, of which we are all a part, and to a qualified satisfaction with things as they are.

Almost everybody has that confidence in some degree, and most people who think about these matters are optimists as it is. The reason why more people are not more optimistical about things in general must be partly because their confidence is not vivid and conscious enough for them to lean hard upon, and partly because their perception of the intentions and methods of the Management is not clear enough to enable them to recognize and put themselves in harmony with those methods and intentions. Most reasonably intelligent people in our time have come to believe that the universe is run by law and not by whim. It has taken a long time for us to get so far as that, but, having got so far, the most interesting and important things in life become the discovery of the laws to which human existence is geared, and the work of adjusting ourselves to their operation. Whether or not we discover

and pay attention to those laws makes no difference about the laws, but it makes a lot of difference about us. The laws will stay as they are whether we discover or regard them or not, but whether we stay and how we stay—whether we go forward or backward, increase or diminish, grow in grace or perish—depends upon our success in adjusting ourselves to the requirements of those laws. Nobody knows all of them, or nearly all, yet, or can live in accord with many of them, but the belief in any person that he begins to understand something about some of the vital ones, and to see their point and purpose, and how they are working, and that other new laws are constantly being discovered and understood, and that mankind in general is rapidly advancing in practical application of discoveries and understandings—all that is immensely contributory to a state of satisfaction in that person with things as they are.

There are two ways in which we learn out of our own experience to know the most important of the laws that regulate life. One is by obeying them and finding a profit in it; the other is by running counter to them and getting jolted. History is the record of the profits and the jolts experienced by our immediate predecessors during the last six or eight thousand years in their investigations of how to, and how not to, behave. The daily newspaper is the record of contemporary effort in the same line. Most of us know something about history and are grossly familiar with newspapers. We ought to be able in a loose way to compare the past with the present. Well, how about it? Is God's will better understood on earth than it was even a thousand years ago? Is it better understood and squared with than it was even a mere century ago? Even if it is not, that need not discourage any one, because the process of getting comprehension into human heads is well known to be mighty deliberate and fluctuating, and, likely enough, we flatter ourselves unduly if we suppose the present stage of it is the final one in which human endeavor is to reap the whole harvest of time. But one may confess that even of this present stage some signs look very hopeful.

There is the Church, reduced in some particulars to a condition of feebleness unmatched since its best days; shorn of almost all temporal authority, but abounding in influence; left powerless to compel, but unrestricted to persuade; deprived, in great measure, all over Christendom, of that control of public education, which—vast as its services to education have been—it usually abused, yet never freer to teach and preach the Christian gospel, and probably never a greater influence for sound morals and Christian living.

Considering what a bad name the organized Church has got, first or last, by its efforts to stifle truth, it is edifying to observe that the search for truth is most eager and successful, and the enthusiasm about it most ardent, in the Christian countries. An inference, that comes easily and is reasonable, is that there must be an absolute antagonism between the truth-stifling propensities of ecclesiastical organizations and the spirit of the gospel that those organizations have purported to represent, and that, however faulty in spirit and deportment the organizations may have been and still may be, the seeds of truth and liberty in the gospel which they must disclose are strong enough to survive the mistreatment.

In that inference there is a fine anchorage for the optimist. If he can look beyond the misdeeds of Church organizations and find a sound and perfect gospel, that is an immense encouragement. For the imperfections and misdeeds of an organization he can easily make allowances. All organizations, political, educational, ecclesiastical, are human, imperfect, and apt to be dangerous to liberty, and to the very purpose they exist to promote. They are prone to consider, as they grow strong, that they exist for their own sake and not for the sake of the ideas behind them. Political machines are notoriously inclined to ignore principles and even righteousness in reaching after power and places. Educational organizations are liable to spend their strength in perfecting the machinery of education, and lose sight of the ends of teaching. Charitable organizations, justly growing more and more in favor, have constantly to face

and fight the danger of being swamped by their own machinery. If religious organizations come at times into conflict with the spirit of the gospel they stand for, it is not to be wondered at, for it is the natural propensity of organizations to love life and live for themselves. And yet organization is indispensable, and we have to pay the price of it and be vigilant that we do not pay too much. And in all organizations there are not only the seeds of disease but of cure. When they get too tyrannous or diverge too far from the ideals that are their warrant, they smash or yield to discipline, and this is the more certain to happen to the Christian Church organizations because the gospel they are bound to work irresistibly for freedom, toleration, and truth.

All civilizations heretofore having been based on religions and having gone forward apparently as far as their underlying religions could carry them, it is the very corner-stone of satisfaction with things-as-they-are to have confidence that their religious basis is sound, ample, and coextensive with all requirements. Having concluded that the world has a mind behind it and is governed by law, the next important thing for would-be optimists who are living in a Christian civilization is to be able to assure themselves that the teachings and the faith in which that civilization rests do not antagonize, or diverge from, the eternal laws, but blend with, interpret, and fulfil them. Nothing is more necessary to the attainment of that assurance than full liberty to hold the contrary opinion as long as it seems the better one. People speak with mournful conviction of the collapse of the creeds and the necessity of devising new working hypotheses to which to adjust the conduct of life, but do they appreciate how vast and hard-won a privilege it is which they enjoy in holding undisturbed that the creeds have collapsed and that life needs a new chart? Like as not the written creeds are imperfect, though some of us, as we grow older and get new points of view, grow sceptical about our own scepticisms; but Christianity is not written creeds, but a life. Creeds are convenient, if true, but not indispensable. One gets at the essential principles of Christianity

not by studying its creeds, but its life. One way to test its precepts and its principles is to try to put them into practice and see how they work. Another way is to try some other scheme of life and see how that works, or to watch other people do it; or read history and biography and see how various experiments in living have turned out. Any reasonably good scheme of life will have much in common with the Christian scheme; all the great religions have much in common with it; but it is an immensely important basis of optimism in a citizen of a Christian country to believe, or even to suspect, that in Christianity are all the ideas and provisions that are necessary to the perfect development of human life and human institutions, and that Christian civilization never will be checked in its progress because it has outrun its religion.

And since, if Christianity is perfect and sufficient, it must win in a fair contest with any other scheme of life, it is a great additional basis for satisfaction with things-as-they-are that the contest is so much more free, that persecution is so nearly dead, that the pursuit of truth is more and more honored and less and less penalized, that wherever it leads a man, the world begins to wish him Godspeed, and that though mistakes, misapprehensions, and half-truths are feared, the truth that is really true is feared less and less, no matter what its bearing may be on preconceived opinions, or vested privileges, or existing organizations. One of the cheering things about the world as it is is the rising courage of mankind; the courage of some of the Haves to lose what they have if justice demands it; of some of the Have Nots to gain what they must have to make life profitable; of statesmen to give liberty and self-government to peoples, and of the truth-seekers to find out the truth at any cost and give it to mankind. Folks seem nowadays to be less afraid of bogies than they used to be. If we don't believe a creed or a policy, we put it down and go on with something that we do believe in, and gather wisdom and experience in effort as we go. And if in course of time that creed or that policy looks different and better to us from another angle

far down the road, we re-examine it with lively interest, and use it if we can. Wasteful masters of the people used to burn or behead folks for doing that only two or three centuries ago, and if we had lived then we would probably have considered that so to wipe out heresy or treason was a wise precaution.

So the mind has gained enormously in freedom, and that is fair matter to be cheerful about. As for the body, the mind can take care of that if it has a fair chance. The body is only a detail, a creature that the mind and the soul have charge of. It can be fed. There is plenty to feed it, and apparently there can be as much more as is needed. The problem as to that is one of methods and distribution, and belongs to the mind. Folks who are anxious nowadays are anxious about the lessening rate of increase in population, and not as Malthus was about impending scarcity of food or exhaustion of the resources of Earth. The mind can do almost what it will with agriculture, and is doing it; can replant forests and preserve such as are standing, harness waterfalls, reclaim waste lands, irrigate, make four acres do what forty could not do without applied knowledge. It can feed, clothe, and shelter everybody abundantly; can protect and preserve health, can better immensely the distribution of wealth. All these things it is incessantly at work to do, and constantly progressing and improving in the doing of them. While the soul is free to gather inspirations and inspire the mind, and the mind is free to learn all truths and apply all that are needed of them to the defence and nurture and development of the body, how can one help but be hopeful about things as they are?

Imperfectly as wealth still performs its proper functions, is it not better geared to them than it has been in times past? Of course a lot of it is wastefully used; but not, even now, so great a proportion of the total wealth as appears, because the wasteful use is apt to be far more conspicuous than the fruitful use. Besides the very large share of the total wealth that goes to maintain life in no more than reasonable comfort, and to enlarge the opportunities and better the lives of those who have it, there is con-

stant expenditure of slices and shares of the incomes of the greater fortunes in works of studied and tested benevolence, and above all in promoting education and the discovery of truth. So common is this use of superfluous money by individuals as fairly to give ground for the suspicion that the limitations of the profitable use of money for personal advantage are being better appreciated. Those of us that have learned a little, really want, not money, but life—the “more abundant life” that is worth having. We want money in so far as it promises increased life; but, looking about at the various people who have money abundantly and superabundantly, it is easy to see that, beyond a certain point which many attain, the mere command of money does not give the coveted increase of life. Excessive fortunes seem as apt to blight life as to expand it; and when they do blight it—breeding selfishness and laziness, narrowing association, relaxing fidelity, and paralyzing effort—they bring, not envy, but contempt on their possessors. To see the rising generation of heirs male of a great fortune proceed to equip themselves with repining wives and prosperous mistresses is to the ordinary looker-on as disenchanting a spectacle as tenement-house congestion. When superabundant money works such disaster as that, is it any affectation to say it is dreaded—to say that it is despised? Now, we can endure to be despised in good cause, but when we begin to suspect that we are justly contemptible, or in danger of being so, it is apt to bother us, be we ever so callous.

That may be one reason why we see minds bent on the wise distribution of accumulated money with an intensity almost comparable with that which marked its accumulation. There seems to be nothing profitable to do with the more enormous fortunes, the rolling up of which has made so many observers anxious, but by hook or by crook to devote the bulk of them to securing the welfare of the people from whom they were derived. And in great measure this is done automatically merely by putting money to profitable use as capital and directing its expenditure, not necessarily with altruistic intent, but merely with

intelligence. So industries are developed, processes are improved and perfected, and the earth subdued to the uses of man.

We are so used to it hereabout that we forget to wonder at the prodigality with which great private fortunes and vastly greater sums of the taxpayers' money are poured out for the increase and spread of knowledge to qualify the mass of the people to help themselves and come to their own. Knowledge is power, yet there is no perceptible disposition to restrict or engross it. Those that have it burn to share it; those who have profited by it find the readiest expenditure for their gains in provision to make it as common and as fruitful as they possibly can. When a Tillman says, “Don't teach the negroes so much that you can't control them,” it is like the voice of a Rip Van Winkle; an echo of times gone.

Hardships and sorrows mark the march of progress. Children work in mills when they should not; some workers get too high wages and others far too little; injuries and wrongs cry out every moment to be righted. So it has always been; perhaps it always will be so. The very Earth itself, unfinished still, cannot sustain the jolt which jars some detail of it into a new adjustment without such suffering to human creatures as we saw the other day on the shores of the Strait of Messina.

“Wounds and wants and fears,
The seething urgency of discontent,
And groans and tears, grim tokens in themselves,
May help mankind fulfil its destiny.”

It makes for solace to think that, as much improvement and cure come painfully, so much of the world's pain is curing something. We are all tied together so that nobody's ill case can be neglected with impunity; and yet we are free, each to get what he can that is good, to learn what he can that is true. And happiness has such encouraging rules! To give is really better than to receive, besides being pleasanter; and to love even one's enemies is better and more cheering to one's own spirit than to hate them, and less nauseating than to love oneself. To hate is to suffer; to love is to rejoice. To think last of oneself is

next to being proof against calamity. The natural laws work ever in the long run for the material welfare of men; the spiritual laws work just as surely for their consolation and happiness. Respect for both is the price of satisfaction with life. Confidence that men's understanding of both kinds of laws is rapidly improving, to the immense betterment of the condition and the relations of men, is the greatest basis of satisfaction with things as they are, and the most satisfying answer to "What's the use?"

Back of everything else is the instinctive conviction, common to most minds, that existence does not end with death. What comes next is a free field of speculation, but the belief that something comes next, and that, somehow, personality and consciousness are preserved, was never more general than now, nor held by stronger or more respected minds. It is not matter for argument. Evidence and argument for it do not prove it, and the most that can be done for it in that way is to demonstrate (as is not difficult) that modern science can produce neither fact nor argument that weighs significantly against it. People who believe in the future life "because the Bible says so" are as well off for reasons as most others are, and people who believe in it as a result of ruminations and reflections extending over many years, because it seems to them to accord, on the whole, with probabilities, are interested to remember, not as a reason, but as a concurrence, that "the Bible says so," and that it is part of the body of Christian teaching. Superficially it seems to have wonderfully little effect on human conduct or human hopes, but it lurks persistently in the backwaters of thought, and is a valuable conviction to have in the back part of one's head. The more points in which, out of our own experience of life, we find the tenets of the religion on which our civilization rests to accord with the facts of life as we understand them, the more respectful and expectant we become in the examination of those tenets which as yet we do not see our way to accept.

Altogether, the belief in immortality must be rated among the important bases of optimism. It helps in a good many ways; opens a door to the solution of a good many perplexities; helps some of us to acceptance of that science of the relations of men to men which we find in the Christian gospel; makes life a bigger and more interesting speculation, with larger possibilities of profit than are quite within mortal ken. Noble characters have developed without its aid, but as a rule the great characters seem to reach out for it, and, as years increase upon them, doubtless rest on it more and more. It makes for patience, for hope, for toleration and good humor. Anything is endurable that is only a process. Signor Ferrero says that we Americans are pretty much all optimists, and very good-humored, and surprisingly gentle, all of which he admires in us with a generous envy, and says our mood about life is by no means that of Europe. That is partly due, it may be, to the liveliness of our American sense that we and all our concerns are in the state of process; not fastened to any ills or defects or mistakes, but going on—blundering on, usually—to fuller life and wiser ways of doing things.

Surely that is a sound view of life which estimates it all to be a process. It is either that, or a sublimated rat-hole, and in so far as we can choose which we will have it, confidence in immortality will argue against the latter.

But this life properly confronted is in itself a mighty interesting adventure while it lasts, and meant, apparently, to be lived primarily for its own sake. Let the life to come be what it will, whatever is really best for this life is best for that. Truth here is truth there; love here is love there; riches here may not be riches there, but that depends upon the handling. That a blithe spirit should be serviceable in either life seems altogether likely. Wherefore let us not go about to quench any such. An optimist, however light, who is still game to take hold and lift, is helpfulest than the most powerful pessimist who has let go.

The Man on the Hilltop

BY IRVING BACHELLER

I WAS touring through New England. We were near the top of a hill overlooking a great valley. Far below us we could see the smoke of villages and, nearer, spires and high windows glowing in the sunlight. We stopped to look about us. On the up-hill side of the way was a field of rye standing on its edge, steep as a Dutch roof. Near by a white-haired old man, wearing goggles, sat on the steps of a little house, far older than he.

"Happy New-Year!" said he, as I greeted him.

It was a June day and I returned his salutation rather tardily.

"Ye know, a new year begins every day," he said.

I agreed and remarked that it was a fine morning.

"Best in the history o' the world," said he.

"How did you manage to get your seed into that side-hill?"

"Shot it in with a musket," said he.

"Is that a fact?"

"No; it's conversation."

"Lived here long?" I asked.

"Couldn't have lived here any longer if I'd tried," was his answer. "Born and grew and ripened right here. Say! what's your name?"

I told him.

"Where do yer folks live?"

"Near New York."

"Do you happen to know a lady by the name o' Barber—Betsey Barber?—that used to be her name."

"No."

"Huh!—didn't know but maybe you'd met her. Long time since she left here."

"You must have seen some changes?" I remarked.

"Changes! Say, mister, you've opened the pickle-jar, an' now ye can help yerself. Changes! I recollect when 'twas all woods down there in the valley. I recollect when my father got his land

cleared as fur as the turnpike, an' we used to stan' here an' see the ol' stage-coach go by. See that village, 'bout half a mile below there? Well, I recollect when it started—meet'n'-house, school, store, blacksmith shop, an' so on. That was when I was 'bout knee-high to a johnny-cake. They set us right to pickin' up things soon as we got on our feet, those days—stun or potatoes or somethin'. If we didn't 'tend to business we suddenly got acquainted with one Doctor Birch, or maybe two. Sunday we had to go down to the meet'n'-house an' be yelled at for hours. Things lasted so, those days. Nothin' was less than an hour long, an' ran from that to for ever an' ever. The minister gave us fair warnin', an' as soon as we understood it, I tell ye we clung to life, hard as 'twas. It tried to shake us off, but we hung on. I got such a grip on it those days, that I ain't let go yit. After all, 'twas a grand good thing or we wouldn't have cared whether we lived or died. No cards, no story-books, no dancin', no music. Our fun was work—the huskin'-bee, the quilting, the apple-parin', the raisin'. My mother would knit a sock leg in the course of an evenin's frolic.

"The young folks didn't see much o' one another, an' were 'bout as scary as a deer in the woods. Why, if a boy had been very bad, the teacher would make him sit with one o' the gals, an' after that he was careful. The boys were 'fraid o' the gals, an' the gals were 'fraid o' the boys, an' both were 'fraid o' their parents, an' everybody was 'fraid o' the minister, an' the minister—he was worse off than any of us. We were all scairt.

"Say! I don't wonder that Miles Standish engaged a deputy to pop the question. We felt so low an' sinful it took some courage to offer ourselves to anybody. A good many never did. There's more old maids an' old bachelors here in New England than anywhere else in



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

BORN AND GREW AND RIPENED RIGHT HERE"

the uncivilized world. I'm one myself. Live here all 'lone with my sister. Ye see, we didn't have a very good idea o' man, those days. We were 'shamed of ourselves. We used to hear the minister read: 'I have said to Corruption, Thou art my father, and to the worm thou art my mother, and the stars are not pure in His sight; how much less man that is a worm.' Oh, we had to look out for the early birds, I can tell ye!

"Now, when I met an angel I just naturally hesitated about offerin' her a worm. I knew it was a doubtful kind of a compliment. I guess my wormhood was greater 'n my manhood. Anyway, I couldn't think I was good 'nough for her—she was so gentle an' purty. I felt flattered an' thought how things had changed for the better, one day, when a boy called me a lobster. Now, we didn't understan' that the worm referred to was a caterpillar, an' nobody had told us 'bout the butterfly.

"We went as slow as the worm crawls—the ox, the scythe, an' the sickle! We had only four things to talk about—the sky, the ground, the neighbors—an' they wa'n't many—an' ourselves, an' we wa'n't much; weather, crops, scandals, rheumatiz, indigestion, an' all kinds o' trouble. Ye know, the less folks have to talk about, the more they talk. By 'n' by, a railroad tore through the hills an' cut across the valley. Say! 'twas like a pipe from the big reservoir o' the world. It improved our conversation—kind o' switched us on to a new track. We stopped talkin' 'bout our neighbors an' our complaints. It puffed along slow at first; then more cars an' more speed.

"An' the folks began to move faster all over the valley. Why not?—wood two dollars a cord, delivered at the railroad, an' better prices for everything. Farmers changed their oxen fer horses, an' the sickle fer the reaper, an' the scythe fer the mowin'-machine. They began to put two days in one. Time increased in value an' became a highly important part of eternity.

"Our health improved, an' we fell to an' cut down the woods, an' turned 'em into money. Then we trimmed our hair, an' mowed off our whiskers. Lord! There used to be miles o' whiskers down there in the valley. Woods an' hair go

together, young man, sure as there's fur on a bear's back. When a man moved to the village he cut a swath through the middle of his whiskers, an' left some on each side of his face, as a kind of a compromise with civilization. He exchanged a full hand for a pair, as you'd say now'days. If he was elected squire or town clerk or supervisor, he'd trim 'em down to a small patch on his chin—just enough for a weather-vane an' an aid to reflection. After he'd moved to New York or Boston, they shrunk to a little patch on his lower lip, 'bout the size of a trigger on a shotgun.

"Changes! Why, trains had begun to roar through the valley with the speed o' the wind. Buildin's were crowdin' together on the shores down there. Towns were growin' where ye see the smoke. Young men went away to New York an' Albany, and came back with cigars in their mouths an' bananas in their pockets. Papers came every day from the big cities, an' folks began t' read 'em—folks who had never read anything but ancient history. There was goin' to be a war, an' they wanted to know 'bout it. They began to transfer their interest from the Israelites to the Americans, from death to life. Then Longfellow an' Burns an' Tennyson an' Holmes an' Whittier got into the school-books an' the houses. They began t' teach us the power o' love. The new generation was different. Seems so mother an' father an' minister an' teacher, an' the good God Himself, grew as gentle-hearted as the poets. Then came the fiddle an' the dance, an' the boys got acquainted with the gals, an' they spent the evenin's together, an', say! how they'd laugh! I've stood here winter nights when they were out straw-ridin' an', my land! the whole valley rang like a bell. I tell ye, I was glad t' hear that. The worm had gone into his cocoon an' come out a butterfly.

"We had learnt that man was the best thing in the world, but that woman was better. Boys an' gals began to go West. I screwed up my courage one evenin' an' went down to see my gal an' pop the question. They told me she'd gone West. I intended to follow her, but, some way, I couldn't make up my mind that I was good 'nough for her yit. Wal, maybe it's fer the best.

"We began to shoot the rocks—we didn't pry an' coax 'em any longer. Things had to get out of our way. Ye see, the railroad had taught us how to use dynamite an' giant powder; sometimes I wish it hadn't."

The old man paused and touched his goggles, and went on:

"See the grand houses down there, on the knolls? They're owned by men who went West long ago, an' got rich an' come back an' bought the farms o' their fathers, an' built mansions on 'em. Cur'ous lot o' folks. Now, there's a feller in the valley here—I won't tell ye his name, 'cause I wouldn't want to hurt his feelin's; we'll call him Bill. He's come back an' bought the ol' farm an' built a place. Used to ketch mushrats, when he was a boy. His father was an awful man to argue—couldn't go nigh him without gittin' mired. His mother was a sandy, freckled, dry-lookin' woman. Some o' the ol' folks used to say that his mother was a desert, an' his brother an ass, an' his father a morass, an' Bill a most-ass. But our gran'fathers were too severe. We've begun to look for the bright side o' things, an' it pays better. Bill was odd—that's sure. When he was a boy he always looked at yer neck, when he talked to ye. Folks used to call him the Inspector of Adam's Apples. When he come back, his chin was up in the air—looked ye straight in the eye, as if he thought he an' you the best men in the world. There they live in that grand house. They've got two children an' twelve dogs an' ten hosses, an' twenty-three servants, an' a hired mother for the children. We're gittin' along. Why, we used to have nothin' but hired gals an' hired men. Mrs. Bill got back from Europe one day las' summer, an' she says to the little boy:

"Hello, Jack!"

"An' he looked at her very proud an' says, 'I'm not allowed to speak to strangers.'

"Some o' those folks have gone 'round the world two or three times, in pursuit o' happiness. Seems so they never could get hold of it.

"Ev'ry day in summer, Bill tramps over the hills on the ol' farm, whackin' a white ball—his fun comes by hard knocks, just as it used to.

"See that grand, great stone house on one o' the hills there? That's the ol' Perkins farm. Jim Perkins built the house an' spends every summer there. Jim went West forty-six years ago. I recollect the day he left. Why, he stepped aboard the cars with a coon-skin cap on his head, an' his trouser-legs in his boot-tops.

"Jim has one child, thirty-seven dogs, twenty-two hosses, six cats, an' a hired husband for the gal—b'lieve they call him a Lord somebody or other. The hired husband got drunk one day an' kicked one of his employers, an' I b'lieve they discharged him, an' he's suin' for his salary. Ev'ry fall, Jim an' his friends an' his dogs go tearin' an' bellerin' over the hills an' fences, in pursuit o' happiness, an', say! he ain't ketched her yit, with all his dogs an' hosses t' help him. They're like a puppy chasin' his own tail—if he got it he'd be sorry.

"Changes! Why, we Yankees used to crawl; now we whiz along on wheels, an' byme-by every man 'll have his flyin'-machine. We're gittin' a little too swift an' conceity. We ain't worms nor angels, we're just men, an' when they're too rich to be the mothers an' fathers o' their own children they'll be so almighty poor that they won't have anything but a lot o' money.

"Ye know, the Indians used to say it took seven ordeals to make a man—ordeals o' hunger, fatigue, pain, an' endurance. We got seven a week in the ol' days. Yes, 'twas hard, but I guess 'twas kind o' good for us. Wonderful how we loved our homes an' all that lived in 'em, an' our sweethearts! No hired mother those days. We never pursued happiness. Why, happiness pursued us, an' if a boy loved a gal, I tell ye, the thought o' her was happiness. Hired husbands! Heavens an' earth! how we're gittin' along! But still I think it's the best mornin' in the history o' the world.

"Changes! Say! these automobiles cut through the valley here like a long flight o' pigeons every nice day. Some days five thousand people pass my door, they tell me. Why, it's like a part o' Broadway—"

The veteran paused. A great touring-

car had stopped in front of the little house. A young man helped an old lady out of the car. The two approached us.

"Is this Henry Southwick?" she asked.

"That's my name," said the white-haired man.

"I used to be Betsey Barber—don't you remember me?"

The old man rose and put out his hand. I saw now that he was blind, or nearly so. Indeed, people *had* ceased to talk of their own troubles, in the valley. His voice trembled as he said:

"Betsey Barber, come here."

She took his hand, and he seemed to be trying hard to see her. He felt the wrinkled face of the old lady. He stood like one looking far away.

"I can see you," he said. "Curly hair, yellow as a corn tassel, an' blue eyes, an' red cheeks, an' feet as light as a fawn's!"

"Poor Henry!" she exclaimed, as she patted the hand of the veteran. "You've grown old, too—haven't you?"

She looked down the hills and whispered, "There's the old valley."

"Same ol' valley!" said he. "Maybe ye think I can't see it, but I can. I can see the green groves on the hills, Betsey, an' the wild flowers in the meadow, just as they were the day we took our last walk together, fifty-five years ago. 'Twas on the seventeenth day o' June. Don't you remember it, Betsey? It's the same ol' valley, but, I tell ye, there's been changes."

Leave-Taking

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

THOUGH hence I go—though with the fading day
 I seem to fade away,—
 Like to a primrose which beguiling Spring,
 Too early fanning with perfumèd wing,
 Tempts, only to betray:

Though soon I sleep,—yet sorrow not, nor fear
 That you shall lose me, dear!
 For not one cherished memory—
 One single yearning of your heart for me,
 Shall fail to bring me near!

How strange could death divide who, living, share
 All happiness and care!
 Still as you gaze, bereft of your desire,
 On the dull embers of your lonely fire,
 You shall behold me there,

And though through hiemal glooms you sometimes learn
 To doubt, nor hope discern,—
 Yet when the timid firstling buds awake,
 And birds come back and sing, your heart to break,—
 Always, I shall return!

Charles Dickens in Genoa

BY DESHLER WELCH

IT was not until I obtained a letter composed in flowery Italian, falsely representing me to be a distinguished American, that I was finally able to pass through the iron-bound lodg-way into the gardens of the Palazzo Peschiere.

I had not found the place easily. It was in a maze of lanes and narrow, curling streets, first up and then down, and forever seeming to hide away from me, although I had its cornices more than once in view, because it overtopped many other buildings, and stood out here and there at different points glowing in a mellow color of reddish-yellow in the face of the morning sun. It rose up on a terraced eminence that was but one of a hundred circling causeways, each climbing higher up the swelling hills that were covered with glittering windows like the shining lights of embattled eyes.

None of the Genoese that I had interrogated could tell me where it was that Charles Dickens had lived, or that he had ever lived at all in Genoa; and yet it was here in the Palazzo Peschiere that he had stayed for a whole twelvemonth and wrote his *Christmas Chimes* and *Old Curiosity Shop* and made many notes; and the things that fashioned his ideas, that fed his reflective appetite with almost boyish delight, remain to-day as they were then.

I had gone into the Galleria Mazzini, the long arcade of shops that opens mysteriously from a queer and dusty pocket, back of the old, old Teatro Carlo Felice, and was poring over some rusty photographs which a cackling crone was trying to explain to me in a sad jargon, when an ox-eyed boy, who would have been an ideal for a Florentine marble-worker, suddenly came to my side as if popping up from nowhere, and further surprised me by telling me in very good English what I really was trying to find out.

"The Palazzo Peschiere?" Then he turned eagerly to this woman, who might have been the mother of Eve, and rattled off something in Italian that brought me almost instantly the photograph. I looked upon it with a trembling joy I could not conceal. Oh, how I had hunted and hunted for it in all the queer streets and plazas of the town, wherever there was a picture shop! No one would understand me, no matter how I would pronounce it, and I had given up in despair. As for the name of Dickens, it had simply called forth a look of amazement. But here it was—and this boy, whom I thanked with a lira, said:

"That's where Dickens lived!"

God bless his heart! He was as tiny as Tim himself. His ox-eyes were screwed upon the picture as tight as my own.

"And how do you know, and what do you know of *him*, my lad?"

"I've been in England, sir, and learned to read. . . . I learned *David Copperfield* by heart, and sometimes I go up to this great house and look through the gate, but the *portiere* always drives me away."

And so it was this Italian boy and I became friends, and I took him as my diminutive courier through all the haunts of the town where the great master had been—even down into the ships, and into the strange little *cantinas* along the harbor piazza, where we ate *polenta* hot from the frying-pan; and while standing there by a great heap of fried fish that smelled good and was steaming, I met the boy's father, old Bartolomeo, the fisherman, who was known all along the coast from Pegli to Nervi, and perhaps farther away than that. He was fond of Pietro, his boy who could speak such good English.

One day Pietro took me to the street where he lived, and pointed up to the dark heights of it where it ran growing narrower and narrower—a defile between



VALLE BISAGNO—CAMPO SANTO IN THE DISTANCE

ancient stone walls that nearly touched each other at the top, within which the sun had never shone. It was full of dark and sombre crevices and dismal shadows, and stretched from the open windows that gave no light to cold, dark rooms where ropes hung with tattered garments in queer shades of color—red and blue and yellow, which filled up the spaces of the passageway like the color bricks in a paint-box.

For hundreds of years this cleft, this mere fissure, between prodigious piles of buildings had been the same. Through it the young man Christopher Columbus had walked, full of his dreams; and near by, but a single step around the corner, was the Vico dritto Ponticello, the street where he was born. He had been once a cabin-boy like Pietro. Here it was that Dickens often lingered on his walks, and in all the passages that intersected it. "Look where you may," he wrote, "up steps, down steps, anywhere, everywhere; there are irregular houses, receding, starting forward, tumbling down, seaming against their neighbors, crip-

pling themselves or their friends by some means or other, until one, more irregular than the rest, chokes up the way and you can't see any farther."

It was not until I had found Pietro, and for the second time gone to the prison-like gate and could explain through my interpreter to the Bœotian *portiere*, who fingered my introductory letter suspiciously, that I was allowed to pass in with the boy at my heels. It was a back garden which we first got into, with an abundance of forlorn grass and weeds and straggling trees, and such closed-up jalousies on the rear part of the structure as to give me an impression of a coffee-colored comedian's face with his blinkers down. But as I followed the path that led around at the side of the house I was unexpectedly confronted by a scene that arrested my steps and filled me with wonder. The sky was as blue as turquoise, with an edging close down on the horizon as delicate as the hue of a robin's egg. This exquisite silken canopy covered a

vast amphitheatre of brown hills patched by blocks of buildings in white and pink that faced the semicircle in regular parapets. Over the brown hills, the color of the hare as I have seen it in the autumn hedges, was now falling a mantle of delicate mauve as the red sun began to sink, but down below us, looking over other parapets of houses and city parks, and away off where the great port was gathered like a Sargasso Sea of missing ships, stretched the Mediterranean, bluer than the sky itself, with great streaks of indigo that continued on and on in segregation—and then seemed to be forever streaming on.

But if the city that now encircled below me was full of din and rattle, and the great Via Roma, that led like an artery up the eminence close by, was crowded with people, there was no noise here in this picturesque garden, with its tall sentinel cypress trees, all held up by banks of masonry in graceful coping, and extending out like a platform into an arena. Then as I turned my eyes to the small things of the foreground I saw the old fountain with the urchin and the fish where Dickens had stood on many mornings watching the birds fluttering at their bath. I went over to it and sat down on the edge of the basin, that now contained but a pool of brackish water and some matted grass. Somehow this condition of neglect seemed a painful cerement, indicating not time so much as tide; but in the passing of the affairs of men some of the chips that are hewn float out on an everlasting sea. It was this whole panorama, that I saw now spread around me, from which Dickens drew his inspiration as he sat in the sun by this same fountain and once wrote to a friend, "I have written a tremendous book!"

But if the skies were blue on this day Dickens thought they were not always so deeply so as pictures had led him to expect. In a letter written to Maclise, the artist, he said: "I don't exactly know what I have done for my country in coming away from it [ah, here was the tide in his affairs!]; but I feel it is something—something virtuous and heroic. Lofty emotions rise within me when I see the sun set on the blue Mediterranean. It lies before me now deep-

ly and intensely blue. But no such color is above me. Nothing like it. In the south of France—at Avignon, at Aix, at Marseilles—I saw deep-blue skies, and also in America; but the sky above me is familiar to my sight. . . . But such green—green—green, I never saw, nor yet such lilac and such purple, as float between me and the distant hills; nor yet—in anything—picture, book, verbal boredom—such awful, solemn, impenetrable blue as in that same sea. It looks as if a draught of it—only so much as you could scoop upon the beach in the hollow of your hand—would wash out everything else, and make a great blue blank of your intellect!"

It is rarely vouchsafed one, such as I, so great a privilege—to sit in arboreal retreat and behold the same feast that was spread before his eyes, and to touch the concrete of the very place that housed him; to have and to hold on my knees before my actual eyes the precious packet of his letters written in his own familiar hand—to feel the almost spiritual existence of Charles Dickens.

Ah, but did not Peter, the son of Bartolomeo, dance when the *portiere's* spouse, a defiant-like daughter of Italy, came in pattering steps to tell me that I could come into the palace! But it was with an air that I have seen in the boarding-house lady when asked for lodgings.

And here was what Dickens wrote, for me to tell you all over again: "There is not in Italy a lovelier residence than the Palazzo Peschiere, or Palace of the Fishponds. It stands on a height within the walls of Genoa, but aloof from the town, surrounded by beautiful gardens of its own, adorned with statues, vases, fountains, marble basins, terraces, walks of orange trees and lemon trees, groves of roses and camellias. All its apartments are beautiful in their proportions and decorations . . . overlooking the whole town of Genoa, the harbor and the neighboring sea, affords one of the most fascinating and delightful prospects in the world. . . . It is more like an enchanted palace in an Eastern story than a grave and sober lodging. I go back to it in fancy, as I have done in calm reality a hundred times a day;



PALAZZO PESCHIERE, WHERE "OLD CURIOSITY SHOP" WAS WRITTEN

and stand thus looking out, with the sweet scents from the garden rising up about me, in a perfect dream of happiness. There lies all Genoa in beautiful confusion, with its many churches, monasteries, and convents, pointing up to the sunny sky; and down below me, just where the roofs begin, a solitary convent parapet. Old Mount Faccio, brightest of hills in good weather, but sulkish when storms are coming on, is here, upon the left. The port commands that height upon the right. The broad sea lies beyond, in front there; and that line of coast, beginning by the lighthouse and tapering away a mere speck in the rosy distance, is the beautiful coast road that leads to Nice."

And yes, and yes, and down close, almost at our feet, all velvety olive-green, with its red roses, its serpentine paths, and the nurse-maids with their silken streamers, is the Acqua Sola, the city

park, just where it was then; but now there's a big horse in the middle of it with Victor Emmanuel astride, and the trolley-cars are singing on the tracks around it, and the people are flooding the Via Roma, the big street of modern shops that runs up the hill.

But the years that have gone on since *Martin Chuzzlewit* was conceived one morning in the garden of the Palazzo Peschiere have made but slight difference in the general aspects of Genoa as Dickens saw it, a "splendid amphitheatre, terrace rising above terrace, garden above garden, palace above palace, height above height." The buildings and the great stone escarpments are all there, staying as they were meant to be, and what has grown into the city and out of it has only added more majesty to its force and outline. It is a great seaport town that is growing now more than it ever grew in any space of



PALAZZO DEL MUNICIPIO, VIA GARIBALDI

"I can't say how well my father knew him personally," said the Signor, "but I remember he told me much of him, and seemed to know of his life here, and had read the *Pickwick Papers* in English. I think if any one might have known him here at all it is likely he did, for strangers came under his observation somehow, as they did to all hotel-keepers in those days who lived in Italy. He used to point out to me on his walks of a Sunday in the country the place where Dickens first lived when he came to Genoa — the Villa Bagnerello [or the "Pink Pail," as Dickens called it] at Albaro, a quaint old place surrounded by vine-clad terraces

time; and with the opening of splendid thoroughfares, and the beautifying of its parks and the establishment of the Via di Circonvallazione, which skirts the eminences in a series of lofty corsos and whips the boundary of the sea, it presents a spectacle that Dickens would have revelled in, for none of the everlasting characteristics of the town have been spoiled as he knew them. The Strada Nuova and the Strada Balbi, the famous streets of palaces, are still there, and so is the wonderful old lane, the Sestiere della Maddalena, where the jewellers are and the filigree shops—just as they were more than a hundred, yes, two hundred, years ago—"And where they are likely to remain some time yet," said my charmingly adaptable host of the Albergo Bristol, Signor Bertolini, who furnished me with the only human link connecting with the memory of the great author.

and on a little niche by the seashore. He lived there for several weeks before he moved to the Palazzo Peschiere."

It was of his days here that Dickens wrote, speaking of a ride to the top of Monte Faccio, along the city walls: "In not the least picturesque part of this ride, there is a fair specimen of a real Genoese tavern, where the visitor may derive good entertainment from real Genoese dishes, such as *Tagliarini*, *Ravioli*, German sausages strong of garlic, sliced and eaten with green figs; cock's combs and sheep kidneys. . . . They often get wine at these *Trattorie* from France and Spain and Portugal, which is brought over by small captains in little trading-vessels. They bring it at so much a bottle . . . and usually divide it in two heaps, of which they label one Champagne and the other Madeira. The various opposite flavors, qualities, countries, ages, and vintages that are com-

posed under these two heads is quite extraordinary. The most limited range is probably from cool Gruel up to the old Marsala, and down again to Apple Tea."

And I presume this remains true to this day. In nearly every one of the chaotic lanes of the town are numberless shops with an astonishing list of wines for sale in a ten-foot room that could scarcely contain a respectable sample of each variety. Of "Astis" and "Marsalas" there are a score of labels.

Dickens had with him his wife and young family, and in spite of his penchant for prowling he enjoyed his domestic life with that rare and unctuous heartiness which was so notably characteristic. He was eminently a worshipper of the hearthstone.

In the letters he wrote from Genoa to his friends, whenever his home affairs are touched upon they read with a smack and a glow that could so only be expressed by one of a very warm, sincere, and youthful nature. His letters to Douglas Jerrold were as enticing as his big bohemian-like nature could be.

"Come!" he said, "*you can work in Genoa!* I would put you in a painted room as big as a church and much more comfortable. There are pens and ink upon the premises; orange trees, gardens, and shuttlecocks, rousing wood fires for the evenings, and a welcome worth having!"

Ah, his was a welcome indeed! What is there in all the world more distressing, more pathetic, than unrequited love?

One has something akin to its marble touch in the unappreciativeness of friends for those things that are offered from impulsive and generous hearts and lightly cast aside. Dickens was forever inviting his friends to share his companionship—never in trouble, but only in happiness; to do something or other that he thought would be pleasant for them to do; and while he was thus inviting them in his unselfish delight, he was like the boy whom most of us know about who, on hearing that the gilded procession is coming, loses the joy of it himself while he gathers the household to come and see it. His letters during his Genoa year are remarkable in their solicitous and patient fervor in the interests of others. They read with so



VIA AL PONTE DI CARIGNANO

much of the *dolce far niente* that one could scarcely fancy him at work the meanwhile on the immortal books that were either completed or generated there.

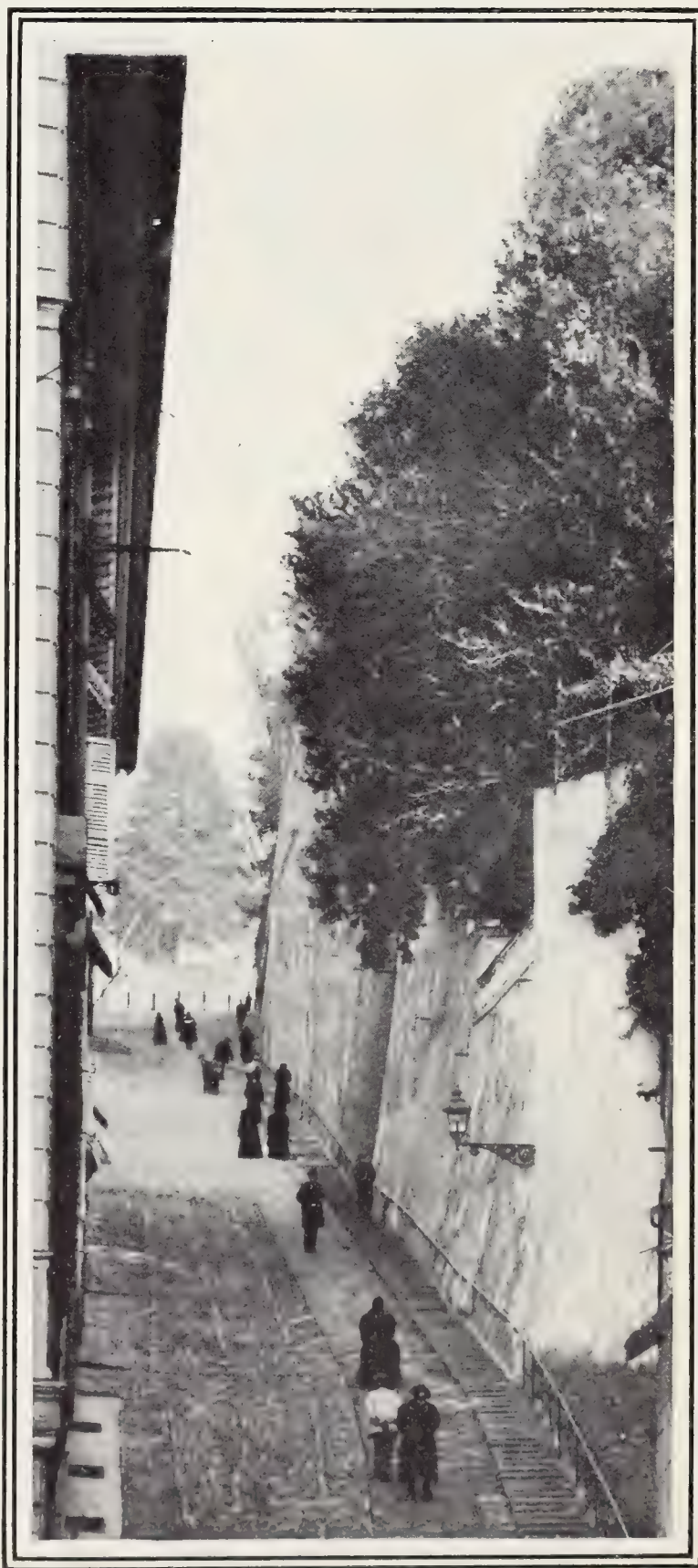
It seems to me that while Dickens was almost sure to weave a web of glamour—or would it be better to say, “cast a halo”?—around everything in contemporaneous life, he seldom accepted its coloring from others, or manufactured it himself from tradition. He saw history stripped of nonsense; he saw the veneer in the story of Dante or of Abelgarde; he saw the thin, white marble that covers only in slabs the common bricks of clay. And so I think that what he saw and liked most in Italy—Genoa, Rome, Florence, or Venice—were those things that either spoke for themselves or created entirely new fancies in his own original mind. Humanity interested him more than anything else; he was intensely occupied with its curiosities and amenities everywhere—in the “Salon” and on the pavement. In all that he wrote of Italy he said little of its history or dwelt upon the anecdotes that could by any means affect it. He was, above all things, a man of *now*. At least this is my measure of him.

So far as his letters and chronicles are concerned Genoa remains the same—especially in the splendor and variety

of its churches, which he thought could “hardly be exaggerated,” the Annunziata particularly, which he likened to a great enamelled snuff-box. As for the richer churches, “they contain some beautiful pictures and other embellishments of great price, almost universally set side by side with sprawling effigies of maudlin monks, and the veriest trash and tinsel ever seen.” The S. Ambrogio is impressive with size and age, but is shortly to be demolished in order to make way for a broad connecting thoroughfare between the principal square of the city and the harbor. The cathedral of S. Lorenzo is still one of the

most notable structures in Europe, and in its ashes of John the Baptist are said to be reposing, in a small sarcophagus brought from Mira in 1097. Of course this is mere tradition. Of San Matteo, it has but slight interest outside of its founding by the Doria family in the fifteenth century.

The Carlo Felice, a theatre which Dickens thought to be splendid, and then giving performances by an excellent company, still maintains its popularity, and is one of the most imposing of all the old landmarks. But he was impressed by the cruel character of the audiences, who resented the slightest defects, and hissed their disapprobation on



MANY TIMES HE WALKED THIS CLIMBING WAY

every opportunity. I do not know whether this disposition on the part of the Italian people is much changed. It is needless to speak here of Dickens' love for the theatre; he attended the play in Genoa on every possible occasion. Meanwhile he was arranging for a series of amateur theatricals to take place in London directly on his return, and his mind was full with the project of the *Daily News*, the editorship of which he assumed in the following year. Besides this he was framing his story *The Cricket on the Hearth*.

In all his Italian journeys Dickens never seemed to care to tarry anywhere so much as in Genoa, for which he had a peculiar affection. While he was still holding his residence there he took a little trip into Florence, Rome, Naples, and Venice. Of Naples he spoke that candor he always did of everything he saw, and which few people dared, or do now dare. He said, "It is a fine place, but nothing like so beautiful as people make it out to be." He thought the bay, as a piece of scenery, immeasurably inferior to the bay of Genoa, "which is the most lovely thing I have ever seen. The city in like manner will bear no comparison with Genoa. But there is none in Italy that will—except Venice!"

And so it must have been a singular love for this city—more than for any other Continental place—that made Dickens stand so steadfast in his ardor.



SAN MATTEO—BUILT BY THE DORIA FAMILY

He was not even able to dismiss it while on his errands to London; he thought Venice the wonder of the world, but he preferred his Genoese walks to the interruption of the gondolier's *stali* and *premi*. One day he stole away from his beloved garden and went to London to stay a week in order to give a reading that he had long before consented to do, and also to visit his publishers. His first letter to his wife said, "If you had seen Macready last night, undisguisedly sobbing and crying on the sofa as I read, you would have felt, as I did, what a thing it is to have power!"

Here was a man who was affecting all the world to tears; whose genius made

the might of others falter, happy with his simple fountain of the urchin and the fish in the gardens of the Palazzo Peschiere, or rambling through the open places at the foot of the Maddalena with his eyes boyishly set upon the windows of the little filigree shops. He loitered in the halls and lobbies of the famous open palaces, "the walls of some of them, within, alive with masterpieces by Vandyke!" or in the doors of the neighboring apothecary, or stood and watched the maccaroni seller, or else pondered over the psychological conditions that made so many monks out of masculine beings constantly in evidence and always repulsive to him. "If nature's handwriting," he wrote, "be at all legible, greater varieties of sloth, deceit, and intellectual torpor could hardly be observed among any class of men in the world." But of the Cappucini he thought them the best friends of the people, comforters and counsellors. Of the Jesuits

—"they go slinking noiselessly about in pairs like black cats."

Of a Sunday Dickens would visit the wonderful interment-place called Campo Santo with its endless galleries of stone cupboards where the rich could vie with one another in excessive sculpturing. Much of it was extraordinary and pathetic then, but there is more of it now.

Toward sunset he liked to go into one of the churches and sit reflectively, and then reach the garden to watch the fall of night. "And now the sun is going down in such magnificent array of red and green and golden light as neither pen nor pencil could depict, and to the ringing of the vesper bells darkness sets in at once without a twilight. Then lights begin to shine in Genoa and on the country road; and the revolving lantern out at sea there, flashing for an instant on this palace front and portico, illuminates it as if it were a bright moon bursting from behind a cloud."

Dove's Nest

BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR

"SYLVIA, hush!" I said, "come here,
Come see a fairy-tale, my dear!
Tales told are good, tales seen are best!"
The dove was brooding on the nest
In the lowest crotch of the apple tree.
I lifted her up so quietly,
That when she could have touched the bird
The soft gray creature had not stirred.
It looked at us with a wild dark eye.
But, "Birdie, fly!" was Sylvia's cry,
Impatient Sylvia, "Birdie, fly!"
Ah, well: but when I touched the nest,
The child recoiled upon my breast.
Was ever such a startling thing?
Sudden silver and purple wing.
The dove was out, away, across,
Struggling heart-break on the grass.
And there in the cup within the tree
Two milk-white eggs were ours to see.
Was ever thing so pretty? Alack,
"Birdie!" Sylvia cried, "come back!"



Aurélie

BY ARTHUR SHERBURNE HARDY

SOME months before her death the Countess Anne gave to Antoine, the child of Père Bigot, chief of the wood-cutters of Freyr, a wooden soldier. Antoine was far too young at that time to play with so brave a toy, and later, after the Countess' death, it became far too sacred a relic of that lady of blessed memory to be put to any common use. And thus it happened that it stood year after year on the black shelf above Antoine's bed, beside the blue-robed image of the Virgin, and in Antoine's eyes, being thus enshrined within the halo of forbidden things, acquired a sanctity equal to that of the Holy Virgin herself.

It was a very martial soldier, erect and resolute of mien, its musket, the butt of which rested beside one gaitered foot, pressed firmly against the right shoulder, and having to Antoine the appearance of being loaded and ready for action.

Now one morning when Père Bigot, having finished his breakfast, was lighting his pipe preparatory to going to the wood, and Antoine was being dressed, something very remarkable occurred. Mère Bigot was buttoning his blue blouse, and Antoine, standing on the bed, his eyes fixed on the wooden soldier, his lips close to his mother's ear, whispered:

"Mother, it talks."

"Eh?" said Mère Bigot, struggling

with an obstinate button which refused to enter its hole.

"It talks," repeated Antoine.

"What talks, my child?"

"The soldier of the Countess Anne."

Madame Bigot first looked at Antoine in alarm, then she laughed.

"What does the child say?" asked Père Bigot, taking his axe from its nail.

"He says the soldier of the Countess talks."

"What an idea!" said the wood-cutter, and he went out the door chuckling to himself at so droll a thought.

"It is at night, is it not?" said Mère Bigot.

Antoine nodded.

"It is one of the dreams the good Virgin sends to well-behaved children," said his mother, and reassured by this inspiration she went about her morning's work.

Antoine was silent. He knew better, but being wise of his years, knew better also than to argue the question.

When he was eight years old misfortune came. His mother died, and within a month Père Bigot was killed by a falling tree in the great forest of Freyr, and Aunt Pélagie reigned in their stead. Perhaps it was because Mademoiselle Pélagie had never known the pangs of motherhood that she had so lit-

tle of a mother's sympathy. Be that as it may, Antoine gave little love where little was asked, and became more passionately attached to the one companion left him. Every day he looked forward to the coming night; for when the house was still, the little wooden soldier laid down his musket, unslung his heavy goat-skin knapsack, and after carefully placing his big black shako beside it, drew his pipe from his pocket and sat down on the edge of the mantel, his red-trouser legs dangling in space.

"Be careful not to fall," Antoine would sometimes say.

"Be tranquil; I am accustomed to precipices," the wooden soldier would answer.

When his pipe was well lighted he usually began by saying:

"Antoine, are you asleep?"

"No, Monsieur Nicolas," Antoine would whisper under his breath, for Aunt Pélagie slept in the bed the other side of the Virgin. Why he called the wooden soldier Nicolas came about in this way: He had often heard his father speak of an uncle of that name who was killed at Sedan, and having mentioned this fact one night, and finding it inconvenient to converse with a soldier who had no name, he said:

"I would like to call you Nicolas, Monsieur."

"Very well," said the wooden soldier; "when a man is dead a name is a matter of no import."

"Are you really dead?" asked Antoine.

"Most certainly," replied Nicolas. "I was killed at Marengo. That is to be regretted," he added, sighing. "I should like to have seen Austerlitz."

"Did it hurt you very much?" inquired Antoine.

"There are worse things, my child."

"Will you tell me about one of them, Monsieur Nicolas?"

"Willingly."

Thereupon Antoine folded his hands above the counterpane and composed himself to listen.

"I was born on the fourteenth of July, the day of the taking of the Bastille, but fifteen years before, in the year 1774. My mother was a very pious woman, who kept a statue of the Virgin above her bed, as you do. That is why I am

content to stand so many years on this shelf beside this image—not because I have any particular affection for the Virgin, but because I am reminded of many things which no longer exist except in memory."

"But do you not love the Virgin?" interrupted Antoine.

"I am a practical man," replied the wooden soldier, "therefore I concern myself only with what is to be seen."

"But," interrupted Antoine again, "the Virgin is sometimes to be seen. I have heard my mother say so often."

"That is possible," said Nicolas, shifting one leg over the other and pressing the tobacco down into the bowl of his pipe. "I will not deny that of which I know nothing. On that point you must consult Mademoiselle Pélagie. I have noticed that women are more versed in such matters, and very probably she has some experience. Without experience it is impossible to affirm or even to invent anything worth listening to."

"It must be Aunt Pélagie has no experience," replied Antoine, after a moment of reflection, "for she never tells me any stories."

The epaulettes of the wooden soldier trembled with laughter.

"I would not address her on that subject," he said. "The lack of experience is something of which ladies of her condition do not like to be reminded. Well, as I was saying, when I was nineteen years of age I fell in love. You have not yet fallen in love, Antoine?"

"I think not, Monsieur. Should I do so?"

"As to that matter there are various opinions. It is certain that without that experience you will remain in ignorance of many things, like Mademoiselle Pélagie. However, should you do so, have a care. It is a serious business."

"I will recollect what you say," replied Antoine, submissively.

"When that malady attacks you, you will know it. Yet it is the easiest thing in the world to fall in love. It seems only yesterday," pursued the wooden soldier, laying down his pipe, "that I was walking down the Rue du Petit Savoyard. There was a pastry-shop on the corner of the Rue de la Tourelle—so called because of a little turret which



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I AM ACCUSTOMED TO PRECIPICES," THE WOODEN SOLDIER WOULD ANSWER

ornamented one of its houses. I was looking at the big gingerbread cakes, made with honey and stuffed with nuts, when Aurélie stopped also before the same window. I knew her name, because presently the old servant who accompanied her said, 'Mademoiselle Aurélie, we shall be late.' I turned to see whom she was addressing, and at that moment Aurélie turned also. We gazed into each other's eyes the time it would take to discharge my musket, not more—and instantly I was in love. So was Aurélie. She told me such was the case afterward. There are moments in one's life so charged with wonderful revelations that we return to them again and again in the vain endeavor to understand their full meaning. I swear to you, Antoine, that if I had never seen those blue eyes again, the look which they lodged in my heart would have remained to this day, like the bullet which I have carried in my leg since Rivoli. Some day I will relate to you how I received that bullet."

"To-night I prefer to hear about Mademoiselle Aurélie, Monsieur Nicolas," said Antoine, softly.

"It is very difficult to describe her to you," continued the wooden soldier. "I have here"—he tapped his tightly buttoned coat—"her miniature, which I would gladly show you if it were possible to light a candle without waking Mademoiselle Pélagie. But to know Aurélie a miniature is not sufficient. One must know her soul, as I know it—" and in the darkness Antoine heard a deep sigh.

"But, Monsieur," he ventured, "you said you concerned yourself only with what is to be seen."

"Are we to converse on that subject, or shall I continue my story?" said the wooden soldier, severely.

"Excuse me, Monsieur Nicolas," said Antoine.

"You foresee, doubtless, that I followed Aurélie, at a respectful distance. She did not turn her head, nevertheless it seems she knew of my presence. Of all these things we talked in confidence afterward. To my surprise I discovered she lived within a stone's throw of my father's. It happens often that one's joy or one's woe is a near neighbor when one does not suspect it.

"The course of our love ran very smoothly. Aurélie had no mother, and her father, being a savant, lived very retired, immersed in his researches. These circumstances aided us greatly. The house in which she lived was situated on the outskirts of the city. Behind it was a garden, through which a straight walk, bordered with acacias, led to a small pavilion on the edge of a stream which was shadowed by willows, and beyond which stretched meadows where cattle were pastured. It was a spot made for lovers. A wooden bench, sheltered by climbing vines, rested against the wall of the pavilion, which was of two stories, and I soon ascertained that it was the habit of Aurélie to sit on this bench while her father was occupied in the room above with his studies. I also contracted the habit of coming to this spot in my skiff, and of passing the evening with Aurélie. In those days I was called Louis. The first time when, on approaching the spot, I said 'Mademoiselle,' very softly, she replied, 'Is it you, Monsieur Louis?'

"You are not asleep, Antoine?"

"No, Monsieur," replied Antoine.

"Well, then, I wish to observe to you that probably when Mademoiselle Pélagie gives you advice on the subject of love, she will have much to say upon the propriety which a young lady should maintain on such occasions. But do not give too much weight to what she will say. When love is innocent, like Aurélie's, everything is permitted. I remember, for example, on that first evening she said, 'Be careful, Monsieur Louis, the step is covered with moss and is very slippery.' Do you think I reproached her because she thus naïvely invited me? Not at all. The thought ravished me. We sat a long time in silence—a silence in which nevertheless we said many things to each other. I think we did not speak at all until she said, 'It is time to retire, Monsieur Louis.'

"After a certain number of nights I dared to touch her hand—a little hand, very soft and warm, whose touch was heaven to me. Sometimes M. Lebrun, her father, would open the window above and say: 'Aurélie, I shall remain late this evening. You had best go to bed.' Sometimes the old servant would appear at the door at the end of the path with



"AND INSTANTLY I WAS IN LOVE"

a lighted candle and say: 'Mademoiselle Aurélie, you will take a cold. It is more prudent to come indoors.' Ah, those moments of parting, how sweet they were!"

The wooden soldier took so long a breath at this point that Antoine feared he was about to resume his shako and musket.

"Love like ours, my child, proceeds rapidly. It is impossible to resist it. Having once possessed myself of Aurélie's hand, I wished to possess myself of everything that was hers; and in the darkness of those summer nights we sat clasped in each other's embrace, forgetting that there was any other world but ours, or any other heaven than that of our lips and the pressure of our arms.

"One evening, as I heard the stream gliding by so swiftly and so silently, I thought that life too was passing in the same inexorable manner.

"'Aurélie,' I said, 'I am going to ask my father to demand your hand in marriage.'

"Until that moment the thought of marriage had not occurred to us, and I was astonished at the change which my observation wrought in her. She slipped from my arms without a word and vanished so quickly that I scarce heard her footsteps on the gravel of the path. The next evening she did not come, nor the

next. I was desperate, and my despair gave me courage to speak to my father.

"I seized upon an occasion when my mother was present, for I had already confided to her my secret and counted upon her support.

"'My father,' I said, 'I beg of you to request of Monsieur Lebrun the hand of his daughter.'

"After what seemed to me an eternity, and after exchanging a glance with my mother which implied some previous understanding, he replied:

"'Mademoiselle Aurélie is a respectable girl. I will speak to Monsieur Lebrun on the subject, and if she is favorably disposed and he is inclined to make suitable provision, we have no objection. You are of an age to establish yourself.'

"'I should be quite pleased to have for a daughter a person so modest and well-behaved,' said my mother.

"I pressed her to my breast for joy. 'Do not take this too much to heart,' she said, seeing my emotion; 'between wishing and having many things are possible.'"

The wooden soldier had risen to his feet and was walking to and fro before the image of the Virgin.

"Ah, my dear mother," he exclaimed, "what sinister foreboding possessed your soul at that moment! Antoine," he continued, stopping just above the bed at

the end of the shelf, "when no cloud obscures the sky, when your heart is bursting with happiness, and evil seems incredible, have a care! Fortune is about to play you a trick."

Antoine made no answer, but he shivered under the bedclothes.

"You will not be surprised when I tell you that Aurélie had had other suitors. Rivals are not generally included among those things to which love is blind. But they did not trouble me. Absorbed in my own happiness and the certainty of Aurélie, the rest of the world was as if it did not exist. As I have told you, I was born in 1774. At the time of which I speak I was nineteen years of age. When you have mastered the science of numbers," said the wooden soldier, counting his fingers, "you will find it was therefore the year 1793. In that year every man's hand was turned against his neighbor in the name of fraternity, and tyrants preached the equality of man. It is fortunate for you that you live in days of peace and tranquillity. When you are older you will study that uprising of a nation and lament all those follies which stained the purity of its ambition and divided with the sublimest deeds the energy which so astonished the world. Our city of Lyons had revolted against the sanguinary policy of the Jacobins, but had at last been forced to open its gates

to the armies of the Convention. And then came that monster of modern times, Couthon, to carry into execution the decree of the Convention, *Lyons is no more!*

"Both M. Lebrun and my father were in too modest circumstances to fear the rage of parties, but so great was the injustice of those times and so insecure the life of the humblest citizen that we thought it more prudent to retire to a small vineyard which we possessed in a remote suburb of the city. I had begged permission of my mother for Aurélie to take refuge with us, and it was arranged that after accompanying my parents to the country I should return for her. We had no difficulty in reaching the small farmhouse situated among my father's vines, for we had been in the habit of making frequent journeys to and fro, and this custom was well known to the authorities. So, the morning after our arrival, leaving my father as a protection for my mother should that need arise, I set out for Lyons in our high two-wheeled cart with the peasant who cultivated the vineyard. You can imagine with what happiness I snapped my long whip as we jogged along the white road, and with what joy I anticipated the presence of Aurélie under our own roof, as if already the priest had united us and I were bringing my bride to my fireside. Monsieur Lebrun, although my father re-



"AURÉLIE, I AM GOING TO ASK YOUR HAND IN MARRIAGE"



NEVER BEFORE HAD ANTOINE SO STUDIED THE CLOCK

mindful him that he had once dedicated, by royal permission, a treatise to the late king, had refused to abandon his investigations and was to remain in the city.

"You might suppose that, in times such as those through which we were passing, all the ordinary avocations of life would be suspended; that men and women, terrified by so much slaughter, would hide themselves. But it was not so. Women chatted in the doorways when heads were falling on the scaffold, and only on certain days of exceptional madness did the shopkeepers lower their shutters, waiting behind closed doors for the storm to pass. It was on one of those days that I returned to Lyons for Aurélie. Couthon had already begun his work of extermination, and as we drew near the city gate we met long files of wretches, chained together, whose clamor the grapeshot of his cannon was soon to silence—for the guillotine was too slow for his vengeance. We passed, however, through this tumult in safety and came at last to my father's house, on whose walls I observed with amazement were written the words, *This house to let*. 'What is the meaning of these inscriptions?' I asked of a citizen standing near, for I saw that other houses also bore the same words. 'It is the new method of announcing that the owners of these houses have no further use for them,' laughed the wretch. I leaped from

the cart and ran with all speed to Aurélie's door. The same dread words were written on its portal. A frenzy of fear and rage seized me. I hurled myself against the door. It was bolted. I beat upon it with both hands—"

A loud crash, which almost stopped the beating of Antoine's heart, followed. Had the wooden soldier fallen from the mantel? Was he killed for the second time? Mlle. Pélagie, startled from her sleep, had sprung from her bed, and in her long nightdress and blue cotton nightcap was tremblingly lighting a candle.

Antoine, scarcely daring to look, gazed with the fascination of fear through the shadows at the mantel, and when the flame of the candle had become steady, there stood the wooden soldier, his shako on his head, his musket pressed firmly against his shoulder, his coat tightly buttoned over the miniature of Aurélie.

"God preserve us!" cried Mlle. Pélagie. "The Blessed Virgin has fallen and is dashed into a thousand pieces."

By one of those coincidences which give rise to the idea of fate, on the very morning of the fall of the Virgin a wandering vender of images stopped before Mlle. Pélagie's door. Antoine, on his way to school, had met this erect figure, bearing aloft its tray of images, under the arcade of the Hôtel de Ville, and to his vivid



Painting by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"AFTER A NUMBER OF NIGHTS I DARED TO TOUCH HER HAND"

imagination it seemed as if one of the caryatides sculptured by Jean Goujon for the chimney of the great hall in the Mairie had eluded the vigilance of the concierge and had stepped out into the street with its frieze of dancing figures for a morning's walk. All the heroes of history and legend elbowed one another on the carefully poised shelf; but most wonderful of all was a Virgin wearing a mantle studded with stars and having a golden aureole about her head. Mlle. Pélagie had just removed the last traces of the night's tragedy when the shadow of this image fell upon her threshold. Certainly it was nothing less than providential that almost at the very moment she was consigning the shattered fragments of one Virgin to the dust-heap another should appear at the open door. Skilled in reading the eyes of his customers, the peddler carefully disengaged the Holy Mother from her dangerous position between a Cupid and a Satyr and, glancing about the room, observed with an air of apparent surprise:

"Madame has no image of the Blessed Mary?"

"How much is it?" asked Mlle. Pélagie, who was of a practical turn of mind.

"A mere nothing—a hundred sous," replied the peddler.

Mlle. Pélagie's countenance fell, and she straightway began to busy herself at her oven as if the matter possessed no further interest for her.

"Very cheap—hundred sous—very fine image," persisted the tempter.

Mlle. Pélagie made no answer.

"Look very nice here," he continued, enthroning the statue on the now empty pedestal beside the wooden soldier, "very nice. You look here," he exclaimed, with sudden interest, "you no want soldier—soldier no good—you give me soldier and three francs—I give you Our Lady."

Mlle. Pélagie closed the oven door and went over to the mantel.

"I no like wooden image—wooden image no good—I only wish please you."

Mlle. Pélagie was reflecting. Antoine was certainly too old now to care for such a toy. For a long time, it is true, he had been too young to appreciate it. That this reasoning left no time at all for him to possess the gift of his benefactor did not occur to her. The sole

question now was to make a good bargain. "For two francs, yes," she said, crisply. And the wily son of the South, who was also a good bargainer, shrugged his shoulders and smiled.

"Very good—to please Madame."

Thus it happened that the wooden soldier took the vacant place between the Satyr of Praxiteles and the Cupid of Lysippus, marched down the winding street and, after a glass of wine at the Sign of the White Fawn, disappeared with the miniature of Aurélie on the road through the meadows.

Never before had Antoine so studied the clock as on that morning at school. On his way thither he heard the drum of the town-crier in the great square and saw the army of Couthon defiling through the streets of Lyons. He had lingered for a moment before the gingerbread cakes in the window of the grocer, with an occasional wistful glance behind him, as if at any instant Aurélie might suddenly appear at his elbow. More than half of the Departments of France, which he usually enumerated so glibly, refused that morning to answer the roll-call, and the figures on his slate assumed strange ungainly shapes. Never had the wooden soldier interrupted a narrative in so agonizing a manner, and in spite of the respect he felt for the Virgin he could not forgive her for taking so inopportune a moment to precipitate herself from the mantel. Or had Monsieur Nicolas himself been the cause of the catastrophe?

"Antoine," exclaimed his teacher, "pay attention. You are dipping your pencil in the ink-well."

All the way home he sang happily, for half the day was gone, and though he feared what he should see behind that door on which Couthon had inscribed those terrible words, *To Let*, as with many older and wiser than he the desire to know the worst was irresistible. His first glance on his return was for Monsieur Nicolas. He was gone! For an instant Antoine remained stupefied. Except at night the wooden soldier had never before moved from his place. Faithful and vigilant, like a sentry at his post, without this silent figure the room no longer seemed familiar. There was, moreover, a strange Virgin on the shelf. He turned a bewildered face to Mlle. Pélagie.

"Where is Monsieur Nicolas?" he stammered.

"Monsieur who?" said his aunt, not comprehending.

"The soldier of the Countess Anne."

"He has gone to take a promenade," replied Mlle. Pélagie, evasively.

Antoine was dumfounded. The real and the unreal danced wildly together in his little brain. A vague fear began to take possession of him, for Mlle. Pélagie's manner inspired no confidence.

"Come, come," she said, at the sight of two gathering tears in his eyes, "be a man! Of what use is a wooden soldier?"

To be a man! he desired nothing better. All the teaching of Monsieur Nicolas was an inspiration to manhood. Anger began to swell in his heart. His little fists were clenched. Be a man! Rage made him one. "What have you done with Monsieur Nicolas?" he demanded, choking back the sob rising in his throat.

"I know nothing of your Monsieur Nicolas," replied Mlle. Pélagie, tranquilly, for she much preferred anger to tears; "but if you mean that ugly little soldier of the Countess Anne, I have exchanged

it for the Virgin you see on the shelf. Perhaps you will cease now to destroy things in your sleep."

Antoine did not even notice so unjust an accusation. The one friend of his life was gone. Anguish struggled with anger, but a fixed determination began to take shape in his mind. He remembered now the Italian peddler seen on his way to school. He recalled even the figure of the Virgin whose shining aureole had towered above the head of Cupid. The whole nefarious transaction was revealed with a startling lucidity.

You who are now a man, accustomed to sorrow, to whom disappointment is no stranger, who can now sigh when formerly you cried out, and who have tamed the rebellious crew that once threatened your reason, recall one of those bitter griefs of childhood when the very structure of the world seemed tottering to its fall with the loss of a wooden soldier. Yes, he would be a man! He would follow that brigand peddler to the ends of the universe.

"He will have a good cry," thought Mlle. Pélagie, as he disappeared through the door, "then all will be over."



A LITTLE BEDRAGGLED FIGURE WAS STUMBLING HOMEWARD

But the soup grew cold and Antoine did not return. In the afternoon it began to rain. As evening approached, alarm rather than affection prompted frequent excursions to the door-step, where Mlle. Pélagie's gaunt figure was to be seen peering into the gathering darkness. "Have you seen my Antoine?" she asked of a neighbor. And again, of a farmer returning from the country, "You have not perchance seen a little boy with a brown velvet cap?" No, they had seen nothing. While eating her supper in silence a kind of panic seized her. After all, she was responsible for the little imp. Where was he? She resolved to consult Madame Berger, and throwing her skirt over her head, she made her way down the deserted street to the narrow line of light shining between her neighbor's closed shutters. She made no mention of the wooden soldier, and Madame Berger, the mother of so large a family that the temporary disappearance of one of its members was not a matter for great concern, comforted her somewhat.

Meanwhile a little bedraggled figure was stumbling homeward along the uneven pavement. Stained with mud, his blue blouse discolored by the rain, Antoine was scarcely recognizable. So furious was the wind that only by pushing with all his strength could he close the door behind him. Out of breath, surprised and pleased at finding himself alone, he stood for a moment rubbing away the drops which trickled into his eyes from the visor of his cap, two little pools of water forming on the floor from his dripping clothes. Exhausted as he was, it was evident that his mind still struggled with a purpose not yet accomplished; for as soon as breath was recovered he pushed a chair under the mantel and climbed upon the seat. Tired, cold, soaked to the skin, triumph shone in his eyes, for beneath his blouse, close to his heart, was the wooden soldier. Carefully uncovering his precious treasure, he set it in its accustomed place, and then, at last satisfied, sitting down before the shelf, he contemplated his friend with a smile of supreme contentment. It was in this attitude Mlle. Pélagie found him. To her inquiries and reproaches he made no answer. He submitted without resistance to the removal of his drenched

clothes, to the hot tisane prepared for him, in spite of which even in his warm bed a cold chill shook him at times from head to foot. But that did not matter. Monsieur Nicolas was safe.

Poor Antoine! It was so much easier to be a man in spirit than in strength.

Although wanting in affection, Mlle. Pélagie was not without a conscience. Under its goadings she sat far into the night by Antoine's bedside holding his feverish hand in hers. From time to time she looked up at the wooden soldier. Had pleadings softened the peddler's heart, or had the little rascal stolen it from some dark corner where it reposed while its owner was finishing a glass of wine? At all events there on the shelf were both images—for two francs! She had just fallen into a doze when a piercing cry brought her to her feet. Antoine, standing upright on the bed, was beating the wall with his clenched fists, crying: "Open! It is I. It is Louis!" With much persuasion she induced him to lie down again, and now thoroughly frightened, having carefully secured the covering under his chin, she ran for Madame Berger.

"Watch with him, dear Madame," she begged, "while I go for Doctor Leroux. The child is gone clean out of his head."

Day was breaking before Doctor Leroux arrived. It was not necessary to explain to him that the child had "taken cold."

"You will explain all this to me," he said, gruffly, "after you have done what I tell you."

When his instructions had been carried out he turned angrily to Mlle. Pélagie. "On what miserable errand did you send this child in such a storm?"

"Monsieur," she whimpered, "I did not send him. He went without my consent. He has caused me great anxiety."

"Well, he will cause you no more," was the stern reply.

Mlle. Pélagie sank trembling into a chair. The oppressive silence was broken only by Antoine's labored breathing.

"Monsieur le Docteur," began Madame Berger, "when my Ambrose had pneumonia we rubbed his chest with tallow—"

"Hush!" Antoine was raising himself on one elbow. "What do you wish, my little man?" said Doctor Leroux, forcing him back gently on the pillow.



HE NESTLED IT IN THE PILLOW BESIDE HIS CHEEK

"I wish—I wish—to speak to Monsieur Nicolas."

"Who is Monsieur Nicolas?" asked Doctor Leroux, looking up at Mlle. Pélagie.

"The soldier of the Countess Anne," she whispered.

"Give it to him."

She took the wooden soldier from the shelf and gave it into Antoine's outstretched hand. He nestled it in the pillow beside his cheek with a deep sigh of content.

Doctor Leroux was thinking of the Countess Anne, of the day when she had lifted her little protégé in her arms, lavishing love on what was not her own, as now he saw it lavished on a wooden toy. He looked at Mlle. Pélagie and frowned. "Love that might have been yours," he thought.

Three times again, the next day, he stood at Antoine's bedside. It was the old story—a little success here and there, but in the end Death always victorious. The lesson was as bitter to him now as when he first learned it. The soldier of the Countess Anne stared at him from the pillow. For the sake of his old friend he stooped and kissed gently the hot brow. A faint smile spread over the little face and the lips parted—"Aurélié," they murmured.

But Doctor Leroux did not understand. The next time he came the brow was cold. Beside the tangled hair the black shako of the wooden soldier lay quietly, the tightly buttoned coat, under which the miniature of Aurélié was to remain forever concealed, pressed against the still, white cheek.

The Flower and the Leaf

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

STILL, as we sow and reap and glean,
Behold the tilth Life's Garden grows;
Joy a red rose that blooms and goes,
Grief the one leaf that's ever green.

Our Coastwise Caravans

BY W. J. AYLWARD

WEST-SOUTHWEST she pointed her long, lean prow into a sea so hard and lumpy it made even her gigantic frame tremble, and transformed her usually animated decks into a desolate, wet expanse dangerous to cross for any but the most seasoned legs. Across her full length the cold, biting wind spat vapory spume high above the enormous funnels reeling drunkenly against a gray sky, while, below, a hundred unhappy wretches counted the hours of their misery.

Forward in the smoking-room there gathered the usual crowd of copper-riveted voyageurs, and a few less favored ones, who found even its stale air preferable to the stuffiness of a two-by-four stateroom. They watched with languid interest the players, oblivious to the moaning whine of the wind around the deck-house, save when an especially heavy lurch overturned a glass or scattered the chips, and the grizzled, red-faced "reformed" Pilot growled through his white mustache an anathema on the weather, and said there was a lump of sea on, and it must be blowing some to the westward.

The ship was behind her schedule, and Nantucket Shoals, still unsighted, past due. A faint singsong from the lookout brought the unoccupied to the ports to see what was sighted, but over the gray waste of wind-torn seas nothing appeared.

"Light-ship, probably," said the Pilot. "Raise you five." And the pink-skinned Teuton with the pointed beard slipped his tiny binoculars into their case and unlimbered his camera. "There it is," brought those not in the game again to the ports, and far ahead now and then a tiny speck of black could be seen in the gray. It grew into a vessel, into two, and then three. This brought the Pilot to the port, and deferentially the group made way for him. "Tow," he

muttered. "Huh! wonder what he's doing out here. Let's have that glass."

We were overtaking them fast and almost abreast. Curiously enough, they seemed to be going astern, like telegraph-poles from a train. Ice was making heavily forward and, almost to the tops of their stump spars, smoky spray froze inch by inch into the heavy sheathing that sunk their sluggish sea-washed hulls deeper into the angry seas.

No sign of life appeared, as one by one we went by them, save a fluttering string of signals from the masthead of the plucky little tug that led them.

"Open that port. Can't see through the glass with this thing." Obediently we did the Pilot's bidding, and in rushed the wind with riotous glee.

"Hm! Thought so. Jim Darlington in the *Valley Forge*. 'N-Q-R! No assistance—thanks—regards to Broadway.' That's Jim, all right—great joker, Jim. Wish he knew I was aboard; he'd have more to say." The port slammed to, and in the comparative calm that ensued the Teuton spoke.

"Surely they do not go to sea in such vessels at this season!"

"Didn't go to sea—blowed offshore and hanging on—wind 'll go down tonight, and he'll get his barges to Boston all right; always does." And the game was on, the sluggish tow astern forgotten by all save the Teuton, who watched as if fascinated until it was lost on the dim horizon.

I do not know what the entry in his diary was, but one was reminded of the Irishman who, in the exuberance of his first visit to his old home, wrote back to his new one that "The first land we see was a big black brig from Donegal." The Herr Professor was coming to study America.

Next morning early, as we gathered forward going up the bay, I pointed out some barges lashed together at anchor.

"Very interesting, very interesting;" but his mind and his glass were on the city of towers rising pink and white above the gray-gold mist hanging over the water of the harbor, this wonderful city he had heard so much of, the virtual capital of a vast empire stretching three thousand miles to another sea—New York. But I hadn't forgotten Jim Darlington and his barges.

And so it happened that I blessed the fog that hung over the river one morning in the autumn as a trolley made its leisurely way to an outlying section of Philadelphia. The tow was due to start at seven, they told me; and it did—seven next morning. Our tug, as I learned on my arrival, was reported somewhere below, fog-bound, with an incoming string of barges.

It was scarce daylight next morning when, from the huddle of vessels about the huge coal-piers, a muffled bark told us she was coming out; and as she came alongside, the pilot-house window dropped sharply, and a clean-cut, youngish man rested his shirt sleeves on the sill and greeted the group below awaiting his orders.

"I'll take the *Marcus Hook* first, the *Newcastle* second, and you last, Captain," to Reilly in the *Bethany*. "Heave short!"

As the puffing winch brought the chain up and down, we swung with the tide, the tug slipped out ahead, the anchor came to the rail, and three abreast we started down for the sea.

The mist was kind to Philadelphia and veiled its wharves in a delicate mystery, in which we caught vague images of vessels loading, discharging, or hauled out for repairs. Scattering ferries grew thick and black with people hurrying to work as we slipped by the busier part of the town, past smart liners rushing things before sailing-hour; great cargo-ships deftly slinging huge burdens into capacious holds; more ships, more docks, an evil-smelling refinery—the last gasp of the town; and out into the broader reaches of the Delaware, whence from soft banks and wooded uplands came the song of the redbird and call of the crow.

"Rather tame going to sea, ain't it?" said the captain; and it was, but very

neighborly, as lashed rail to rail we visited at will or speared the luckless porgies cast high and dry on the débris that collected between the hulls.

Toward evening the fog thickened. "'Tention!" barked the tug, then the long and short and long blast that meant "Prepare to anchor." Enough to clear the channel, we swung toward the Jersey shore and settled down for the night.

The *Interocean* came alongside, and her people, forgetting their bossy flagship airs, came aboard for a smoke and chat. It was the evening hour, when all the world tells and listens to its stories. With the tug's dynamo purring contentedly alongside and pouring a cheerful light across our glistening decks from her bright ports, it was very cozy out there on the broad river listening to the yarns of these men who, in the prosaic calling of carting coal to Boston, had all the hardships and took all the chances of going to sea, with scant few of its amenities.

No alluring foreign port basking in summer seas awaited them at the end of the run. Fog, snow, and icy gales, plodding along a dangerous coast for a great part of the season, was their portion; a monotonous familiarity with Philadelphia, Boston, and Newport News coal-piers, occasionally varied by a trip to one of the smaller manufacturing cities of New England, and now and then, as a rare treat, "Sunday home with the folks."

Next afternoon we reached where the broadening waters took on a harder look and smelled of the sea. "Looks easterly," quoth the skipper. The tow stretched out, and late that night we passed out the capes into the sloppy embrace of a southeaster that washed down decks a bit while we gained an offing.

All next day we wallowed up the Jersey coast, distantly visible now and then in the murk to leeward. The sea kept making in what was now a heavy southeaster, till the burdened craft dipped rails under at every roll, and the captain "allowed" we'd go into New York, as it looked like a dirty night, and the tug kept edging in that way.

Toward midnight we rolled heavily in Swash Channel, up a gleaming avenue of buoys thick as street lamps, with lofty Highland Light snapping its blind-



Drawn by W. J. Ayward

COAL-POCKETS AT PHILADELPHIA

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

ing flash across our decks; while back of us the whole ocean, blacker than the blackest coal-pocket, rolled in and broke in great surges of hissing white across the half-submerged hull. In under the sheltering arm of Sandy Hook we crept, across which, on the damp breath of the sea, came the heavy long-drawn roar of breakers.

The tug barked something which we did not get, and thought it was, "Prepare to anchor," when from forward came a scream, "Schooner ahead!" We were already on top of her, and with a shock that sent her reeling, struck a blow that tumbled out her "gang" in a yelling, cursing tumult. Fisherman-fashion, they had put their faith in a riding-light and turned in for an all-night below.

Every one yelled orders, everybody was in everybody else's way in the gear and dories littering her crowded deck. "Get a light!" "Get an axe!" "Get her

name!" "Where's the flare?" "There goes the main-boom!" "Where's the other son of a ——?" "I suppose he'll run us down and we'll all go to hell." And the skipper on the taffrail, in a "Christopher-discovering-America" pose, made an heroic figure in red flannels, with the flare of a torch bringing him out in a strong ruddy relief against the velvet blackness of the night. In flowing language he reviled the ancestry of barges in general, with special reference to the offending *Marcus Hook*.

Quietly had the following barge been dropped; a spring slipped on our hawser, and the *Arabella's* chain foul of it, by which we were dragging schooner, anchor, and galled crew up the harbor, was allowed to go clear. She rubbed some paint as she scraped by into the darkness astern to gently ride once more on her cable, none the worse for the encounter save for some rumpled gear.

"Fine sailormen those," I said to Skip, when the hook was on the bottom and we were snug for the night.

"*Sailors!*" and an indignant stream of tobacco shot over the side. "*Sailors!*" he repeated. "*Bow'ry bums!*" and more spicy words to that effect.

"Get up and get your anchor," said the sleepy tug in the precious hour of arising. In the thin, sharp air of an autumn dawn the wind thrummed a merry tune of fleeing clouds in bright skies above ruffled blue seas, the song of the brave northwester. Early as we were, a great fleet of coasters like a flock of gulls was flying seaward and making sail as they flew. Down the dark-speckled bay they came before it, their swelling white sails catching the first pink gleams of the morning sun. One after another they jibed around buoys, and gayly curtsied to Old Ocean as they met the heavy groundswell rolling in. We fol-



THE SKIPPER OF THE "MARCUS HOOK"



SHIP-BARGES

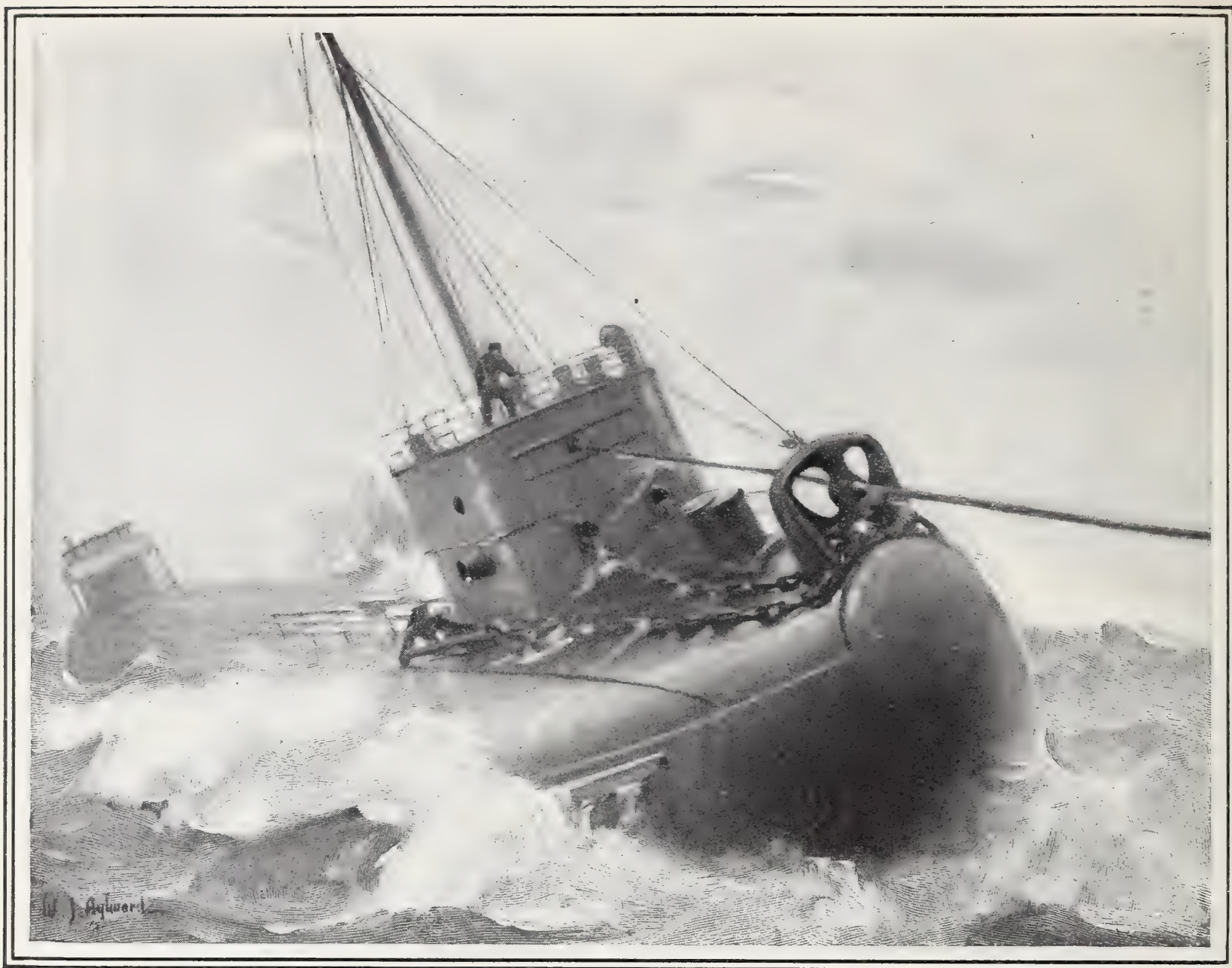
lowed in more leisurely fashion, and with our modest sails doing their best, made a fine run up the Long Island shore. Toward the middle of the day the wind dropped to a gentle breeze, and by afternoon we were slipping along in the sleepy roll that still set in from the southeast.

Then one realized the empty vastness of the open sea. Along the length of the tow no sign of life was visible, save for a moment when you caught, against the patch of blue that showed through the dark steering-house, a moving hand on the wheel as the helmsman gave or took a spoke, or a thread of smoke from the tug that vanished into the sky; no sound save the rustle of silky seas that parted and slapped gently along the heavy-timbered sides, or the complaining creak

of a sleepy block on the end of a boom swaying gently to the lift of the sea.

In the bald blue daylight that hangs above open water the utilitarian character of the craft was uncompromisingly revealed—the scarred decks smeared with coal-tar, the bulwarks, hatches, and deck-houses an iron-ore red and dun snuffy brown; while over all—house, decks, rails, sails, masts, and even the scant rigging—the smutty touch of her sable cargo. She somehow seemed out of place afloat on the clear blue water under that pure sky. The whole effect was quite as forlornly ugly and forsaken as a railroad yard on a hot Sunday afternoon.

His hands stowed in his trousers pockets and puffing comfortably at a freshly lighted pipe, the skipper came on



A WHALEBACK BARGE

deck, took a look around, and made his prognostications for the night.

"When the sun shines on the water so and scalds yer cheek like that, ye can look for an easterly, 'cause yer goin' ter git it." The sun shone on the water much as it did on other days, its caressing touch felt as usual to my untrained senses, but we got our easterly, all the same, just as we were hoping to get over the Shoals. Another hour or two would have turned the trick, but across those anxious rock-infested waters of tide-rips, fierce currents, and dangerous reefs the tow-boat dared not take its deep-laden charges, so we sat down and waited.

Stupidly we lay for days under the heavy pall of fog, with no sound save the monotonous tolling of the light-ship's bell, the tremulous query of a timorous steamer gingerly groping her way, or a metallic rattle and muffled splash that told us that somewhere off in the fog some one else had given up and settled down to wait for it to lift.

On the third day along came tug num-

ber two of our line. Dropping her barges, she accepted the *Interocean's* invitation to come alongside. The mist to the westward showed a yellowish tinge toward evening, and the captains evidently thought well of its promise, for they shortly after signalled to get under way. By the time the tow was made up and moving, the light had faded, the fog settled thick as ever, with rain and rising wind from the eastward. We kept on, though, through the impenetrable gloom of a wet, dirty night, following a tug we could not see, and with two vessels trailing behind.

Plaintively the tug called as, blindfolded, she groped her way—answered by the unceasing clamor of the light-ship's bell on Handkerchief Shoal, now close at hand.

"Keep away—keep away-ay-ay!
Dan—ger! keep away-ay!"

it repeated. A dim halo-like blur, round which the rain swirled and fog wraiths twisted, swayed for a moment, and was



W. J. Ayward.

Drawn by W. J. Ayward

WHILING AWAY THE AFTERNOON ON DECK

swallowed in the blackness. The clanging bell softened to an undertone to leeward, and from the murky vastness out to sea came the melancholy sob of a blow-buoy; "whu-o—whu-o—o-o-o"; another bell tolling, tolling an unending requiem for the souls of men claimed by these cruel reefs.

In the rigging the wind kept up its moaning whine, and from far ahead came a new sound, nearer and nearer, calling to our answering tug. A shadowy shape, spangled with blurry gold and set with a single emerald, went throbbing by, hoarsely pleading for the right of way.

On our quarter a stranger, ominously close, grew into a vague monster with eyes of green and red—a warning shout, desperate ringing of the bell, and "full speed astern," she slipped back into the night.

Had something happened to the tug? The tow-line slackened sharply. A harsh sound of grating metallic surfaces came vaguely from her direction—a mast-head light—a green—and then the red. The tug had turned around, and it was the chafing of steel hawser on her rail that startled us. The skipper swore volubly as he gave the order to put the helm over, and we slunk back to our anchorage.

As if to tantalize us the stars shone hazily through the rest of the night, but the tug had enough and waited for daylight. It was worth while, for in a piping breeze that sent the muddy fog scurrying seaward the Shoals showed their teeth and we could snap our fingers at their menace.

A big fleet of coasters which had gathered in the long days of fog were busily getting their anchors, with sails slatting, eager to be off. They followed in a merry scrap, digging their black noses deep in foam as they cracked on sail after sail, in a reckless fashion that sent many a boom in splinters over the side and the sail in ribbons to leeward.

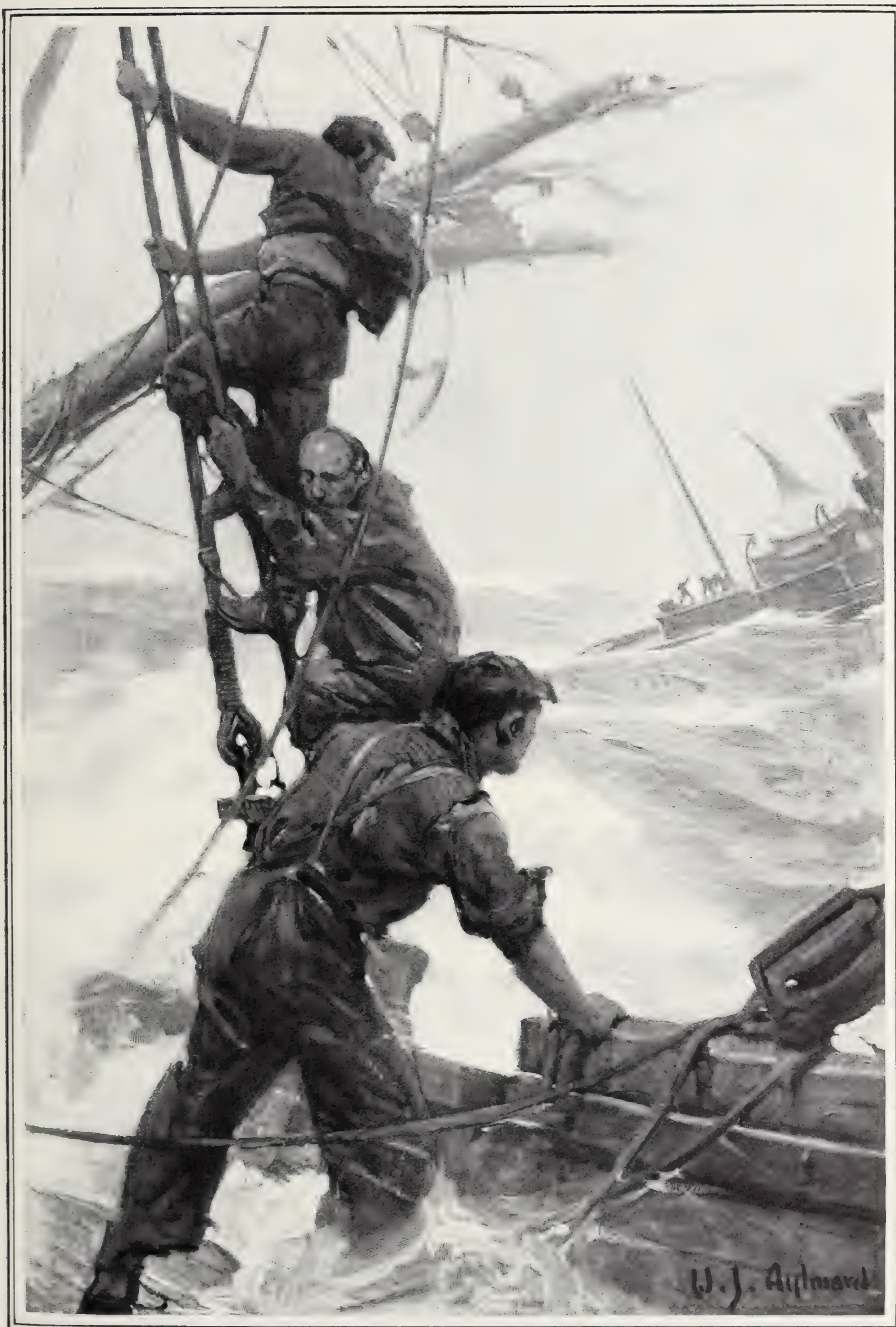
Out to sea there was a battle royal between half a score huge five and six masters deep laden, who stood up to it like so many churches under all sail, till we wondered how long the gear would stand the strain.

Down the wind, straight before it, came a great white ship bound for the

Trades. With everything drawing, from royals down, her dainty forefoot clove the seas prettily, and she was soon below the horizon. A fleet of yacht-like fishermen hovered over their dories with the solicitude of a duck amid a brood of ducklings on the tossing sea.

Harder the wind blew dead ahead. In the short steep chop making around the Race we began to lose headway, and might almost as well have been at anchor. The sun went down in a windy sky, and on rising found us still there battling with a heavy sea. Boston seemed a long way off; but the wind grew tired, the tug took courage and drew us along merrily. Almost before we knew it we raised Boston Light, and that afternoon anchored in the Roads, nine days out from Philadelphia. With a hurried farewell the *Interocean* chased off to Salem with the *Bethany*, and my barge trip was up.

Much has been said against the traffic, but the practice of towing barges has come to stay. It has stood the test of all things commercial—it pays. Agitation lasting for years finally resulted in legislation regulating the trade. Before the House Committee on Merchant Marine there were some lively clashes between rival interests. Facing the combined forces of powerful accusers, the tow-barge was put on trial for its life. Vessel-owners and steamship lines declared tows, stretching nearly a mile over crowded waters and clogging harbor channels, an unmitigated and unlawful nuisance, a menace to navigation at all times, but above all in thick weather, when it is impossible to tell when a tow has passed; the Light-house Board, that they were destructive to buoys, channel marks, and even light-ships; the Seaman's Union, that many were unseaworthy hulks, undermanned, overloaded, and unprovided with life-boats. Even the Federal courts of the United States appeared as plaintiff, and decisions were read in which they officially condemned "a practice so notorious" as "the most dangerous feature of navigation on our coast." And it is dangerous; for, with a tow stretching half a mile or more and a snap-the-whip effect on the last in line, it is no easy matter making the sharp turns



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

TUG RESCUING CREW OF A SINKING BARGE

necessary in threading one's way across the troubled waters off Cape Cod, where many a luckless vessel has come to grief. To keep on a moment too long means piling up in the breakers, and swinging off too soon in the strong tide may put the last barge on the rocks or smashing into a light-ship.

The barges on trial were not without defenders, and astute lawyers talked volubly of confiscation of property, expert testimony, inalienable rights, laws written and unwritten, and other generalities, and then the barge folk were put on the stand. They welcomed inspection, they said; had nothing to conceal; their vessels were seaworthy, properly manned and equipped, able to take care of themselves should they go adrift, and had done so time and again. That a tow of four vessels going in one direction was not as dangerous as the same number of schooners under sail on different tacks; most of the collisions were due to vessels disregarding signals and attempting to cross the hawser; that a long hawser was necessary to prevent parting by the surge of the sea.

When the bill was finally passed calling for inspection and the regulation of the traffic, giving a board authority to limit the length of a tow, the disgruntled schooner men bemoaned the fact

that their agitation had resulted in making legal a mooted question. The law is strangely silent, however, as to the depth to which a hulk may be loaded, and to overloading alone many disasters are due. Within a year or two a barge rolled so heavily in the trough of a north-east gale off Race Point that her cargo burst through her hatches and she went down like a plummet with all hands. On the best lines they do not load quite so deep in the winter.

If in clear weather the risk is great, what can be said for going over the Shoals under the heavy pall of a foggy night? It is terrible, and the strain terrific on the man upon whom rests the responsibility of forty lives, four vessels, and nearly a million dollars' worth of property. Yet they do it time and again, and the net result shows how wonderfully capable they are. No wonder they are gray, these quiet, alert men who handle so dexterously their tugs and heavy charges strung out precariously astern. Upon the old slander formerly cast at them, of cutting away their tows and taking to their heels when trouble was nigh, a captain made no comment, but looking back, he computed the value in dollars and cents of ships and cargo, the number of men on each, and the total, and said: "How long do



COAL-CARRYING SCHOONER UNDER FULL SAIL



A NEW ENGLAND COAL-WHARF

you s'pose I'd hold my job if I were up to tricks like that?"

Barges have been cut adrift, it is true, but then ships have been scuttled, run ashore, set afire, and otherwise destroyed, but not because their captains were anxious to do so; nor, for that matter, does a tugmaster go over the Shoals in a fog from choice. With a tow waiting at either end he has to make time to keep his place, and much can be said for the man who takes chances, for he can expect no compliments from owners should he hang back when some one else goes through without mishap.

These men are almost continuously on duty; most of the time they are in port only long enough to fill up with coal and water, and then off again with a tow made up and waiting. Truly they are sailormen of a high order, and a reply to those who ask where are the American seamen in these days of iron ships and wooden men, as though seamanship was all ropes and knots, and ships ran themselves since steam was put in them. Sometimes these folk purchase a power-boat on this principle, and learn.

To cite but an instance. A few winters ago six tows, numbering in all twenty

vessels, having crossed the Shoals, were caught in a terrific vapor-storm from the northeast. Unable to round Race Point, they "paraded the beach" in the few miles between Chatham and Orleans. For twenty-four hours, without being able to see from one vessel to another, they manœuvred their crowded storm-beaten charges without a single accident during the whole of that terrible day and night.

The captain of the tug, as admiral of the fleet, transmits his orders by whistle signals, even to setting and furling the sails. He is held responsible for delays, and naturally there is much rivalry between them. Chances are taken, and some disasters follow, due to the desire to make time and beat the other fellow. They are well paid as wages of seafarers go, but are subject to the seemingly universal rule that says no man who goes to sea shall be paid half what he would receive for similar responsibility ashore, while he has the hardships and knocks of life afloat thrown in.

The towing lines, mostly owned and managed by railroads whose coal they carry under another name, run them as from a despatcher's office. One tug-cap-

tain said, with a half-sigh, as he hefted the retarding fog, "They think we run on rails, with a block-signal system to keep the tracks clear."

Indeed, the comparison was not a bad one, for with the tug as locomotive a string of barges is not unlike a way freight. Each barge is frequently destined to a different point; or orders may be changed and a barge dropped *en route* or taken a hundred miles or so beyond the port she cleared for. Like switch-engines, harbor tugs pick up the dropped barge and shunt it into its unloading berth. As if to emphasize the similarity they are painted the color of the company's cars.

Quite modern are some of the later type of barges, especially in the oil trade, and some have been taken to England and around Cape Horn. Splendidly built on good lines, they have the well-cared-for, smart appearance that makes even sailormen call them good-looking vessels. From these aristocrats of the trade it is a far cry down the long list to those vagrants of the deep that venture out hardly far enough from New York to be properly called seagoing barges, but go to sea just the same, if it is only to litter the floor of the ocean with their noisome cargoes. A miserable "wharf-rat" scampers about their narrow, greasy decks, and works with a line about his waist, on which he crawls aboard his unseemly craft like a rat, should he happen to be picked off by a sea, unless, forsooth, he has already sold his line for a drink, as he often does the life-preserver the law requires.

But, above all, the most interesting are the "ship-barges," so called from being converted square-riggers, around which clings the romance of other days, when, as tall clipper-ships, with snowy canvas piled tier upon tier, they were the admiration and the envy of nations. Even under their ridiculous rig they still have the air of a thoroughbred hitched to a cart. Gentle in a seaway, tractable to steer, and with ample living accommodations, they are comfortable to be in, though a few notorious ones have caused them to be called by their detractors "floating coffins."

In the summer it is pleasant enough on the barges, and the skipper often has the wife and child with him; but in the

burly fall and winter months he sends them ashore and takes his chances alone.

That the risk is grave is attested by the loss of sixty barges out of four hundred and fifty in two years. If in the stress of weather the straining line, taut as a harp-string, finally snaps in great surging seas that seek to wrest a hulk from its only hope, away go one, two, or three barges, maybe, into the stormy gloom of the open sea, or to pile up a mass of wreckage in the surf, a job for the life-savers. Desperately the tug tries to capture the careering strayed ones, but may perhaps be in a worse plight herself; for, relieved of the heavy strain upon it, her wire hawser often fouls the propeller, and far from being able to help the others, she is in desperate need of assistance herself.

Perchance she may be caught as years ago one was caught in attempting to round Point Judith—unable to advance or retreat, she was slowly but surely being dragged to destruction by the tremendous weight of her tow. There was but one thing left to do. A clip of the axe, and the reeling shapes astern went to their doom in the eager rock-strewn breakers to leeward.

Then there was the ill-fated *Phoenix*, the last in a tow battling with a north-east gale one winter's night, when like a cannon-shot the line parted and she was almost instantly engulfed in the maelstrom on dreaded Peaked Hill Bars. At daybreak only her masts told the story to the watchful beach patrol, and to the tiny black specks half frozen in the rigging a rescuing line was fired. Slowly and painfully they hauled the hawser aboard and made it secure, only to have it inextricably fouled in the tangled gear. With numb and bleeding fingers they succeeded in cutting it away and without tools put in a long splice, and from their precarious perch they were taken in the breeches-buoy before it too had disappeared.

Lacking perhaps the melodramatic effect of the uniformed master of a great liner clinging to the mast of his sinking ship and firing a revolver as the searchlights of rescuing vessels play about him, these plain seamen deserve an honored place among the heroes who have ever fought and still fight man's enemy, the sea.



Drawn by W. J. Aylward

THE END OF THE VOYAGE—BOSTON HARBOR

Half tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

As in a harbor tug we scurried up to town in the last rays of the setting sun, we passed under the bows of some great hulks lashed together at anchor, and the captain said they'd never pass inspection when the new law was enforced. One was once a famous ship. With rusty, scarred sides and stumpy, dingy masts, she looked hard, this old sea veteran of a day that is past. But splendid vessels they were, the full flower of a race that blossomed quickly into the pride of a nation, only to sink into despised obscurity, till, one by one, they have well-nigh disappeared within a single generation.

As the day grows old and glows with the recollection of a glorious sunset, and the last belated fisherman drifts with drooping sails on the end of the tide, purple shadows steal in from the sea, making Boston Light blink sleepily and the Graves flash its warning—*one, two—one, two*—then perhaps this old hulk grows reminiscent of other days, when on straining spars and singing rigging

a great cloud of billowy canvas urged her on over rollicky distant seas, that under these very bows burst into creamy foam sparkling in the sun. Instead of pert knockabouts and impudent powerboats, flying-fish flitted across her path and feathery palms on hazy atolls waved her on in her mad race with the soaring clouds.

Once more her bullies tread her broad white decks, her mate pats her affectionately, and calls her his good old girl as she does her very best. Again her crew, expectant at stations, waits the Old Man's hoarse bawl of "*Mainsail—h-a-w-l!*" to rush forward the braces with glad shout and trampling feet, as with fluttering petticoats she flies into the wind and goes about.

Of those that remain there are only memories, and as the shadows deepen into night and the gentle stars are dimmed by the blatant lights of the town, the incoming tide gurgles a lullaby between their dark hulls. They swing to its embrace and drop asleep.

Aftermath

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

HER hands were soft as little birds;
 Her thoughts, as shining as a star.
 Her lips were shaped by tender words
 From moods as dear as roses are;
 And not the daffodils that stir
 To early April winds, could vie
 In fragrant daintiness with her.

The daffodils are sere and dry;
 The bare nest blackens in the trees,
 The rose leaves wither where they fall—
 And all the stars are memories
 Beyond my crying or recall.

Trix and Over-the-Moon

BY AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

PART I

TRIX was transplanting a mock-orange shrub; the network of fibres was all loose and ready to come away, only the big tap-root at which she chopped, with her strong young arms bared above the elbow, held grimly to its native soil and refused to loosen or be severed. She took up her discarded hoe again, and, leaning on it, pushed back with her forearm the damp locks, so exactly the color of the dark-red earth in which she had been digging.

"Ugh!" she said, addressing Nibs, her Irish terrier, who sat watching her with an air of morne resignation. "It's enough to make Moses cuss—though, after all, why Moses should have been called meek, I can't imagine, Nibs, my child. He murdered a man and broke the stone tablets, and beat a poor rock instead of talking nicely to it, and all because of temper—yet they call him meek. That's the way history's written. I'm glad nobody's going to write ours—ain't you, Nibsey? Well, let's have another go at this wretched thing!" And, setting her small mouth in a firm, red circle, she again attacked the tap-root.

It was early in the morning and yet Trix had set out three other shrubs, superintended the planting of half a dozen trees, seen to the strawberry bed, overhauled the stables and dairy, and written about fifty checks. The day was yet before her, she felt, and the day would be full. What she had done already was a mere five-finger exercise, as it were, to get her singularly varied powers into good running order. Later there would be Tim and his spelling-lesson, her new habit-skirt, the colts, the farm, that man from Barboursville to see about the contract for timber in Hickory Mountain, her runabout to varnish—above all, the sick mare to see after. She had been down to the mill once that morning already, but she must go again, "as soon

as this darned bush is settled," she ended, in her thought, pausing again and regarding it with warm and helpless vindictiveness. Trix was small and the shrub was small, and so far they seemed a good match for each other, but she conquered finally, and set off at a contented little trot, dragging it after her. She rarely walked; or if she did, it was like an alert soldier to the rhythm of an invisible drum. As she reached the spot that she had selected as the future home of the obstinate plant, and dashed her hoe deep into the sodden turf, she paused for a moment and looked about her, drawing deep into her lungs the dank, bitter-sweet air of the March morning.

From where she stood the ground fell away on all sides, leaving high in air the big grassy square, with its hedges of mock-orange and thorn and great acacia trees planted in circles to right and left. Beyond lay fold on fold of dark-red meadow-land, divided into fields by the zigzag of snake fences, each watered by its own brook, and each known to Trix as most women know the rooms in a familiar house. Delicate and faintly blue, as in an old-fashioned water-color drawing, stretched on either side the horns of the crescent of mountains in which her home was set. Far away to the southward spread league on league of forest, in a blackish-violet haze of winter twigs that grew dimmer and more pale with distance until they seemed to merge into the sea that lay beyond them, partaking of its faded sadness and mystery, under the resigned pallor of the March sky. It was very still. The earth seemed dozing under its curtain of soft air. Only now and then came the thud of an impatient hoof from the stables, the squeal of romping colts in a near paddock, the shrilling ripple of sheep-bells, the long-drawn note of a locomotive, far away, yet seeming near at hand, because

of the damp atmosphere. And as she stood and gazed upon it, a big welling tenderness, for which she could not have found a name, tightened the girl's breast and set a sudden ache in her throat.

"Why does it make me feel sad?" she asked herself, surprised. "I love it and it is mine. What queer things people are, anyway!"

Then, as she fell to work again, she began repeating to herself some lines of Horace; for this was another of the strange anomalies which went to make up the being called Trix—that she was wholly unliterary in her tastes and yet that she loved Horace and read him in the original. Her father had been one of those old-fashioned Virginia University men, who taught their boys and girls Latin and Greek along with their a-b-c's. Now she murmured, as her hoe flashed vigorously up and down in the gray light that she loved:

"Often did I pray that I had a piece of land, not so very large, with a garden, and near the house a perennial spring of water, and a little wood besides. Heaven has done more and better for me than my wishes. It is well, Son of Maia. I ask nothing further, save that thou wilt continue to me these blessings. . . . I trust that what I have makes me thankful and content; if this be so, then thus I pray, 'O make for me, Heaven, my cattle fat, and all I have heavy except my wit, and as Thou usest to be, still be my best guardian.'"

For Trix was deeply religious in her odd curt little way. She did not care for church-going and did not pretend to, but she always knelt down last thing, in her riding-habit, before she went hunting, and prayed to be taken care of, and she never rode a green hunter at a big fence without the same formula.

As she was pressing down the last spadeful of earth with her stout little boot, there came toward her, out of a doorway of the long, rambling white house with its old shingle roof cushioned with moss, one of the most endearing little figures possible to imagine.

This was Tim, her seven-year-old son. He advanced alertly, his hands in his pockets, and a damaged spelling-book under one arm. Trix cast upon him a grave and knowing look, which he re-

turned with a smile of milk-and-honey, and a radiant beam from limpid, periwinkle eyes.

"Muvver," said he, forestalling probable admonition, "I've learned my spell-in'. Can I go wiv you where you're goin'?"

"How can I take you, Tim? I'm going over the farm. You couldn't walk and you certainly couldn't ride."

There was some bitterness in Trix's voice as she made this last remark, for this only son had not inherited his mother's gift for horses. He did not care for them and they did not care for him, and he rode exactly like the White Knight in *Through the Looking-Glass*. There was no rare and devious manner in which a person could come off a horse that Tim had not accomplished. He confessed frankly his preference for machinery.

"Miss Be'trix," here broke in the voice of Tim's Mammy from a low portico, "Mr. Parley, he hyuh in de pantry . . . an' say kin you pleas'm step dyar a minute, right quick. . . . Seém like he mough-ty troublesome in he min'."

"Oh, it's that mare! . . . I know it's that mare!" cried Trix, casting down her spade, and she rushed into the house, calling over her shoulder, "You stay with Mammy, Tim, and say your spelling to her."

In the pantry the overseer greeted her with a very lugubrious countenance.

"Mis' Bruce, ma'am," said he, "I thought I'd jes get you to come yo'self. All three of them mars is mighty sick, but that flea-bit gray looks like she's goin' to die right prompt."

"Wait till I get the strychnine and the hypodermic syringe," called Trix, running again, and she fled into her room and out at a side door, and met him with the required articles at the old stile leading to the mill.

They went in procession by a short cut through the apple orchard, Trix and Parley ahead, and Joe, the head groom, a tall mulatto, with a figure like the "Man with the strigil," following at a sort of lope, an India-rubber drenching-bottle in his hand. The slick, red clay of the path, ribboning between winter weeds, took on a mauve glisten from the purplish sky. The wet rails of the fences

shone with the same tint. Below them, the hoof-marked road and the knotted branches of old catalpa trees reproduced again the tones of dull red and violet. All the landscape seemed washed in with these two colors, varied only by the sweeps of broom-straw, warm saffron, and bleached yellow, and silvery gray, that clothed the stony fields at the foot of Hickory Mountain. At the turnstile that led out of the orchard, they passed the lot where the hogs lived happily in unrooting luxury, so lavish was their feed of maize, and a huge Berkshire boar stood up with an inquiring grunt and ears set forward as they went by, regarding them out of fixed, human-looking eyes, half hidden under inch-long lashes.

"That cert'n'y is a prime boar, Mis' Bruce, ma'am," observed Parley, as they passed, and half bent a leg to pause, but Trix hurried him on.

"Yes . . . yes . . . I know. I'll come back and look at him later. The mare now."

"That mar," said Parley, with a lingering backward glance at the prize boar, "you mustn't be too set back when you see her, Mis' Bruce, ma'am. She shore is a sight."

And she was indeed "a sight," poor brute. In her big loose-box, up to her belly in clean straw, she stood with legs spread, and looked past them out at an unkind world, from great, bleared, resigned eyes that said, "I haven't deserved this of you." Her breath came in sharp, hot blasts from her convulsed nostrils, and she trembled from time to time, despite the mammoth poultice which was applied to her chest and held in place by means of coarse sacking pinned and girthed over her back.

"Poor thing . . . poor thing . . . poor old lady," said Trix, mothering her. "Here—let me get this over." She nipped up a deft fold of muscle, and inserted the hypodermic. The mare winced and backed sharply against the wall.

"Where's that whiskey, Joe? . . . Give it to me. . . . You get up on that beam now and rope up her head. . . . There, that's it. . . . Now, old lady. . . . So . . . so. . . . Nobody's going to hurt you."

She had scrambled up on the manger, and stood balancing her lithe muscular body, the drenching-bottle in one hand, the other ready to catch hold of the

mare's tongue when Joe should have hauled her head into position.

"I 'clar' that cert'n'y is a pretty sight," said Parley, watching "the Squire," as everybody called her to themselves, while she took the writhing, white-pink tongue of the sick mare in one strong, brown little hand, and with the other inserted the bottle between her jaws. The mare gulped and gulped, and rolled helpless eyes backward, as though asking if there were no pity coming from the rear of this strange world that used her so ungently. Then it was over, and she stood resigned and shivering again, chewing and tasting her own tongue, so strangely coated with that odd, new, burning taste. And presently, as Trix stood and talked to her, and combed out the thick coarse mane with sympathetic fingers, the blast of breath from her nostrils began to give forth the acrid odor of alcohol.

"There—that's helping her," said Trix, with a sigh of satisfaction. "Look at her eye—it's quieter already."

"Ef you bring that mar through, Mis' Bruce, ma'am," said Parley, soberly, "I'll just give out as you're a bawn wonder."

"Now let's have a look at the others," said she, rinsing off her arms and hands in a bucket of water that Joe brought from the mill-stream.

The two other mares were weeping copiously from eye and nostril, and coughing with loud, dusty-sounding coughs, but their temperatures were normal, and Trix found nothing to worry her in their condition.

She had bought the three in a bunch a few days ago from a dealer in Richmond, one of them being a big upstanding Percheron, very valuable for a broodmare, while the lower-class sisters were only rough but sound creatures fit for farm work. It had been one of Trix's "bargains." On this occasion she had really only meant to try the Percheron, but casting her eye—that extraordinary organ called "an eye for a horse"—over the other two, standing forlorn and very ill with influenza in a corner of the yard, a luminous idea had come to her.

"I tell you what, Mr. Latch," she had said, "I'll take the Percheron at your price if you'll throw in those two other mares at mine."

And Mr. Latch, thinking her a lady-

idiot, had consented. Trix had the three promptly put into a box-car, and she and Joe brought them up to Oldwood, where they were destined finally to fill valuable places in the stock, and, incidentally, the heart of Mr. Latch with the gloom of the outwitted.

Before she went up to the house to have a tub, Trix visited the stables and cast an eye on the yearlings in the stable paddock. She whistled, and two or three strolled toward her, reaching out with their long, well-set necks, and working square, plushy, gray lips in anticipation of probable sugar. One, however, her favorite, a powerful bay with black points, named Bright Boy, lagged in the rear, near a tool-house, and fascinated her by his singular behavior. Flattening his ears, he stretched his head as far toward a corner of the tool-house as he could stretch it, without going farther himself, then lifting high his upper lip, shot it forward in a series of frightful grimaces.

"Why, he looks exactly as if he were making faces at somebody," she thought. "I've seen colts do that to horses until they kicked them, but what is this silly doing it for?" Then another thought occurred to her, and she called, sternly, "Tim!"

Tim's little silver-gold head promptly crowned the top of the garden paling beside the tool-house, and with a last hideous contortion of his pretty nose, Bright Boy squeaked, kicked sideways, and trotted toward her.

"I didn't do a *thing* to him, *muvver*," called Tim from the paling. "I jes whistled and called him like you do, and he began makin' faces an' nippin' at me."

"It's because they all know you don't like them that they hate you so," said his mother, sadly. "Can't you try to like them, Timmy?"

"I don't know how to begin," he said, cast down a little. "I don't, *don't*—like 'em, *muvver*—I jes like muchines better—but I would like 'em not to make faces at me. Can't you show me how?"

Trix took him along with her for an inspection of the stables, and tried literally to instil some "horse sense" into his charming noddle. Some of her darlings she merely visited in their boxes,

some she had stripped and led out into the stable-yard. It was altogether a satisfactory experience.

"We'll have a pretty nice string, Joe," she said, happily. "I'm not very keen about the summer horse-shows—only one or two of them. But Glory and Never-say-die will be in tiptop shape by autumn, and those three green hunters we've been handling this winter. And oh! . . . by the way . . . I've heard of a three-year-old—a wonder they say—one of Orion's colts . . . over in the valley. I'm going over to see him in a day or two. . . ."

"'Rion's colts apt tuh be moughty mean, Miss Trix . . ." said Joe, reflectively. "*Moughty* mean," he added. "'Member dat colt a his'n nigh stomped de life outer Aun' Sukey's Jim?"

"They were all handled wrong from the beginning, Joe. . . . This one's never been regularly 'broke'—horrid word! . . . We'll get him in shape in no time. . . ."

But Joe tilted his cap with one finger and stood scratching his head with the others.

"I don' like dem 'Rion colts fuh *nuthin'*, Miss Trix," he murmured. "Dey all jes ez mean ez gar-broth."

"Oh, you're such a wet blanket, Joe!" laughed his mistress. "If that three-year-old is what I think he is, we'll cut out all the Northern swells. Cheer up, Joe. By the way, how are Gleam's feet getting on? I'll never have another horse bled that way. I don't believe in it at all. Remember we're going to win with that Orion colt. He's a blue-roan, I hear. I'd rather have had him bay or brown—any other color. But if he's a good dark roan, like a black Hamburg grape with a bloom on it, why then. . . . *Cheer up, Joe!*" And, with another laugh at his dubious face, she ran off toward the house, with Tim making a good second.

Refreshed and trimly smooth as a white pigeon after a dip, in her coat and skirt of white Bedford cord, and brown buckled shoes that made her pretty feet look like toys, with her wine-colored locks brushed into a lustrous plait, and the stable smell changed into clouds of iris-root, Trix, renewed and respectable as lady of the house, went in search of its master. "Where's Marse Sidney, Mammy Hen-

ny?" she asked, meeting that personage in the hall.

"He done shet up in he steddly [study] all *day* long, honey. I hyar him a-groanin' some . . . but I ain' dyar go in, sence dat day he fling de ink-pot at my hade an' den gimme a silk dress tuh 'scuse him furrit. You reckon he tuck sick? . . . Dat book-writin' business sut'n'y do seem tuh twis' de intrils."

"No, I don't reckon he's sick, Mammy. . . . I reckon his book just won't go the way he wants it to."

"'N' you goin' tuh cumfut him? *Dat's* right, honey! Be a real helpmeet furim, like you' ma befo' you."

Sidney Bruce and Beatrix Marshall had married when they were, respectively, twenty-three and eighteen. They had played together as children, been separated for some years by his education and the foreign travels on which a rich uncle had taken him, and met again to fall promptly in love with each other, during a spring week at the University of Virginia. He had fallen in love with her, for one thing, because she reminded him so vividly of the equestrian statue of Jeanne d'Arc near the Louvre in Paris. She had fallen in love with his love of her, his splendid figure, and his growing reputation as a young writer of promise. Sidney could sit a horse well and stick on, like any other Virginian, but of riding as a fine art he knew nothing and cared less. He liked the country because it was quiet, and he had long, uninterrupted hours to devote to his writing, in which he was really absorbed, but he knew still less of farming than of horses, and so the management of Oldwood had fallen entirely into the capable and willing hands of Trix, who was a born farmer, and knew at a glance when a furrow was being turned too wide or too narrow, and when the skin of apple trees was too tight for them and needed slitting.

There was very little money in the Bruce-Marshall combination, so Trix worked like a little beaver for the first four years, merely to knit tag-ends together, and then, to her extreme delight, found that the last three years were bringing her in a handsome surplus from the successful breeding of mules, and the sale and showing of her horses.

The place she had always adored, ever since she had spent wild and glorious summers of tomboyhood there, when her mother used to visit old Mrs. Bruce. She could recall with a thrill, as keen now as it had been then, the glee with which she used to catch her first glimpse of the mountains at Gordonsville, after the long, dreary run from Richmond.

The house of Oldwood was set deep among the foliage of silver poplars and old locust trees, blending with the soft, homely landscape, as the gray mass of a hornet's nest blends with the boughs and leaves of the tree on which it has been fastened.

They lived quite alone there, with Tim and the old servants who had been inherited with the place. Two of these latter were remarkable even among that remarkable species, the old family servant, and caused the only upheavals that ever stirred the waters of that calm matrimonial pool. One was Trix's own Mammy, now Tim's—a plump, amiable negress—very sentimental, very pious, full of sayings "*dat de Lawd*," with whom she seemed to be on intimate, conversational terms, "*done tole her Hisself*." Full of faith in "*de Quality*," of whom Trix and Sidney were, of course, the highest products, and of unutterable scorn for all "*po' white trash*," among whom, unfortunately, she reckoned Alison Stark, the other of these unique beings, an old Scotchwoman from Dumfrieshire, who had nursed Sidney's father, and then descended to Sidney as Mammy Henny had descended to Tim, and who was now housekeeper at Oldwood. Between these two there was an armed truce, which broke out sometimes into a regular border war; and then Sidney, who was the only living being who could impress with some idea of authority the rock-ribbed mind of Mrs. Stark, and Trix, who alone could calm the turbulent spirit of Mammy Henny, would descend like gods from their machines of state upon the battle-field and restore order by routing both opponents.

A reserved and insultingly respectful disapproval of Trix had marked Mrs. Stark's demeanor ever since her master had brought the former as a bride to Oldwood, but she was of a granite reserve in her expression of this feeling,

to all save Mammy Henny, whom she baited on occasion with the skill of a grim female picador.

It was two days after her last doctoring of the gray mare, and the poor beast was out of danger, when Trix, accompanied by Joe, went over to "the other valley" to see the Orion colt. Mr. Pyke Ruddle, its owner, lived in a small shanty of a house, in a clearing on the mountainside, and as they rode up they could see two or three horses grazing on a steep field, through which the "home spring" sent its clear waters down to the Blue Ridge Valley that lay below them.

"Now, Joe," warned Trix, swinging herself from her clever pony, "don't you say a word. Just you let me do it all. Look stupid, Joe. . . . Look as stupid as you can. . . . All I want with you is to help me get him home . . . if I decide to buy him."

"Yarse'm, yarse'm—I knows. . . . Trus'me," said Joe, and proceeded to water the horses, while Mr. Ruddle advanced to greet his mistress. He was a long, lank, gray, clay-stained man, like one of the winter weeds about his dwelling, and he held the classic stick in his hand, at which he whittled as he came forward.

"Mornin', marm, mornin'," said he, changing his quid and spitting discreetly to one side, before he reached her. "Come tuh see that thar 'Rion colt a mine, I reckon. All squar an' fyar between us et all times, Mis' Bruce, marm."

Trix met him with a candor as disarming. "Yes, it's the colt sure enough, Mr. Ruddle," said she. "Can I see him now?"

"Sart'n'y, marm, sart'n'y," said Mr. Ruddle, moving a few feet away and expectorating on the other side. "One er them little buzzud birds done tole me you was a-comin' hyah! hyah! an' I hed that thar colt penned up fuh you this mawnin'. Hi! Jinny! . . . Tell Mose tuh lead out the 'Rion colt. Mis' Bruce hyuh, wants tuh cyars' a eye over him."

Then it was that Trix held her breath, for she set high hopes on this scion of the locally famous stallion—and when Mose appeared leading the roan, she continued to hold it, so far above even her highest hopes was the splendid beast that

confronted her. Just sixteen hands he was, with a line from muzzle to tail that would have made Hogarth reconstruct his famous line of beauty. The powerful, not too long neck, springing superbly from the high withers, swept forward into a small head that seemed to end it as with the snap of a whip-lash—at least Trix could think of no better simile for the vivid, dart-like head, poised high like a snake's over the most perfect throttle she had ever seen. And what a shoulder! The light slid along it as along an oblique slab of wet blue slate—a shoulder to land you as on springs over the biggest drop in two counties. His legs, clean and flat at the sides as an open hand, seemed made of steel and rubber, and the big round hoofs kept leaving the ground with soft, elastic motions that set in play every firm muscle in the lithe body, under its sheath of grape-blue satin. There were burs, alas! in the fine floss of mane and tail, but he wore them like a king parading in beggar's clothes on some holiday. It seemed, indeed, as though he regarded life as a holiday, squaring his red nostrils and looking far out into the wide air with an eye that quivered with brilliant malice in its great socket.

It was this great eye that gave Trix pause for an instant, though she denied it to herself the next, and subsequently to every one else. Then she decided on her course.

"He's a beauty, Mr. Ruddle," said she. "There's no mistake about that."

"No, marm—I don' reckon thar's no mistake 'bout that," acquiesced Mr. Ruddle, whistling soberly.

"He's sound, I suppose?"

"Ez a gole dollar," said Mr. Ruddle. "You kin have all the vets you wants explorin' uv him, if you likes."

"I'll just look him over myself after a while . . . thank you," answered Trix. "But how about his manners? . . . Is he kind? . . . Has he any vices? . . . Any tricks? . . . You know, Orion's colts haven't a very good name for temper, Mr. Ruddle."

"Wellum," said Mr. Ruddle, sharpening his stick to a careful point and then squaring it again, "the fac' is, he is a leetle hasty at times . . . wants his own way, you know. . . . But lor! All women

an' hawses ez is wuth shucks is that a-way . . . 'scuse *me*, marm . . . but it sart'n'y is so."

"Yes, that's all very well," said she, "but what I want to know is if there's any real meanness in him?"

"He ain't no man-eater . . . I'll answer fo' *that*," said Mr. Ruddle.

"How is he in the stable? . . . Does he fight the other horses?"

"Jes ez quiet ez a baby in its cradle. . . . I reely don't think he's got a mite a reel meanness in him, Mis' Bruce, marm. He's sorter wile like a' times. . . . Jest look at him! . . . What else could you 'spect from a critter like that thar?"

And Trix, who had never stopped looking at him for an instant, decided that the birthright of sheer, "plumb" amazing beauty was his to be "wile like at times" over, without undue criticism from less favored beings.

"That's all right," she said again. "I don't mind *that*—but I must know him a lot better before I decide to buy him, you know."

"Git friends with him all you want," said Mr. Ruddle, benevolently; "the more you know him the better you'll like him, or I was foaled only yestiddy an' don' know a mule-colt from a zebry."

Trix now went up to "git friends" with the three-year-old, who sidled away from her at first, and then stood spread, blowing long blasts of inquiry from his scarlet nostrils. He finally let her handle him, as all horses ended by doing sooner or later, and explored her jacket thoroughly, and even her hair and cap, in search of the apple or sugar which he was evidently used to.

"Bin a gre't pet . . . a gre't pet with all the child'un," said Mr. Ruddle, condescending to a brief smile. "Reckon Mose hyah 'll take tuh the trundle when Frank goes . . ."

"Oh!" cried Trix, horrified. "You've never called him *Frank*, Mr. Ruddle?"

"En why not?" asked he. "'Frank' 's a mighty sound, hones' name, an' wouldn't hurt no hawse. I dun'no' 'zack-ly *how* he come tuh be called Frank, though. . . . Hit jes sorter growed up with him."

"He sha'n't be called Frank if I get him," said Trix, really nettled at the idea of such a horse with such a name.

"One might as well call Julius Cæsar *Fred*," she ended, scathingly.

"Wa'al," said Mr. Ruddle, agreeable to all points of view, "I dessay his women folks did shorten that name of his'n fuh home use. You cyarn' picture his family settin' roun' th' table an' his wife axin', 'Julius Cæsar, please to parse the butter,' kin you, now? Hyah! Hyah!"

But Trix was absorbed in picking up the great, clean feet, with their springy frogs, one after the other, and singing a little song of pure triumph in her heart as she did so.

"You won't find nothin' *thar* you couldn't eat off'n same ez off'n a clean plate," remarked Mr. Ruddle, with quiet security. "That's a *hawse*, Mis' Bruce, marm, an' the mo' you 'zamine him, the mo' hawse you'll fin' him."

This turned out to be so, and Trix finally retired to a snake fence in the company of Mr. Ruddle, and producing a jack-knife from her pocket, began to whittle too. There was quite a little pile of shavings about their feet when they had finally come to an understanding, which was to the effect that Trix was to have the roan for a week's trial . . . "bein' ez we're sich ole friends in the bizness, an' you bought a many colt from me an' paid cash," said Mr. Ruddle. . . . Then, in case she decided to keep him—and well Mr. Ruddle knew what her decision would be—she was to give him five hundred down, with a consideration for the first cup that he won.

"That's a big price for him, you know," she had said. "And I won't pretend to you that I would sell him for ten times that if he turns out as I hope he will, . . . but you see, Mr. Ruddle, you've got to take into account what my handling of him will mean, and his feed and keep and expenses from place to place, and the name I've made for such things, in case I ever want to sell him. . . ."

"Uv co'se, uv co'se," replied Mr. Ruddle. "You ain't think I ain't think of all that, hev you? Thar, you jes go 'long easy in yo' min'. An' if he don' yank all the ribbons from the Yanks fuh you, then *my* name's Frank, an' not his'n!"

With which parting pun Mr. Ruddle slouched slowly back to the shanty, dangling the empty rope which had held the stately head of the 'Rion colt.

It was ten days after the 'Rion colt's arrival, Mr. Ruddle had been paid his five hundred, and Trix was in her own room, in stays and petticoat, sewing madly on the machine. Her time was as brimming over as usual, for she had to finish a just-begun white satin gown for the Richmond German by Monday (it was Thursday), a habit for the next day's drag, and to be ready at four o'clock to go over to the schooling-ground with her new purchase. Tim stood near her, hands behind back, watching the darting needle in that deep fascination that all machinery had for him. As the wheel whirled, and the needle stabbed, and her pretty feet, bare, in their red slippers, worked the treadle vigorously, Trix's thoughts ran back and forth like the shuttle in a loom. . . . First the drag shot forward in her mind. . . . What a nuisance it was that the foxes so seldom ran straight in that county . . . taking to the mountains . . . little idiots! . . . and turning the hunt into a sort of Alpine expedition. . . . And the hounds! . . . Poor brutes! . . . lugged to the meet in a crate, and then dumped out towling and yowling, to catch the scent as they pleased, while the field plumped after them or on them . . . it was nip and tuck as to which . . . heedless of the master's infuriated yells . . . while the First Whip (Trix herself) tried to bring things into some sort of shape. . . . No . . . one thing was certain. . . . She must have some hounds of her own . . . six couple, say, to begin with. . . . Joe could be first whip and Ashton second (she would teach them the true use of horns at a covert, too—not a toot that didn't mean something, either on her side or theirs), and she would be Master . . . the first Lady Master in America . . . hurrah! . . .

"Laws, muvver!" said Tim, jumping, "you cert'n'y did scare me." But Trix had already snipped out an armhole that she wanted larger, and was busily sewing it up under that flashing, intelligent-looking needle that so thrilled Tim's heart.

. . . She would have a big lot wired in for them, and open kennels, and she would exercise them herself, with Joe and Ashton in attendance . . . Joe was so "reserved" and reasonable—he'd make a splendid First Whip—no cutting into of

young hounds for a babyish fault and very little rating. Then suddenly she began to giggle softly, as she remembered her first venture in hounds . . . years ago . . . before Tim was born. . . . What a lolloping, trolloping lot they had been, to be sure . . . ten in all, skitters and babblers mostly, of which three, however, ran mute and the rest after sheep, chickens, rabbits, even calves and pickaninnies. . . . She had kept them at the mill, and Mrs. Parley had come up one day to say, with tears in her eyes, that "uther them houn' dawgs must go or she'd hev to. . . . She couldn't keep a aig to her name . . . let alone a chicken. An' they tuck the meat off'n the table and had killed her spotted kitten only that morning. . . ."

"But *this* time," said Trix to herself, finishing the other sleeve, and taking her feet from the treadle to run scales with her cramped toes, "*this* time it will be different. . . . I must break it gently to Sidney, though. . . . He'll have a fit at first, I 'spect."

Then whisk! . . . from bed to machine-table, and the white satin skirt was under the needle this time, and the small feet, now slipperless, again on the treadle.

"Oh, that beauty! . . . that beauty!" It was the "'Rion colt" of which she was thinking now. . . . "That gorgeous king of the horses . . . Lord! what a commotion he'll make when I've got him in shape and first ride him into a show-ring." And her conscience smote her a little over that five hundred down. . . . "He's worth a cool thousand at the very least, just green as he is. . . . But then Ruddle couldn't have got it to save his life. . . . Couldn't have smelt five hundred even 'cept from me. . . . Oh, it's all right. . . . Certainly it is," she wound up, and paused for another moment to ask Tim to bring her a glass of water.

The room in which Trix was sewing, her bedroom, was quite unique. There could not be another like it in this unoriginal world. It was on the ground floor of the house, in an odd wing, and on each of three sides there were two windows, arched at the top and set above with Colonial "fans" of white wood. Of these six windows, two, of course, looked toward the stables, and, from where she sat sewing, Trix could glance out over the slanting lawn into the stable-paddock



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

"THERE, TIM, RUN ALONG AND TELL JOE TO SADDLE THE 'RION COLT'"

and see the colts at play, and the heavy brood-mares in a near field, grazing languidly, and patiently awaiting their spring families. This room was lined with a square panelling of wood, painted white, and around it, hung against the panels, ran a series of old hunting prints. . . . And in between these, within hand's reach, pet bridles, pieces of show harness, riding-crops, tandem-whips, odd devices, . . . some invented by Trix . . . for subduing "pullers" and "borers." The portières of gray chamois-skin that hung before two closets looked like some queer sort of mail, with their array of burnishers and bits. . . . In a big basket to the left was a feeble March lamb that had come into a chilly world too soon, and that Trix and Tim fed at regular intervals from a bottle with a sponge in it. On the hearth-rug lay "Nibs" and a strapping Ayrdale puppy of six months, and on trees along one wall were riding-boots, black and brown, in every stage of muddiness and polish, awaiting the knowing hand of Trix herself, who would trust no one else to care for them.

A corner bookcase held her well-worn library. No danger of false backs or uncut pages here. . . . *Jane Eyre*, cheek by jowl with *Stonehenge On the Horse*; *Kim*, hobnobbing comfortably with *Mr. Jorrocks* . . . *Under Two Flags* tucked away between Captain Hayes' *Through Stable and Harness Room*, and his work on *The Breaking and Management of Horses* . . . Whyte Melville, still contented in his *Riding Recollections* and the company of *The Cream of Lestershire*, and below him, on two shelves, the whole set of his novels. *An Irish R.M.* and *All on the Irish Shore* were ranged with the *Badington Kennels*, while on a little side shelf, by themselves, Horace and the Bible lived in solitary state.

But the crowning wonder of this room was the bedstead, which Trix herself in a creative mood had designed and had made to order. Anything more incongruous or out of key with the rest of the apartment can scarcely be imagined. It looked like the fruit of some gaudy nightmare materialized under the cunning hand of a mad hatter. It was enormous, squat, and broad, . . . like a flat island of white enamel and wrought brass, in

the sea of troubles that swelled about it. It had little rails here and little posts there, and rivets and bands of brass, that seemed of no use whatever . . . and a hard, sharp edge that bit the knees of the unwary who sought to mount upon it. . . . It choked up the room, and no mattress could be invented to fit it that didn't cave in toward the middle after a month's use. Stodgy and gaunt and glaring, it domineered over the rest of the trim furniture, like an old town-dowager over an assembly of country mice, and Trix, in her heart of hearts, doted on it as one of her chief achievements, despite Sidney's sarcasm, and cherished it fondly, polishing its brazen splendor with her own hands and her pet chamois-skin.

"There, Tim," she said, finally, snipping off a thread with her white teeth, small and sharp as a young vixen's, "run along to the stable and tell Joe to saddle the 'Rion colt' . . . *can't* think of a proper name for that horse! . . . with my second-best saddle, and get Horace for himself. I'll be ready in twenty minutes."

She seated herself astride a little three-legged blue stool that as a baby she had used to eat her porridge off of, and fell to with squared elbows on her saddle, just as Sidney, patting a square of manuscript into shape, entered by the door of the dressing-room.

"Very busy?" said he. . . . "There's a bit here I'd like to read you . . . if you've got time. . . . My stars, Trix, you do look a duck like that! . . ." And he stood watching her with a little smile of proprietorship, as she swung to and fro, punching in and pulling far out, the huge needle with its waxed flax thread. Trix was built more like a beautiful boy than a woman, with an arched chest, flat, muscular back, no hips, and pretty, thin flanks, and as she moved her arms and shoulders in the stiff bit of work that occupied her, the muscles ran to and fro in ripples under her white skin.

All her dark red mane was bunched on top of her small head to be out of the way, and a little "beauty spot," generally covered by the big plait, called for a kiss on the nape of her bending throat. Sidney promptly answered its summons, and Trix, as promptly, stuck him quite hard with her needle.

"Hands off," said she, "if you want

me to criticise. . . . I can't play Juliet and critic and mend a saddle all at the same time." But Sidney was decidedly inclined to be sentimental.

"What a little vixen you are, Trix!" said he, pinching his pricked hand, but still smiling. "You've got the prettiest, queerest eyes . . . just the color of Brazilian beetles they are. . . ."

"Thanks," said Trix. "Why don't you put that in a book? . . . 'She turned on him her beetle-like eyes swimming with affection' That would sound original, don't you think?"

"It would sound very untruthful. . . . I can't fancy your eyes 'swimming with affection' Wish they would. . . ."

"Well, they won't," said she. "Why don't you read me what you wanted to? . . . I've really got to go in a few minutes. . . . I can't keep that 'Rion colt standing a second. . . ."

"Well . . . here goes," said Sidney. . . . "See if you like this any better than the last. . . ."

And he read her a labored and ponderously facetious description of the advance of a subtle, many-sided heroine through the newspaper building where the hero was at work.

Trix laid down her needle, and, clasping both hands behind her head, leaned back against the saddle and looked up at him.

"Sidney," she said, "why don't you stop trying to write first in this style and then in that, and write just as things come to you? One day it's Henry James, and another Stevenson, and another . . . yes, . . . to-day it's George Meredith. . . ."

"What do you know about George Meredith?" asked Sidney, nettled, as usual, and as usual listening to her.

"I know a plenty to know that's trying to be like him . . . in his manner . . . you see," she went on, candidly, "I did read *Diana of the Crossways* once, because I began it, and I like to finish things when I begin 'em. I took it up because 'Diana' and 'Crossways' sounded as if there might be hunting in it somewhere. . . . Oh, you can snicker! . . . but I remember enough of it to know *that's* meant to be like it," and she flipped the manuscript with an impudent forefinger.

Sidney looked disconsolate.

"Right you are," said he. "It's a

fact. . . . You've hit the nail on the head, as usual. . . . The fact is, I've come to a sort of a sticking-place where I'm critic and writer in one, and tear every single sentence I write to pieces, and then patch it together again in some other man's way. I wish you cared more about such things, Trix. You're an awfully clever child. . . . I know you could help me."

"I do care . . . I can help you," said she.

"Well, then?"

"'Catch 'em alive! . . . Catch 'em alive! . . . Catch 'em alive! . . .'" she chanted, taking up her needle again. "Take living, breathing men and women that you're interested in, and plump 'em into a book. . . . Don't fuss so about their clothes . . . the style you dress 'em up in, you know. You just end . . . *you* do—I don't mean those other writers that know how—but you just end in having a lot of stylish dolls moving about."

"It sounds mighty easy," said Sidney, accepting her rebuff with resignation. "*Just* be natural . . . *just* be easy . . . *just* be simple . . ."

"You used to be all three . . . before you decided that you had a career," said Trix, astutely. "And then, dear me, Sidney! . . . You've got such a harem of heroines that aren't like any one in the heavens above or the earth beneath or the waters under the earth. . . . At least not like any one *I* ever saw . . ."

"Don't you care at all for Clothilde Gormington?" asked Sidney, rather wistfully.

"No, *I loathe* her," said Trix, energetically, "self-conscious, abnormal, morbid, weird-eyed thing! . . . I know she never took any exercise, and wouldn't know a horse's head from his 'hurdies,' as Alison would say. She's always curving among cushions, or 'slithering' . . . whatever that is . . . through twilight shadows . . . and talking chapters of dull subtleties with that anæmic Brosslethwaite. I can't think *where* you get your names, Sidney. . . . I loathe them too . . . Michael Brosslethwaite and Clothilde Gormington. . . . Why, they're enough to kill a book in themselves . . ."

"I thought they were rather good, do you know," said Sidney, still more crestfallen. "I . . . er . . . made them up."

"Well, they sound like it," said matter-

of-fact Trix. "And the people do, too . . . sound made up, I mean. . . . Dear me! Why don't you put *me* in a book? I'm alive and real, and if you made me talk and act naturally you wouldn't have time to agonize over 'style'. . . . Do put me in a book, Sidney . . . beetle eyes and all!"

"If I could do it successfully, I'd make my fortune, you little 'warmint,'" said he, with some thoughtfulness. "But I couldn't. . . . You're beyond my humble pen, Beatrix Bruce."

"It's 'cause you don't know or care enough 'bout horses," teased Trix, who always said "'cause" and "'cept" and "'bout" and "'zactly" when she was much in earnest. "Come along with me to the schooling-ground this afternoon, and see the king of all the horses do his stunts . . ."

"Would you really like me to?" said Sidney, whose head felt hollow and fluffy with much putting together of word-bricks without the straw of a natural style, and to whom the unusual prospect seemed really pleasant.

"'Course I would," she said, and smiled at him. Trix had a little, slanting eye-tooth, which sometimes caught her red upper lip when she smiled, and gave it a tantalizing quirk, very charming.

"I can't help it, Trix . . . be nice," said Sidney, and bent and kissed her again. But she did not rebuff him this time.

"Poor old boy . . . looks *werry* tired," said she, kissing him back very nicely indeed. "Come along. . . . You shall ride your beloved Ben Bolt . . . the disgrace of my stables . . . and I won't say a word against him."

"Ben Bolt" was a singular nag that had belonged to Sidney when a boy, and the two hung together with an affection as curious as the horse's appearance and character.

They went down the flag walk to the stables, Trix swinging her hands happily first before and then behind her, and singing bits of Horace at him as they walked.

"Keen winter is melting away beneath the welcome change to spring . . . and the herd no more delights in its stall nor the ploughman in his fire, and with hoar-frosts the meadows are not white. . . .

Around you a hundred flocks bleat, and cows of Sicily (of Herefordshire) low; for you the mare trained for the chariot (show-ring) raises its neighing. But here we are, and there's the 'Rion colt.' . . . Now just 'cyars' yo' eye over him,' as Mr. Ruddie would say, and tell me if he wouldn't console George Meredith himself for a neglected chapter."

The "'Rion colt," haughty and condescending, was regarding the distant landscape with head flung high, while Joe saddled him. Occasionally he gave a disdainful flick at the ground under him, as though saying: "How is it that I stand on mere clay? Tiberius would have shod me with thrice-refined gold."

"By George! He is a stunner," exclaimed Sidney, as much impressed as even Trix could have desired. "I mayn't know a horse's head from his 'hurdies' like my heroines, in the technical sense . . . but I know outrageous beauty when I see it. . . . Lord! Trix . . . You ought to win a gold cup with that chap. . . . What are you going to call him?"

"That's what bothers me night and day," said she. "I can't find a name for him, try as hard as I may. I've thought of dozens, but none of them fit. Can't you help, Sidney? A 'man of letters' ought to be able to help . . ."

"'Splendour' wouldn't be bad . . . would it?"

"'Splendour' . . . 'Splendour' . . . Yes . . . No . . . That is . . . No, I don't think I like it. Try again . . ."

"Something suggesting his color, perhaps. . . . He's the most wonderful color I've ever seen. . . . Like blue steel . . . or no, that's too commonplace. That sort of wonderful gray-blue one sees over the moon sometimes when it's rising after a hot day. . . . It's . . ."

"Sidney . . . Oh, Sidney! . . . You're a brick . . . a *gold* brick. You've got it. He's going to make the most wonderful fencer, too, that ever was. . . . Over-the-Moon . . . Over-the-Moon. . . . That's your name, my eighth wonder of the world. How do you like it?"

And she went up and flung an arm over the roan's great crest, and tickled the little velvet-lined pocket in his upper nostril, while he nuzzled her affectionately, and made a purring sound that asked for sugar. She gave him two lumps,

which he proceeded to crack on her open palm, and then eat daintily bit by bit.

"And see how gentle he is, Sidney . . . kinder than a bushel of kittens. . . . What do you say now, Joe? You old prophet of trouble . . . with your dismal tales about the 'Rion colts.' . . . Look at that eye. . . . Does it show any white? . . . Come, speak up."

"Nor 'm—he don' show no white to he eye," assented Joe, very reserved in his manner and concentrating his attention on the balance-strap. "Only sometimes he jes look at you kynder dark an' fixed like he thinkin' what he *kin* do tuh you when he git good an' ready."

"Oh, you make me infinitely weary, Joseph Scott!" said his mistress, with vexation. "Here, I'll hold Horace and Over-the-Moon. . . . *What* a name for you, you darling! . . . Thank and thank you, Sidney. . . . Go on, Joe. . . . I've got 'em. . . . Go on and bring out Ben Bolt for Marse Sidney."

Then, while Joe was alternately coaxing and cursing that weird steed from his box, she proceeded, in a rush of self-reproachful affection, to make much of her favorite hunter, who really held the chief place in her heart, over all newcomers, no matter how wonderful.

Horace was a huge, upstanding half-bred black, over seventeen hands, with a shoulder like a slanting hill, and legs and feet as sound as we like to think our currency. He had a plain, sensible head, with just a quirk of the Roman in his nose, and the most knowing eyes that ever looked through a bridle.

Trix adored him for many reasons, having bred and schooled him herself, but chiefly because once, when she had got hung head down in the days before her apron safety-habits, and the hounds were running, he had stopped when she whistled to him and implored him by name, and stood there, nosing her and trembling in every fibre, but stock-still, while the whole field swept past, with the exception of two kind Samaritans, who had come to her rescue and set her head-up again in a giddy world.

"Why don't you let me get you a big sound heavy-weight, like Horry here?" she said to Sidney, eying his nag discontentedly, as he was lugged forward by Joe, yawning away from the bridle, and

rolling a sulky eye back toward his comfortable box. "It makes me downright ashamed to see you scuffling up on him from the off side. . . . And *what* a mouth he's got . . . Lord! . . . And *what* a trot! . . . It's a marvel to me how you two keep together. . . ."

"We understand each other, old lum-mux, don't we?" said Sidney, with fatuous affection, patting the grim Campagna nose as he went around to the wrong side to "scuffle up," as Trix unkindly put it. The cranky beast turned and blew at him as he got up and then took a nip at his foot as he put it in the stirrup. "Just chuck him under the chin, Joe," said Sidney, nervously; "he bruised my ankle like the dickens last time. Woa . . . there! You old home of the vices."

Ben Bolt batted down his ears, set up his back, and had a side kick at Joe as he went back to help Trix up on Over-the-Moon.

"You go on ahead, Sidney," she called while Joe tossed her into the saddle, and Ashton argued with the roan, who was inclined to rear a bit when he was mounted. "I won't have that old ferry-boat barging into my horse. . . . You go on until mine gets quite quieted down, and then mind you keep the whole road between us. You ride behind me, Joe. Ashton, you and Dick bring over the ponies and the two others. Now . . . go on, I tell you, Sidney!"

The roan, after two or three plunges, settled down to a sort of "hifalutin" walk, in which he bent low his head, and eyed the road beneath him as if inquiring again whether it really could be dirt that they were asking him to step on, and at last Trix ranged up alongside her husband, and they proceeded on their way, Sidney keeping gingerly to the fence and glancing at the roan from time to time with a certain air of distress.

"Well," said Trix, after a while of this, "what are you looking for? . . . Blemishes?"

"Don't be huffy, Trix. You know he's an out-and-out beauty, and, after all, I'm not quite a fool, though I wasn't born with equine gumption. . . . But, Trix . . . now don't go off at a tangent . . . do you know I think there's something in what Joe said. . . . There's a

very secretive and menacing look in that horse's eye at times. . . . You can giggle all you want to . . . but there is. . . ."

"My *poor* Over-the-Moon," said Trix, with lofty superiority, cosseting the horse's flexed neck, "did he know he was 'secretive' and 'menacing,' poor darling!"

The roan quivered and tossed his head, and that sort of lambent flicker, as of a restrained malice, trembled through his full eye.

"You're on his back. . . . You can't see his eyes as I can. . . . I tell you what, Trix, please don't go trusting that moke too far. . . . Please now. . . . I'm serious. . . . I know the reputation of Orion's colts as well as you do . . . and that's one of 'em. . . . Take a poor husband's humble advice and . . . don't forget it. *Look out!*" he ended, nervously, for Over-the-Moon, using his planted hind feet as a pivot, had reared and wheeled, caroming on Ben Bolt, who clacked loud teeth at him, in a luckily unavailing bite.

"What's the matter with him now? . . . What's he doing that for?" asked Sidney, with irritated nervousness. "Any one but you would have been in the road. . . . That's a sweet sample of his company manners. . . ."

"Sidney, you're a goose," said Trix, politely. "Can't you see it's that spot there in the road where they've been burning brush? Your own horse don't seem to like it much, either," she ended, giggling, as, catching sight of the white circle of ashes for the first time, Ben Bolt gave a loud snort of outraged confidence, and, starting backward, drew Sidney's leg along the snake fence as a boy draws a stick along a paling.

"What idiots horses are, anyway!" said he, fretfully. "There isn't enough fire among those ashes to light a cigarette with, and just look how they're going on. This fool beast has dragged half the buckles off my puttees . . . Trix! . . . For the Lord's sake be careful . . ." this, as the roan seemed about to climb a big catalpa tree near by, and then flung around, rearing again.

"*Don't* bother me," said Trix, through set teeth. "I've got to get him by this or he'll be ruined. Just keep out of the way. . . . Ride back a bit. . . . Ride back." Again she tried to get the roan past that,

to him, terrific pale danger with its red underglow, and again he reared and wheeled. After that she kept him moving in such quick circles that he could not get his feet from the ground.

"You mustn't forget he's a colt, Sidney," she said between breaths.

"He ought to have a good strong whip to him," returned Sidney, sitting still and pale in a corner of the snake fence, and to his surprise, for Trix never carried a whip, and had been admonishing Over-the-Moon with her open palm, she replied, quite meekly for her:

"Yes, I dare say a moderate thrashing is what he needs. . . . Wait, I've got an idea. . . ."

She pulled the roan sharply about, and sent him back down the road with a sharp smack on his sweating flank. The road forked here, and the next thing that Sidney saw of her, she was coming at a hard gallop along the other branch, assisting her horse with a stout hazel wand to which some of the leaves yet clung. Amazed, indignant, and unable to stop himself, Over-the-Moon was borne past the dread object in the road by his own impetus.

"There . . . *that's* settled," she said, with satisfaction, as she calmed him down, and Sidney caught up with her again. "I don't like his rearing, but, after all, he's a colt, as I said. . . ."

"A three-year-old isn't exactly a colt, Trix," objected her husband, who had had an extremely bad quarter of an hour. "It made me downright sick to see you whizzed about in the air on that great brute's back. . . ."

"Oh, he'll be all right! . . . You'll see," said she, confidently. "Bless me, Sidney, he's as green as grass, if he is three years old. . . . What can you expect of a family pet, who's only been jogged to the 'country store' by an old man, or ridden bareback to water by children, and never had a feed of oats or a good grooming until two weeks ago? . . . You wait till the autumn. We'll show you what's what then."

"What is it you are going to do with him this afternoon?" he asked, unconvinced and still strongly distrustful of Over-the-Moon.

"Just going to take him round the ring a bit, and jump him two or three

times. . . . Joe's jumped him, but I haven't yet. . . . My glory, Sidney! . . . Wait till you see him. It's over the moon indeed with him when he sails into the air. . . ."

"I wish you wouldn't. . . . Have you got to?" he said, unhappily.

Trix scoffed at him.

"D'you think I bought him for a hack for Joe? . . . 'Course I've got to."

"But if you could only ride alongside him and watch his eye. . . . It looks as if he were making all sorts of dark compacts with Fate. . . . if she'll just give him a chance. . . . I don't mean it's the ordinary, mean, crazy, rolling eye of a vicious horse. . . . but there's something ominous and reserved in it. . . . that sort of 'wait till I get good and ready' that Joe mentioned."

"You and Joe are both sillies," said Trix; "perfect old mammies, both of you. He's got a beautiful, great, clear eye, like a stag. Don't talk any more nonsense, but just open that gate for me. He's a little jumpy still."

With prayers and threats, Sidney managed to prevail upon Ben Bolt to allow him to open the gate and hold it while the roan dived through as though about to launch himself into space.

This schooling-ground of Trix's was a most charming spot. The level and grassy top of a high hill had been enclosed with posts and rails, in a big circle, and fenced-in jumps set along either side, leaving an exit to north and south. Below them spread the rich pastures and corn-lands, running through every shade of tawny-red, and sheening here and there as the light wind swept over them, with a lustre as of shot silk, under their gauze of young, spring green. On three sides soared the crescent of mountains, diaphanous and dream-like behind the gold-dust of an April haze, and far away to the southward the sea of woods stretched faint and languid and mysterious to the sea of waters.

Trix sat gazing on it, all the dumb passion of the real country-lover in her eyes, . . . even the roan forgotten for a moment.

"Think what that will look like in a few days. . . . just think," she said, and pointed with the hazel bough to the orchards climbing to right and left of

them, along the hills where Oldwood stood.

"Don't you love it, Sidney? . . . Don't you love it? . . . No. . . . You can't love it as I do."

And she gave an embarrassed little laugh over what she felt had been a sentimentalism, and came to herself, or rather was brought to herself by Over-the-Moon, who showed symptoms of impatience.

The other grooms had come up by now, and Trix sent two of the quieter horses around the ring, with Dick and Ashton on their backs, while she prepared to follow with the roan. He went, as he had come the last part of the way, quietly enough at first, and took the first two jumps in beautiful form. . . . so much so that even the reserved Joe exclaimed, "Gre't day! . . . dat is suppin'!"

And Sidney, the uninitiated, cried out: "Well done! . . . He is a winner! . . ."

Then began the trouble. All at once, without any warning, when he seemed to be going like a beautiful bit of clock-work made by some idle deity for his high diversion, the roan swerved, and rushing to the side of the course, laid his chin on the rail and refused to budge.

They saw Trix using every known art of cajolery and wise coercion, and still, with his obstinate and beautiful head glued to the rail, Over-the-Moon stuck it out and never a budge would he budge.

"What the devil's the matter with him?" asked Sidney, anxiously, of Joe.

"De matter is he need a fus'-rate lammin'," said Joe, darkly. "I'd jes like tuh git *my* han' on him. . . . Miss Trix's too sweet wid him. He don' need no 'lasses in his'n. . . . he needs pepper an' he needs it bad. . . ."

"Do you think he's vicious, Joe?"

"I dun'no' 'bout *vicious*. . . . he *cuyous*. . . . moughty *cuyous*. . . . Dyar now! Miss Trix done pull him out. . . . but he need heap mo'n dat. . . . Dat sut'n'y is one fix-minded hawse. . . ."

Trix was taking him around the ring once more, and he went tolerably well at first, then tried to swing back to his chosen rail, and as she forced him on, reared. She rode toward them finally, with the horse's head drawn toward her stirrup-foot, to keep him on the ground, and condescended to consult with Joe a little.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

OVER-THE-MOON SEEMED ABOUT TO CLIMB THE BIG CATALPA TREE

"You oughtn't tuh let him *git* dar, tuh begin wid, Miss Trix," was his verdict. "Dat hawse want tuh know fum de fust who's boss . . ."

"Yes . . . that's all very well," said Trix, "but did you see his eye? . . . It's all pale blue and clouded. . . . He seemed to be possessed. . . . Look out!" she ended, sharply, and Joe sprang back just in time to escape the roan's fore foot, with which he struck out violently.

"Miss Trix . . . You lis'n tuh me," said Joe, seriously, looking down at his coat, from which the iron shoe had nicked away a bit of cloth. "What dat hawse need right now is a *man* on him. . . . You know what I means, Miss Trix . . . 'tain't nothin' 'bout *you*. . . . You kin outride us all any day . . . but he needs somebody on him what kin slip off'n him when he r'ars, an' what can everlastin'ly chunk him over de hade ef he begins his foolishness 'bout dat fence."

"I b'lieve you're right, Joe," said Trix, whose entire reasonableness made her the horsewoman that she was. "I b'lieve it's just a man that he needs on him this afternoon. Here, change saddles . . . put mine on Horace . . . and then, after we've watched you a while, Marse Sidney and I'll have a quiet jog together."

This change being effected, they rode outside the ring, and then drew rein, to see Joe come to clips with Over-the-Moon.

Over-the-Moon it was for a while, and hey-diddle-diddle, with the cat and the fiddle thrown in. Round they swept, the little figure of the mulatto sitting the splendid beast as a bubble rides a wave . . . then they came to the destined rail for which the roan seemed so to hanker—and they heard Joe's open hand smack on the great jaw, and smack and smack again. Over-the-Moon gave it up as a bad job, but plunged and reared so that twice Joe slipped from his back, and then remounting in a twinkling, haled him round again. Thus it went for some twenty minutes, until at last the ring was twice covered without a fault, and the man dismounted for good, and stood soothing the fiery force that man was born to dominate.

"*That's* all right," said Trix, and her sigh of relief was deep and grateful. "Good boy, Joe! . . . Thank you. . . . He'll be much easier to-morrow. . . . I'll

handle him in the morning instead of waiting."

"Handle him!" cried Sidney. "My God, Trix! You're never thinking of going on with that brute after this . . ."

Trix looked at him, and, as often when confronted by Sidney's ideas, her small mouth fell apart in a little ring of stupefaction. Then she shut it with a snap and turned to Horace.

"The matter with you is, Sidney," she remarked, concisely, as they rode off toward the "flat-woods," "that you see too much of books and too little of your wife. . . . 'Go on with him'! Why, I'd go over the moon with him, sure enough, before I'd give him up. Come on . . . let's canter. We'll be late for dinner."

It was a lovely April morning about eight o'clock, and Mammy Henny was taking advantage of it to iron and flute some of Trix's mannish little blouses. The door of the laundry stood wide, and the pleasant smell of the warm ironing-board floated out and mingled with the scent of the fresh earth and opening buds. In the doorway sat Alison knitting a golf stocking for *her* nursling. There had been a tacit truce between the two women for a week past, but in Alison's face there was a certain dour look this morning which promised trying moments for Mammy Henny, should they differ in opinion.

Outside the bees were "brumbling" about the young lilacs, near the door, and occasionally one would light on Alison's forbidding hand, but she never even paused to shake it off. She was one of those whom bees do not sting, and rather proud of it in a dark and hidden way. Inside the water tottled in the great copper boiler, and against its glowing, dented surface the bloomy black of the old negress' head detached itself like some dark fruit in a still-life painting.

Mammy was singing while she worked, and the language of her hymn stirred Alison's deep disapproval:

"Why don' you do like Peter done,
When he walk upon de sea?
He turn his face tuh Jesus an' sayed,
'Oh, Lawd, 'member me!
'Member de rich, 'member de po',
'Member de bond an' de free.
An' when you done 'memb'rin' all roun',
Good Lawd, 'member po' me!'"

“The Music Room”

“THE Music Room” is one of Whistler’s earliest pictures, being dated 1860. When first exhibited its piquancy of arrangement disturbed the public in a way that is difficult for us to understand. To-day this subject-picture looks simple enough. Anybody could do it—that is, anybody with the hand and eye of Whistler. The room was one in the house of Sir Seymour Haden, and the figure seen reflected in the mirror is that of Lady Haden, the painter’s sister; the child is Annie Haden, who appears in a number of Whistler’s paintings and etchings, and the standing figure is Miss Boot, a connection of the Hadens. The gay chintz hangings, the vase before the mirror, the green-shaded lamp, all the intricate details, are astonishingly defined, almost suggesting a photograph of the scene, yet so simply brushed in and so remote from the photographic in the handling that they only attest the marvellous accuracy of the painter’s eye. It shows a side of Whistler’s talent which disappeared from his later work. Afterward, all details would have been suppressed, or sacrificed to secure tonal quality. The touch, too, is bold, almost what artists call “fat.” As time advanced he worked with the thinnest of oil mixtures. As yet the passion for tone for the sake of tone had not seized him. There is not the subtle handling which developed later, nor has he become the dreamy symphonist who sought the ghostly soul of things, but he still enjoys portraying the reality of surroundings. No more appropriate work could be cited to show Whistler’s supreme faculty for beautiful pattern-making. With him a picture was primarily an arrangement of lines, masses, and colors into a beautiful pattern, the meaning of the scene being of little or no importance. Here we have an arrangement of his colors into certain forms, using figures and objects as parts of a composition.

The picture became the property of Whistler’s niece, and was carried to St. Petersburg, where it remained for thirty years. In 1892 it was brought back to London for the Whistler Exhibition, being acquired soon after by Col. Frank J. Hecker, of Detroit, its present owner.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



Drawn by Harry Townsend

Half-tone plate engraved by J. H. Grimley

"AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, I'M WILLIN' TO GO WHEN MY TIME COMES"



"THE MUSIC ROOM," BY JAMES MCNEILL WHISTLER

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

When Old Age Comes

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

IF God grant me old age
I would see some things finished; some outworn;
Some stone prepared for builders yet unborn.
Nor would I be the sated, weary sage
Who sees no strange new wonder in each morn.
And with me there on what men call the shelf
Crowd memories from which I cull the best,—
And live old strifes, old kisses, some old jest;
For if I be no burden to myself
I shall be less a burden to the rest.

If God grant you old age,
I'll love the record writ in whitened hair,
I'll read each wrinkle wrought by patient care,
As oft as one would scan a treasured page,
Knowing by heart each sentence graven there.
I'd have you know life's evil and life's good,
And gaze out calmly, sweetly on it all—
Serene with hope, whatever may befall;
As though a love-strong spirit ever stood
With arm about you, waiting any call.

If God grant us old age,
I'd have us very lenient toward our kind,
Letting our waning senses first grow blind
Toward sins that youthful zealots can engage,
While we hug closer all the good we find.
I'd have us worldly foolish, heaven wise,
Each lending each frail succor to withstand,
Ungrudging, ev'ry mortal day's demand;
While fear-fed lovers gaze in our old eyes,
And go forth bold and glad and hand in hand.

The Lamb That Mary Had

BY MARGARET CAMERON AND EVA CANNON BROOKS

LITTLE recked Mary Chalmers of the consequences of her voluble enjoyment of a dainty Argentine dish. Long ago she had learned that to admire too warmly any possession of any Spanish-American was to have that thing instantly offered to her; and so, when Bruno Lopez entertained her husband and herself at his *estancia*, Mary carefully refrained from too enthusiastic comment upon his manservant or his maidservant or his ox or his ass or anything that was his. But when he placed before them spring lamb, roasted out-of-doors on a spit over an open fire, she felt that here, at least, was something concerning which she could freely express herself, and she spared no adjectives. Señor Lopez bowed and smiled, and protested that the señora was too kind and that his humble entertainment was in no way worthy of her distinguished acceptance. And in due time the Chalmers returned to their flat in Buenos Aires.

One afternoon, a week later, Ted dutifully appeared at home rather earlier than usual, to help receive Bishop Brantford, who was to be their guest during the pan-American conference of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The Bishop, making a tour of South America, had arrived in Chile, *viâ* the Cordillera, the day before, but had been met at the station by an old friend and carried off to spend the night at an *estancia*, whence he was momentarily expected, as the conference would open on the morrow. That the honor of entertaining the presiding officer should fall to Mrs. Chalmers was but a fitting recognition of her energy in bringing about, in spite of much discouragement, this very important convention, and it was deemed a foregone conclusion that her intelligence and devotion would be further recognized during the coming week by her election to the presidency of the local society.

Chalmers found his wife at her desk, busily writing, and noticed with pleasure, as he seldom failed to do, the soft precision of her dress and the pale, smooth hair parted over her low forehead.

"His reverence hasn't turned up yet?" he asked.

"Not yet. I'm asking the Everetts to dinner—to-morrow night. I think she feels it—a little—that I'm to have him when she's still—president—"

"I don't believe she does, dear. What makes you think so?" He had already dropped into a chair and opened a New York paper received that morning.

"You never can tell—about her. She's so—difficult to—understand, and I don't want—any friction—so—" Her voice trailed off into silence, but he was too deep in home news to miss it.

Neither noticed Agrippina, their short, sinewy, brown serving-maid, as she clattered past in answer to the bell, nor heeded the strange sounds floating through the corridor of their second-story *departamento*, until the slamming of a door brought Mary's sensitive brows together.

"What can be happening to Agrippina?" she then exclaimed.

"Sounds like a free-for-all at an agricultural show," commented Chalmers from the folds of his newspaper.

At that moment Agrippina lurched unsteadily into the room, backward, panting, and tugging at one end of a small rope wound tightly about her hard hands.

"Santos!" she hissed, fixing her heels on the door-sill for more advantageous leverage.

"Baa-a-a-a!" protested the thing at the other end of the rope.

"Agrippina! What on earth! Agrippina!" Mary's attention was effectually detached from her letter now.

Agrippina gave one last, mighty pull, and dragged in a reluctant, bleating, unhappy lamb.

"It is an animal, as the señora can see for herself," she gasped. "It was left for the señora by the expressman."

"The expressman? No, no; it is a mistake! Tell him to take it away."

"Already have I told him, señora, but he has departed."

"But—why, it's certainly a mistake." Mrs. Chalmers lapsed into English. "It can't possibly be—"

"How about Bruno Lopez?" suggested her husband. "Weren't you rather enthusiastic the other day?"

"But—but—I thought that was perfectly safe! It was all in the cooking! I never dreamed—oh, he *wouldn't* send me a lamb!"

"Evidently he has," chuckled Ted. "On the hoof, at that! What's this?" Depending from the creature's neck was a sealed envelope, which he detached and handed to his wife.

"'With the compliments of Señor Lopez,'" she read, aloud, in Spanish, "'and will the distinguished señora, who so kindly honored his estancia with her gracious presence for one day too short, accept this as a token of her host's regard, and as an assurance that the estancia and all he has are hers when she shall choose to claim them?' Well, did—you—ever!"

"Sure! Every time, where Lopez is concerned! He'd rather risk his chances of eternal salvation than fail in a thing of this sort."

"What does the señora desire that I shall do with the animal?" stonily demanded Agrippina. "There is no patio, and it is not meet that it should remain itself in the sala."

"Naturally!" exclaimed Mrs. Chalmers. "Put it—put it— Why, Ted, what shall we do with the thing?"

"Well, if you ask me, I should put it in the hands of a butcher at once. It will make a dainty dish to set before the king."

"Of course! Agrippina, take it immediately to the butcher and tell him to kill it. A little later you shall cook it for the Obispo."

"Buen. When I shall have finished cleansing the vegetables for the dinner, will I go to the Shop of the Invincible Lion and request the butcher to remove the little animal."

"But that will require much time, and the Obispo is soon to arrive," objected the mistress. "Cannot you take it to the butcher?"

"The butcher will come," imperturbably returned Agrippina. "Meanwhile will I put the animal in the room of baths."

Mrs. Chalmers took breath for vigorous dissent, but perceived in the servant's face a familiar expression, and, fastidious housekeeper though she was, she paused. Between the Scylla of a lamb in her immaculate bath-room and the Charybdis of conference week with the Bishop and without a cook, she hesitated—and was lost.

"Good. But look you, Agrippina! The Obispo comes very soon—"

"Comes? He's here, bag and baggage," announced her husband from the window. "A whole automobile full of him!"

"Go! Go, Agrippina! The señor will open the door!" cried Mary. "Oh, quickly!"

"Si, señora." Again Agrippina wound the rope about her brown hands and tugged, again the lamb planted its feet and lifted up its voice, and only when the bath-room had swallowed its plaint did Chalmers open his portal to the coming guest.

Bishop Brantford proved to be a rotund, smooth-shaven, slightly florid gentleman, with a supplementary chin, a pompous manner, and a countenance indicating that he had never been long without anything that he really wanted. At the moment of arrival he was gray with the dust of travel. Mary received him with unaffected and deferential enthusiasm, and after seeing his luggage bestowed in his room and begging him to feel quite at liberty to ask for anything that would add to his comfort, she left him to the further courteous ministration of her husband.

Within a few moments Chalmers sought her, eyes dancing and lips atwilt.

"Well?" she demanded.

"He—he wants a bath."

"A bath?"

"A bath," brokenly whispered Ted. "At once, if you please." Then he leaned against a door-post and gave way to silent mirth.



AGRIPPINA DRAGGED IN A RELUCTANT, BLEATING, UNHAPPY LAMB

"Don't! How can you laugh? It isn't funny!"

"Oh, isn't it? I thought it was." He got out his handkerchief and wiped his eyes.

"I don't see *anything* funny about it!"

"No, you never do, poor girl! If you only did, life would be easier for you—especially down here."

"I am sure I perceive humor where there is any, Theodore," she returned, with gentle dignity, "but I certainly do not see any merit in constantly making light of serious things. And surely this affair is—is shocking!" Pink spots glowed in her cheeks, the soft brow under the parted hair was troubled, and her husband, recognizing an ancient and insurmountable barrier, cheerfully took his accustomed way around it.

"Oh, all right!" he said. "What are we going to do?"

"What did you tell him?"

"That he should have his bath in one little moment, of course."

"Then Agrippina simply must—unless— You wouldn't be willing to take it to the butcher, Ted?" Her manner was at once wistful and deprecatory.

"I? Lead a woolly, expostulating lambkin, by a string, through the streets of Buenos Aires, to its death in the Shop of the Invincible Lion? Not—on—your—life!"

"Couldn't you take it in a coach?"

"Oh, sure! In an open victoria, and have it bleat sweet greetings to the spring—and to my passing acquaintances—every step of the way! Not much! Not in mine!"



IT RENT THE HEAVENS WITH ITS UNAVAILING
INDIGNATION

"Then Agrippina will have to! That's all there is about it!"

As they passed the bath-room, the captive uttered an impassioned plea and Chalmers giggled.

"Gi-i-ive me-e li-i-ibe-erty-y-y o-or gi-i-ive me-e de-e-ath!" he bleated, chestily. "Patrick Henry over again, as I'm a sinner!"

Save for a slight compression of his wife's patient lips, this levity passed unheeded. Firmly Mary led the way to the kitchen; firmly she addressed herself to the power there installed.

"Agrippina, it is necessary that the lamb should be removed at once. The Obispo desires a bath. First, you will take the animal back to your room, while

you cleanse the room of baths thoroughly and prepare the water for the Obispo. Then you will take it immediately — you understand? — inmediatamente—to the Shop of the Invincible Lion."

"Santos!" Thus the Power. "And was it to lead white lambs through the streets that I hired myself to the English señora! To cook, to cleanse the corridors, to save the señora many pesos by careful buying—yes! But not to lead an unhappy animal, that wishes not to go, through the calles, with a crowd at my heels! Santos! First will I marry the panadero! He asks me each morning when the bread he hands me. He wants me, and he has a house, and a—"

"Silencio!" Mrs. Chalmers had too often heard the unabridged list of the baker's worldly goods, as tabulated on the stumpy fingers of her cook's left hand. In a conflict, they were always Agrippina's *coup de grâce*, and again they served. Rather than lose Agrippina, Mary would herself lead the lamb to the slaughter—a proceeding unusual anywhere, but quite unthinkable in a Spanish-American city.

"But the bath of the Obispo," she parleyed. "How is it possible? Will you put the lamb in your room until he has finished?"

Slowly and with elaborate care Agrippina dried her hands. Then she spoke, calmly:

"If the señor will assist me, to the roof will we take the pest."

"The roof! Of course! Why didn't we think of the roof?"

To the native family the *azotea* is pregnant with unnumbered blessings, but these North-Americans had scorned to use its flat stone area as a sitting-room on hot nights, or to plant vines in boxes, as do the Argentines, to trail over its masonry balustrades. Regarding it

merely as a more or less convenient place for the clothes-lines and the windmill, they had left it otherwise out of their calculations, and on the rare occasions when Mary had ventured up its narrow, almost perpendicular stairway, she had found the descent so fraught with terror that each time she vowed should be the last.

Apparently the "animal" shared her misgivings, for if it had protested against imprisonment in the bath-room, it fairly rent the heavens with its unavailing indignation when Chalmers, having sent Agrippina to prepare the Bishop's bath, wound one arm about its woolly body and attempted, single-handed, to convey it to the roof. And though but a lamb in the spring-time of its youth, it made the most of the shortcomings of the *azotea* stairs, while Mary, wringing her hands, stood below, alternately urging her husband to greater effort and begging him to silence the shrill outcry. Eventually he admitted defeat, backed down the ladder-like steps, set the lamb again on the tiled floor, and wiped his brow.

"Gee! That's worse than a ship's companionway! Patrick Henry, I salute you!" He made obeisance to his late antagonist. "'Here's to you, Fuzzy-Wuzzy!' My nomenclature may be mixed, but my admiration is not! You're It!"

"Oh, do you mean you can't get it up?" Mary's tone was tremulous with approaching tears. "Can't you? Can't I help?"

"Brilliant suggestion! You go up! That 'll fix it!"

"Why? How?"

"Don't you remember? 'Everywhere that Mary went, the lamb was sure—'"

"Theodore, surely this is no time to be flippant! Can't you see? Can't you understand? The Bishop must not—"

"No, of course he mustn't—and he sha'n't." Chalmers dropped his facetious tone. "Don't you worry, dear. But, honestly, if you'll go up and steady the beast while I hoist him through that needle's-eye of a hatchway, it will help a lot. Every time I try to poke him through he kicks and nearly pitches me over backward."

Thus it was that ultimately the lamb

was forced to the roof, and comparative peace was restored.

"Now, I'm going to tie you to the clothes-pole, right in the middle of the *azotea*, Patrick Henry," genially quoth Chalmers; "not as a further affront to your proud spirit, but lest, in a noble rage, you should fling yourself, as it were, from the battlements." Thus safely tethered, they left him.

In due time, and with deliberation, Agrippina returned from the Shop of the Invincible Lion, reporting that the butcher would come for the lamb on the morrow.

"Oh, mañana! mañana!" sighed Mary. "Will these people never be willing to do anything *to-day*? Return, Agrippina, and say that it is necessary—absolutamente—that the lamb should be removed to-night."

"To what end, señora?" Agrippina shrugged her shoulders. "It is the saint's day of the butcher and he does not work. I but spoke with the boy. But on the morning of the morrow, very early, will he come."

"Never mind, sweetheart," soothed Chalmers. "The critter's safe enough on the roof, and it's out of our way. Let the Invincible Lion take his time. The lamb can stand it."

At dinner the Bishop told them of his trip across the Cordillera, of the first sleepless night in the rough little inn at Juncal, and of subsequent sleepless nights bumping over the vast, dusty Argentine pampas.

"And last night," said he, "when I hoped for rest in the quiet of my friend's farm—ah—estancia, you say?—a howling dog kept me awake until dawn. Ah—isn't that a child's cry? I have heard it several times. Have you children, Mrs. Chalmers?"

Mary hastily assured him that she had not, and plunged into a dissertation on the difficulties of educating children, according to North-American standards, in South-American countries. Presently, however, the Bishop again possessed himself of the conversational reins. He was sweeping through sonorous sentences concerning the sublimity of the Andes and his own emotions while crossing them, when he interrupted himself, somewhat sharply, to ask:

"Do I, or do I not, hear the cry of some poor dumb animal in distress?"

His hostess flushed, but Chalmers lightly explained that there was in the neighborhood a lamb that appeared to be rather peevish.

"It isn't in any particular trouble," he said. "It's comfortable enough, as far as any human can see. It's just peevish."

Thereafter they kept the talk on matters pertaining to the approaching conference, and the great necessity, throughout South America, for patient, systematic work on the part of the society they represented; but every now and then there was wafted down to them the shrill, tremulous plaint of Patrick Henry, and on such occasions the Bishop's attention seemed momentarily to wander.

When they returned to the *sala*, Mary hurried Chalmers out to borrow of a neighbor one of the weird mechanical devices that reproduce, from a revolving disk, anything from coon songs to operatic arias; and while the selections accompanying it were not wholly in consonance with probable episcopal tastes, she chose the lesser of two evils and unwaveringly operated the noisy machine until the Bishop said good night and retired.

"Theodore Chalmers, is this going to keep up all night?" she tragically demanded, as soon as the guest's door had closed upon him. "What are we going to do with that creature?"

"Feed it," was the laconic response. "I reckon it's hungry. I would be."

"Oh, poor little thing! Of course it's hungry! I was so busy—with the Bishop and all—I never thought! What do lambs eat, Ted?"

"Oh, 'most any old thing. Tin cans, theatrical posters— No, come to think of it, that's goats. Lambs! Let's see! Suppose we try it on milk—eh?"

It was agreed that, since descent from the *azotea* was so difficult for Mary even in the daytime, it would be unwise for her to attempt it in the dark, and, therefore, Chalmers, armed with a bowl of milk and a candle, mounted alone to the roof to feed the lamb. Presently he reappeared at the top of the stairs.

"He won't take it," he said.

"Baa-a-a-a-a!" corroboratively remarked Patrick Henry.

"Give me some goat's milk. Perhaps he'd like that better."

"But I haven't any goat's milk!"

"Well, hand me up something else. Dry up, you imbecile!" This to the urgent lamb. "I'm coming back."

Mary foraged in the kitchen and returned with a dish of boiled rice cooked with cream.

"Do you suppose he'll eat that? I was going to have rice cakes for breakfast. Agrippina makes such good ones! Still—"

"Hand it up. Maybe he'll eat it." But Patrick Henry rejected it with vehement complaint. When Chalmers returned to the stairway to report failure, Mary was ready with an offering of lettuce.

"Here's the salad for to-morrow noon. Maybe he'll like that. The Overtons sent it in from the quinta, thinking the Bishop was here to-day. It's very nice and fresh and tender," she added, hopefully.

He did like it, and he devoured every succulent leaf of it, after which his sorrows seemed to be assuaged and his custodians were permitted to go to bed and to sleep.

Sometime in the night Mary found herself suddenly broad awake, alert and startled, staring into the darkness. She lifted her head and listened. Silence. Relaxing gratefully, she closed her eyes and prepared again to slumber.

"Baa-a-a-a-a-a-a!" The still night air quivered with the cry, and Mary was up on one elbow, not knowing how she got there. Chalmers' heavy, regular breathing was undisturbed.

"Baa-a-a-a-a! Baa-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a-a!"

She crossed the room and laid a hand upon her husband's shoulder.

"Ted! Ted! Wake up!" she whispered, shaking him a little.

"Eh? What? What's the matter?"

"'Sh! You'll wake the Bishop! Listen!"

"Baa-a-a-a!"

"Hear that miserable beast! We've got to go up and stop him! He'll keep the whole neighborhood awake!"

"No, he won't. Let him alone," drowsily murmured Chalmers. "He's all right."

"Baa-a-a! Baa! Baa! Baa-a-a-a!"



"DO I, OR DO I NOT, HEAR THE CRY OF SOME POOR DUMB ANIMAL IN DISTRESS?"

"He isn't all right! Listen to him! And the Bishop hasn't slept any for a week! We must stop him somehow! Perhaps he's hungry again."

"All right, I'll go." He yawned and stretched. "What time is it?"

"I don't know." She switched on the light. "It's twenty minutes past one."

"Golly! Do you suppose we've got to feed that brute every two hours all night? Talk about your white elephants!" He fumbled under the bed for his slippers, humming, "The elephant ate all night and the elephant ate all day."

"Ted, do be quiet! You'll wake the Bishop!"

A moment later, wrapped in bath-robcs, they stole down the long corridor, past

the Bishop's room and the dining-room and the kitchen, and came at last, in the dark, to the foot of the *azotea* stairs.

"Baa-a-a-a!" sounded almost directly over them.

"Why—he must have broken his rope!" breathed Mary, still in a whisper. "He's right overhead!" An indistinct ejaculation from the same direction startled them and Chalmers swept his wife behind him, demanding:

"Who's there?"

"Oh—ah—I really beg your pardon," said a curiously muffled voice. "I—I couldn't sleep, and at last I found this poor animal, and—and—really, I fear I must ask your assistance. I find I can get neither up nor down."

At the first words, Chalmers made haste to light his candle, and now, as he held it over his head, its rays illuminated the rotund lower extremities of portly Bishop Brantford, clad in pajamas and bath-sandals, and the kicking hind legs of the vociferous lamb, depending together from the narrow hatchway where both were caught.

"Great Scott! How in time— Here, take this!" Ted thrust the candle into the hands of his wife, to whose horrified expression poignant reproach was added when she perceived that he was sputtering with laughter, and sprang to the rescue.

With some difficulty he succeeded in pushing Patrick Henry up to the roof again, and then gave his hand to the Bishop, who accomplished the precarious descent in ponderous and portentous gravity. By this time the host had gained command of his lips, but little rebellious gleams still danced in his eyes.

"I can't tell you how sorry I am that your sleep should have been disturbed this way, Bishop," he said, "especially when you are in such need of rest."

"I am in need of rest—sorely in need," was the severe reply, "for I have an arduous week before me. But that is of little moment beside the—the shock I have had—the grief I feel—in discovering that you, of all people, Mrs. Chalmers, should have subjected a poor, dumb brute to exposure and suffering."

"Baa-a-a-a-a-a!" applauded Patrick Henry, putting his head through the hatchway.

"Hi! Go back there, you idiot!" Chalmers scrambled up the stair and the lamb retreated, to bleat uninterruptedly just out of reach. "You'll break your fool neck next!"

"But—but—you don't understand," faltered Mary, bewildered by the Bishop's utterly unexpected attack upon her motives. "I didn't— Really, we couldn't help—"

"One can always avoid being cruel."

"See here, Bishop," pleasantly interpolated Chalmers, from his vigilant perch above them, "the circumstances in this case are peculiar, and the story is much too long to tell at this hour and—under these circumstances." His humorous glance flickered over the Bish-

op's apparel, of the informality of which the clergyman appeared loftily unconscious. "To-morrow you shall hear it. In the mean time, I assure you that nobody has been cruel to anything. The only thing that's the matter with this lamb is that, like many otherwise delightful people, he has no sense of humor."

"'Peevish' was, I believe, your word, Mr. Chalmers." The Bishop was still severe, but Ted remained untroubled.

"Precisely; he's peevish. But I promise that he shall not disturb you again to-night. I will be personally responsible for him. You shall sleep in peace."

"You will not resort to any means that I could not endorse in my official capacity," hastily provided the other.

"I won't. He shall be cherished like a child. Now you go to bed, sir, and get some rest. In the morning we'll explain the whole thing."

"I sincerely trust that you can," said the Bishop, but his tone was not sanguine, and it was with unbending and unshaken dignity that he flapped his sandalled way through the long corridor to his bedroom.

"Baa-a-a-a!"

Mary, turning from despairing contemplation of her guest's departing back, discovered her husband sitting in the hatchway, holding his sides and rocking in paroxysms of soundless laughter.

"Oh, I don't see how you can laugh now!" she mourned. Chalmers opened his tear-dimmed eyes and looked at her, standing, tragic and distraught, amid the shadows from the flaring candle, her pale braids framing a paler face and the long folds of her kimono hanging straightly about her. "What is there to laugh at?"

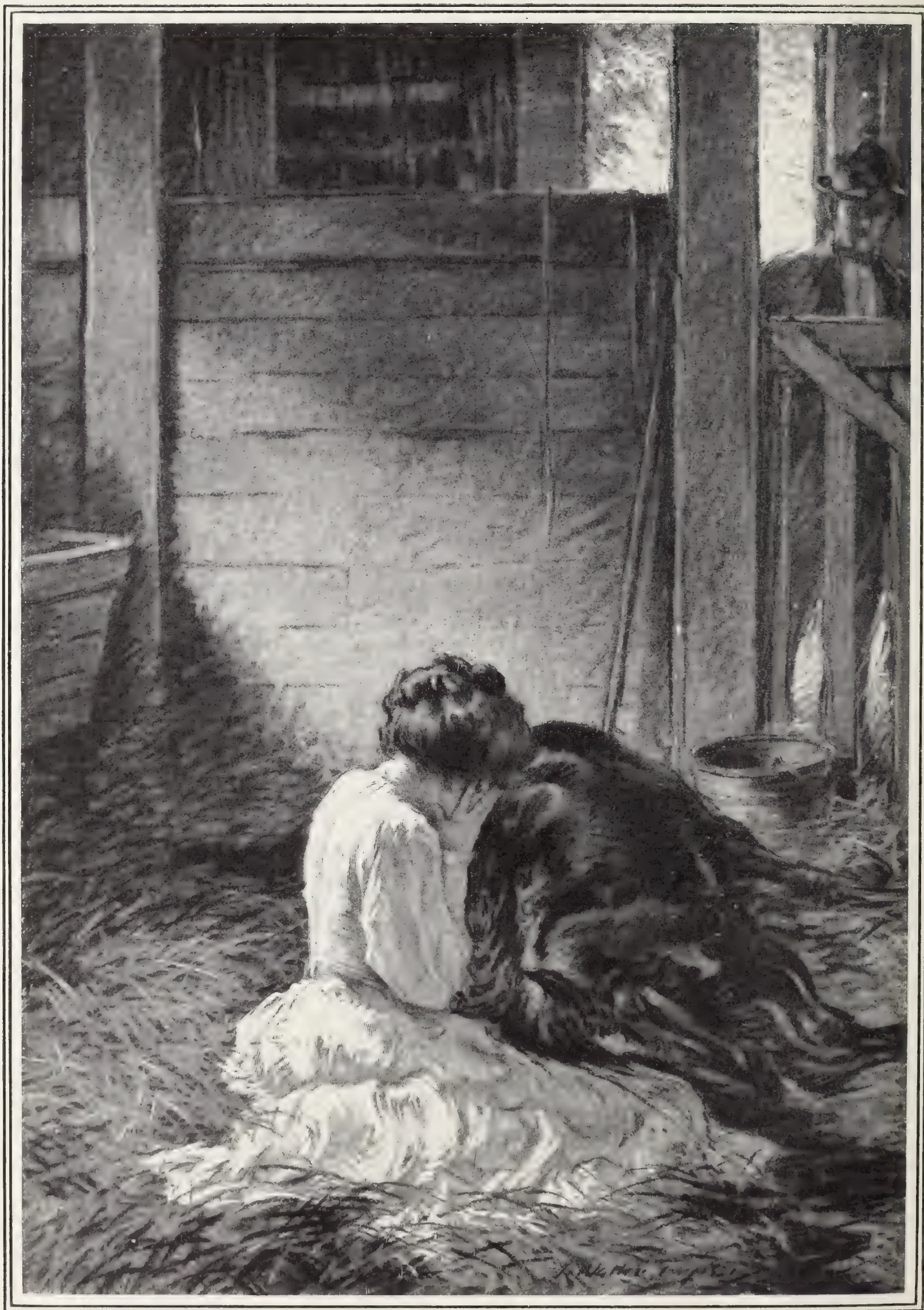
"Oh! Oh, don't! You'll kill me!" he gasped, going off again. "Didn't you hear him? Didn't you see him—clasping Pat—to his benevolent bosom—and—and generally doing the lofty in—in pink pajamas? Oh, for Heaven's sake, *laugh*—or I shall die!"

"Baa-a-a-a!"

"There you go again! And I'm pledged to pack you in cotton and feed you on rose-leaves! Give me something for his Ineffability to eat, Mary."

"But I—I don't think there is any-





Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

TRIX SHED THE BITTEREST TEARS OF HER LIFE

thing more. He's eaten all the salad."

"Well, find something else. Meanwhile I'll hold him in my arms and sing to him! What's that green stuff in a box by the kitchen window?"

"Oh, Ted, my parsley! I can't! I've worked so hard to get that to grow well!"

"Hand it up. Maybe he'll like it."

Patrick Henry ate the cherished parsley, and a carrot that Mary found. He also nibbled the tops off three precious maidenhair ferns that she brought up and sacrificed with her own hands.

"Now will you be good?" demanded Chalmers. "Because there isn't another blamed thing in the whole house that you'd deign to devour. Can your Excellency think of anything else that your Excellency would enjoy? No? Then may your servants depart in peace?"

"Baa-a-a-a!"

"Shut up!" He caught the little muzzle in his hands and stifled the cry. "What do you want now?"

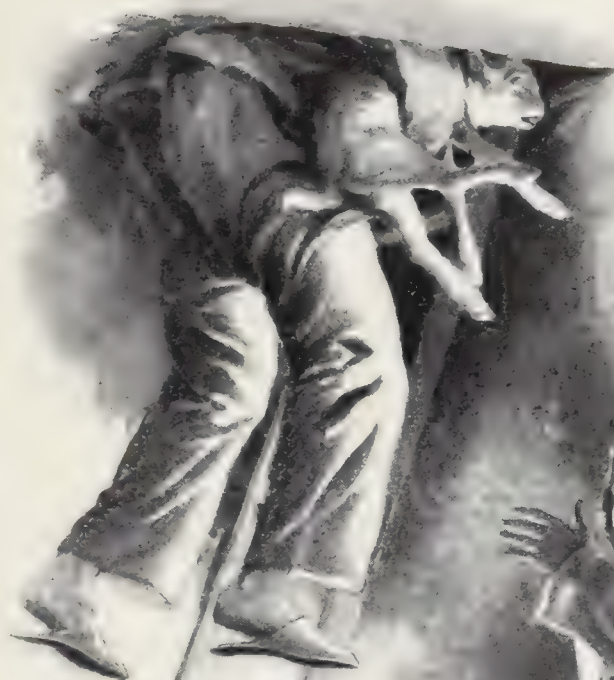
"Maybe he's thirsty," suggested Mary. "I'll go down and get him some water."

"You can't get down alone. You stay with tootsy-wootsy and I'll go."

"No. If he should bleat, I couldn't stop him—and he *must not* do it again!"

"Evidently this is an all-night job," observed her husband, as she left him.

She was so intent upon preventing the greater disaster that fear of the lesser failed to assail her, and for the first time the stairs presented comparatively little difficulty. Presently Ted heard her calling softly, and came to the hatchway to



"I FIND I CAN GET NEITHER
UP NOR DOWN"

get the water, whereupon Patrick Henry promptly lifted his voice in lamentation.

"Bring up some sofa pillows and all the steamer rugs—and a lot of cigarettes," he requested, as he seized the pan of water and hastened back to his charge. "And matches," he shouted after her.

She had some difficulty in mounting with this burden, and he dared not go to her assistance lest the lamb again improve the opportunity.

"Dearie," said he, when she finally approached, laden with rugs and pillows, "I know what was the matter with our brother here. He wasn't hungry or thirsty, though he didn't want to hurt our feelings by refusing the things we brought him. But his is a gregarious soul, and he yearned for sympathetic human companionship. That's all that was the matter with him. Isn't it, Pat? Look at him cuddle!"

"He's probably cold," said practical Mary. "Wrap this old rug around him and make him go away—horrid thing!"

"What makes the lamb love Mary so?" he murmured. "Why, Mary loves the—"

"Please, Theodore! I've really had about all I can bear to-night."

He urged her to go back to bed, but she was confident that if she did he would fall sound asleep on the roof, leaving the lamb to bleat on unhindered.

"Besides," she added, "I'm so worried about the Bishop!"

"What's the matter with the Bishop? He's in the land of Nod, I'll bet, long before this, pink pajamas and all!"

"But he's so shocked! So disappointed in me! Couldn't you see?"

"I saw that the old boy was pretty huffy about being kept awake—and I didn't blame him much."

"He *wasn't* 'huffy'! How can you be so vulgar, Ted! He was hurt—grieved—deeply grieved."

"Huh! A fig for his grief!" responded her irreverent spouse. "You give him a good night's sleep and a corking good breakfast, and you'll find his grief wears quite another complexion. That's just his way of being grouchy. Besides, there's nothing for him to be grieved about, anyhow."

"No, but—it's going to be so difficult to explain!"

"Why is it? I don't see any difficulty about it."

"No," said Mary, patiently, "you never do see the serious side of things, dear, and you never quite understand serious people. You even laughed at the poor Bishop—and you're doing it again! Now, *what* was funny about that? I think it was very distressing and—and dreadful!"

"Bless your sweet, sympathetic heart, of course you do, and I'm a brute! But I can't help it. I'm built that way."

"And there's Mrs. Everett," plaintively continued Mary. "She's so difficult to understand! Sometimes she attaches the most extraordinary significance to small things, and again, when something really serious comes up, she utterly fails to grasp its importance. So I never know. And about this—if she shouldn't understand—"

"She will—if I know Mrs. Everett!" He chuckled softly. "*She'll* understand, all right, though why she should ever hear of it—"

"Why, Ted! Of course I shall tell her! I shouldn't feel honest if I didn't!"

"No?"

"No, certainly not! How could I? . . . Besides," she presently added, "the story's sure to get about—the Bishop so shocked and all— Oh, I do hope the Daytons won't get hold of it!"

Smiling a little in the darkness, Chalmers arranged the pillows and rugs, lighted a cigarette, and they settled down to their long vigil. After a little he began to chuckle again.

"What is it?" she asked, rather apprehensively.

"I've been making poetry. Listen.

"Mary had a little lamb,
A darling household pet,
And every time 'twas left alone
That lamb he blett and blett."

"That's very nice, dear." She spoke rather hesitantly, and, after a moment, conscientiously added, very gently, "But I don't think—I don't *think* there's any such word, dear, as—'blett.'"

"Isn't there?" gravely. "Well, there ought to be. Bleat, bleated, blett—it's quite logical. *Como no?*"

For a long time after this there was silence, save when Patrick Henry awoke from his slumbers and made plaintive sounds, which always resulted in his being nearly suffocated in the deadening folds of a steamer rug. Occasionally Chalmers or his wife sat up to shift their pillows or to pull the rugs closer about them, and the lamb snuggled to them for warmth. About half after three Ted arose and walked about a little, to ease his stiffening muscles, and she begged him to go down-stairs and leave her to keep watch alone, but he refused.

"I promised the Bishop," he objected, when she urged, "and Casabianca was a quitter beside me! But you!" He turned vindictively upon the sleeping lamb. "You just wait until morning! 'The gobble-uns 'll git *you*,' all right!"

The first anticipatory sounds of day began to be heard in the neighborhood. Mary fell asleep for a little while, and when she again opened her eyes Chal-

mers was smoking. She could see his moody face faintly in the light of his cigarette.

"What are you thinking about, dear?" she asked.

"Some are born mutton, some achieve mutton, and some have mutton thrust upon them," said he, gloomily. "And the greatest of these is charity as interpreted by Señor Don Bruno Lopez! I'd like to know what right he has to pauperize us!"

They saw the purple shadows pale as the amethystine dawn brightened into rose, and that again was transmuted into gold. The gray of the spreading river gleamed silver, the triple cross tipping the Russian cathedral caught and tossed back the first glint of sunlight, and then it was day. Soon thereafter they heard a sound as of running water beneath them, and twenty minutes later Mary sprang up and ran to look down into the street.

"There he goes," she breathed, beckoning to her husband. "The Bishop! Oh, Ted, do you suppose he's left the house in—disgust? Or has he just gone for a walk?"

"He'll be back, never fear!" For the first time his tone was rather acrid. "He'll want his breakfast. But as for me, Mary, feed me henceforth on tough beef or ancient fowl or bony fish or—or old boot-tops, but never, *never* again, as you love me, ask me to eat lamb! Get out of the way, you brute!" Pushing past Patrick Henry, he stalked to the stairway and she followed in silence.

Agrippina started, crossed herself, and muttered, "Santos!" as two pale, heavy-eyed phantoms presented themselves at the door of the tiny kitchen, where she had just set about preparing breakfast, and demanded coffee forthwith.

"And look you,

Agrippina! Bring down from the azotea the pillows and rugs that are there," commanded Chalmers. "Also the lamb. Inmediatamente!"

"But how, señor? It is not possible for me alone—"

"I don't care how!" savagely interrupted her employer. "Bring it in any manner that pleases you, but bring it! Understand? *Now*—immediately—before the Obispo shall return."

"Si, señor," said Agrippina, meekly. Chalmers strode on to his room, whither his wife had preceded him, his bath-robe catching on his heels at every step.

A shave and a cold shower restored his good humor, however, and as he finished dressing he was chuckling reminiscently over the memories of the night, when the air was again rent with piteous outcry.





AGRIPPINA PROCEEDED TO LOWER HIM TO THE STREET

"Ted, what *is* the matter now?"

"Our friend is probably lonely," he serenely returned. "Agrippina, having other things to do, has left him to his own devices, of which he has only one—to wit, to bleat."

Just then Mary caught sight of an increasing and highly entertained crowd on the opposite side of the street. There was much gesticulating and some shouting, while recruits poured from every direction. Many of the people seemed to be pointing to the back of the Chalmers' house, and all were laughing.

"Do you suppose it's a fire? Can it be our— Oh, here comes— Ted, the Bishop's *running*! And waving his arms! Theodore Chalmers, it's that wretched lamb again! And there's Innocencia, the Daytons' cook! She'll tell them, and they'll spread the most awful— Oh, stop it! stop it! whatever it is! Ted! *Look!*"

She had flung open the window, and now, both leaning far out, they beheld the cause of the excitement—and it was, indeed, Patrick Henry.

Agrippina had found the steep stairs impracticable with such an armful, and being a woman of resource, accustomed to obey that which she had quickly recognized in the señor's tone, had proceeded to tie either end of the long clothes-line respectively to the lamb's fore feet and hind feet, and to lower him over the outer wall to the street, where the scandalized Bishop puffed up just in time to receive him in his arms. Meanwhile, Mary continued to hang out of the window, waving her hands and calling frantic and futile directions to the triumphantly smiling Agrippina.

When Chalmers and his wife finally reached the street, it was a breathless but severe shepherd who confronted them, leading the still undamaged lamb.

"Mrs. Chalmers, I am aghast! Aghast!" he panted, enunciating with difficulty.

"Oh, Bishop, I didn't know! You must understand! We've been up with that creature all night!"

She was obviously on the brink of tears, and her husband hurried them into the house, away from an approaching policeman and the crowd that had already gathered about them.

"Get in quickly, please," he said. "We'll explain later."

"But the lamb?" This was, of course, the Bishop.

"The lamb will remain right here until the butcher comes for it," stated Chalmers, distinctly. "I'll tie it somewhere." Since there was no available hitching-post, he made a noose in the end of the rope, slipped it over the door-knob, and closed the door.

Bishop Brantford listened, as in duty bound, to the incoherent explanation offered by his hostess, and to the more lucid but persistently cheerful account of his host, to whom the adventure still presented a humorous aspect; but when the clergyman finally permitted himself to speak, it was apparent that only by exercising the most rigorous restraint could he keep his disapproval within the limits of expression imposed upon him as their guest.

"The affair is unfortunate, most unfortunate, particularly at this time," he said, "and you will understand that while there may be extenuating circumstances connected with the earlier occurrences of the night—I say, there *may* be, although I cannot forget the distress of that poor animal, taken—Heaven knows how!—to an all but inaccessible roof, left there all night, unsheltered—" The Bishop's indignation was getting the better of his resolution, when Chalmers, into whose eyes a gleam not wholly humorous was creeping, dryly interrupted.

"Permit me to remind you, sir, that the night was not inclement, as my wife and I are in a position to testify."

"Ah yes, quite so." He waved the defence aside. "Be that as it may, you will understand that it is impossible, in view of my official position and my — ah — my avowed principles, it is quite impossible that I shall remain longer in a house where this last deplorable and — ah — and incredible incident could occur. Mr. Chalmers, you will be kind enough to order a carriage for me at once, if you please."

From this position nothing served to move him, although, for Mary's sake, Chalmers strove long and earnestly. Depart the Bishop would, and that before breakfast. The men were still arguing the matter, Mary hopelessly weeping, when Agrippina stormed in upon them, crying:

"Señora! Se-

ñores! By the relics of the blessed saints, it is not!"

"What?"

"*No*, señor! The señor left him attached to the knob of the door, *no*? Then some worthless one has stolen him! Santos! But the butcher is here and the animal is not!"

Until this coil had been untangled, it was impossible to get any one to go for a carriage for the Bishop, therefore he stood by while, with Agrippina, the butcher, a policeman, and many excited bystanders clamoring and gesticulating,



THE SCANDALIZED BISHOP PUFFED UP JUST IN TIME TO RECEIVE HIM

Mr. and Mrs. Chalmers vainly endeavored to still the tumult and solve the mystery.

Patrick Henry had been spirited away and apparently no eye had marked his passing. Eventually, after much heated discussion and many repetitions of the story from everybody's view-point, Chalmers succeeded in dismissing the policeman and the crowd. He sent Agrippina back to her kitchen, despatched a small boy for a *coche*, and was about re-entering the house when Mrs. Everett, crisp and smiling, drove up in a victoria and called gayly to him:

"Is it all over? Am I too late?"

"What do you know about it?" he demanded, as he helped her alight.

"Much! Oh, much!" she laughed. "More, I venture to say, than you do!"

"You don't happen to know who stole the critter, do you?" As she looked her surprise, he added: "A lamb belonging to us has disappeared."

"So there really *was* a lamb! The plot thickens! And did Mrs. Chalmers and the Bishop throw the creature out of the window, alive and kicking?"

"Sure! *Como no?*" he dryly returned. "But how did you find it out so soon?" At that moment they entered the *sala*.

"Good gracious!" exclaimed Mrs. Everett, glancing from Mary, pallid, tear-stained, and apprehensive, to the Bishop, who sternly waited, hat in hand, for his carriage. "*Has* anything serious happened? What is the matter?"

Mary caught a sob midway, checked it, and looked at the Bishop. The Bishop portentously cleared his throat.

"Mrs. Everett," he massively began, "your arrival at this moment is opportune—one might almost say providential. This unfortunate affair has distressed me greatly, and my position, as you will see, is peculiar and—ah—painful in the extreme. You will agree with me that it is best that I should go to an hotel at once."

"But why? *Why?* What's it all about?" demanded Mrs. Everett.

"It's about a la—" Mary caught her breath and turned away.

"It is a deplorable affair," said the Bishop, severely.

"It's about Mary's little lamb," Chalmers took up the tale, "but you seem to know that already. Who told you?"

"My telephone has been humming with it."

"O-oh!" groaned Mary. "I *knew* In-nocencia would tell! Now, everybody—Oh, what shall I do?"

"What did you hear?" persisted Chalmers, one soothing arm about his wife.

"What didn't I hear! I heard that you had kept several sheep on your azotea for weeks, uncared for and unfed."

"Oh, oh! There was only one and—we gave it all—all the maidenhair!" sobbed Mary.

"I heard that Mrs. Chalmers threw a shrieking kid out of her bedroom window—"

"It was not quite as bad as that," the Bishop hastened to admit, "but—it has been a painful affair—a very painful affair."

"It is even intimated," continued Mrs. Everett, fixing a comprehensive glance upon the unbending ecclesiastic,—"that Bishop Brantford tied a rope about a dog's neck and hung it over the balus—"

"Wh—wh— But, my dear madam!" exploded the clergyman. "I— You cannot— It is impossible— I assure you—"

"Well, I don't believe it, Bishop," she confided, with a gravity that was nearly overturned by Chalmers' delighted wink. "Of course, I realize that there must have been some exaggeration—"

"*Some* exaggera— I assure you, Mrs. Everett, I solemnly assure you, that my attitude throughout this shocking affair has been—"

"I don't doubt it, Bishop," she amiably acquiesced. "I don't doubt it in the least; but I thought I'd better drive right over and see what started all these absurd reports." Apparently entirely unconscious of his repeated attempts at interruption, but permitting no entering pause, she sunnily continued: "How good that coffee smells! Of course, you've all breakfasted? No? You poor things! You must be famished! Don't let me detain you a moment. We can finish this narrative at the table quite as well. You'll give me some coffee, won't you, Mrs. Chalmers? I had one cup this morning, to be sure, but I wasn't permitted to enjoy it in peace, because of that insistent telephone, and I really

need another. Your Agrippina makes such particularly delicious coffee, too! I think we'll all feel better after we've had some. Don't you?"

"But, madam! I insist!" now broke in the exasperated Bishop. "I must explain—"

"Oh, let's not explain anything until we've all had some breakfast. I, for one, am quite exhausted."

"Impossible! It is impossible, after what has occurred and—and after what you intimate, it is quite impossible that I should breakfast under this roof! I was about to go, anyway—my carriage is at the door—"

"Ah? Then dismiss it at once. There are many things to talk over before any one of us leaves this house." Mrs. Everett dropped her cheerful tone and became the presiding officer of an important organization, anxious for its threatened welfare, and Chalmers, perceiving her ability to handle the situation, left it wholly in her hands. "You see, there are in our society—as there are in most societies—one or two people—who shall be nameless," she hastily interpolated, as Mary opened her lips, "but—well, who are of rather discontented natures, obstructionists, 'agin' the government," as it were. Now, in this matter, you and Mrs. Chalmers and I are 'the government.' Of course you know that she is slated for the presidency—"

"Ye-es, I know, but— This is a painful duty, Mrs. Everett, a very painful duty, but I feel that you should be fully informed of the details—"

"Oh, bless your heart, everybody will be informed of all the details there are,



"IT IS INTIMATED THAT BISHOP BRANTFORD TIED A ROPE ABOUT A DOG'S NECK."

and a lot more, by the time we go into convention at half past ten! Already the town is humming with it! It happens that the servant of one of these unfortunately discontented persons saw—whatever it was that occurred this morning, and took the tale home, plus all the things that the ardent Argentine minds of the neighbors imagined had happened or should have happened or might have happened. Now, you may be almost as deeply implicated in this as the Chalmers—"

"But I assure you—"

"Oh, you don't need to assure *me* about either yourself or Mary Chalmers! I know you both—"

"Oh, thank you! Thank you!" fervently interjected Mary.

"And however circumstances may seem to be against you—"

"Madam!"

"I say *seem* to be against either of

you, I have absolutely unshakable confidence in your motives. But since this story is being spread industriously abroad, and since so much depends upon our carrying out the programme we have planned for the work here, it seems to me that we three should not only understand one another thoroughly before we go into convention, but that we should stand unwaveringly together. And we haven't much time." She looked at her watch. "Mrs. Chalmers, would it be possible to hasten the señorita in your kitchen a little?" Mary left the room, and soon thereafter the Bishop retired to refresh himself before breakfasting.

"Now tell me, quickly, what happened," Mrs. Everett commanded Chalmers, and briefly, while she wept with stifled laughter, he told her, concluding:

"But what inspired imbecile started that yarn about the Bishop and the dog?" She turned a mirthful and mocking eye upon him, and he gasped: "No! You didn't— Great guns, you *did*! I might have known it!"

"It was the only way, don't you see? And it was quite true. Of course, one couldn't deviate a hair's breadth from the literal truth with the Bishop. The dear man is so strict! I said 'it is intimated,' and it was. You heard it yourself! Now Heaven send us a good breakfast, and I think the day's saved. Otherwise there's no hope for us!"

It *was* a good breakfast. In deference to the North-American tastes of the Obispo, Agrippina had been persuaded to supplement the customary fruit, rolls, and coffee with a cereal, a meat—which fate ordained should be lamb—and potatoes.

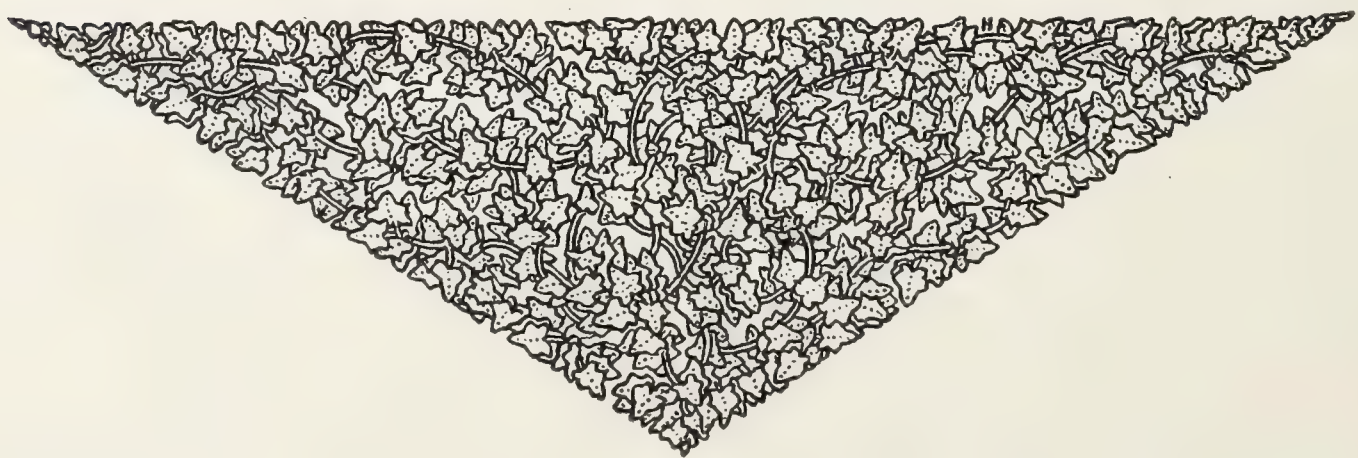
"Have a chop, dear?" Chalmers asked.

"Oh no! *No!*" shuddered his wife.

But no such qualms assailed the Bishop. He did full justice to the meal, Mrs. Everett the while delicately suggesting the thoughtless lack of consideration shown by the person who burdened anybody living in a second-story *departamento* with the gift of a live lamb. As the breakfast progressed, she expatiated with growing enthusiasm upon the ingenuity shown by the dear Chalmerses in caring for the creature at all, and upon their very unusual and self-sacrificing devotion to the highest ideals of the society in which they were all so deeply interested.

"Bishop," she finally asked, "when you knew that an animal was neither hungry nor thirsty nor suffering, would *you* sit up all night with the thing, just to keep it company? *Would* you? I wouldn't!" And the Bishop expansively admitted that possibly he would not.

So "the government," united, held its own, and Mrs. Chalmers was duly elected to the office she desired. But Patrick Henry was never heard from more.



Into the Unknown Land of the Onas

BY CHARLES WELLINGTON FURLONG, F.R.G.S.

WHEN the land sank and the waters of the southern oceans swashed through the valleyways of that desolate extremity of South America, the Fuegian Archipelago, they gullied and chiselled its thousands of dissociated parts into incongruous shapes and labyrinths, enshrouding its solitudes with mystery and veiling it with storms. There was left swirling around the point of that continent the largest channel, Magellan Strait, and south of it the largest island, Tierra del Fuego.

Compress the area of New Hampshire and Vermont into an equilateral triangle, serrate its coast line with all manner of unexpected indentations, curve in slightly its easterly side, gouge out Useless Bay and Admiralty Sound on the west, and you have approximately the shape of Tierra del Fuego.

Politically Argentina claims the eastern half, Chile the western; but the most important division is topographical and diametrically opposed to that made by man, for the northern half is practically an open, flat, or undulating country, with a few high ranges of rounding hills, the southern half is mostly bog-lands, screened with thick woods and impenetrable forests, while range upon range of impassable, snow-capped mountains swing across it, west to east.

Less than three decades ago the primitive inhabitants, the Ona Indians, lived, hunted, and fought from Anagarda Point in Magellan Strait to Beagle Channel.

Had the whole island been like the southern half, to-day the Onas, in all probability, would be in control of practically all of their original domain. Had it been like the northern half, the world would undoubtedly look upon the hunting-grounds of an extinct race. As it is, within less than thirty years the Onas have shrunk from perhaps three thousand to three hundred: and all because they possessed land the white man cov-

eted for his sheep, and had an inborn courage and ferocity strong enough to oppose him.

With the establishment of the first sheep-range, in the early eighties, began a cruel and persistent warfare on the part of the white man. In reprisal for the land from which he was driven, the Ona raided the range at night for the "white guanaco," as he called the strange animal, the sheep, which he found not only easily captured, but sweeter and more tender to the taste than the wild guanacos* of his island.

These raids were so persistent and assumed such magnitude that it really became a case of Indian or sheep, and the scattered settlers with their rangers began a warfare of extermination in which hirelings were engaged and the "chunkies" shot on sight. Occasionally a large number with their women and children were rounded up and shipped to Dawson Island, where tuberculosis-infected quarters soon accomplished their work. It being a case primarily of bullets against arrows in an open country, the result was obvious. In treachery the white man outdid the Indian. He invariably took him at a disadvantage and played false with his truce, even resorting to poisoning one of the Onas' main food supplies, the blubber of stranded whale.

The Buqueron Indians (Onas of the Buqueron Mountains) of the more northern open country are practically exterminated, and their story unrecorded. It is almost inconceivable that they should have thus so silently and suddenly departed before the very eyes of the white man, without his making any record of this splendid picturesque tribe.

But the interest of the white settler was sheep, always sheep. The impor-

* *Auchenia huanaco*, the largest species of wild llama, standing sometimes over six feet high to the top of the ears, and four feet at the shoulder.

tance of the Ona and all that had to do with him, dead or alive, could be summed up in the one word "chunkie."

In the deep and impenetrable forests of the south there still dwelt others of these primitive people who controlled the vast deeps of woodland they occupied, where no white man's foot had ever trod. Perhaps the most important plan of my expedition was to at least make the attempt to penetrate and explore the interior, to see these people in their primitive state, and I grasped with avidity every scrap of information.

Darwin but skirted the coast of this forbidden land, and though he once saw some Onas on the eastern end of Beagle Channel, seemed to make no distinction between them and the Yahgans. H. Hesketh Pritchard, a recent explorer, spoke of the Onas being reported as warlike, treacherous, and absolutely implacable; also of their use of poisoned arrows. This estimate was borne out by sundry opinions of various old-timers and pioneers at Punta Arenas. Even there the only man I found who had studied the Onas at close range was an ex-miner, and only over the sights of his rifle barrel at a distance not less than two hundred yards.

Great portions of the southern half of Tierra del Fuego were too impenetrable, mountainous, and swampy to be occupied even by the aborigines, and it was generally conceded the rest was impassable to any but an Indian. Military escort was inadvisable for two reasons: no one knew the way, and it was assumed that, owing to the hidden method of warfare of the Onas, a whole company might be gradually picked off without a glimpse of an Indian.

Such were the none too reassuring conditions which confronted me, and I found it almost impossible to obtain tangible information upon which I could rely. To penetrate from the northern frontier was out of the question. But in my pocket I had a letter given me by that courageous explorer, Dr. Frederick Cook, at the present time lost somewhere in the great ice-fields of the Arctic. It was addressed to "Mr. Lucas Bridges, Harborton, Tierra del Fuego." The Rev. Thomas Bridges, an early missionary, was practically the first white man to gain the confidence of a few Onas, after many

unsuccessful attempts and at the hazard of his life. Lucas was the eldest of three sons, and Harborton the name of their home, constructed with their own hands. They have taken up land at the foot of the mountains and raise sheep on a narrow strip of camp along Beagle Channel. Since childhood they have lived and hunted with certain of the southern Onas, and Lucas was thoroughly conversant with their language.

The only solution was to go with trusted Indians. Through the Bridges this might be arranged. It was back from Harborton, rumor had it, that with the aid of Indians these pioneers had discovered a pass over the long range which defied entrance the entire length of the south coast.

Two months of knocking about the regions of the Horn with white men or Indians found me at Remolino (Whirlwind), the only other white man's ranch of those parts. Here I awaited a reply from Lucas Bridges to a letter sent down the coast by a shepherd regarding the feasibility of striking in from Harborton.

The answer from his brother William was, in brief, "Don't come—impossible for you to go over—brothers on east side of island—no available Indians or horses."

"Hard lines," commented Martin Lawrence. "What do you intend doing?"

"Going to Harborton," I answered, and a few days later found us, accompanied by a Yahgan, piping down Beagle Channel in the Lawrences' whaleboat, obtained from the wreck of the *Bidston Hill*. Half-way, the night was spent at a lone lumber camp. Here we borrowed horses, and the next night, soaked to the skin and numbed by the bitter cold of a drenching rain, we dismounted at the largest of a little group of buildings on a peninsula, and William Bridges, a well-built man of perhaps thirty-five, came out and greeted us.

"Well, I'm here," I said, "despite your letter."

"Yes, I advised you against making the trip for nothing," he answered.

"I took it you would be willing to do what you could," I added.

"It's not a case of being willing; the trip is an impossibility; we haven't a horse or an Indian to spare."



Drawn by Charles Wellington Furlong

Half-tone plate engraved by G. F. Smith

AANIKIN

"I've come seven thousand miles to try to cross this island, and don't propose to turn back at the very entrance. If I can't ride, I'll walk; if I can't walk—"

"Come in out of the rain and get a change of clothes."

That night Will Bridges made me the following proposal. Thirty-eight miles eastward, at Slogget Bay, was a recently abandoned mining-camp with a few men left in charge of the property, including a troop of fifteen horses. He understood that he could buy the troop, in which case he would take his pick, dispose of two of them down the coast, and sell me the remaining three at eighty-five dollars, Argentine gold, apiece. He had heard that some Onas, who were over on Navarin Island, intended starting soon for the interior to hunt for the winter, whom I might "take on."

"Trustworthy?" I queried.

"We won't employ them," he answered; "but it's up to you."

It was a case of these or give up the trip, so I agreed. A Yahgan and his squaw were despatched across the broad windy reach of Beagle Channel with a message for the Onas on Navarin Island to come over.

Three Onas from a near-by camp were sent with a letter to Slogget Bay to bring back the horses. But the most serious difficulty was yet to be overcome. Once before an attempt was made to bring horses from Slogget Bay, but as yet none had ever traversed the thirty-eight miles of bog and impenetrable forests. Two of the Onas were to chop a way through the densest parts, while the other went on to drive back the troop. Meantime I was to await their return at Harberton.

The day after my arrival, in coming through some bushes, I almost stumbled over a big, tawny-colored, furry thing hunched up on the ground. Its shape-

less bulk was topped by a crown-shaved head, around the border of which a heavy fringe of hair mixed with the furry coat. Through the hair a pair of beady, wolfish eyes looked out at me. The eyes blinked a few times, the thing began to heave, and from the muffled depths an unintelligible, guttural sound was aspirated outward in a succession of cadenced intonations. I stood motionless until it ceased; then this human-like thing arose to the full measure of a man, and, with a dignified throw, wrapped his only covering, a guanaco-skin robe, about his splendid figure with all the dignity of an ancient Roman with his toga or an Arab with his baracan.

Such was my first introduction to an Ona Indian. It was Cooshtan, the patriarch, perhaps, of his people. He might be ninety or a hundred—who could say?—but a fine specimen of physical manhood still; a few gray hairs straggled through his black locks, the only case of grayness I have known among the Onas. Mourning accounted not only for the chant,

but for his shorn pate (also a Yahgan custom), and for the liberal powdering of the head with red ochre. His body was smeared with a grayish clay, in which a line design had been produced by streaking the legs, arms, and body with spread fingers while the clay was wet. Cooshtan was a hard old case, and had been a fighter, as not only his age, but wounds from a bullet and two arrows bore evidence.

After five days of suspense the Indians from Navarin and

their families landed at Harberton, and we looked one another over. They were splendid specimens of physical manhood, resembling the Yahgans, but of a superior type, with the same dark hair and eyes and swarthy skin. During the whole time that Mr. Bridges, as interpreter, was laying out my plan



COOSHATAN



THE ONA INDIANS WHO ACCOMPANIED THE AUTHOR THROUGH TIERRA DEL FUEGO

to two of the Indians, they scarcely took their eyes from me. It was a novel thing, this stranger travelling in their land. Why had he come? What were his purposes?—they would think it over. By the following day I had “taken on” Aanikin and Shoyien (Swift Runner), to act as guides on the expedition.

Aanikin was a powerful man, five feet nine and three-quarter inches in height, while Shoyien had all that agility and endurance characteristic of an Ona youth of eighteen. Aanikin’s record, I learned, was as black as any of the Onas with whom the Bridges came in contact, and I presume that at least the taking of a score of lives could be laid to him, while but within a threemonth he and Halimink, his uncle, had threatened the life of Lucas Bridges. In view of these facts I should have preferred another Indian, but there was no alternative. As long as he was in the vicinity, it was well to know where he was. Among the conditions of our arrangements which I was loath to concede was that I should buy for Aanikin from the Bridges a .44 calibre rifle.

But the horses? Impatiently I saw one stormy day drag into another, until eight long antarctic twilights had passed

into the brief hour of darkness, when, late in the afternoon, cold and dripping with rain, three Indians broke through the brush, driving before them a troop of fourteen bedraggled horses and a mule. Six days to bring a troop of horses thirty-eight miles—but thirty-eight miles of quaking bog and dense, dank woods, five miles through which the Onas had to chop their way with axes!

Later, in the corral, I found myself eventually the possessor of two horses and a mule instead of three horses, which with Aanikin’s mare made a troop of four. One horse had the brand and counterbrand R. A. (Republica Argentina), which meant he was once the property of the government—and still was, as I later discovered. The other bore the brand of the Salesian Mission north of Rio Grande. The mule’s coat was a veritable patchwork of many brands, indicating his popularity in being sold as well as bought. I named him “Joseph.”

The incessant rain had raised grave doubts as to the possibility of making the trip over the mountains with horses. However, that day we trimmed the hoofs of my animals, grown to a prodigious length by their running loose on *pantano* (bog-land), and early morning, two days

later, found us geared up and heading toward the foot of the great range of the Sierra Sorondo. The Indians had discarded their guanaco-skin robes for white men's garb, as their native dress is not adapted to handling horses.

Though every effort had been made to lighten loads and distribute them to advantage, they were heavy at the best, for such articles as tube paints, ammunition, a phonograph, and casting materials weighed heavily; also rice and Indian meal, which with salt, tea, and mutton formed practically our food supply. This brought the two main packs to about one hundred and fifteen pounds apiece, and on the *carguero* (pack-horse or pack-mule) was lashed half a sheep's carcass—too heavy loads for what proved to be some of the roughest travelling in the world.

An unknown region is ever veiled with mystery until man tears the veil apart. Then too frequently its enchantment moves back to the farther beyond like some elusive Circe. But not so with these wild, unkempt regions, for the same weird charm ever holds over one its spell—perhaps because nature never fully lifts the storm mists from the great peaks which range themselves in martial defiance of man.

One does not enter this unknown land of the Onas for the first time without paying nature a toll of awe and reverence, perhaps trepidation. The morning of our departure opened, for a change, with a burst of sunshine, which fell in spots of gold through the dripping leaves under which we rode in single file; later, shunting masses of cloud began to canopy in gray across the blue and blotted out the golden disks, enshrouding the forests in a dismal gloom.

The forests which creep their way up the mountain sides are composed principally of tough evergreen beech trees (*Nothofagus antarctica* and *Nothofagus betuloides*) and various shrubs. After an altitude of about six hundred yards the forests thin out, and the trees become so stunted and interwoven one can at times walk on their tops. In many places tough tangles of distorted dwarfed beeches are found—so impenetrable in many places that every step of the way must be hewn with an axe. From their twisted

branches hang long festoons of pale gray-green moss, lichens blotch the trunks, a parasital growth forms great knobs on the limbs, and the sweet-tasting, mucilaginous fungi eaten by the Indians cling in round, orange-colored balls. Beneath, soft mosses in which one sinks knee deep carpet the ground, or more likely swamp makes it doubly impenetrable. Saturated and dripping the greater part of the time with moisture or rain, or covered with a white blanket of snow, no other such forest life is said to exist.

Among the mosses, and along the wood edges, delicate ferns, yellow violets, orchids, cranberries, compositæ, and other plants are found. But perhaps one of the most beautiful shrubs in the world is a flaming red honeysuckle-like plant; *mugoo* the Yahgans call it. As one cruises about the channels its flowers paint on the hillside broad patches of beautiful red against its darker background of sombre green. The flowers here have practically no odor, but on bright sunny days, which sometimes do occur in this weird, sombre land, make the wood edges and grass lands quite gay in midsummer (December 21st). But the great difference between this region and its equivalent northern latitude is not in a greater degree of cold in winter, but the greater want of warmth in summer and excessive rainfall, which in the vicinity of Cape Horn is sixty inches per annum, although it is decidedly less in southeastern Tierra del Fuego.

Now and again little gaps in the wood gave us glimpses of open, boggy meads which flanked the lower slope of the mountain whose base we were rounding. Through one of these I glimpsed two furry figures steadily plodding their way with that flat-footed, steady gait of the Indian when on the march. They were the *na'a* (wives) of Aanikin, short-cutting through the woods and boggy meads for the foot of the range by ways impassable for horses.

They carried heavy sticks, which they used in the slow, measured time of their walk. Each woman was loaded heavily with perhaps fifty pounds of camp gear, and one carried at the back of her neck a three-year-old child in the fold of her guanaco-skin *capa* (cloak).



AANIKIN'S WIVES ON THE MARCH, ROUNDING AN INLAND LAKE

Almost silently our shoeless animals followed in single file over the soft trail; but an Indian trail in Tierra del Fuego means no pathway searing its surface. It means figuratively the path of least resistance, and literally, for the most part, paths of greatest resistance—passes over quaking bog-lands.

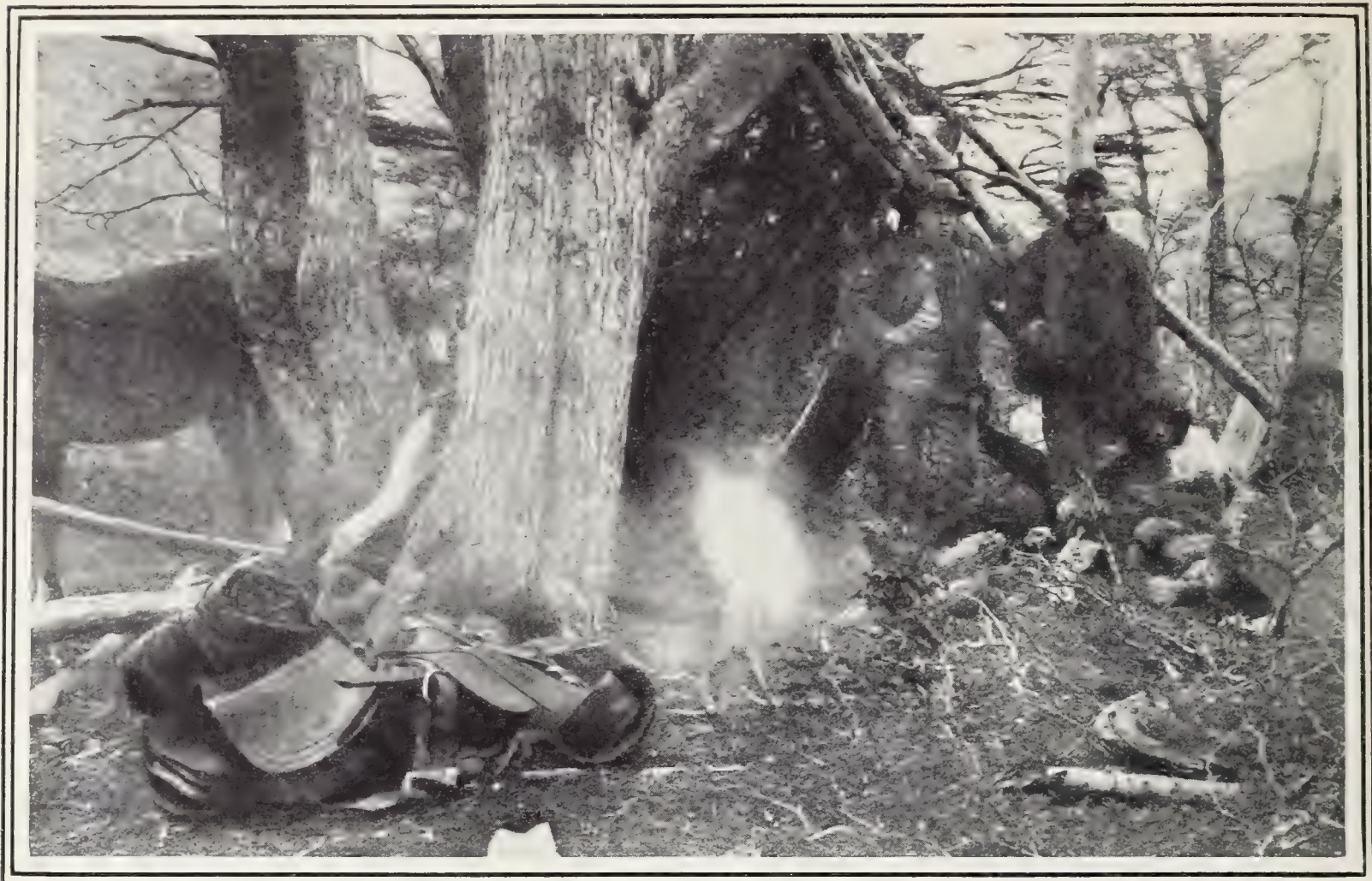
To thwart the intrusion of man across southern Tierra del Fuego Nature, not satisfied with heaving up a great mountain range with its steep declivities and pinnacled points, many of which are blanketed the entire year with snow and ice, over which sweep constantly the most violent storms of rain, hail, and snow, has enlisted in her cause three formidable allies—rock, forest, and bog. It is almost literally true that where there is not rock there is bog. Not only does it cover the valleys, but slinks its way through the very depths of the dense woods and sloughs sluggishly down the mountains from the very edge of the stone-line, so that even the mountains themselves are in great part covered with it.

This is due to the top-soil of mountain and valley being kept saturated by

perpetual rain and moisture. When the soil is washed into depressions, or much water can be held, dangerous quagmires are formed, and it is these which are a hidden menace to travelling, dangerous at its best. It can be easily understood, then, that the unusually heavy rain of weeks before our start had in no wise mitigated the conditions of the trail. Our trail at once became a question of where our animals would sink in the least.

This *pantano* (bog) varies, save in one respect—its treacherous character. In meadow-lands, thickly matted, rounded, moss-like hummocks are often seen—this is known as balsam-bog; or waving grasses may cover the surface. On the upper mountain slopes the *pantano* appears solid earth, while in the forests, covered with moss, dead wood, soft-rotted and punky tree trunks, it is, perhaps, as treacherous as anywhere, even to the trained eye.

Slump! and you are down. If it is in crossing a hollow of soupy mire, it is ill luck if the rider is thrown head first or falls beneath his horse, for in the latter case even if help is at hand the chances are there will be no need to remove him



OUR CAMP BEFORE CROSSING THE MOUNTAINS

even if the horse is eventually gotten out. So you "ride light" in your saddle, ever watchful below for the sudden plunge and fall, ever alert to escape being knocked from the saddle or spiked in the head or chest by the tough, broken branches of the trees. Some big, entire branches can be knocked to the ground with a blow of the hand, while the sharp points, no thicker than a man's thumb, of others cannot be broken off. But by experience one soon acquires judgment as to when it is advisable to attempt to strike them from his path when mounted.

Shoyien, being the lighter Indian and having come over the range recently, led. Sometimes, drawing back, a wide détour would be necessary. At other times, after testing with moccasined feet, the mere look he gave us meant, "Come ahead," and the animals would be led or urged to flounder through.

Crossing a small mountain we twice were obliged to ride our horses up an incline so steep that both Aanikin's horse and my own all but fell back on us. But the horses, unshod and used to this country, were as agile as cats.

From the coast we were gradually ascending, crawling over or around small hills, often crossing a little river, but

ever through the great gloomy forests, where in the interior the trees sent many a four-foot trunk towering aloft; but save for a single flock of green parrakeets which chatted and flew in the high branches, there was a weird dearth of bird or animal noises—for of the land fauna the guanaco, the Fuegian wolf-fox (*Canis magellanicus*), and the *Canis azaræ* are the only large animals, and if are added to these the skunk, the cururo (*ctenomys*), as the Indians call the little ground rodent, mice, and a bat the category is practically completed.

Falling with or being thrown from stumbling horses became almost a thing of the hour, so bad had the rains left the trail. Fortunately there was no serious accident. We forded a number of small rivers, or turns of the same stream, in one of which my horse fell on the large slippery rocks which lined its bed. The current helped him regain his feet and he suffered no injury. The water was cold. A knot tied in the spare rawhide *tientas* (strings) of my saddle made a convenient way of recording each ford, but this soon became monotonous, and after letting each knot stand for ten, at the end of the day I found thirteen knots to the good—one hundred and thirty fordings.

One of the worst situations is where a

steep bank has to be ascended from a quagmire, for should a horse get through, he has little or no purchase for the scramble up the bank. We came to such a place with a sheer rise of fifteen feet. Here the mule, after a tenacious struggle, fell backward from the bank with Shoyien. The Indian sprang nimbly for a branch and clung—the mule fell heavily into the quaggy sump. Beside him lay the carcass of a wild steer, recently ditched. In this stench we worked, removing the pack, and eventually hauled "Joseph" out of the pit.

After twice badly bogging the horses, travelling was impossible save in the river itself, which wound up a long valley we were gradually ascending. This was mostly in icy water which came down from the snow-line, augmented in depth by the recent rain. On either side were mountains. On our right we passed a wonderful conformation of vertical rock which formed the side of a mountain, dark and like a hardened molten mass. Contrasted with this, above the tree-line white patches of snow flecked the dark rocks.

About four o'clock a thin, blue streak of smoke against the sombre woods told us

that the women had started a fire, and just as the sun dropped behind the mountain we reached a beautiful little spot on an island in the stream. Here they had erected a wigwam. Attractive as it was with the Fuegian evergreen beech spreading its delicate tracery over our heads, and a purling branch of the stream nearby, it served only to emphasize the absolute dearth of food for man or beast, a background, as it were, through which that gaunt spectre, starvation, ever stalks abroad.

Nine hours of constant struggle had begun to tell on both horses and men, and it was with no small relief that we "geared off," with all the satisfaction the camp man feels after a hard day's "hike." It was almost with compunction that I opened my water-proof rice-bag, while the hungry animals searched in vain for fodder. But our own hunger was not to be so easily appeased. Aanikin's black eyes had been scanning the sky-line of the range to the westward; slowly but surely a dismal, edge-torn cloud was shooting over it, the forerunner of those driving gales which sweep through the channelways and across the mountain tops from the west.



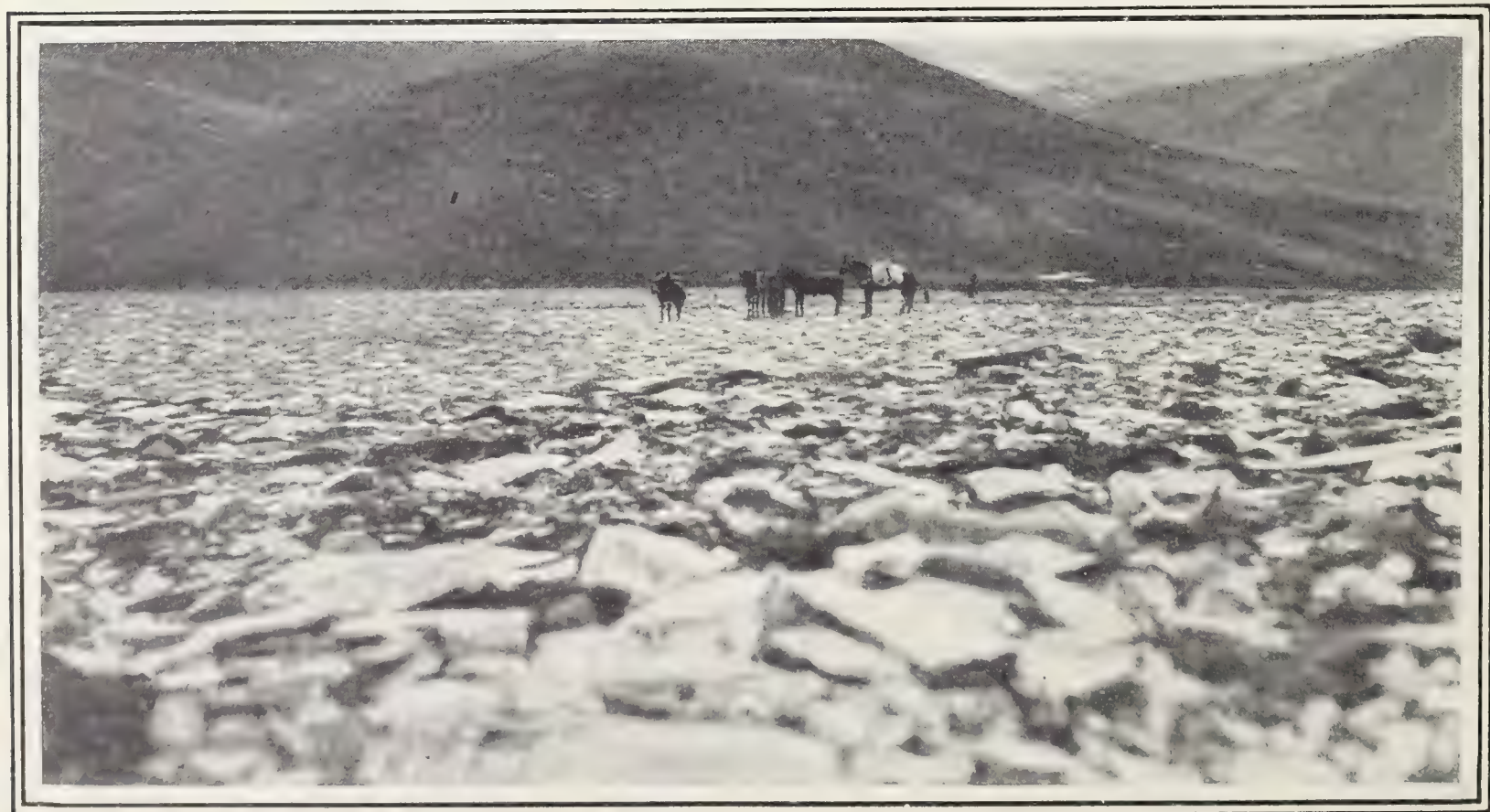
EVERY ONE OF THE ANIMALS BECAME MIRED

More rain or snow would leave no doubt as to the impassability up the steep mountain slope and over the *cumbre* (crest); to attempt it with tired, famished horses and men, with night and storm coming on, was a question to be quickly but not lightly decided. The Indians tell of calamities to their folk while trekking over the range, and I recalled, among other disasters in these regions, how at this very time of the year a shore party of Captain James Cook—twelve sturdy officers and men of H. M. Barque *Endeavor*, provisioned for ten hours—had made a short scientific excursion into the woods from Good Success Bay, a little farther down the coast. Exertion, exposure, and hunger were so telling that within twenty-four hours two were left dead and two others collapsed. The ten survivors, being sustained by apportioning a small vulture among them, reached the beach the following morning, having been only three hours' slow journey from the ship and hardly above the tree-line of a low, nearby mountain. "A dreadful testimony," as Captain Cook said, "of the severity of the climate."

We must attempt to cross the *cumbre* now or not at all. Downing a few mouthfuls of half-cooked rice, our only food since morning, we rounded up the animals, "geared up," and again set out.

The women disappeared at once with their heavy loads, and we next saw them in the more open slant of bog-land as we approached the foot of the mountain slope. The travelling became as bad as any we had experienced, and worse as the trail became steeper. Across a short grass-covered morass the hungry horses snatched mouthfuls of the succulent blades when not plunging or floundering through it, but we could not stop for them to feed.

Every one of the animals became mired, and twice the main *carguero* became so badly bogged that it was necessary to remove the pack, hauling him out with ropes. Though not more than a thousand feet above sea-level, the tremendous exertion involved told on horses and men. Of course there was no attempt to ride, and at best the animals sank half-way to their knees in the quag. Much of the way it was a constant plunge, aggravated by the increasing steepness. To travel up bog on a mountain slope is as severe a test of endurance as a horse can be put to. So we crawled sluggishly up toward the *cumbre*, and the western storm clouds spread rapidly over the sky. The women showed signs of fatigue and occasionally lay down with their heavy packs, while the strain on the heaving, panting horses enforced a short rest every hundred yards or so.



THE BEGINNING OF THE STONE-LINE, WHERE THE HORSES REFUSED TO TRAVEL

The worst test came at about two thousand feet. Here, with the greatest effort and utmost caution, we succeeded in eventually getting all but the main *carguero* through one of the worst bogs we had yet encountered. A rocky chasm yawned on the right, deeper bog lay to the left. Twice he leaped, snorting in vain effort, with eyes bulging and nostrils dilated, every muscle strained to its utmost tension, and his hide, despite the cold, reeking with sweat and flecked with foam, making the bog quiver and shake for yards around. With ropes we controlled the direction of his falling. Then the headlong plunge, and with a groan he sank deep into the black muck—all but his head and the top of the pack. With difficulty we cast off the hitch-rope and dragged off the heavy *alforgas* (large pack-bags), slumping some fifty rods with them to more solid ground.

Travelling was bad enough; it was harder, though, to do nothing but watch a bogged, panting horse recuperate, when it was a race against storm and night, with not only success of an expedition at stake, but possibly life.

Thus we sat for fully fifteen minutes. Then with rope and lash we did our best to extricate him; but our echoed shouts mockingly reverberated across the chasm from the neighboring slope, and the *carguero*, after a futile effort, refused to respond to any urging. It's a bad outlook when a horse refuses to help himself. Should we abandon him and the bulk of the valuable pack, or risk another delay? I decided to wait, which we did for twenty long minutes, occupying the time by taking the animals and lugging the heavy *alforgas* farther up the mountain. The final effort was successful. Mud-covered and exhausted, the poor beast



WE SLID DOWN THAT MOUNTAIN

was quivering like the morass on which we stood.

Large stones and rocks now mixed with this *pantano*, bruising and cutting the animals' legs. These rocks slumped down with the bog from the stone-line which was eventually reached.

We were now nearly three thousand feet above sea-level, and found ourselves suddenly freed from the soft bog, and on a steeper, jumbled reach of resistless, sharp-edged rocks. This was punishment indeed for the unshod, tender-footed animals, used as they had been to soft ground. A quarter of a mile and they refused to travel—except the mule, who turned and broke back for the soft ground. Two things at least were in our favor: the long antarctic twilight and occasional patches of half-frozen snow, over which we travelled with crunching



IN THE HEART OF TIERRA DEL FUEGO—THE NORTH SIDE OF THE SIERRA SORONDO

satisfaction. Below us a panorama of mountain and valley gradated south in gray, sombre sequences, silver-streaked by the dim glister of Beagle Channel, beyond which rose the northern snow-capped range of Navarin Island.

Let exhausted, bruised, and tender-footed horses stand and stiffen in the cold, and the chances are the following spring will find their bones in the same spot, so it now became a persistent fight to keep the animals moving.

All suffered from hunger, but there was no time to think of opening packs, and not a stick of wood to have cooked anything with had we done so. The bitter wind increased in force, and passing rain squalls spat against us. I turned for a last look at Beagle Channel as its silver streak leaked dimly through the misty twilight: then the storm shut us in. Ahead to the top of the *cumbre* reached the rocks; from the *cumbre* itself ever dip and rise still stretched the rocks, with a few grateful oases of snow. The driving storm struck us—rain, sleet, and snow searched us to the very marrow, blinded our way and intensified the gnawing hunger.

The sheep's carcass lashed to the pack was bobbing on the top of the *carguero*

beside me; with my hunting-knife I slashed off a junk as we stumbled along, then another, dowering the raw meat with relish, and the Indians followed suit.

That was a weird night crossing the *cumbre*. Over the long mile stretch of rock across the pass slowly crawled our little caravan. In the gray darkness of the storm we weary men led the worn-out horses. Beside us, with Aanikin's guanaco-hound, plodded the fur-robed women, their long black hair blown in wefts by the storm, which hurled itself down the mountain steeps and drenched and numbed us so that it was with difficulty I drew off my gauntlets to "spell" them with Aanikin.

I learned on that mountain top that there is one thing which chills more quickly than driving snow—cold, driving rain. The rough trail did much to counteract the effects of cold, but it almost sickened one to hear the dull scrape and thump of a tender hoof, as it slipped or stumbled against the hard rocks.

Never a word of complaint from the Indians, nor a show of impatience toward the horses—that would usurp valuable time and energy; besides, it was against their code of ethics. Had the night been clear the long antarctic day

would have lingered in dim twilight until eleven-thirty. In fact, in these latitudes midsummer finds a faint flush of light along the southern horizon the night through. But midnight found us in storm, darkness, and on the northern side of the range—and at the end of the stone-line. Beyond it a long steep slope of bog shunted down to the wooded valley which lay somewhere in the inkiness below us.

How the Indians nosed out the trail in that darkness was a mystery, and an instance of that remarkable training and instinct for sensing location. But bends and junctions of rivers and lakes and the corners and sky-lines of mountains are the street signs of the Onas.

The fagged women, who had some time before even thrown away their sticks, with cut and bleeding feet kept on stoically and now disappeared somewhere in the darkness. The descent was fully as exciting as going up, and called for a greater display of energy.

It was just possible to sense the dark form of the animal ahead of me, as like black spectres we slipped and slid down the steep slope of almost forty-five degrees. Not only was it necessary to follow closely the Indians' trail, for a deep bog lay on one side, and soon a deep chasm yawned on the other, but it was wise to pay out well the lead-rope of one's horse, for under the bog into which we sank, ankle to knee deep at every step, was slippery blue clay.

The horses often slid as much as thirty feet, bringing down with them masses of bog and loose mountain rocks. There was little chance to step to one side, and it was ever a constant onward slump to avoid the rocks or the horse itself. Lamed by my horse sliding down on me

and weighted with a pound or two of muck which adhered to each leg, the lower half was particularly hard going, and in the storm and darkness we really slid down that mountain.

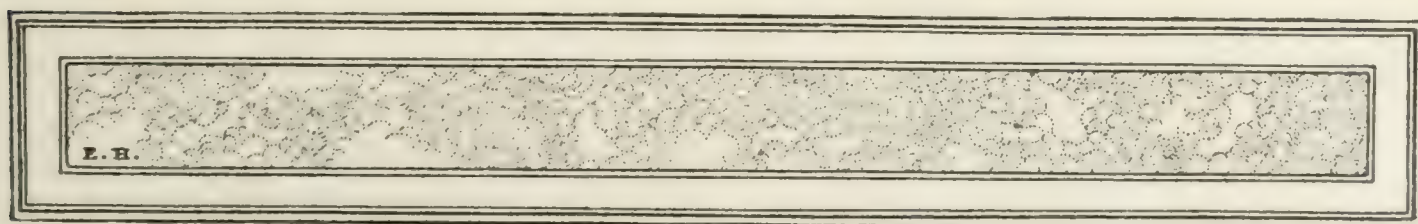
It was well after midnight when we reached the valley and plunged into a forest, then into a stream—all but my horse. He balked at the steep bank and remained for all of twenty minutes stubbornly refusing to move. The Indians had long since disappeared in the pitch darkness when the poor beast was at last induced to travel.

The trees interlaced over the river, making the blackness impenetrable and increasing the danger from low branches. I had lost the Indians, but I had my blanket and saddle-slicker back of my cantele.

For a spell I was slightly nauseated, due probably to the continued eighteen hours' strain and sudden descent. For half an hour I let the horse take his own slow course through the water, then a warm, red glow showed through the trees and threw its glare on four swarthy figures squatting about a camp-fire. That they did not doubt my finding them was evidenced by a bed of beech leaves having already been made near by for me on the rain-soaked bog. Over this I spread my saddle-slicker and saddle-blankets, then my tarpaulin, double army blanket, and guanaco-skins.

We had crossed the *cumbre*. A few hours later and the rain-storm would have rendered it impassable.

The gale moaned across the tree tops; the rain soused through the leaves in the heart of the Fuegian forest. I dried my weapons and tucked them beside me in a guanaco-skin robe, pulled my tarpaulin over me, and slept.



The Ruinous Face

BY MAURICE HEWLETT

WHEN the siege of Troy had been ten years doing, and most of the chieftains were dead, both of those afield and those who held the walls; and some had departed in their ships, and all who remained were leaden-hearted, there was one who felt the rage of war insatiate in his bowels, Menelaus, yellow-haired King of the Argives. He, indeed, rested not day or night, but considered the fever fretting at his members, and the burning in his heart. And when he scanned the windy plain about the city, and the desolation of it; and when he saw the huts of the Achæans, and the furrows where the chariots had ploughed along the lines, and the charred places of camp-fires, smoke-blackened trees, and puddled waters of Scamander, and cornlands and pastures which for ten years had known neither plough nor deep-breathed cattle nor querulous sheep—even then in the heart of Menelaus was no pity for Dardan or Greek, but only for himself and what he had lost, white-bosomed Helen, darling of Gods and men, and golden treasure of the house.

The vision of her glowing face and veiled eyes came to him in the night-season to make him mad, and in dreams he saw her as once and many times he had seen her lie supine. There as she lay in his dream all white and gold, thinner than the mist-wreath upon a mountain, he would cry aloud for his loss, and throw his arms out over the empty bed, and feel his eye-sockets smart for lack of tears; for tears came not to him, but his fever made his skin quite dry, and so were his eyes dry. Therefore, when the chiefs of the Achæans in council, seeing how their strength was wearing down like a snow-bank under the sun, looked reproachfully upon him, and thought of Hector slain, and of dead Achilles who slew him, of Priam, and of Diomedes, and of tall Patroclus, he, Men-

elaus, took no heed at all, but sat on in his place, and said: "There is no mercy for robbers of the house. Starve whom we cannot put to the sword. Lay close your leaguer. So shall I win my wife again and have honor among the kings my fellows." So he spake, for it was so he thought day and night; and Agamemnon, King of Men, bore with him, and carried the voices of all the Achæans. For since the death of Achilles there was no man stout enough to gainsay him, or deny him anything.

In those days there was little war, since every man outside the walls was sick of strife, and consumed with longing for his home, and wife and children there. And one told another, "My son will be a grown man in his first beard," and one, "My daughter will be a wife." As for the men of Troy, it was well for them that their foes were spent; for Hector was dead, and Agenor, and Troilus; and King Priam the old was fallen into dotage which deprived him of counsel. He loved Alexandros only, whom men called Paris. On which account Æneas, the wise prince, stood apart, and kept himself within the walls of his house. There remained only that beautiful Paris, the ravisher. Him Helen held fast enchained by her white arms and slow sweet smile, and by the shafts of light from her kind eyes. All the compliance of a fair woman made for love lay in her; she could refuse nothing that was asked of her by him who had her. And she was gentle and very modest, and never dejected or low of heart; but when comfort was asked of her she gave it, and when solace, solace, and when he cried, "Oh, for a deep draught of thee!" she gave him his desire. In these days he seldom left his hall, where she sat at the loom with her maids, or had them comb and braid her long hair. But of other women, wives and widows of

heroes, Andromache mourned Hector dead and outraged, and Cassandra the wrath to come. Through the halls of the King's house came little sound but of women weeping loud; therefore, if love made Helen laugh sometimes, she laughed low and softly, lest some other should be offended. The streets were all silent, and the dogs ate one another. In the temples of the Gods they neglected the sacrifice, and what little might be offered was eaten by clouds of birds. Anniversaries and feasts were like common days. If the Gods were offended with Troy, there was no help for it. Men must live first, before they can serve God.

Now the tenth year was come to the spring season when young men and virgins worship Artemis the Bright; and abroad on the plains the crocus was aflower, and the anemone; and the blades of the iris were like swords stuck hilt downward in the earth. A green veil spread lightly over the land, and men might see a tree scorched black upon one side and budded with gold upon the other. Melted snow brimmed Simois and Scamander; cranes and storks built their nests, and one stood sentinel while his mate sat close, watchful in the reeds. On the mild westerly airs came tenderness to bedew the hearts of men war-weary. They stepped carefully lest they should crush young flowers, thinking in their minds, God's pity must restrain me. If so fair a thing can thrive in place so foul, who am I to mar it? But upon Menelaus the King the season worked like a ferment so that he could never stay long in one place. All night long he turned and stretched himself out; but in the gray of the morning he would rise, and walk abroad by himself over the silent land, and about the sleeping walls of the city. So found he balm for his ache, and so he did every day.

The house of Paris stood by the wall, and the garden upon the roof of the women's side was there upon it, and stretched far along the ramparts of Troy. King Menelaus knew it very well, for he had often seen Helen there with her maids when, with a veil to cover her face up to the eyes, she had stood there to watch the fighting, or the games about

the pyre of some chieftain dead, or the manège of the ships lying off Tenedos. Indeed, when he had been there in his chariot, urging an attack upon the gate, he had seen Paris come out of the house to Helen, where she stood in the garden; and he saw that deceiver take the lovely woman in his arm, and with his hand withdraw the veil from her mouth that he might look at it. The maids were all about her, and below raged a battle among men; but he cared nothing for these. No, but he lifted up her face by the chin, and stooped his head, and kissed her twice; and would have kissed her a third time, but that by chance he saw King Menelaus below him, who stood up in his chariot and watched. Then he turned lightly and left her, and went in; and presently she too, with her veil in her hand, not yet over her mouth, looked down from the wall and saw the King her husband. Long and deeply looked she; and he looked up at her; and so they stood, gazing each at the other. Then came women from the house, and veiled her mouth, and took her away. Other times, too, he had seen her there, but she not him; and now, at this turn of the year, the memory of her came bright and hard before him; and he walked under the wall of the house in the gray of the morning. And as he walked there fiercely on a day, behold! she stood above him on the wall, veiled and in a brown robe, looking down at him. And they looked at each other for a space of time. And nobody was by.

Shaking, he said, "O Ruinous Face, art thou so early from the wicked bed?"

She said, low, "Yea, my lord, I am so early."

"These ten long years," he said then, "I have walked here at this hour, but never yet saw I thee."

She answered: "But I have seen my lord, for at this hour my lord Alexandros is accustomed to sleep, and I to wake. And so I take the air, and am by myself."

"O God!" he said, "would that I could come at thee, lady!"

She replied him nothing. So, after a little while of looking, he spoke to her again, saying: "Is this true which thou makest me to think, that thou walkest

here in order that thou mayst be by thyself? Is it true, O thou God-begotten?"

She said, smiling a little, "Is it so wonderful a thing that I should desire to be alone?"

"By my fathers," he said, "I think it wonderful. And more wonderful is it to me that it should be allowed thee." And then he looked earnestly at her, and asked her this, "Dost thou, therefore, desire that I should leave thee?"

"Nay," said she, slowly, "I said not so."

"Ask me to stay, and I stay," he said. She made no answer to that, but looked down to the earth at her feet. "Behold," said the King presently, "ten years and more since I have known my wife. Now, if I were to cast my spear at thee, and rive open thy golden side, what wonder were it? Answer me that."

She looked long at him, that he saw the deep gray of her eyes. And he heard the low voice answer him, "I know that my lord would never do it."

And he knew it better than she, and the reason as well as she.

A little while more they talked together alone in the sunless light; and she was in a gentle mood, as indeed she always was, and calmed the fret in him, so that he could keep still and take long breaths and look at her without burning in his heart. She asked him of their child, and when he told her it was well stood thoughtful and silent.

"Here," said she presently, "I have no child"; and it seemed to him that she sighed.

"O lady," he said, "dost thou regret nothing of all these ten long years?"

Her answer was to look long at him without speech. And then again she veiled her eyes with her eyelids and hung her head. He dared say nothing.

Paris came out of the house, fresh from the bath, rosy and beautiful, and whistled a low, clear note, like the call of a bird at evening. Then he called upon Helen: "Where is my love? Where is the Desire of all the world?" She looked quickly at King Menelaus, and smiled half, and moved her hand; and she went to Paris. Then the King groaned and rent himself. But he would

not stay nor look up, lest he should see what he dared not see.

Next day, very early, and every day after, those two, long-severed, kept a tryst: so in time she came to be there first, and a strife grew between them which should watch for the other. And after a little she would sit upon the wall and speak happily to him without disguise. So happiness came to him too, and he ceased to reproach her. For she reasoned very gently with him of her own case, urging him not to be angry with her. Defending herself, she said:

"Thou shouldst not reproach me, husband, nor wouldst thou in thy heart if thou knewst what is in mine, or what my portion has been since with fair words in many-mansioned Sparta he did beguile me. With words smoother than honey, and sweeter than the comb of it, he did beguile me, and with false words made me believe that I was forsaken and betrayed; and urged me to take ship with him in search of thee. Nor ever once did he reveal himself until we touched Crænæ in the ship. Then he showed me all his power, and declared his purpose with me. And I could do nothing against him; and so he brought me to Troy and kept me there. All these years he has loved, and still loves me in his fashion: and art thou angry with me, my lord, that I do not for ever reproach him, or spend myself in tears, or fast, or go like one distraught, holding myself aloof from all his house? Nay, but of what avail would that be, or what reward to many that treat me well here in Troy? For King Priam, the old king, is good to me, and the Queen also; and my lord Hector was above all men good to me, and defended me always against scorn and evil report. True it is that I have been the reproach of men, both Trojans and Achæans; and all the woes of the years have been laid to me who am most guiltless of offence. For all my sin has been that I have been gentle with those who hold me here; and have not denied them that cannot be denied, but have given what I must with fair-seeming."

And another time she said: "What mercy have men for a woman whom they desire and cannot have? And what face

have women for her who is more sought than they? And what of such a woman, O lord Menelaus, what of her in her misery? Is it true, thinkest thou, because she is good to look upon and is desired by men, that she should have no desires of her own? And must she have pleasure only in that which men seek of her, and none in her house and child overseas? Is my face, then, and are these my breasts all that I have? And is my mind nothing at all, nor the kindness in my heart, nor the joy I have in the busy world? My face has been ruin unto many, and my bosom torment and woe; and to me also have they been shame, and my milk a bitter gall." Thus spake Helen of the fair girdle, and he saw her eyes filled with tears, and pure sorrow upon her face; and he held up his arms to her, crying:

"O my dear one, wilt thou not come back to me?"

She could not speak for weeping, but nodded her head often between her covering hands. Then he, seeing how her thoughts lay, gently towards home, and desiring to please her now more than anything in the world, spake of the child, swearing by the Gods of Lacedæmon that she was not forgotten.

"Nay," he said, "but still she talks of her mother, and every day would know of her return. And those about her in our house, faithful ones, say, 'The King thy father has gone to bring our lady back, and all will be happy again.' And so," said he, "it shall be, beloved, if thou wilt but come." Then Helen lifted up her face from her covering hands, and showed him her eyes. And he said, "O Wonder of the World, shall I come for thee?"

And her words were shed down the wall, soft as dropping rose-leaves, "Come soon."

And King Menelaus returned to his quarters, glorying in his strength.

This day he took counsel with King Agamemnon his brother, and with Odysseus, wisest of the Achæans, and told them all. And while they pondered what the news might mean he declared his purpose, which was to have Helen again by all means; and to enter Troy disguised by night, and in the morning to drop with

her in his arms over the wall, from the garden of Paris' house. But Odysseus dissuaded him, and so did the King his brother; for they knew very well that Troy must be sacked, and the Achæans satisfied with plunder and death and women. For after ten years of strife men raven for such things, and will not give over until they have them. Also it was written in the heart of Hera that the walls of Troy must be cast down, and the pride thereof made a byword. So it was that the counsel of King Menelaus was overpassed, and that of Odysseus prevailed. And with him lay the word that he should make his plan, and tell it over to Menelaus, that he might tell it again to Helen when he saw her on the wall.

At this time a great heart was in Helen, and strong purpose. And it was so that while Paris marvelled to see her beauty wax ever the clearer, and while he loved her more than ever he had, and found her compliance the sweeter, he guessed nothing of what spirit it was that possessed her, nor of what she did when she was by herself. Nor could he guess, since she refused him never what he asked of her, how she weighed him lightly beside Menelaus, her husband; nor, while she let herself be loved, what soft desires were astir in her heart to be cherished as a wife, sharer of a man's hearth, partaker of his counsels, comforter in his troubles, and mother of his sons. But it came to pass that the only joy of her life at this time was in the seeing King Menelaus in the morning, and in the reading into his gaze the assurance of that peace which she longed for. And, again, her pride lay in fitting herself for it when it should come. Now, therefore, she forsook the religion of Aphrodite, to whom all her duty had been before, and in a grove of olive trees in the garden of the house had built an altar to Artemis Aristoboulé. There offered she incense daily, and paid tribute of wheaten cakes kneaded with honey, and little figures of bears such as virgins offer to the Pure in Heart in Athens. And she would have whipped herself as they do in Sparta had she not feared discovery by him who still had her. So every day, after speech with Menelaus the King about companionship and the sanc-

tities of the wedded hearth, she prayed to the goddess, saying, "O Chaste and Fair, by that pure face of thine and by thy untouched zone; by thy proud eyes and curving lip, and thy bow and scornful bitter arrows, aid thou me unhappy. Lo, now, Maid and Huntress, I make a vow. I will lay up in thy temple a fair wreath of box-leaves, made of beaten gold; on that day when my lord brings me home to my hearth and child, to be his friend and faithful companion, sharer of his joys and sorrows, and when he loves my proved and constant mind better than the bounty of my body. Hear me and fail me not, Lady of Clean Endeavor." So prayed Helen, and then went back to house, and suffered her lot, and cherished in her heart her high hope.

When all was in order in the plans of the Achæans, King Menelaus told everything to Helen his wife, how Odysseus was to come disguised into the city and seek speech with her. To the which she listened, marking every word; and bowed her head in sign of agreement; and at the end was silent, looking down at her lap and deeply blushing. And at last she lifted her eyes and showed them to the King her husband, who marked them and her burning color, and knew that she had given him her heart again. So he returned that day to his quarters, glorifying and praising God. Immediately he went over to the tents of Odysseus, and sought out the prince, and said: "Go in, thou, this night, and the gray-eyed goddess, the Maiden, befriend thee! This I know, Helen my wife shall be mine again before the moon have waned."

Odysseus nodded his head. "Enough said, Son of Atreus," said he. "I go in, this night."

Now, in these days of unweariness of strife, when the leaguer was not strict, the gates of Troy were often opened, now this one, now that, to let in fugitives from the hill country. Odysseus, therefore, disguised himself as one of these, in sheepskin coat and swathes of rushes round his legs; and he stood with wounded feet, leaning upon a holly staff, as one of a throng. White dust was upon his beard, and sweat had made seams in the dust of his face and neck. Then,

when they asked him at the gate, "Whence and what art thou, friend?" he answered:

"I am a shepherd of the hills, named Glykon, whose store of sheep the Achæans have reived, whose wife stolen away, whose little ones put to the sword and fire. Me only have they left alive; and where should I come if not here?" So they let him in, and he came and stood in the hall of Paris with many other wretches. Then presently came Helen of the Starry Eyes and sweet pale face, she and her women, to minister. And she knelt down with ewer and bason and a napkin to wash the feet of the poor. To whom, as she knelt at the feet of Odysseus, and rinsed his wounds and wiped away the dry blood, spake that crafty one in her ear, saying: "There are other wounds than mine for thy washing, lady, and deeper. For they are in the heart of King Menelaus, and in thy daughter's heart." She kept her face hidden from him, bending to his feet; but he saw that she trembled and moved her shoulders. So then he said again: "I know that thou art pitiful. I know that thou wilt wash his wounds."

She answered him, whispering, "Yes, oh, yes."

He said, "Let me have speech with thee, lady, when may be."

And she, "It shall be when my lord sleepeth toward morning. Watch thou for me here, before the sun rise." And he was satisfied with what she said.

Now, it was towards morning; and Odysseus watched in the hall of Paris. Then came Helen in, and stepped lightly over the bodies of sleeping men, and touched him on the shoulder where he sat by the wall with his chin upon his knees. Over her head was the hood of a dark blue cloak; and the cloak fell to her feet. Her face was covered, but not so but that he could see the good intention of her eyes. And he arose and stood beside her, and she beckoned him to follow after. Then she took him to the grove of olive trees in the garden, and burned incense upon the altar she had set up, and laid her hand upon the altar of Artemis the Bright. "So do that quick Avenger to me," she said, "as she did to Amphion's wife, whenas her nostrils

were filled with the wind of her rage, if I play false to thee, Odysseus." And Odysseus praised her. Then, stooping, with her finger she traced the lines of Troy in the sand, and all the gates of it; and told over the number of the guard at each; and revealed the houses of the chiefs, where they stood, and the watches set. Odysseus marked all in his heart. But he asked, "And which is the golden house of King Priam?"

She said: "Nay, but that I will not tell thee. For he has been always kind to me from the very first; and even when Hector, his beloved, was slain, he had no ill words for me, though all Troy hissed me in the shrines of the Gods, and women spat upon the doors of Paris' house as they passed by. Him, an old man, thou shalt spare for my sake who am about to betray him."

Odysseus said: "Be it so. One marvel I have, lady, and it is this. If now, in these last days, thou wilt help thy people, why didst thou not before?"

She was silent for a while. Then she said, "I knew not then what now I know, that my lord the King loves me."

Odysseus marvelled. "Why," said he, "when all the hosts of the Achæans were gathered at his need, and out of all the nations of Hellas arose the cry of women bereaved and children fatherless, so that he might have thee again! And thou sayest, he loved thee not!"

"Nay," said she, quickly, "not so. But I knew very well that he desired me for his solace and delight, as other men have done and still do; but to be craved is one thing and to be loved is another thing. I am not all fair flesh, Odysseus; I am wife and mother; and I would be companion and comforter of a man. Now I know of a truth that my husband loveth me dearly; and I sicken at Paris, who maketh me his delight. Hateful to me are the ways of men with women. Have I not cause enough to hate them, these long years a plaything and as it were a fruit to allay the drouth of his eyes? Am I less woman in that I am fair, or less woman grown because I can never be old? Now I loathe the sweet lore of Aphrodite, which she taught me too well; and all my hope is in that Blessed One the Maiden, whom men call Of Good Counsel. For, behold, love is

a cruel thing of unending strife and wasting thought; but the ways of Artemis are ways of peace; and they shall be my ways."

A little longer he reasoned with her, and appointed a day when the entry should be made; but then afterward, when light filled the earth and the coming of the sun was beacons upon the tops of the mountains, she arose and said: "My husband awaits me. I must go to him"; and left Odysseus, and went to the wall to talk with Menelaus below it. In her hand was a yellow crocus, sacred to Artemis the Bright. And Helen put it to her lips, and touched her eyes with it, and dropped it down the wall to Menelaus her husband.

Then the Greeks fashioned a great horse out of wood, and set the images of two young kings upon it, with spears of gold, and stars upon their foreheads made of gold. And they caused it to be drawn to the Skæan Gate in the night-time, and left it there for the Trojans to see. Dolon made it; but Odysseus devised the images of the two kings. And his craft was justified of itself. For the Trojans hailed in the images the twin brothers of Helen, even Castor and Polydeuces, come to save the state for their sister's sake; and opened wide their gates, and drew in the horse, and set it upon the porch of the temple of Zeus the Thunderer. There it stood for all to see. And King Priam was carried down in his litter to behold it; and with him came Hecuba the Queen, and Paris and Æneas, and Helen with Cassandra the King's daughter. Then King Priam lifted up his hands and blessed the horse and the riders thereof. And he said: "Hail to you, great pair of Brothers! Be favorable to us now, and speedy in your mercy."

But Cassandra wailed and tore at the covering of her breast, and cried out: "Ah, and they shall be speedy. Here is a woe come upon us which shall be mercy indeed to some of you. But for me there is no mercy."

Now was Helen, with softly shining eyes, close to the horse; and she laid her hand upon its belly and stroked it. And Cassandra saw her and reviled her, saying: "Thou shame to Ilium and thou

curse! The Ruinous Face, the Ruinous Face! Cried I not so in the beginning when they praised thy low voice and soft beguiling ways? But thou, too, thou shalt rue this night." But Helen laughed softly to herself, and stroked the smooth belly of the horse where her promise lay hidden. And they led Cassandra away, blind with weeping. And Helen returned to Paris' house and sought out Eutyches, a slave of the door, who loved her. Of him by gentle words and her slow sweet smile she besought arms; a sword, breastplate, shield, and helmet. And when he gave them her, unable to deny her anything, she hid them under the hangings of the bed.

As ever, she was gentle, compliant, and obedient to him who was her love; and Paris praised her, crying out upon her perfections and his great love. And in the middle of the night a great horn blew afar off, and there came the sound of men in the streets, running. That was the horn which they kept in the temple of Showery Zeus, to summon all Troy when needs were. Paris, at the sound thereof, lifted up his head from Helen's fair breast, listening. And again the great horn blew a long blast, and he said: "O bride, I must leave thee. Behold, they call from the temple of the God." But she took his face in her two hands and turned it about to look at her; and he saw love in her eyes and the dew of it upon her mouth, and kissed her, and stayed. So by and by the horn blew a third time, and there arose a great shout; and he started away from her, and stepped down from the bed, and stood beside it, unresolved. Then Helen put her arms about him and urged herself towards him. And she clung to him, and looked up at him; and he stayed.

Now, after that, did rumor break out all at once, about the house and in the city afar off. Men cried, "The fire, the fire!" and, "Save yourselves!" and, "Oh, the Achæans!" and Paris tore himself away, and made haste to arm himself by the light of the fires in the city, which made the room as bright as day. And he put on all his harness, and took his sword and buckler, and ran out of the chamber and down

the stairs, crying, "Arm ye, arm ye, and follow me!" Then Helen arose and swiftly withdrew the arms from below the bed, and called Eutyches to her from the gallery, and made him fasten the breastplate about her, and gird the thongs of the shield to her white arm, and fix the helmet of bronze upon her head. So he did, and trembled as he touched her; for he loved her out of measure and without hope. Then said she to Eutyches:

"Arm thyself and follow me!" And together, armed, they went down the stair.

There was a great press of men fighting about the doors of Paris' house, and loud crying. But beyond in the city the Achæans in a multitude carried fire and sword from house to house. And there was the noise of women crying mercy, and calling their children's names. And the flames leaped roaring to Heaven; and the Gods turned away their faces; and Troy was down.

Now, Paris, fighting, came backward into the hall where Helen was; and Menelaus came fiercely after him, and in the doorway drove a spear at him. That went through the leather of his shield, through all the folds of it, and ran deep into the flesh of his throat where it fastens to the shoulder. Then Paris groaned and bent his knees, and fell, calling Helen by her name. Then came she in her bright harness, with a burning face, and stood over the body of Paris, and held out her arms to the King, saying, "Husband, lord, behold, here am I, by your side!" Eutyches came after her, armed also.

Then Menelaus, with the bloody spear in his hand newly plucked from the neck of Paris, gazed at his wife, not knowing her. So presently he said, weak-voiced, "What is this, O loveliest in the world?" But he knew Eutyches again, who had been with him and her in Sparta, and said to him, "Disarm her, but with care, lest the bronze bruise her fair flesh." So Eutyches, trembling, disarmed her, that she stood a lovely woman before the King. And Menelaus, with a shout, took her in his arms, and cried out above the fire and dust and shrieking in the street: "Come, come, my treasure and desire! Love me now or I die!"

But she clung to him, imploring. "Not here," she said, "not here, Menelaus. Take me hence; let me fare by thy side this night."

But he pressed her the closer, saying, "Come, thou must love me now"; and lifted her in his arms and ran up the stair and through the gallery of the house to the great chamber. And Helen fell to crying bitterly, and said: "Oh, I am a slave, I am a slave! I am bought and sold and handed about." And she could not be comforted or stayed from weeping. But nothing recked King Menelaus for that.

When the walls of wide-wayed Troy were cast down, and of the towers and houses of the chiefs nothing stood but staring walls and rafters charred by fire; and when the temples of the Dardan Gods had been sacked, and scorn done to the body of Priam the Old, and Cassandra in the tent of King Agamemnon shuddered and rocked herself about; and when dogs had eaten the fair body of Paris, then the Achæans turned their eyes with longing to their homesteads. So there was a great ship-building and launching of keels; and at last King Menelaus embarked for peopled Lacedæmon, and took his lovely wife with him in the ship, and stayed his course at Rhodes for certain days, resting there with Helen. There he set a close guard about her all day; and as Paris had loved her, so loved he. But she was wretched, and spent her days in weeping; and grew pale and thin, and was for ever scheming shifts how she might be delivered from such a life as she led. Ever by the door of the chamber stood Eutyches, and watched her closely, marking her distress. And she knew that he knew it; for what woman does not know the secret mind of a man with regard to her?

So, on a day, sat Helen by the window with her needlework in her lap, and looked out over the sea. Eutyches came into the room where she was, silently, through the hangings of the door, and, kneeling to her, kissed her knee. She turned to him her sad face, saying, "What wouldst thou of me, Eutyches?"

"Lady," he said, "thy pardon first of all."

She smiled upon him. "Thou hast it," she said. "What then?"

He said to her: "Lady, I have served thee these many years, and no man knows thy mind better than I do, who know it only from thy face. For I have been but a house-dog in thy sight. But I have never read it wrongly; and now I know that thou art unhappy."

"Yes," she said, "it is true. I am very unhappy, and with reason."

Eutyches drew from his bosom a sharp sword and laid it upon her knee. "Take this sovereign remedy from thy servant," he said. "No ills can withstand it, so sharp it is."

And he left her with the bare sword upon her knees. She hid it in the coverings of the bed.

Now, when King Menelaus had feasted in the hall, he came immediately after into the Queen's chamber. And he said to her, "Hail, loveliest of women born!" and again, "Hail, thou Rose of the World!" She answered him nothing, but went to her women and suffered herself to be made ready. Then came the King in to her and began to woo her; but she, looking strangely upon him by the light of the torch in the wall, sat up and held him off with her hand.

"Touch me not, Menelaus," she said; "touch me no more until I know whether thou art true or false!"

He was astonished at her, saying: "What is this, dear love? Dost thou call me false who for ten bitter years have striven to have thee again; and have forsworn all other women for thy sake?"

But her eyes were hard upon him, glittering. "Ay," she said, "and I do. For to thee, through those bitter years, I was faithful in heart, and utterly; and that which thou lovest is the bounty of my body, the which if I should mar it, thou wouldst spurn me as horrible. And now I will prove thee and my words together." So, while he gazed at her in wonder, she drew out the sword. "With this sword," she said, "I will do one of two things. Choose thou."

The King said, hollow-voiced, "What wilt thou do?"

She said: "With the sword I will lay open this poisonous face of mine"; and she touched her right cheek; "or with it

I will cut off this my wicked breast"; and she put her hand upon her left breast, and said again, "Choose thou."

But Menelaus, with a loud cry, threw himself upon her, and took each of her wrists in a hand, and held her down. The sword dropped out and fell to the floor; but he let it lie. And in the morning, whenas she lay as one dead, he picked up the sword and brake it, and threw it out of the window. Also before he left her he gave straight order that she should be watched throughout the day. But he gave the order to Eutyches, believing him to be faithful for his former and latter service.

By and by came Eutyches and spoke again with her, saying, "Lady, I fear me thou didst not use my remedy aright."

She heard him in a stare, and answered in a dry voice, "I fear so, too."

Then said Eutyches: "There is but one way to use it. So shalt thou be free from pain and sorrow of heart." She would not look at him, but he knew that she understood his thought. "If thou wilt swear to me by Artemis the Bright," he said, "that thou wilt never use it against thyself, I will put another remedy on thy knees, lady."

She swore it; and he fetched her a sword, and put it on her knees. That night, in the dark, she slew her husband Menelaus as he lay asleep by her side; and she knew that he was dead because, after groaning once, he neither moved nor stirred, and because his foot which was upon her ankle was heavy as lead. Then came Eutyches in with a torch, and asked her if all was well. She told him what she had done; and Eutyches came close with the torch and saw that the King was dead. Then he said, "Before dawn we must depart, thou and I."

She said: "Where can I go? What will become of me?"

He gazed upon her, saying, "I will love thee for ever, as I have these twelve years and more."

She said to him, "I will go now if thou wilt help me, Eutyches."

He said, "I will help thee when I can."

Then Helen looked at him, and saw his eyes, and was horribly afraid. She said, "I know not whether I can trust thee."

But he answered her: "Have I not proved that to thee? Did I not give thee the sword with which to free thyself?"

"Yea," she said; "but have I freed myself indeed?"

He stretched out his arms to her, saying: "Free? Yes, thou art free, most glorious one. And now I, too, am free to love thee."

But she used craft in her fear, saying: "I am soiled with wicked blood. Stay thou here, Eutyches, and I will purify myself, and be as thou wouldst have me."

And he let her go with a kiss, saying: "Be quick. Have I not waited twelve years?"

Then Helen arose and went out of the chamber, and out of the house into the garden. And she stood before the altar of Artemis Eileithyia, and prayed before it, saying, "O Holy One, I give thee thanks indeed that now I know the way of peace." And then she went farther into the grove of ilex trees where the altar and the image stood, and took off her girdle and bound it straightly round her neck. And she clomb the tree, and tied the end of the girdle about the branch thereof; and afterwards cast herself down, and hung there quite still. And the cord which she used was of silk, and had girt her raiment about her, below her fair breasts.



Mother

BY ALICE BROWN

“**B**UT, Lilian,” said Mrs. Hall, “stay here and have your tea with me.”

They were in the sombrely furnished drawing-room of the city house, a monument to good taste before the sixties—two middle-aged women who had been schoolmates together and who had seen each other at long intervals for forty years. The hostess, Mrs. Hall, had the advantage of a year or two over her friend, but she had so ignored any amenity time might show her, and had walked so steadfastly and patiently toward the acquiescence of age, at the same time adopting, almost lovingly, the insignia, in cut and fabric, once belonging to it, that now she seemed much the elder. This was all in her general effect when one noted her black dress, the soft line of white at neck and wrist, and the little triangle of lace on her frosted waves of hair. She was a beautiful creature given almost indulgently over to Age, as if he could not hurt her and might as well throw his trappings round her if that had been judged to be the custom; her blue eyes were alive with a light which is the love of everything created, the dark brows over them never frowning, but only strengthening a face that promised to be too gentle, and her mouth smiling most sweetly. Artists had loved and painted and praised her, until she privately declared to her son—her one confidant—that she couldn’t see what possessed them. She had been accounted plain in her youth. This must be a form of kindly modern homage to old age.

Mrs. Kimball, her friend, was young with a difference. She had grown portly and fought that infliction by every means known to modern theory, save relinquishing the indulgences of the table. She was so massaged and creamed and powdered, so alight with barbaric chains on a broad lace-bound bosom, and so evidently sworn not to be cajoled out of youth into the next territory, that Mrs.

Hall sat looking at her with a kind of pain. She was wondering uneasily whether she herself had changed so visibly as Lilian, and then, with an undercurrent of amusement and a little frown, remembered the artists and their praise, and gave the riddle up.

“I want you to go with me,” Mrs. Kimball was insisting. “Just for a cup of tea at Hervier’s. You know Hervier’s, don’t you?”

Mrs. Hall frowned again, in recollecting.

“Why, yes,” she said. “It’s that very fashionable place, isn’t it, where people drop in after the matinées? And there’s music, and—oh, I don’t know what all!”

“Yes, and you’ve heard of it and never wanted to go. Isn’t that like you, Rebecca?”

“I have my tea at home,” said Rebecca, smiling at her, with a recognition of human differences. “You know, really, Lil, I’ve lived in the country so long I don’t care much for afternoon tea. And I turn my dinner into a kind of supper, and have my tea with it. There!”

“What does your son say?”

“Oh, he just laughs and goes on with his dinner. I have some toast, extra, you know, and a little preserve and a mite of cake. I never did care much about eating at night.”

“It’s a part of your country habits.” Mrs. Kimball was twisting her soft wrist with difficulty to consult the watch strapped to it by gilded chains. “Haven’t you ever regretted living out of the world so long?”

“Never. I wish I were out of it now.”

“Why aren’t you?”

“Well, you see I came away when Gil went to college, and now he has his studio here. Oh no, I couldn’t be happy away from him. He wouldn’t like it either.”

“But you let him go abroad alone.”

Mrs. Hall gave way to sudden merriment.

"I made him. I was afraid he'd get to feeling he was mother's pet."

Mrs. Kimball always sat very straight to obviate the effect of her rotundities, but now she lifted herself higher with the access of a difficult resolution.

"Well, you know, Rebecca," she said, "I came home on the steamer with Gilbert."

Mrs. Hall nodded, in approval of so pleasant a conjunction.

"Yes, I know," she said. "He was so glad to find you were sailing."

"Well, he took precious little pains to gladden himself further when we had sailed."

Mrs. Hall flushed and her brows came together a little in concern.

"Oh, I'm sorry, Lil. He wasn't rude to you?"

"He wasn't rude, but he was cloistered. Nobody could get near him. Everybody wanted to. He's handsome as a god."

The mother drew a little satisfied breath.

"Isn't he a giant?" she said, though her eyes committed her to more. "Yes, people do notice him, of course. He's so big, for one thing. They can't help seeing him."

"I was sorry he was so much in evidence. He seems to be a curiously unworldly kind of boy. Not self-conscious at all. Not in the least prudent about being looked at. He doesn't know the first principles of caution."

Mrs. Hall drew her brows together again in their look of perplexity. This all sounded like commendation, and yet she was perfectly conscious that it was not: that it was, in some sort, flaunted before her like a danger signal.

"What is it, Lilian?" she asked, with the quietude of one in an assured position toward life and what it can do or threaten. "What do you want to tell me about Gil? You haven't come here to praise him."

Mrs. Kimball laughed with an accented robustness.

"I haven't come to do the other thing," she declared, in a lively tone that sought to carry reassurance with it. "I admired him, I can assure you, quite particularly. But I was hardly ever so surprised in my life that a boy of his look of—well, you know his kind of

look. You're perfectly well aware that he looks as if he'd been born to things and had them all his life, as he has. I was surprised, Beck, to find he was so simple."

Rebecca was gazing straight at her out of blue, unsmiling eyes, yet not sternly, but as if the sincere eyes meant to challenge the same clarity in the glance they met.

"How is he simple, Lilian?" she asked.

"Why, he's so unworldly. He takes such frightful risks."

"I wish," said Mrs. Hall, patiently, "you'd tell me what you mean. You're complaining of Gil. I can see that."

Her friend's high color began to intensify itself unnecessarily. It had exceeded the bounds devoted to good health or beauty, and seemed to be the signal of embarrassment.

"I hope you know how interested I am in everything that concerns you, Rebecca," she began, awkwardly. "I never forget old times."

"No," said Rebecca. She was leaning a little now on her chair back, as if she needed it to support her, and had folded her hands with a gentle grace in her lap. "I'm sure you don't forget old times, Lily. We don't either of us. You've been a faithful friend."

"I mean to be a friend still. That's why I've come. Rebecca, do you happen to know anything about Vivian Bruce?"

Mrs. Hall shook her head. She could not yet see how the inquiry could pertain, and yet Lilian's continued fluster made it evident that it did.

"That's just like you, Beck. I'd have been willing to bet you didn't."

Mrs. Hall smiled a little as at something she had heard before.

"Well, you needn't scold me if I don't!" she deprecated, prettily. "I'm willing to know about her now."

"I'm afraid you'll have to. Now think, Rebecca, think back a minute. Haven't you read a word about her? Two divorce suits, one husband that shot himself, one that went to India and got killed, everybody says because he couldn't bear to live and lose her—haven't you read that?"

Mrs. Hall shook her head definitively.

"Well, I've no patience with you."

"I don't read very much in the daily

papers. Gil keeps me posted about things I ought to know. All this winter I've been reading about the time of Queen Elizabeth."

"Queen Elizabeth! And here's your son—well, all I can say is, Vivian Bruce's life is as absorbing as Queen Elizabeth's and all the rest of them in any novel or any history—why, it is history. You'd better leave your Queen Elizabeths and see what's doing in New York under your nose this very day."

"I sha'n't need to, Lil. You'll tell me."

Mrs. Kimball smiled perfunctorily with her friend, and again consulted her watch.

"Well, the long and short of it is," she continued, somewhat in haste, "Vivian is a charmer. She's beautiful and she's got that particular way with her, and she's an adventuress, straight. If you turned her into the Garden of Eden, she wouldn't stay there. She'd get the Serpent to let her out, and he'd do it, and he wouldn't be satisfied with that. He'd go with her. She's a woman that likes the drama, something doing, and it's always emotional. Don't you see? She sticks at nothing. She's dangerous."

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Hall, pleasantly. A light had risen in her eyes. She looked, for the first time, slightly on guard. "She sounds like history herself. Seems to me I've read something like that, 'way back in Egypt, or Troy."

Mrs. Kimball made an impatient movement of her hand in its constricting glove.

"I don't know anything about that. I don't have time to read. But I suppose they've always existed, and we've got to make the best of it. Well, she crossed with us."

"With you?"

"With all of us. Particularly with your Gilbert."

Mrs. Hall did not move by an instant of trembling, and her eyes, with their look of observant interest, remained quietly upon her friend's.

"You mean Gilbert met her?" she asked.

"Yes, for the first time. I fully believe it was the first time. But she selected him—it's her custom to fix upon one man or another—and through the whole voyage he didn't leave her side."

"She must be very attractive," murmured the mother.

"Attractive? Don't I tell you she's a serpent? We don't know anything about such women, you and I. We don't see how they do it. We may wish we did"—she stopped for an instant, dashed by that cool attention in the other face—"well, we don't, that's all. Only it's something they're born with. And when a man finds himself up against it, particularly a young man, it spells ruin, Beck, just ruin."

"Do you mean," asked her friend evenly, "that Gilbert wishes to marry her?"

Mrs. Kimball gave a little shriek and threw up her hands.

"Marry! Good gracious, child, men don't marry Vivian Bruce!"

"But you tell me she's been married twice already."

"That's precisely why she can't be again, to anybody who doesn't want to damn himself. It isn't marriage I'm afraid of, Beck. It's seeing your boy lying dead with a hole in his forehead, like that young Simpson at Monte Carlo. He got tangled up with precisely that kind of a creature—only not so fetching. Heavens, no! But just as unscrupulous."

"Did you see young Simpson?" asked Rebecca, with an amiable interest that might have been exercised to draw the line of thought away from this particular phase. Lilian suspected it at once, and sat looking at her with an arrested wonder as if she had begun to accuse her friend of more cleverness than had been apparent in forty years.

"Of course I didn't see him," she said, impatiently. "But other people did. It was in the papers. And your Gilbert, if I read him at all, is exactly the same sort of fellow—quick, mettlesome, ready to dare everything he has for a passion. Why, his brazen absorption in her on board ship shows what he'd do. And the boy has a *good* look, Beck. It went to my heart. It wasn't only because he's your boy, but I felt he ought to be saved."

Mrs. Hall bent suddenly forward and laid a hand on her friend's knee.

"You're a dear, Lilian," she said, in a voice quite caressing in its affectionate gratitude. "Now I'm really going to give you some tea."

Mrs. Kimball drew a breath, since the worst of the interview was over. Yet she did look worried still, having more to venture and finding she must brace herself to press it.

"No," she said; "you're coming with me to Hervier's."

Mrs. Hall rose with her, and stood for a moment, her delicate hand on the chair back as if she needed it to stay her.

"Very well," she said. "I will." There was a certitude of calm in her voice; she seemed to be accepting a test of her own courage or endurance, and after that moment of halting by the chair as if she might demand continued support, she turned and walked to the door with a dignified precision of step and the grace of her erect slenderness.

"Well," said Mrs. Kimball to herself, with a breath, "that's over," and then she became aware that in her haste she had said it while her friend could hear.

Mrs. Hall was presently back again, gloved and ready, in her little bonnet and its long veil, and Mrs. Kimball noted that the swift preparation she had made allowed no time for the slightest breakdown. When they went out together she was wondering whether Rebecca had a marvellous endurance or whether she was really ignorant of the color of certain things. Her own courage was wavering, and they drove away to Hervier's talking of the day with its flavor of later summer, and once, for quite five minutes, of a magical conserve Mrs. Hall had been making of raspberries and ginger and lemon and a set of as unlikely potmates. When it came to the conserve, Mrs. Kimball listened to her with a frank astonishment. She had no time for affairs of the household, and it filled her with unstinted wonder to hear a woman who had been asked to approach a coming blur on her son's fame talking gently of quantities and skimmings and periods of boiling.

At Hervier's it was the chosen time of day for idleness and fashion. In the long room with its little white tables, shadowed and flickered upon by the green of moving leaves, with the subdued liquid dropping of harp music, there were men and women everywhere, childishly busy in the hunt for pleasure. It seemed to be a show of the elect in

costume and the waving and glossing of hair and the soft sweep of feathers. Mrs. Kimball looked about her in an anxiously scrutinizing way, and after rejecting the offer of two or three tables, finally selected one overlooking the entire room. There she placed her friend, and instead of taking the opposite seat, had her own chair moved to the end of the table so that she also could approximately command the scene. Then, her order given, she leaned back and looked. Mrs. Hall gazed also, with a child-like curiosity. She could only compare it, drawing upon the simple images of a sober life like hers, to the opera, where she was accustomed to see raiment of incredible splendor. The comparison was not inapt, for this was the overflow from a brilliant *matinée*.

"This is very pretty," she kept saying—"very pretty. I'm so indebted to you."

Mrs. Kimball watched and did not answer; but presently her pose relaxed and she gave a little exclamation and laid her hand on her friend's wrist. Mrs. Hall glanced at her, followed her look, and started slightly. Two persons were walking down the room, a man and woman, he equipped with the innocent bravery of youth and a comely strength, and she in the studied insolence which meets the world's contumely with a hard consciousness of its own endowment, the army of charms it has to fight with, and the certainty that in all time that soldiery will never be without power in the field.

"There!" breathed Mrs. Kimball.

"Oh," said her friend, with a cool and pretty interest, "there's Gilbert. Is that his friend?"

"Yes. It's Vivian Bruce."

Mrs. Hall lifted her eye-glasses hanging by their thread of a chain and set them on her nose. She followed the two superb figures down the room to their conspicuous seat by a fountain at the end. "What lovely hair!" she said, in quite an unaffected interest. "And what a gorgeous dress!"

Lilian Kimball looked at her now in a puzzled questioning. She had dismissed Gilbert and his drama to wonder again whether Rebecca was not more of a woman of the world than she had



Drawn by Marion Powers

HE INTRODUCED THEM BLUNDERINGLY

thought. Or was she too simple to read the import of these things? Or was she, under her saint's guise, too worldly to balk at them? That, though it might prove venial in some women, would be monstrous in her. But Rebecca was speaking, with a pretty, gracious uplift of the voice.

"Lilian, it's very rude—I wouldn't do it if the circumstances weren't exactly as they are—but I'm going to ask you to drink your tea alone and let me go to them."

"Go to them! Have tea with them?"

Mrs. Hall nodded, smilingly shutting up her eye-glass as she spoke and tucking it into its accustomed nest of folds.

"Rebecca, you can't have tea with her. She's notorious."

Mrs. Hall laughed a little in an amused, sweet way. "Well, I'm not notorious. Gil isn't either."

Her friend laid an anxious hand on her arm.

"Rebecca," she breathed, "you won't make a scene?"

Rebecca laughed outright.

"You're a goose, Lil," she said.

"You see," Mrs. Kimball went on, in a distracted whisper, "they're the most conspicuous people in the room. She is always, everywhere she goes, and she's been here with him two days running, to my knowledge. They were here yesterday and here the day before. She likes to bring him, to display him. I made up my mind to get you here. I knew they'd be here after *Tristan*."

"There, you see! you've brought me, and I've spied the lady and I want to know her."

"Don't you see people looking at them?"

"Yes. No wonder. They're very handsome."

"Well, they'll look at you, too, if you go down there."

"I've got on my best bonnet and good gloves. Don't I look nice enough?" There was a pretty moment of intent query in her look, and then she went sailing away with her indeterminate grace, which was a girl's endowment, after all, down the long room with couples and athwart them, and made her way directly to the table.

Gil was talking when she got there.

He had a flushed face and ardent eyes, and her heart leaped at the sight of him, his beauty and the strange look he always wore, in a sophisticated crowd, of being one set apart by healthier living, or, in some form, a more sound inheritance. He glanced up at her as she halted, black-robed, beside him, and his lips stayed parted with the words they meant to utter. The woman, too, looked up at her, and Rebecca Hall felt another pang, an especial and choking one, over her, her airy supple grace, the distinction of her bright hair and beautiful hands, and the challenge in the great gray eyes and the mobile lips, not full, but curved until the heart might faint in following them. Then Gilbert was on his feet, and his mother had said with her unabashed simplicity:

"I'm going to have my tea with you. Introduce us, won't you?"

He did it, blunderingly, out of a rash certainty that in some way he should have, as well, to terminate the combination; but his mother had waived all possibilities but that of her coming tea, and was seated between him and Vivian Bruce, telling how she had seen them by chance and left her own table because theirs seemed cozier. Vivian Bruce was looking at her with distended eyes. At first she was slightly on her guard, a little sharp from furtive seeking for motives behind the apparent one, but as the older woman went on with her harmless flow of commonplaces she broke in and joined them. She was the first to gather up her gloves and make a move to go.

"I shall have to leave you," she said, sweetly. "My car is at the door. I'm going to drive myself. No," she added, definitively, as Gilbert rose with her, "I don't want you, please."

His mother, too, had risen.

"I wish you wanted me," she said to Vivian. "I wish you'd take me home."

"Mother!" Gilbert was evidently warning her, but she did not look at him. Her eyes were on the other face, suddenly alive with pleasure.

"Would you really let me?" said Vivian Bruce. "I'd be so glad."

So they went up the room together past Lilian Kimball, whom Mrs. Hall somehow failed to see until the last in-

stant for squeezing in a bow, and Gilbert had put them into the car and stood bareheaded on the sidewalk looking at them. His mother knew that look. It was his beseeching yet confident gaze, as of a dog who hardly likes to bark for what he wants, yet knows he is too popular to run much risk of losing it. But that one time he was going to lose it.

"Run along, Gil," said his mother. "Call at Aunt Josephine's on the way, will you, and tell her I want to know about her cold?" Then the two women were driving off together between the lights coming out to meet the western flare, and she went on, still cozily: "I made up that errand. Really, I didn't want him. Three can't get acquainted. Two can, I think; don't you?"

Vivian Bruce stiffened a little under her furs.

"It isn't accident, then?" she said. "You came to Hervier's to see me?"

"No," said Mrs. Hall. "But when I saw you I knew I'd got to know you. Somebody told me my boy was getting acquainted with you."

Vivian sat looking straight ahead, watching absorbedly and driving fast. She smiled a little.

"They are very precious, aren't they," she said, "these boys? Your boys, all boys?"

"Oh yes," said the mother, simply. "It isn't only because they're ours, but they're men, you see. They belong to us a little, but they belong to other things a hundred times more—their country, the wives they're going to marry."

They did not speak again until the car drew up at Mrs. Hall's door, and then Vivian sprang gallantly out, and gave her charge a firm hand to alight.

"Come in," said Mrs. Hall, impulsively. "I don't know you any better than I did at the tea table. I never shall, if we go motoring together. I've got to see you by my own fire. Please."

Vivian, who was the taller, looked down at her a moment, and then acquiesced bluffly like a charming boy.

"Well," said she, "I will."

So they went up the steps, and Mrs. Hall, without ringing for service, made her put off her fur coat and sit down at the hearth. Then she mended the fire with her own hands and much skill, and

suddenly from her own chair looked across at her visitor.

"Well," she said, "isn't this funny?"

Vivian Bruce, too, laughed. Then she sobered.

"Mrs. Hall," she said, "you'd heard of me. You've brought me here to talk to me. Now haven't you?"

"I've brought you because I'm simply so curious about you I couldn't let you go. That's the truth. Believe me."

"Why were you curious?"

"Because you were with Gil. And because he hadn't spoken about you."

Vivian laughed a little, in a hard way.

"Does he always speak about people?" she inquired.

"Most always," said his mother. "When he thinks of it, I'm sure."

"Then maybe he hasn't thought of it?"

Vivian was questioning her now with the full power of the gray eyes intensified by a light in them.

"Oh yes," said Mrs. Hall, still quietly. "He's thought of you. Anybody would, that saw you once."

A flush crept into the woman's face and awakened it to a wistful life. She gave the interview an unexpected turn.

"Do you think I'm so horrid?" she inquired.

"Horrid? My child!"

"You think I'm conspicuous."

Mrs. Hall looked at her with a frank and challenging scrutiny. It was not sharp. It was at once direct and firm.

"I think you're very handsome," she said. "You're the handsomest woman I ever saw."

"But you find a lot of fault with me. I'm not even handsome your way."

The humble voice was not, her listener felt sure, assumed to meet the peculiarities of the situation, or to reconcile in any manner their standards of the beautiful. It came from something alive and glowing under all this bravery and glitter.

"No," she said, steadily, "I don't find any fault with you. But I want to know you."

"So you can find fault if you have to?"

"Yes. Or"—the kindly voice warmed into a thrill of whimsical protest against wholesale relegation to a world of feminine prejudice—"so I can admire you all I want to."

The other woman frankly stared at her.



Drawn by Marion Powers

"WHY, BLESS YOU! I'M IN LOVE WITH YOU!"

Then she put out one small, exquisite foot to the blaze, drawing her skirt away from it and regarding it impersonally.

"No," she said, gloomily, after a pause, "you won't admire me. You can't."

"Oh," cried the mother, quite unaffectedly, "I'm sorry. For I'm pretty exacting, after all. If I can't, I don't want Gil to."

Then they were both silent, and presently Vivian looked up. She gave a little sigh.

"He doesn't—yet. Not as you're afraid. He truly hasn't begun to."

"Were you—" the mother began, gently, and stopped.

"Was I going to make him? Yes, I was."

"Are you going to now?"

"I don't know. Yes, if I want to."

Again they sat with their own separate musings, the younger running bitterly back over the unfriendliness of woman warring against woman for the possession of the other element that did not seem to her so valuable, after all. Sometimes she wished she could live with women alone, breathing their affectionate, cool companionship. Yet she knew it was not possible. They wouldn't have her with a perfect trust, and even if they would, the old call would come sounding to her out of the necessities of things, and she would go forth from any haven to find her mate that was also, each time, her prey, as she was his.

"No," she said, heavily, as if she sulked under discipline, "I suppose I sha'n't. I suppose you think you've earned him by being faithful and self-sacrificing—and wearing little black bonnets—" Her voice broke, and she added, out of an impatience savage in its suddenness and her own inability to master it: "Oh, you're a darling thing. Take your boy. Take him and be done with it."

It was like an assault on the decorous shyness which had wrapped the other woman all her life, to find her son, whom she could not help wanting to encase in a privacy like her own, tossed back to her, a chattel another woman did not keep. But it was only a little hurt on the outer skin of her pride. She had long ago learned that life is a process of bruises on vulnerable organs, and that she

had been tremendously fortunate in her seclusion and her protected state. She had been schooling herself all these years to remember that Gilbert was in the stress of things, and that, if she meant to share his life at all, she must meet crude miseries without wincing. So it was out of these old resolves that she spoke with a gentle brevity.

"You're not to give up anything that's right for you both to have. If he likes you—specially—" Her voice failed her, and Vivian could see that at last one delicate hand was trembling.

"I've told you he doesn't care for me—'specially,'" she said, with a bluff kindness. "And I don't care for him. But—suppose I did—suppose we did—what would you have done then?"

The mother's face looked wan in its sudden pallor. Her certainties, her quietness, seemed suddenly washed away from it. One could see it in the utmost pathos of an undefended age.

"Why," she said, "I should want you to let me be in it with you."

"In it? He couldn't marry me. I'm not free to marry."

Mrs. Hall was looking at her with eyes that implored her to spare them both the cruder tests.

"I haven't thought any farther," she said. "Only I have always wanted—I always meant—if my son had attachments, to be as friendly—as understanding—" Her voice failed her. She really had no idea how to put her pure purpose into words.

"You mean, whatever woman he got attached to, you intended to know her—to like her if you could?"

"Yes." The mother spoke with relief now that her intent was being elaborated for her.

"You'd know her socially. You'd have her here in your house."

"I should want to."

"Any woman, you mean, any kind of woman?"

"Yes."

"Good God!" This was under her breath, an exclamation not of blasphemy, but of wonder. She was looking at the pale face now, still under its veil of prophetic age, with a frank incredulity. Suddenly, while her eyes met that other wistful gaze which seemed to implore her

out of her worldly cunning to tell another woman how to be as wise, tears came blindingly. They hurt her, and she pressed them back again with closed lids and an impatient hand. "Well," she said, "I hope you won't come to grief, that's all. If you do, I hope I sha'n't know it. But you won't. Your boy's a good boy. He's got an iron kind of a will in him, too. See here." She laughed a little in that mocking self-communion of hers. "I can drop him, but do you want him to drop me? Would that save your pride?"

The other shook her head. Bigger things than pride were involved, and she did not quite know the phrases for explaining how poor a trapping she considered pride to be.

"I can tell him," Vivian went on—"I can tell him I couldn't stand his mother. I can jeer at you, a little, only a little. He'd take off his hat and leave me."

"Oh no," she breathed, "you mustn't do that."

"Why mustn't I?"

"He wouldn't like it. He wouldn't like you."

"Don't I tell you he wouldn't like it? Don't we both want him not to like me?"

"Oh, I do want him to like you," said the other woman, impetuously. "I want him to respect you."

Vivian seemed for an instant to be staring her down, but her own lids fell first, and again she pressed them with angry fingers.

"That's a hard saying," she returned. "There's something about a camel and the eye of a needle." She had risen now and stood with one foot on the head of

the fire-dog. "Well," she said, gravely, "perhaps he can. He's as queer as you in some ways. Perhaps he can."

"Oh, he does!" the mother declared, tumultuously.

"Does respect me? How do you know?"

"Oh, I know Gil. He wouldn't like you if he didn't."

There they stood staring at each other, the mother with such boundless belief in all possibilities openly written in her face that Vivian for one bewildering moment felt as she sometimes did on a spring morning, at her first waking, as if the world were new and she with it.

"I'm going abroad," she said, abruptly, when the dream snapped. "He sha'n't mope about me. I'll leave him free as free as you want me to. He sha'n't sulk. He'll be a little cockier, that's all. He'll think he's proved a model of chivalry and found I was a good fellow."

She was on her way to the door, without an offered hand-shake, and Mrs. Hall hastened after her.

"Oh," she said, "that's good—that's wonderful—but I want you to be free too. You're not—you could tell me, you know—you won't miss him—"

A child's mirth had run over the woman's face and chased away certain lines that aged and hardened it. She laid her hands on her friend's shoulders, held them there a moment, and then, stooping, kissed both the soft pale cheeks.

"Am I in love with him, you mean? No. I'd got done being what you call in love when he was fifteen. I sha'n't ever see you again, madonna. Give me one more kiss. In love? You needn't worry. Why, bless you! I'm in love with you!"



Editor's Easy Chair

ONE of those elect intelligences who turn first to the Editor's Study and the Easy Chair in taking up any new number of this Magazine (and such intelligences are in the vast majority among our readers.) has recurred to the Chair with a question which we feel bound to answer as nearly as we can. The question springs from an alarm apparently far felt by the sex concerned, at our suggestion, the other month, that we might, no very long time hence, see a woman at the head of our state. Men were not disturbed by the suggestion, having political affairs very little on their consciences, and the elect intelligence who has turned to us in a general trouble of mind is, needless to say, a woman. She has been troubled, it seems, by the examples we cited of sovereign ladies who proved so much more than equal to their office as to press its powers to excess, and to end in something very like tyranny. The semi-mythical Semiramis, the several Byzantine usurpresses beginning with Irene, the Catharines, first and second, and Elizabeth of Russia, not to include Maria Theresa of Austria, Christina of Sweden, and Her of China, are certainly potentates of a memory to give good women pause in choosing a head for our republic among their sex. But in any case there is another doubt with this elect intelligence which we wish to treat with all possible respect, the more because (as we will confide to the rest of the elect intelligences) we have ourselves no doubt whatever that our national housekeeping cannot be in better hands than those of our natural housekeepers.

If there is any real difficulty in the matter, the solution is very simple. No well-advised friend of votes for women need be annoyed by grotesque images, in their mind's eye, of a female commander of the army and navy. As long as we must have an army and navy their command and their operation can be as

easily provided for as in those free monarchies where the reigning prince, though he wears all kinds of military and naval uniforms, does not, if his subjects can help it (and they always do), take part in battle any more than the most delicate young or old lady in his dominions. With a woman-president (for whom we shall duly invent a style less awkward than Presidentess or Presidentine) we shall be at no greater disadvantage with the humorists than Great Britain, say, or the French Republic has always been in the omission of the prince or the president to head his soldiers in the field or sail his ships on the sea in time of war.

Woman's manifest unfitness for such duty is therefore unreasonably the cause of wit in those averse to her political equality with men who no more perform it than she would. It is indeed the genius of republics to sever the civil from the actual military primacy as far as may be. In our own administrations the Secretaries of War and of the Navy who could personally conduct our land or water forces have been almost as few as the Presidents who could do so. But it was not woman's military disability which perplexed that elect intelligence so much as the apprehension that a woman President could not be safely trusted with the civic powers which she would not have the health or strength to use, and which she would break down under. This would be to such confusion and disadvantage of public affairs as was not to be thought of. The point seemed to us so well taken that we at once wished to give it consideration; but we turned to it with heightened rather than abated faith in the cause of votes for women. For if the citizens who are to be, and soon to be, start with this generous anxiety it is a proof of their adequacy to the rights and duties they claim, and another of the reasons which their friends have advanced against the sophisms of their enemies.

The way out of the whole difficulty is not to find a woman who may be intrusted with powers that no woman ought to have, or no man either (if ever we are to have men Presidents after women begin to vote), but to reduce the powers and prerogatives of our chief magistrate within such bounds that the average citizen of any sex may safely be trusted with them. Our republic was founded in times when the minds of men were clouded with the ideals of the cast-off monarchy, and by statesmen who could not conceive of a state really self-ruled; or if any of them could, they were unable to give their concept maturity. That remained for after-time to accomplish; and even yet, even within a few years, within a year, the head functionary of the people has been sickeningly fawned upon as their "ruler." In form and in fact he should always be, and as fully as may be, their servant, and if women in their fear and doubt of themselves shall help to keep the first among us last, and to establish the Presidency solely as an ideal of service in the popular imagination, they will have done enough to prove their inherent qualification for the suffrage.

It has been the dream, the hope, the endeavor, of some Americans, whom events may bring to greater favor than they have yet enjoyed, that our Executive should be stripped of all authority which does not pertain to the simple duty of touching the button and letting the law do the rest. He need not be degraded to the official level of the King of England or the King of Italy, and by no means to that of the President of France or of Switzerland, but he might very well, so those unappreciated patriots declare, be reduced in power somewhat below the German Emperor. As yet the American President has not been safeguarded in his personal quality; you may attack him in the newspapers, and only the law of libel can be set in motion against you, if you go beyond the truth; you may assault and batter him, and it is like any other case of assault and battery; if you kill him, it is not treason, but manslaughter or murder, according to the evidence. But his vast appointive power as yet so little restricted by civil service rules; his power of setting one man out

of his order above others in the army or navy; his power of dismissing with disgrace any man or body of men from either; his power of pardoning or refusing to pardon a convicted offender, through which he becomes the law of legislatures and of courts; his power of pressing action upon Congress or of nullifying its action by the veto; these and other powers, those still unappreciated patriots hold, are remnants of the arbitrary sovereignty which our Constitution ought to deny as clearly as our Declaration. They are powers which no President has stretched beyond the patience of the people as yet; but if some day a President should embody the mob-spirit of a people who ludicrously suppose themselves law-abiding, what safeguards have we against his becoming a law, a lynch law, unto himself?

It is with such questions that certain alarmists, certain theorists, certain sentimentalists, if we prefer to call them so, have sought from time to time to stir the body politic from its torpor; and now, if the changes they would have brought about seem to be implicated by the impossibility of a woman President actually doing all our men Presidents have apparently done, we may have arrived at the point where we may well attempt some of them.

So far as possible we should eliminate, against the era of women Presidents, the personal equation from the Presidency, for in

"The abysmal depths of personality,"

the usefulness of woman is oftenest engulfed. Not only because she would not be physically equal to doing all that our men Presidents have done (which was the point made by that elect intelligence in her appeal), but because she would be unequal to doing it impersonally, must personality, that is despotic power, that is arbitrary action, be eliminated from the Presidency.

It is possible that this will be done before our first woman President is chosen. Possibly the very constitutional changes which give votes to women will involve the Presidency in such measure that all its appointive, legislative, and judicial functions shall be delegated to the administrative departments, to the Houses

of Congress and the courts of law. By that time the nation will have taken on more and more the likeness of a family, and the President will be the mother of the country. Or we may more truly approach the image of a household in electing a husband President and a wife Vice-President, or *vice versa*. Each party would make its nominations accordingly, and the President or Vice-President would be *de jure* as well as *de facto* "the first lady of the land." If a rare contingency in which it would be desirable to nominate a bachelor of either sex arose, it could be fitly waived and some less desirable candidates who were husband and wife could be chosen; such a pair would then come in as dark horses.

In the past we have elected only two bachelor Presidents; under the first the nation went to pieces, and the second made haste to get married so early in his term of office that he ought not to be counted. A bachelor President is a little more imaginable than a bachelor king, because there is no question of an heir-apparent with us. In the most signal instance of a bachelor queen known to history England was saddled with a succession of the worst kings who ever misgoverned a free people. No such evil chance would attend us from the choice of a maiden President, but a matron President would always be better; and though at first the notion of a Presidential pair, President and Vice-President, may strike the reader as rather *bouffe*, yet there is nothing essentially *bouffe* in it; the imagination is already accustomed to the notion of royal pairs; and takes them quite seriously, almost as seriously as they take themselves.

With a Presidential pair firmly seated in the chairs of state for four or eight years, we should have something like the pomp and circumstance which we now miss in our democratic society. We should have the semblance of a court, and honor, especially for women, would flow as freely from it as from a

monarchical court. This would be very pleasant, and we hope it would be satisfactory to any ladies among us who do not look forward to the possession of civic virtue, the moving principle of republics, as a sufficient reward of citizenship. But with the realization of the new ideal there would be the greater necessity for reducing the power of the Presidential family. We do not say, for we are not ready to say, that it should have no more political power than the royal family in England, but it might very well part, in the public interest, with a very large share of the political power which the President now enjoys, but which the Presidential family, with its added state, could not exercise without prejudice to the republic.

It is matter of history that all republics are fond of spectacles. In the past the Italian republics liked nothing better than entertaining visiting royalty on the most magnificent scale, and in our own time we see the same foible (if it is a foible and not a generous instinct) in the French and American republics. If, then, we had a court of our own in Washington, with a continuous performance at the White House of those functions we read of as following one another in king's palaces, there is no doubt but we should be willing to pay for it. An advance of salary might fairly be accepted as compensation for the loss of power; and the people whom the spectacle amused would be freed from the unwholesome excitement, the needless apprehensions, or the reasonable anxieties which, in view of the actual prerogatives of the President, vigilant patriots are always ready to rouse in the nation. A duplex Presidency, such as we have adumbrated, would necessarily be more costly, and the salary of the Presidential pair might very justly be doubled. To go no farther in argument, we may note the fact that without pinching it is increasingly difficult now for any lady to dress on seventy-five thousand a year.





Editor's Study

THIS has been called the Century of the Child. Of late we have been forcibly reminded that woman may claim the century as hers, but her most persuasive plea is for that possession in the interests of children.

Already maturity has placed itself not only at the service of childhood and adolescence, but under their control to such an extent as to invite spinsterly censure and bachelorly repulsion. We are sailing, if not under sealed orders, at least under orders which will become explicit and understandable by us only when our juvenile commanders shall have acquired the power of full articulation and expression. The obeisance is spontaneous, like every other advanced attitude we have assumed in our ultramodernity. It is not the result of a theory, but comes of our new sense of life, which is really a new faith in life.

Tutelage of children is indicated in the natural course of things. But before the middle of the nineteenth century the use and necessity of this tutelage had been assumed to extend far beyond any natural indication—so far indeed as to contradict both Nature and the Gospel. Parents and teachers had taken the child's whole life in hand, arbitrarily fixing its channels, and creating for it an atmosphere burdened with dreadful solitudes. The culture of fear was dominant—fear of Nature and fear of life in its natural procedure.

A transformation of thought and feeling during the last two generations, promising a new humanity, has reversed our attitude not only to Nature and life, but to the child. We have placed the child before us. Our faith in life inclines us to look forward with eager expectancy to see what life will bring forth, as we wait upon Nature for new disclosures. The child stands for things to come, and childhood, when we wait upon its spontaneous development, ourselves supplying only permissive condi-

tions and inspirational stimuli, becomes itself a surprising revelation.

We have but to look at the now rising generation to see that a great change has been wrought, promising in due time the full emancipation of the child—the independence of the most dependent creature on earth. It has not been accomplished by deliberate effort on the part of those who have the charge of children. The agencies to which this charge is committed, in so far as they are institutional, are inclined to lay stress upon traditional and conventional methods. Religious and secular education, left to its own course, is rather formal than creative. Even the kindergarten has the vice of system and tends toward mechanical routine. Always we have to distinguish between education and that culture which does not depend upon systems, but upon those mutations of the human sensibility which are the surprises of history—on the one side revolts, and, on the other, renaissances. It is through these mutations that systems themselves are transformed and the main currents of culture have free course. The currents and their course are inexplicable.

But the mystery is bound up with that of childhood. If there could be no child, there could not be a current at all. "One generation passeth away and another generation cometh": that is the course. Else humanity would be transfixed, a landlocked, stagnant sea.

Some of our readers may remember a story written by Sir Walter Besant, some twenty years ago, called *The Inner House*. The Elixir of Life has been discovered by a learned professor, who becomes the founder of a new society, the members of which—partaking of the magic fluid, manufactured under his direction in the "Inner House"—secure immunity from death, except by accident. Until such death occurs no child is permitted to be born. The Past is wholly ignored, such souvenirs of it as are not destroyed be-

ing stowed away in a remote chamber to which access is forbidden. The vital human current is thus closed at both ends. The early chapters of the novel depict the sterile condition of the society within these restrictions. After many years a man dies by accident and a child is born, becoming, of course, the centre of a strangely romantic interest. The little girl soon finds her way into the forbidden chamber of the Past. To her it is the bewitchment of a new play which is communicated to her elders, and the ice of the long winter is broken, giving way to the flood-tide of spring-time.

The story yields a luminous suggestion. We cannot advance if we shut out the Past. Our culture "looks before and after." The forward look is through the child's eyes—for it realization, for us a dream; and our backward look the child shares with us, revivifying for us the retrospect and reinforcing its significance, so that we become more illuminating and inspiring teachers.

Thus childhood is seen to be the principal factor in the psychical advance of the race, and most clearly seems to be that in our present era, when, instead of being arbitrarily repressed, it has free expression. As in all advanced movements, so here there is a strong reactionary protest. Every culture-tendency is, in its earlier stages, open to misunderstanding, because only in its signal triumph can it fully illustrate its possibilities.

The new literature and the new childhood are to-day incurring the same kind of criticism, misunderstanding, and denunciation. The view is confused, because there are so many noisy, ill-behaved children, and a still larger proportion of what may well be called noisy and ill-behaved books—such children no more representing the new childhood, nor such books the new literature, than the street mobs incidental to a revolution represent its high principle.

This confusion is apparent in a communication the editor receives from a highly educated woman of Indiana, who writes under the mistaken impression that she is combating the editor's opinions: "Recently, in a talk with a fine Scots woman-teacher . . . in a Female High School, I deplored the lack of good

manners in the youth of the present day—the 'rowdy' ways of the boys, the 'slam-bang' bearing of the girls—and this wise woman said: 'The Kindergarten has done it. Parents have gone on the principle, "Let us for our children live"—and children have gotten the upper hand. They control and direct the parents. . . . Children—ill-bred children—have the centre of the stage. Grown people . . . are crowded to the edges, and simply sit in rows and watch the unmannerly gambols of the children. "Let us for the children live."'

"It is from this standpoint that I see the magazine field of the present age. The children have the centre of the stage. The parents—in literature—are simply sitting on the edges, watching the rude gambols of urchins, who in many, many instances should be castigated and put to bed. Twenty years ago Mr. Henry James said, 'This is the age of trash triumphant.' And these conditions—so it seems to me—have gone on. Those of us who do not condone lax authority of the parents can only look on in sad amazement and wonder where all this kindergarten restlessness in printed matter, which we do not at all accept as literature, is going to come out. . . . Nevertheless there is still extant, in the middle distances and in the background . . . a happy minority of persons who find their deep literary joys elsewhere. One benefit of the 'trash triumphant'—the automobile novels, with their violet-scented damsels and reformed burglars—is that distaste for such inferior work sends us back to the old masters."

We should think so! As our correspondent prefaces what we have quoted with the statement that in recent years our high-class magazines have been deteriorating—mentioning three of the best illustrated ones—we might reasonably have expected some criticism of the kind of matter published in these magazines instead of the kind never seen there. Of course she does not expect to find the "old masters" there, and in anything fashioned exactly after their pattern no true lover of them ever would find deep joy or satisfaction. Nobody wants the old wine in new bottles.

The two great prophets of the new literature—Hardy and Meredith—were

surely masters. If the new order began thus nobly, even though no writer of to-day seems to reach their stature, who can foretell what geniuses may yet arise for that order's glorious consummation? Why, in looking over the book or magazine field of to-day, should our correspondent see only just that sensational stuff which the genuinely new literature began by repudiating—which Henry James, the most ultra-modern of the moderns, twenty years ago called "trash triumphant"? And why lay at the door of that greatest of educational prophets, dear old Froebel, all the bad manners of our youngsters?

But we have no controversy with our correspondent. When she goes on, dilating upon the glories of the past, we follow with full accord. These for us have longer been a delectation, simply because we are older. But we must remind her that the amplest and truest appreciation and interpretation of the past has come in our own time, out of our freer youngness. It is again from the ultra-modern Henry James—who, she says, has "what I have named 'The Irish Lens,' he sees things as they are"—that she quotes the following passage in *The American Scene* concerning taste: "It is of extreme interest to be reminded at many a turn in such an exhibition that it takes an endless amount of history to make even a little tradition, and an endless amount of tradition to make even a little taste, and, by the same token, an endless amount of taste to make even a little tranquillity. Tranquillity results largely from taste tactfully applied, taste lighted above all by experience, and possessed of a clue for its labyrinth." Yet in the face of this she asserts that "nearly all of our modern writers need taste."

It is because Henry James is especially a modernist that he so clearly sees the real values of the past and can make a more intelligent plea than the blind adorer of "classicism" can for the continuity of culture. Here he joins hands with George Meredith, whom, by the way, it has taken a generation's growth of modernistic criticism to comprehend. The worth of tradition is that it is not a fixed position, but a historic movement, changing with the mutations of human

sensibility, taste also changing therewith. The resultant tranquillity is not the same for us that it was for the old masters, but we have it, and in our new art it is a more positive and psychical value than it was in the old. It enters into our appreciation of old life and literature all the more because we are disinterested, unmoved by the prejudices and passions of a past age; and for our own life and literature it has created gracious amenities and tolerances which have displaced the old sharpness of satire and bitterness of controversy.

But we are forgetting those children for whom we live—for whom, too, we die. We live best for them if we leave invitingly open to them the treasure-house of the Past. It is a mistake to hurry forward their steps or to manufacture for them a special literature stamped with the form and impress of the present. They are to make the new things, it is ours to give them the freedom of that realm of the old. Our boys and girls before they are fourteen years old should revel in the great imaginative works of all time—the mythological and fairy lore; the Homeric epics; the really old dramas, including Shakespeare; *Don Quixote* and the fiction of Scott and Dickens, and the best of the *Spectator* essays along with those of Hazlitt and De Quincey. The voracity of the young reader is so marvellous that, besides the imaginative literature—including the best of English poetry—a great deal of history will be easily assimilated. All that we have suggestively indicated is far within the limits of possible attainment, if the requirements of the early school curriculum are accommodated to help rather than hindrance of it.

The forward current of culture will be expedited by the full inlet of the Past. The young will soon enough see what of this Past is to be kept and what is to be released. One is ready for modernity when one sees from just what our modernity is a departure. The distinction of our new fiction—as Thomas Hardy pointed out years ago—is that it is for grown-up readers. The writer for whom, in his own youth, the Past has had its full worth and meaning, is best fitted to create that kind of fiction and the most significant interpretative essay as well.

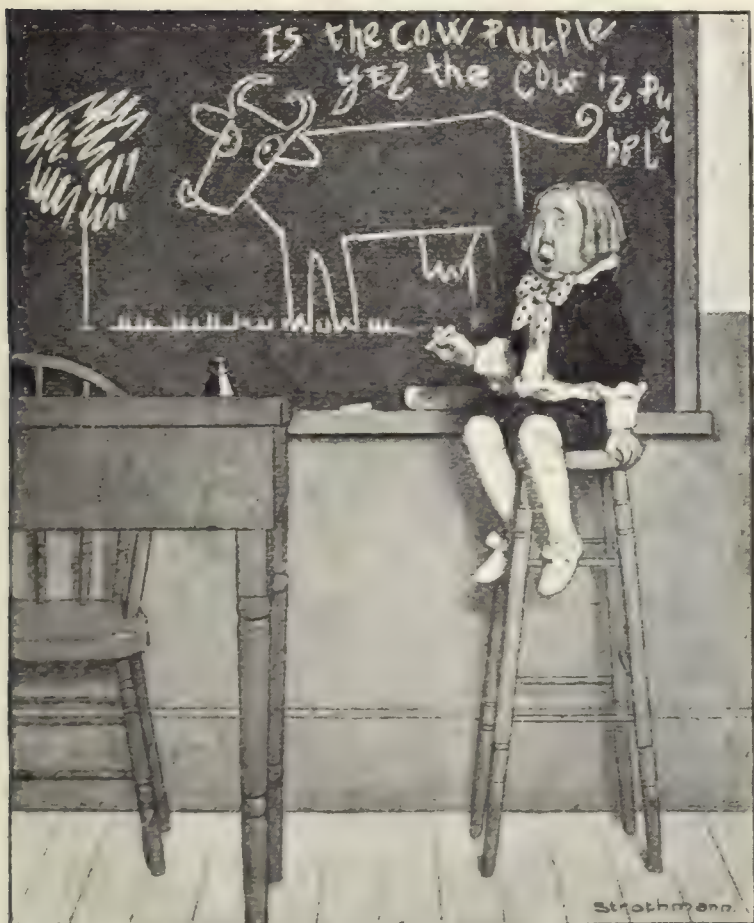
Editor's Drawer

Diversions of the Re-Echo Club

BY CAROLYN WELLS

IT is with pleasure that we announce our ability to offer to the public the papers of the Re-Echo Club. This club, somewhat after the order of the Echo Club, late of Boston, takes pleasure in trying to better what is done. On the occasion of the meeting of which the following gems of poesy are the result, the several members of the club engaged to write up the well-known tradition of the Purple Cow in more elaborate form than the quatrain made famous by Mr. Gelett Burgess:

"I never saw a Purple Cow,
I never hope to see one;
But I can tell you, anyhow,
I'd rather see than be one."



The first attempt here cited is the production of Mr. John Milton:

Hence, vain, deluding cows,
The herd of folly, without color bright,
How little you delight,

Or fill the Poet's mind, or songs arouse!
But, hail! thou goddess gay of feature!
Hail, divinest purple creature!
Oh, Cow, thy visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight.
And though I'd like, just once, to see thee,
I never, never, never'd be thee!

MR. P. BYSSHE SHELLEY:

Hail to thee, blithe spirit!
Cow thou never wert;
But in life to cheer it
Playest thy full part
In purple lines of unpremeditated art.

The pale purple color
Melts around thy sight
Like a star, but duller,
In the broad daylight.
I'd see thee, but I would not be thee if I
might.

We look before and after
At cattle as they browse;
Our most hearty laughter
Something sad must rouse.
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of
Purple Cows.

MR. W. WORDSWORTH:

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dee;
A Cow whom there were few to praise
And very few to see.
A violet by a mossy stone
Greeting the smiling East
Is not so purple, I must own,
As that erratic beast.
She lived unknown, that Cow, and so
I never chanced to see;
But if I had to be one, oh,
The difference to me!

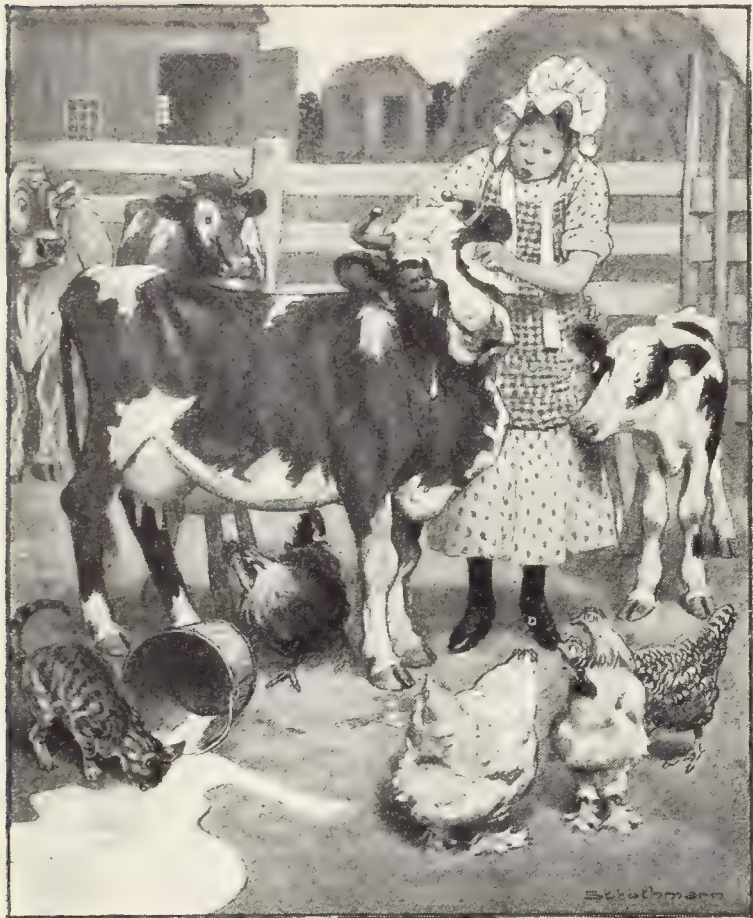
MR. T. GRAY:

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea;
I watched them slowly wend their weary
way,
But, ah, a Purple Cow I did not see.

Full many a cow of purplest ray serene
Is haply grazing where I may not see;
Full many a donkey writes of her, I ween,
But neither of these creatures would
I be.

MR. J. W. RILEY:

There, little Cow, don't cry!
You are brindle and brown, I know.
And with wild, glad hues
Of reds and blues,



You never will gleam and glow.
But though not pleasing to the eye,
There, little Cow, don't cry, don't cry.

LORD A. TENNYSON:

Ask me no more. A cow I fain would see
Of purple tint, like to a sun-soaked
grape—
Of purple tint, like royal velvet cape—
But such a creature I would never be—
Ask me no more.

MR. R. BROWNING:

All that I know
Of a certain Cow
Is it can throw,
Somewhere, somehow,
Now a dart of red,
Now a dart of blue
(That makes purple, 'tis said).
I would fain see, too,
This Cow that darkles the red and the blue

MR. J. KEATS:

A cow of purple is a joy forever.
Its loveliness increases. I have never
Seen this phenomenon. Yet ever keep
A brave lookout; lest I should be asleep
When she comes by. For, though I would
not be one,
I've oft imagined 'twould be joy to see one.

MR. D. G. ROSSETTI:

The Purple Cow strayed in the glade;
(Oh, my soul! but the milk is blue!)
She strayed and strayed and strayed and
strayed
(And I wail and I cry Wa-hoo!).

I've never seen her—nay, not I;
(Oh, my soul! but the milk is blue!)
Yet were I that Cow I should want to die.
(And I wail and I cry Wa-hoo!)
But in vain my tears I strew.

MR. T. ALDRICH:

Somewhere in some faked nature place,
In Wonderland, in Nonsense Land,
Two darkling shapes met face to face,
And bade each other stand.

"And who are you?" said each to each;
"Tell me your title, anyhow."
One said, "I am the Papal Bull,"
"And I the Purple Cow."

MR. E. ALLAN POE:

Open then I flung a shutter,
And, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a Purple Cow which
gayly tripped around my floor.
Not the least obeisance made she,
Not a moment stopped or stayed she,
But with mien of chorus lady perched her-
self above my door.
On a dusty bust of Dante perched and sat
above my door.



And that Purple Cow unflitting
Still is sitting—still is sitting
On that dusty bust of Dante just above
my chamber door,
And her horns have all the seeming

Of a demon's that is screaming,
And the arc-light o'er her streaming
Casts her shadow on the floor.
And my soul from out that pool of Purple
Shadow on the floor,
Shall be lifted Nevermore!

MR. H. LONGFELLOW:

The day is done, and the darkness
Falls from the wing of night
As ballast is wafted downward
From an air-ship in its flight.

I dream of a purple creature
Which is not as kine are now;
And resembles cattle only
As Cowper resembles a cow.

Such cows have power to quiet
Our restless thoughts and rude;
They come like the Benedictine
That follows after food.

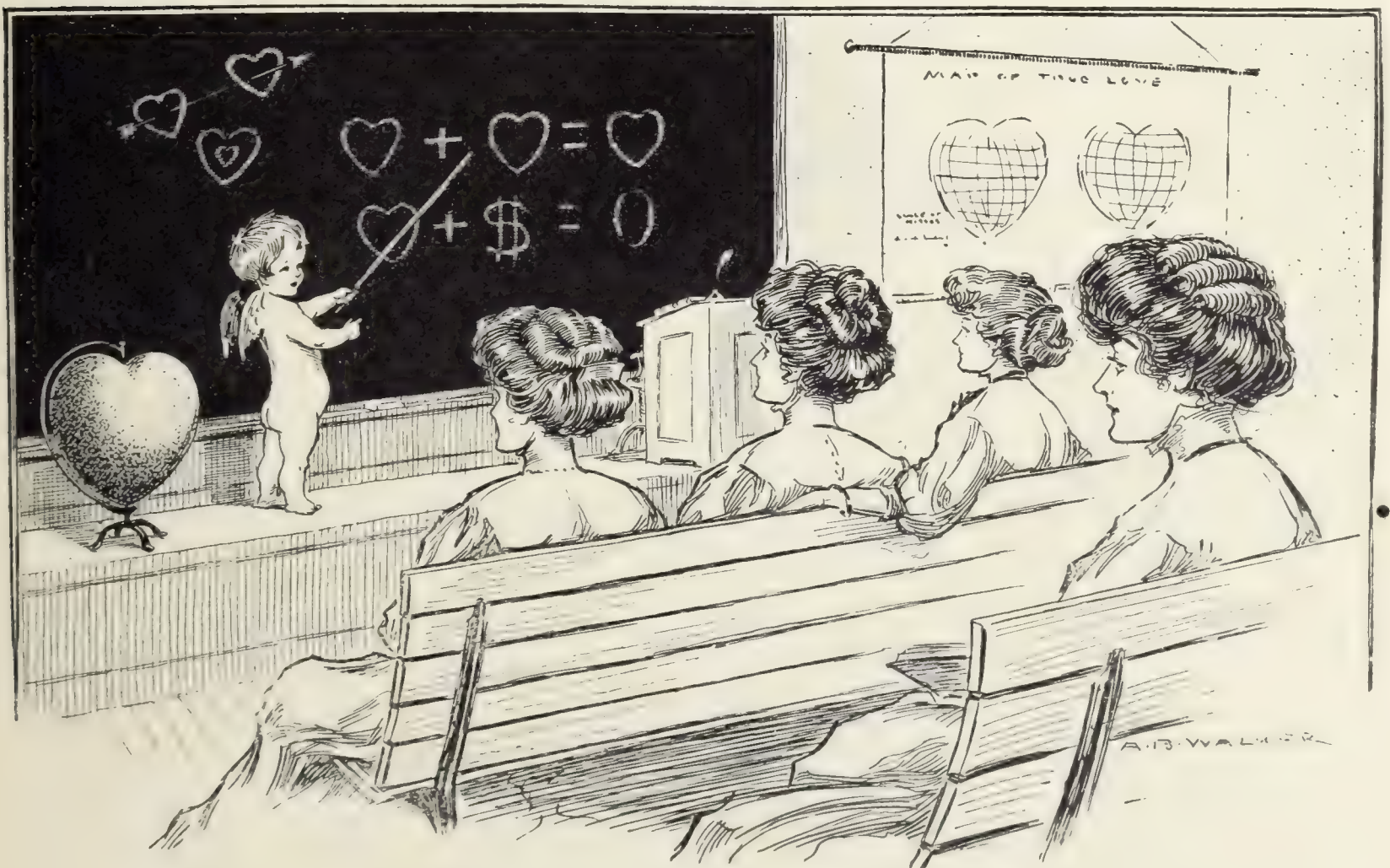
MR. A. SWINBURNE:

Oh, Cow of rare rapturous vision,
Oh, purple, impalpable Cow,
Do you browse in a Dream Field Elysian,
Are you purpling pleasantly now?
By the side of wan waves do you languish?
Or in the lithe lush of the grove?
While vainly I search in my anguish,
O Bovine of mauve!

Despair in my bosom is sighing,
Hope's star has sunk sadly to rest;
Though cows of rare sorts I am buying,
Not one breathes a balm to my breast.



Oh, rapturous rose-crowned occasion,
When I such a glory might see!
But a cow of a purple persuasion
I never would be.



Sentimental Arithmetic

A new course in our girl's colleges.

Where Ignorance is Bliss

WHEN the United States fleet entered Asiatic waters during the famous round-the-world voyage, a small cruiser was sent ahead to a Chinese port upon official business connected with the cruise. Upon arrival the ship's officers were invited to dine by a Chinese mandarin, and during the meal one of the officers wished a second helping of a certain savory dish which he supposed was duck. Not knowing a word of Chinese, he therefore extended his empty plate, remarking with smiling approval:

"Quack! quack! quack!"

But the officer's appetite failed him suddenly, as his host, with a twinkle of slant Celestial eyes, shook his head with simple but horrifying response:

"Bow! wow! wow!"

His Preference

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Bobbie went visiting with his mother, and unexpectedly remaining overnight, was obliged to wear his cousin Katie's nightgown. The next morning he said, tearfully, "Mamma, before I'll wear a girl's nightie again, I'll sleep raw."

Cause For Joy

"WHO gave the bride away?"
"Her little brother. He stood up right in the middle of the ceremony and yelled, 'Hurrah, Mary, you've got him at last!'"



"Some of those pieces must be lost!"

The Purpose or Not the Purpose

A NEW member of Congress who was bound to let his constituents know that he was not sitting idle all day long, shortly after the convening of the extra session, made this ringing speech:

"Mr. Speaker: Have we laws, or have we not laws? If we have laws, and they are not observed, to what end were those laws made?" And so saying he took his seat feeling rather elated over his brilliant remarks.

"Mr. Speaker," shouted one of the veterans of the House, "did the honorable gentleman who just spoke, speak to the purpose, or not to the purpose? If he did not speak to the purpose, to what purpose then did he speak?"

Equine Note

"WHY don't you try to drive that horse without profanity?"

"It wouldn't do any good," answered the canal boatman. "It ain't fair to the horse to ask it to start at its time of life to learn a lot of polite words."

More So

A NEBRASKA man, lately returned from a prolonged sojourn abroad, was holding forth to some friends in Lincoln with respect to his experiences while travelling on the Continent, when he chanced to refer to "a stay in Holland and the Netherlands."

"Beg pardon, Henry," said some one, "but are not the terms 'Holland' and 'the Netherlands' synonymous?"

"Of course!" hastily responded Henry; "but you must know that Holland is the more synonymous of the two!"

Descriptive

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Dorothy had just returned from her first visit to the city. One of the most interesting things she had there seen was an elevator. "An' when I grow up," some days later she was telling her sister, "I'm goin' to build a castle awful high, an' 'stead o' stairs, I'm goin' to have a up-an'-down little house in it."



Appearances are Deceitful

Ave Musca

Ode to a House-Fly

BY JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

THERE is no use talking, I
Like the courage of a Fly.
You can punch him on the snoot
And he doesn't give a hoot.
You can thunder awful threats,
Give him lunges, and onsets,
That would scare a grenadier,
Or a doughty cavalier,
And he still will sing his song.
And go buzzing straight along,
With no sign at all of fear,
Round your ear.

You can chase him with a slat,
With a pistol or a bat;
You can shoot, and lamm, and whack,
As you speed along his track;
You can threaten him with death
Till you fairly lose your breath;
But in spite of all he flits
Calmly on, and later sits
On the tip end of your nose,
Without any sort of pose,
From his wing-tips to his feet,
Of conceit.

You can try to frighten him
With the torture-chamber grim;
You can try to smoke him out,
But he lingers still about;
And instead of taking fright,
Or of fading out of sight,
He returns unto the fray
In a careless sort of way,
And reclining on your chin
He invites his neighbors in,
And most imperturbably
Gives a tea!

I have read of Bonaparte;
Alexander, bold and smart;
I have read of Washington
And the brave deeds he has done;
There was Julius Cæsar, too;
Mr. Dewey; B. Boru;
There was brave old D'Artagnan
With his musketeery clan—
All were men who knew not dread,
But there were times when they fled.
But the Fly—his motto's "ME
SED NON FLEA!"



ETHEL (after her first auto ride). "Oh, mother, it was perfectly lovely. We went twice as far as possible in half the time it takes."

As She Heard It

FIVE-YEAR-OLD Helen has no greater joy than to have her father call her on the phone from his city office.

The other day she came home from Sunday-school radiant.

"Oh, wasn't Jesus good!" she cried.

"About what?" queried her mother.

"Why, 'cause, mamma, it tells in the new song what we're learning:

'How He called little children
Like lambs to the phone.'

Now, wasn't that lovely of Him?"

Correct

SUNDAY-SCHOOL TEACHER (to quiet-looking boy at the foot of the class). "In what condition was the patriarch Job at the end of his life?"

"Dead," calmly replied the boy.

Enterprise

THAT the passion for exclusive news "stories" is by no means confined to the newspapers of the big cities was amusingly illustrated, not long ago, by an editorial notice in a country paper in Iowa.

"We were the first journal in the State," ran this notice, "to announce, on the 11th instant, the news of the destruction in Des Moines, by fire, of the mammoth painting establishment of Jenkins & Brothers. We are now the first to inform our readers that the report was absolutely without foundation."

Welcome Assistance

AN old colored woman came into a Washington real-estate office the other day, and was recognized as a tenant of a small house that had become much enhanced in value by reason of the building of the great new Union Station in that neighborhood.

"Look here, auntie, we are going to raise your rent this month," the agent remarked, briskly.

"'Deed an Ah's glad to hear dat, sah," the old woman replied, ducking her head politely. "Mighty glad, fo' sho', 'case Ah des come in hyah terday ter tell yo'-all dat Ah couldn't raise hit dis month!"

Quits

A LITTLE girl was in the habit of telling awful "stretchers." Her auntie told her she could never believe her; and, to warn her, related the tale of the boy who called "Wolf, wolf!" and how the wolf really did come one day and ate up all the sheep.

"Ate the sheep?" asked the child.

"Yes."

"All of them?"

"Yes, all of them," said the auntie.

"Well," said the little one, "I don't believe you, and you don't believe me. So there!"



The Wedding Presents received by the Artist and his Bride

A Long-Panter

MARY, aged fourteen, was found one day by an older sister sobbing and crying. "What is the matter?" she asked, with great concern.

"Three boys have asked me to go to the dance to-night," was the unexpected reply.

"Well, my dear child, certainly that is not such a terrible misfortune."

"Yes, but I told the first one I would go with him, and the last one was a long-panter!"

Had Something to Say

IN a Southern police court a colored boy was about to receive sentence for some petty offence. It was evidently his first time "up," and he was not familiar with court usages.

When the magistrate asked the usual question before pronouncing sentence he varied the form a little—carelessly, or perhaps as a relief to its monotony.

"Well, sir, have you anything to say?"

"Yes, sir," stammered the frightened dorky.

"You *have*?" The evidence had been very strong against the culprit. "Speak up, then, and let us hear it."

Whereupon, to the amazement of his Honor, the lawyers, and all in court, the lad began to recite in a singsong voice:

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the
lea."

Unimportant

AN American whose business interests take him once a year to Russia tells of an interesting example of militarism in that country.

The American was on one occasion walking in the streets of Moscow, when his attention was attracted by a miniature riot, during which the swishing of a whip was not the least sound that came to his ears. Running across the street, he found that a stocky man in a blouse was flat on the ground, stoutly resisting the efforts of two soldiers to set him on his feet. Also the American became aware of the presence beside him of an official in uniform who was watching the struggle—without excitement or interest, however.

"What's the matter?" asked the American, in French.

A shrug of the shoulders of the official was most impressive. "Nothing in particular," said he. "Only a peasant turning volunteer."

Force of Habit

"I WISH, Henry," said the editor's wife, "that you'd try not to be so absent-minded when we are dining out."

"Eh? What have I done now?"

"Why, when the hostess asked you if you'd have some more pudding you replied that owing to the tremendous pressure on your space you were compelled to decline."



The Judgment of Paris (France)

The Dressmaker

BY MARIE LOUISE TOMPKINS

TH' dressmaker—now, when she comes
 You has to have good things to eat,
 'Cause if you don't she'll go an' tell
 'Most ev'rybody on your street
 Jus' how you live! My ma says so.
 An' dinner-time when things seem queer
 I mus'n't act all s'prised an' say,
 "We don't do so 'cept when she's here."

Soon as my ma can find th' chair
 (Cause this one doesn't set jus' right)
 An' gets th' curtains pulled some more,
 So's there won't be too strong a light,
 W'y, then she thinks she feels a draught—
 I run to get th' little shawl
 She's brought. If she don't feel jus' right—
 W'y, she can't dressmake you at all!

Dressmaker ladies—they know lots
 'At happens 'at your ma don't know.
 'Cept when their mouf's all full of pins
 They talk an' make th' needle go.
 Th' folks 'at lives nex' door to us
 They haven't got new clo'es this fall—
 It's jus' some old fixed-over ones;
 She knows, 'cause she dressmaked 'um all.

An' Fred Brown's pa, when *he* comes home,
 Whips him,—I guess, 'bout ev'ry night.
 It ain't no way to bring him up,
 Th' lady says—she knows what's right.
 Th' way th' girls run after our
 New minister—it's jus' a sin!
 She says, an' "folks is wonderin'
 If Marthy Jones 'll rope him in."

I hanged tape-measures 'round my neck
 So's I can learn to dressmake too.
 But I can't make th' scissors cut,
 'Cause I forget you has to chew.



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Castle on the Dunes"

SHE PUT THE SILVER CORONET UPON HER HEAD

HARPER'S

MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIX

SEPTEMBER, 1909

No. DCCXII

The House Surgeon*

A STORY IN TWO PARTS

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

For we must needs die and are as water spilt on the ground which cannot be gathered up again: neither doth God respect any person: yet doth he devise means whereby his banished be not expelled from him.—2 Samuel, xiv: 14.

ON an evening after Easter Day, I sat at a table in a homeward-bound steamer's smoking-room, where half a dozen of us told ghost stories. As our party broke up, a man playing Patience in the next alcove said to me, "I didn't quite catch the end of that last story about the Curse on the family's First-born."

"It turned out to be drains," I explained. "As soon as the new ones were put into the house, the curse was lifted, I believe. I never knew the people myself."

"Ah! I've had *my* drains up twice—I'm on gravel too."

"You don't mean to say you've a ghost in your house? Why didn't you join our party?"

"Any more orders, gentlemen, before the bar closes?" the steward interrupted.

"Sit down again and have one with me," said the Patience-player. "No, it isn't a ghost. Our trouble is more depression than anything else."

"How interesting! Then it's nothing any one can see?"

"It's—it's nothing worse than a little depression. And the odd part is that there hasn't been a death in the house since it was built—in 1883. The lawyer

said so. That decided me—my good lady, rather—and he made me pay an extra thousand for it."

"How curious! Unusual too!" I said.

"Yes, ain't it? It was built for three sisters—Moultrie was the name: three old maids. They all lived together; the eldest owned it. I bought it from her lawyer two years ago, and if I've spent a pound on the place first and last, I must have spent five thousand. Electric light: new servants' wing: garden—all that sort of thing. A man and his family ought to be happy after so much expense—ain't it?" He looked at me through the bottom of his glass.

"Does it affect your family much?"

"My good lady—she's a Greek, by the way—and myself are middle-aged. We can bear up against depression, but it's hard on my little girl. I say little, but she's twenty. We send her visiting to escape it; she almost lived in hotels last year, but that isn't pleasant for her. She used to be a canary—a perfect canary—always singing. You ought to hear her. She doesn't sing now. That sort of thing's unwholesome for the young—ain't it?"

"Can't you get rid of the place?" I suggested.

"Not except at a sacrifice, and we are fond of it. Just suits us three. We'd love it if we were allowed."

"What do you mean by not being allowed?"

"I mean because of the depression. It spoils everything."

"What's it like, exactly?"

"I couldn't very well explain. It must be seen to be appreciated, as the auctioneers say. Now, I was much impressed by the story you were telling just now."

"It wasn't true," I said.

"My tale is true. If you would do me the pleasure to come down and spend the night at my little place, you'd learn more than you would if I talked till morning. Very likely 'twouldn't touch your good self at all. You might be—immune, ain't it? On the other hand, if this influenza—influence—*does* happen to affect you, why, I think it will be an experience."

While he talked he gave me his card, and I saw his name was L. Maxwell McLeod, Esq., of Holmescroft. A City address was tucked away in a corner.

"My business," he added, "used to be furs. If you are interested in furs—I've given thirty years of my life to 'em."

"You're very good," I said.

"Far from it, I assure you. I can meet you next Saturday afternoon anywhere in town you choose to name, and I'll be only too happy to motor you down. It ought to be a delightful run at this time of year—the rhododendrons will be out. I mean it. You don't know how truly I mean it. Very probably it won't affect you at all. And—I think I may say I have the finest collection of narwhal horns in the world. All the best skins and horns have to go through London, and L. Maxwell McLeod he knows where they come from, and where they go to. That's his business."

For the rest of the voyage up Channel, Mr. McLeod talked to me of the assembling, preparation, and sale of the rarer furs, and told me things about the manufacture of fur-lined coats which quite shocked me. Somehow or other, when we landed on Wednesday, I found myself pledged to spend that week-end at Holmescroft.

On Saturday he met me with a well-groomed motor, and ran me out in an hour and a half to an exclusive residential district of dustless roads and elegantly designed villas, each standing in from three to five acres of perfectly

appointed land. He told me land was selling at eight hundred pounds the acre, and the new golf-links, whose Queen Anne pavilion we passed, had cost nearly twenty-four thousand pounds to create.

Holmescroft was a large, low, two-storied, creeper-covered residence. A veranda at the south side gave on to a garden and two tennis-courts, separated by a tasteful iron fence from a most park-like meadow of five or six acres, where two Jersey cows grazed. Tea was ready in the shade of a promising copper beech, and I could see groups, on the lawn, of young men and maidens, appropriately clothed, playing lawn-tennis in the sunshine.

"A pretty scene, ain't it?" said Mr. McLeod. "My good lady's sitting under the tree, and that's my little girl in pink on the far court. But I'll take you to your room, and you can see 'em all later."

He led me through a wide parquet-floored hall furnished in pale lemon, with huge cloisonné vases, an ebonized and gold grand piano, and banks of pot flowers in Benares brass bowls, up a pale oak staircase to a spacious landing where there was a green velvet settee trimmed with silver. The blinds were drawn, and the light lay in parallel lines on the floors.

He showed me to my room, saying, cheerfully: "You may be a little tired. One often is, without knowing it, after a run through traffic. Don't come down till you feel quite restored. We shall all be in the garden."

My room was rather close, and smelled of perfumed soap. I threw up the window at once, but it opened so close to the floor and worked so clumsily that I came within an ace of pitching out, where I should certainly have ruined a rather lop-sided laburnum below. As I set about washing off the journey's dust, I began to feel a little tired. But, I reflected, I had not come down here in this weather and among these new surroundings to be depressed, so I began to whistle.

And it was just then that I was aware of a little gray shadow, as it might have been a snowflake seen against the light, floating at an immense distance in the background of my brain. It annoyed me, and I shook my head to get rid of it. Then my brain telegraphed that it was

the forerunner of a swift-striding gloom which there was yet time to escape if I would force my thoughts away from it, as a man leaping for life forces his body forward and away from the fall of a wall. But the gloom overtook me before I could grasp the meaning of the message. I moved toward the bed, every nerve already aching with the foreknowledge of the pain that was to be dealt it, and sat down, while my amazed and angry soul dropped gulf by gulf into that horror of great darkness which is spoken of in the Bible, and which, as the auctioneers say, must be experienced to be appreciated.

Despair upon despair, misery upon misery, fear after fear, each causing their distinct and separate woe, packed in upon me for an unrecorded length of time, until at last they blurred together, and I heard a click in my brain like the click in the ear when one descends in a diving-bell, and I knew that the pressures were equalized within and without, and that, for the moment, the worst was at an end. But I knew also that at any moment the darkness might come down anew; and while I dwelt on this speculation precisely as a man torments a raging tooth with his tongue, it ebbed away into the little gray shadow on the brain of its first coming, and once more I heard my brain, which knew what would happen, telegraph to every quarter for help, release, or diversion.

The door opened, and McLeod reappeared. I thanked him politely, saying I was charmed with my room, anxious to meet Mrs. McLeod, much refreshed with my wash, and so on and so forth. Beyond a little stickiness at the corners of my mouth, it seemed to me that I was managing my words admirably, the while that I myself cowered at the bottom of unclimbable pits. McLeod laid his hand on my shoulder, and said, "You've got it now already, ain't it?"

"Yes," I answered; "it's making me sick!"

"It will pass off when you come outside. I give you my word it will then pass off. Come!"

I shambled out behind him, and wiped my forehead in the hall.

"You mustn't mind," he said. "I expect the run tired you. My good lady is sitting there under the copper beech."

She was a fat woman in an apricot-colored gown, with a heavily powdered face, against which her black, long-lashed eyes showed like currants in dough. I was introduced to many fine ladies and gentlemen of those parts. Magnificently appointed landaus and covered motors swept in and out of the drive, and the air was gay with the merry outcries of the tennis-players.

As twilight drew on they all went away, and I was left alone with Mr. and Mrs. McLeod, while tall men-servants and maid servants took away the tea and tennis things. Miss McLeod had walked a little down the drive with a light-haired young man who apparently knew everything about South-American railway stock. He told me at tea that these were the days of financial specialization.

"I think it went off beautifully, my dear," said Mr. McLeod to his wife, and to me: "You feel all right now, ain't it? Of course you do."

Mrs. McLeod surged across the gravel. Her husband skipped nimbly before her into the south veranda, turned a switch, and all Holmescroft was flooded with light.

"You can do that from your room also," he said as they went in. "There is something in money, ain't it?"

Miss McLeod came up behind me in the dusk. "We have not yet been introduced," she said, "but I suppose you are staying the night?"

"Your father was kind enough to ask me," I replied.

She nodded. "Yes, *I* know; and you know, too, don't you? I saw your face when you came to shake hands with mamma. You felt the depression very soon. It is simply frightful in that bedroom sometimes. What do you think it is--bewitchment? In Greece, where I was a little girl, it might have been, but not in England, do you think? Or *do* you?"

"I don't know what to think," I replied. "I never felt anything like it. Does it happen often?"

"Yes, sometimes. It comes and goes."

"Pleasant!" I said as we walked up and down the gravel at the lawn edge. "What has been your experience of it?"

"That is difficult to say, but—some—



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

I THOUGHT SOME ONE AT MY ELBOW WAS ABOUT TO SPEAK

times that—that depression is like, as it were”—she gesticulated in most un-English fashion—“a light. Yes, like a light turned into a room—only a light of blackness, do you understand?—into a happy room. For sometimes we are so happy, all we three—so very happy. Then this blackness, it is turned on us just like—ah, I know what I mean now—like the head-lamp of a motor, and we are eclipsed. And then there is another thing—”

The dressing-gong roared, and we entered the overlighted hall. My dressing was a brisk, athletic performance, varied with outbursts of song—careful attention paid to articulation and expression. But nothing happened. As I hurried down-stairs, I thanked Heaven that nothing had happened.

Dinner was served breakfast fashion; the dishes were placed on the sideboard over heaters, and we helped ourselves.

“We always do this when we are alone. So we talk better,” said Mr. McLeod.

“And we always are alone,” said the daughter.

“Cheer up, Thea. It will come right,” he insisted.

“No, papa,” she shook her dark head. “Nothing is right while *it* comes.”

“It is nothing that ourselves we have ever done in our lives—that I will swear to you,” said Mrs. McLeod, suddenly. “And we have changed our servants several times, so we know it is not *them*.”

“Never mind. Let us enjoy ourselves while we can,” said Mr. McLeod, opening the champagne.

But we did not enjoy ourselves. The talk failed. There were long silences.

“I beg your pardon,” I said, for I thought some one at my elbow was about to speak.

“Ah! That is the other thing!” said Miss McLeod. Her mother groaned.

We were silent again, and, in a few seconds it must have been, a live grief beyond words—not ghostly dread or horror, but aching, helpless grief—overwhelmed us, each, I felt, according to his or her nature, and held steady like the beam of a burning-glass. Behind that pain I was conscious there was a desire on somebody’s part to explain something on which some tremendously important issue hung.

Meantime I rolled bread pills and remembered my sins; McLeod considered his own reflection in a spoon; his wife seemed to be praying, and the girl fidgeted desperately with hands and feet, till the darkness passed on as though the malignant rays of a burning-glass had been shifted from us.

“There,” said Miss McLeod, half rising. “Now you see what makes a happy home. Oh, sell it—sell it, father mine, and let us go away!”

“But I’ve spent thousands on it. You shall go to Harrogate next week, Thea dear.”

“I’m only just back from hotels. I am so tired of packing!”

“Cheer up, Thea. It is over. You know it does not often come here twice in the same night. I think we shall dare now to be comfortable.”

He lifted a dish-cover and helped his wife and daughter. His face was lined and fallen like an old man’s after debauch, but his hand did not shake, and his voice was clear. As he worked to restore us by speech and action, he reminded me of a gray-muzzled collie herding demoralized sheep.

After dinner we sat round the dining-room fire—the drawing-room might have been under the Shadow for aught we knew—talking with the intimacy of gipsies by the wayside, or of wounded comparing notes after a skirmish. By eleven o’clock the three between them had given me every name and detail they could recall that in any way bore on Holmescroft and what they knew of its history.

We went to bed in a fortifying blaze of electric light. My one fear was that the blasting gust of depression would return—the surest way, of course, to bring it. I lay awake till dawn, breathing quickly and sweating lightly beneath what De Quincey inadequately describes as “the oppression of inexpressible guilt.” Now as soon as the lovely day was broken, I fell into the most terrible of all dreams—that joyous one in which all past evil has not only been wiped out of our lives, but has never been committed; and in the very bliss of our assured innocence, before our loves shriek and change countenance, we wake to the day we have earned.

It was a coolish morning, but we pre-

ferred to breakfast in the south veranda. The forenoon we spent in the garden, pretending to play games that come out of boxes—such as croquet and clock golf. But most of the time we drew together and talked. The young man who knew about South-American railways took Miss McLeod for a walk in the afternoon, and at five McLeod thoughtfully whirled us all off to dine in town.

"Now, don't say you will tell the Psychological Society, and that you will come again," said Miss McLeod, as we parted. "Because I know you will not."

"You should not say that," said her mother. "You should say: 'Good-by, Mr. Perseus. Come again.'"

"Not him!" the girl cried. "He has seen Medusa's head!"

Looking at myself in the restaurant's mirrors, it seemed to me that I had not much benefited by my week-end. Next morning I wrote out all my Holmescroft notes at fullest length, in the hope that by so doing I could put it all behind me. But the experience worked on my mind, as they say certain imperfectly understood rays work on the body.

Though I am less calculated to make a Sherlock Holmes than any man I know, for I lack both method and patience, the idea of following up the trouble to its source fascinated me. I had no theory to go on, beyond the vague idea that I had come between two poles of a discharge, and had taken a shock meant for some one else. This was followed by a feeling of intense irritation. I waited cautiously on myself, expecting to be overtaken by horror of the supernatural, but myself persisted in being humanly indignant, exactly as though it had been the victim of a practical joke. It was in great pains and upheavals—that I felt in every fibre—but its dominant idea, to put it coarsely, was to get back a bit of its own. By this I knew that I might go forward if I could find the way.

After a few days it occurred to me to go to the office of Mr. J. M. M. Baxter—the solicitor who had sold Holmescroft to McLeod. I explained that I had some notion of buying the place. Would he act for me in the matter?

Mr. Baxter—a large, grayish, throaty-voiced man—showed no enthusiasm. "I sold it to Mr. McLeod," he said. "It 'ud

scarcely do for me to start on the running-down tack now. But I can recommend—"

"I know he's asking an awful price," I interrupted, "and, atop of it, he wants an extra thousand for what he calls your clean bill of health."

Mr. Baxter sat up in his chair. I had all his attention.

"Your guarantee with the house. Don't you remember?"

"Yes, yes. That no death had taken place in the house since it was built. I remember perfectly."

He did not gulp as untrained men do when they lie, but his jaws moved stickily, and his eyes, turning toward the deed-boxes on the wall, dulled. I counted seconds—one, two, three—one, two, three—up to ten. A man, I knew, can live through ages of mental depression in that time.

"I remember perfectly." His mouth opened a little as though it had tasted old bitterness.

"Of course *that* sort of thing doesn't appeal to me," I went on. "I don't expect to buy a house free from death."

"Certainly not. Utterly absurd! But it was Mr. McLeod's fancy—his wife's, rather, I believe; and since we could meet it—it was my duty to my clients, at whatever cost to my own feelings—to make him pay."

"That's really why I came to you. I understood from him you knew the place well."

"Oh yes. It originally belonged to some connections of mine."

"The Misses Moultrie, I suppose. How interesting! They must have loved the place before the country round about was built up."

"They were very fond of it indeed."

"I don't wonder. So restful and sunny. I don't see how they could have brought themselves to part with it."

Now it is one of the most constant peculiarities of the English that in polite conversation—and I had striven to be polite—no one ever does or sells anything for mere money's sake.

"Miss Agnes the youngest—fell ill" (he spaced his words a little), "and, as they were very much attached to each other, that broke up the home."

"Naturally. I fancied it must have been something of that kind. One does—"



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

I EXPLAINED THAT I HAD SOME NOTION OF BUYING THE PLACE

n't associate the Staffordshire Moultries" (my Demon of Irresponsibility at that instant created 'em) "with—with being hard up."

"I don't know whether we're related to them," he answered, importantly. "We may be, but our branch of the family comes from the Midlands."

I give this talk at length, because I am so proud of my first attempt at detective work. But when I left him, twenty minutes later, with instructions to move against the owner of Holmescroft with a view to purchase, I was more bewildered than any Doctor Watson at the opening of a story.

Why should a middle-aged solicitor turn plover's-egg color and drop his jaw when reminded of so innocent and festal a matter as that no death had ever occurred in a house that he had sold? If I knew my English vocabulary at all, the tone in which he had said "the youngest sister fell ill" meant that she had gone out of her mind. That might explain his change of countenance, and it was just possible that her demented influence still clung about Holmescroft; but all the rest was beyond me.

I was relieved when I reached McLeod's City office, and could tell him what I had done—not what I thought.

McLeod was quite willing to enter into the game of the pretended purchase, but did not see how it would help if I knew Baxter.

"He's the only living soul I can get at who was connected with Holmescroft," I said.

"Ah! Living soul is good," said McLeod. "At any rate our little girl will be pleased that you are still interested in us. Won't you come down some day this week?"

"How is the—the depression now?" I asked.

He screwed up his face. "Simply frightful!" he said. "Thea is at Droitwich."

"I should like it immensely, but I must cultivate Baxter for the present. You'll be sure and keep him busy your end, won't you?"

He looked at me with quiet contempt. "Do not be afraid. I shall be a good Jew. I shall be my own solicitor."

Before a fortnight was over, Baxter

ruefully admitted that McLeod was better than most firms in the business. We buyers were coy, argumentative, shocked at the price of Holmescroft, inquisitive, and cold by turns, but Mr. McLeod the seller easily met and surpassed us; and Mr. Baxter entered every letter, telegram, and consultation at the proper rates in a cinematograph film of a bill. At the end of a month he said it looked as though McLeod, thanks to him, were really going to listen to reason. I was many pounds out of pocket, but I had learned something of Mr. Baxter on the human side. I deserved it. Never in my life have I worked to conciliate, amuse, and flatter a human being as I worked over my solicitor.

It appeared that he golfed. Therefore I was an enthusiastic beginner, anxious to learn. Twice I invaded his office, with a bag (McLeod lent it), full of the spelicans needed in this detestable game, and a vocabulary to match. The third time the ice broke, and Mr. Baxter took me to his links, quite ten miles off, where in a maze of tramway-lines, railroads, and nursery-maids, we skelped our divotted way round nine holes like barges plunging through head seas. He played vilely, and had never expected to meet any one worse, but when he realized my form, I think he began to like me, for he took me in hand by the two hours together. After a fortnight he could give me no more than a stroke a hole, and when, with this allowance, I once managed to beat him by one, he was honestly glad, and assured me that I should be a golfer if I stuck to it. I was sticking to it for my own ends, but now and again my conscience pricked me; for the man was a nice man. Between games he supplied me with odd pieces of evidence, such as that he had known the Moultries all his life, being their cousin, and that Miss Mary, the eldest, was an unforgiving woman who would never let bygones be. I naturally wondered what she might have against him; and somehow connected him unfavorably with mad Agnes.

"People ought to forgive and forget," he volunteered one day between rounds. "Specially where, in the nature of things, they can't be sure of their deductions. Don't you think so?"

"It all depends on the nature of the evidence on which one forms one's judgment," I answered.

"Nonsense!" he cried. "I'm lawyer enough to know that there's nothing in the world so misleading as circumstantial evidence. 'Never was.'"

"Why? Have you ever seen men hanged on it?"

"Hanged! People have been supposed to be eternally lost on it," his face turned gray again. "I don't know how it is with you, but my consolation is that God must know. He *must*! Things that seem on the face of 'em like murder, or, say, suicide, may appear different to God. Heh?"

"That's what the murderer and the suicide can always hope—I suppose."

"I've expressed myself clumsily as usual. 'Always do. The facts as God knows 'em—may *be* different—even after the most clinching evidence. I've always said that—both as a lawyer and a man, but some people won't—I don't want to judge 'em—we'll say they can't—believe it; whereas *I* say there's always a working chance—a certainty—that the worst hasn't happened." He stopped and cleared his throat. "Now, let's come on! This time next week I shall be taking my holiday."

"What links?" I asked, carelessly, while twins in a perambulator got out of our line of fire.

"A potty little nine-hole affair at a Hydro in the Midlands. My cousins stay there. Not but what the fourth and the seventh holes take some doing. You could manage it, though," he said, en-

couragingly. "You're playing much better. It's only your approach shots that are weak."

"You're right. I can't approach for nuts! I shall go to pieces while you're away—with no one to teach me," I said, mournfully.

"I haven't taught you anything," he said, delighted with the compliment.

"I owe all I've learnt to you, anyhow. When will you come back?"

"Look here," he began, "I don't know your engagements, but I've no one to play with at Burry Mills. Why couldn't you take a few days off and join me there? I warn you it will be rather dull. It's a throat and gout cure—baths, massage, electricity, and so forth. But the fourth and the seventh holes really take some doing."

"I'm for the game," I answered, valiantly; Heaven well knowing that I hated every stroke and word of it.

"That's the proper spirit! As their lawyer I must ask you not to say anything to my cousins about Holmescroft. It upsets 'em. Always did. But, speaking as man to man, it would be very pleasant for me if you could see your way to—"

I saw it as soon as decency permitted, and thanked him sincerely. According to my now well-developed theory, he had certainly misappropriated his aged cousins' moneys under power of attorney, and had probably driven poor Agnes Moultrie out of her wits; yet I wished that he was not so gentle, and good-tempered, and innocent-eyed.

[TO BE CONCLUDED.]

Room!

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

WE ask for room where a hope can grow,
A dear old hope that has tried to live;
A place where its starving roots may go,
And secret springs their moisture give.
Room! room for a hope that cannot pass,
That drinks the lightest dews that spill
From broken boughs and withered grass,
And clings to life with desperate will.

“Williams, C.S.A.”

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

“Who had done his work, and held his peace, and had no fear to die.”

TWO men came riding out of the dusk of the June day.

Why?

For nearly fifty years the reason has been sought—and never found. They came from out the dusk, tarried for a little in the twilight, then passed on into the great night, bearing with them the answer to a question that will never die so long as history tells their story.

If it might have been that they had lived, and that their completed work had been an answer to that ride up Figuer Hill, what might not the history of the Confederacy be to-day?—that Confederacy, passionate, hot-blooded, all-loving, all-sacrificing Confederacy, struggling to slay a nation, travailing to bear a nation, and who died, her nation yet unborn. They, too, died, and with them passed the answer.

The 8th of June, 1863, was nearly done. Within the earthen bastions of Fort Granger, perched on the crest of Figuer Hill, the camp-fires which had cooked the evening meal were dying to dull red heaps of embers; to the west, at the foot of the bluff, a hundred and fifty feet beneath the muzzles of Fort Granger's guns, lay the little town of Franklin, the gray thread of the Harpeth River between. The Tennessee hills ringed the town; the enemy were somewhere beyond the hills, for the war had come the winter before to Tennessee. “Stone's River” had been fought at the coming of the new year, and the Confederate army had sullenly withdrawn to the south, to Tullahoma, thirty-six miles away. Winter had passed, spring was passing into early summer; Rosecrans sulked at Murfreesborough; Bragg, at Tullahoma, lay in wait for him. But the cavalry of the

South waited for no man. They menaced everywhere, but most of all at Franklin, the Federal right—an outpost—weakened now by the withdrawal of all but two regiments and a small force of cavalry. Forrest's cavalry ranged the country somewhere just beyond the hills; Wheeler was circling, no man of the North knew where, yet very sure were they that he would strike—somewhere. That part of Tennessee dominated by Federal troops, by the Army of the Cumberland, was in shape a fan, a partially spread fan upside down. Nashville, the base of supplies, was the pivot; from Nashville there radiated roads—pikes they call them in Tennessee—the sticks of the fan: to the southeast, to Murfreesborough—and Rosecrans with the main body of his troops; to Triune, more nearly south—the vertex of the fan; to Franklin, a little southwest—the outpost of the army. Of dark blue was this half-open fan, dark blue, dusty and worn; not jewelled, but aglitter with points of steel.

Franklin had been attacked on the 4th, and Colonel Baird had beaten off the attacking force. Since then they had waited, watchful and oppressed; expecting Forrest, dreading Wheeler, all but certain of the return of the Confederates from Spring Hill, but six miles to the south.

It was hot that night, they say—“a hot, murky night.” At headquarters, up at Fort Granger, Col. John P. Baird—of the 85th Indiana—commandant of the post, sat at his tent door, talking with Colonel Van Vleck—that same Carter Van Vleck from whose time-yellowed letters have been plucked so many of the intimate details of this story.

Two men rode out of the dusk; two stranger officers, unattended, unescorted. Colonel Baird, in surprise, rose to greet them. They were superbly mounted; their uniforms and equipments showed them to be officers of rank and distinc-

NOTE.—Photographs reproduced by permission of Edward B. Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut, from his collection of 7,000 Brady Civil War negatives.

tion. At their new merino havelocks Colonel Baird and Van Vleck must have stared; havelocks were unknown to officers and men, either North or South, except as something "foreign," something to be looked on askance. They dismounted and strode forward, tall, straight, dignified. The elder and taller of the two introduced himself as Colonel Auton of the Army of the Potomac; his companion as Major Dunlop, assistant in the inspection of the Western troops, for which business they had been sent from Washington. They had just come from General Rosecrans at Murfreesborough. Oh yes, they had of course come through Triune, and had seen Gen. Gordon Granger too. As this Colonel Auton talked he made more and more of an impression on Colonel Baird; it was with positive regret that he heard they must push on to Nashville that very night. There was something very engaging about this handsome, dignified young officer, with his easy grace of bearing; a note of brilliance to his conversation, which was withal frank and quiet; an indefinable air of distinction and individuality in all he said and did. Colonel Baird seems to have grown more and more interested and attracted. He urged them to stay the night with him.

It was impossible. Would Colonel Baird kindly have their passes made out? And so the order to make out the passes was given, and while they waited, Colonel Auton told of their misfortune. They had lost their way from Murfreesborough, and had got down as far as Eagleville; the rebels had attacked them, had cap-

tured their servant, his (Colonel Auton's) coat and all his money; they had been pursued for a long distance and had finally escaped with difficulty. It was all very unfortunate. The distressful situation of the two officers appealed to Colonel Baird.

The passes to Nashville were brought out just then, but were sent back for correction; they had been made out to Colonel "Orton." Auton led Colonel Baird aside; it was most unfortunate, but — they were quite without money. Could Colonel Baird oblige them with the loan of one hundred dollars apiece — any sum, then—for their immediate expenses?

Colonel Baird did not have the money, but went at once to Colonel Van Vleck, who had been sitting smoking in incredulous silence; of him he asked the money—when they were out of ear-shot, that the strangers might not be embarrassed! Colonel Van Vleck's

letter of October 28, 1863, gives his own reply:

I told him that I thought the men were not what they represented themselves to be; for, said I, the Government would not send two officers of their rank from the Potomac to inspect the Army of the Cumberland, when we already have more inspectors of our own than we know what to do with. Neither would Rosecrans send them from Murfreesborough through the enemy's country without an escort, and if he had done so foolish a thing, and they are what they pretend to be, why should they insist upon going to Nashville to-night without any offer to inspect the troops here, and this after such peril to get here? Again, I added, is it not strange, if true, that the rebels should be able to capture the Colonel's servant and coat and all his money and yet he



BRIGADIER-GENERAL JAMES A. GARFIELD

get off so safely himself and with his lieutenant?

I declined to let the money go, immediately arose, and went to my own tent, saying to my surgeon, whom I found there, that the two men who were attracting so much attention by their havelocks were certainly spies.

Colonel Baird, disquieted, asked awkwardly for their orders; Colonel Auton, who seemed to have taken no offence at the request coming at such a time, readily handed them to him, and with returning composure he read—written on the long envelope:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.
MURFREESBOROUGH, *May 30, 1863.*

All guards and outposts will immediately pass without delay Col. Auton and his assistant, Major Dunlop.

By command of Major-General Rosecrans:
J. A. GARFIELD,
Vol. Chief of Staff and Asst. Adjutant-Gen.

There were many papers in the envelope, and Colonel Baird gravely read them all:

Special orders } WAR DEPARTMENT,
No. 140. } ADJT. GEN'S OFFICE.
IV. . . . } WASHINGTON, *May 25, 1863.*

Col. Lawrence W. Auton, cavalry, United States Army, and acting special inspector-general, is hereby relieved from duty along the "Line of the Potomac." He will immediately proceed to the West, and minutely inspect the Department of the Ohio and the Department of the Cumberland, in accordance with special instructions Nos. 140-162 and 185, furnished him from this office and that of the Paymaster-General.

V. Major George Dunlop, assistant quartermaster, is hereby relieved from duty in this city. He will report immediately to Col. Auton for duty.

By order of the Secretary of War:
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.
Col. Lawrence W. Auton, U.S.A. Special Inspector-General.

Special orders } WAR DEPARTMENT,
No. 140. } ADJT. GEN'S DEPT.
V. . . . } WASHINGTON, *May 25, 1863.*

Major Geo. Dunlop, Assistant Quartermaster, is hereby relieved from duty in this city. He will report immediately to Colonel Auton, special inspector general, for duty.

By order of the Secretary of War:
E. D. TOWNSEND,
Assistant Adjutant-General.
Maj. George Dunlop, assistant quartermaster,
Special Duty.

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND.

MURFREESBOROUGH, TENN., *May 30, 1863.*

Col. L. W. Auton, Cavalry Special Inspector-Gen.

Colonel:—

The major-general commanding desires me to say to you that he desires, that, if you can spare the time at present, that you will inspect his outposts before drawing up your report for the War Department at Washington City.

All commanding officers of outposts will aid you in this matter to the best of their ability.

The Gen. desires me to give his respects to you.

I remain, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

J. A. GARFIELD,
Brig. Gen. of Vols., Chief of Staff, and
Asst. Adjt. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS, UNITED STATES FORCES,
NASHVILLE, TENN., *June 5, 1863.*

All officers in command of troops belonging to these forces will give every assistance in their power to Col. L. W. Auton, special inspector-general, under direct orders from the Secretary of War.

By Command of General Morgan:
JNO. PRATT,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

John P. Baird, Colonel of Volunteers, was more than satisfied; he handed the written papers back, and, it is presumed, apologized handsomely for demanding the papers of officers acting under the direct orders of the Secretary of War. He procured for them money—fifty dollars—gave them the corrected pass to Nashville, gave them the countersign, heartily wished them Godspeed on their journey, and watched them ride away into the night. It was quite dark now—a hint in the air already of the mist that was later to envelop Franklin in its dank gray mantle; they were swallowed up in the darkness almost instantly; it seemed that the darkness blotted out the very sound of the hoof-falls of the horses. And then Colonel Baird thought for the first time of forgery! He was alone there in front of his tent—no one can ever know, only guess at—the shock of the thought that, in spite of the convincing papers, the men might be the destructive wedge of the Confederate army. Imagine his position—the anguish of indecision as vital second followed second and still he could not decide. The men, if Federal officers, were officers of importance who could not be lightly ordered back, vir-

tually under arrest; he had seen the papers once—he had no grounds for calling them back to see them again. He must have grown more confused—there in the dark with no one to see. Perhaps he was an imaginative man; perhaps he saw the men at that very moment presenting *his* pass to the advance pickets out there at Spencer's Creek on the Nashville pike; saw the pickets salute, and the men ride on — where? There must have been always that subconscious thought, "How far have they got by now?" And still he had not decided what to do.

Colonel Louis D. Watkins, colonel of the Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, must have been surprised at the greeting from his superior officer, as he approached headquarters just then. Colonel Watkins was an officer of the "old" army—a regular; Colonel Baird tensely told him the story, his own suspicions, Van Vleck's outspoken charge, then thrust upon him the question. Colonel Watkins was very grave; some things looked very wrong, he said. Colonel Baird's indecision passed: the men must be brought back, their papers re-examined; tell them there are despatches to be sent to Nashville, tell them anything—bring them back, Watkins! he cried. Colonel Watkins was already mounting; with his orderly he galloped away. Colonel Van Vleck's letter tells that Colonel Baird "came immediately to see me, and was much excited, and asked me again if I thought they were spies. I replied that I did, and he jumped on his horse and followed Colonel Watkins."

Many of the newspapers of that day—very brown and fragile they are, in texture and in truth!—tell lurid tales of the pursuers and the pursued riding "with lightning speed" through the black night; of the "plan that was laid for the orderly to unsling his carbine, and if, when he (the Colonel) halted them, they showed any suspicious motions, to fire on them without waiting for an order." How Colonel Auton, when overtaken, "like Major André, for an instant lost his presence of mind. He laid his hand on his pistol!"

Colonel Watkins overtook the two riding leisurely along, before they had reached the outpost at Spencer's Creek. They readily consented to return; if they were surprised that an officer of Colonel Watkins' rank had been sent posting after them to carry such a message, they did not show their surprise. The cavalry camp was of course outside



MAJOR-GENERAL W. S. ROSECRANS

that of the infantry. At Colonel Watkins' quarters he suggested that they wait until the despatches were brought to them—they had twenty miles to ride to Nashville, no use to ride clear to headquarters for the despatches—more excuses probably equally poor. They thanked Colonel Watkins and entered his tent. Colonel Watkins rode on to consult with Colonel Baird. After a time, becoming impatient and restless, Colonel Auton went to the door of the tent and found that he and Major Dunlop were prisoners; the tent was surrounded by sentries who would not let him pass. Presently they were taken under guard to Headquarters and brought before Colonel Baird. It

must have been a strange, unhappy meeting for them all, a meeting of which there is no record, one which can be pictured only in the mind. Colonel Auton and Major Dunlop, insulted, humiliated, flushed with anger at the indignity placed upon them; perhaps voluble and eloquent, threatening; more likely, dignified and coldly distant to the uneasy officers who faced them, challenging their word.

The papers were examined again, minutely. The form and phraseology of the papers were beyond cavil: there was shown to be a reason for new inspectors in the West; they had but just been relieved of duty in the East; the department commander apparently had accepted the detail, and had assigned them to duties which accorded with the spirit of the instructions from army headquarters. It was all very regular so far as logic and circumstance went.

The newspapers make much of the fact that the papers were not written on the regular form-paper used by the War Department; it seemed to make little impression on Colonels Baird and Watkins, who were as much in doubt as before; Colonel Baird doggedly held them as prisoners still. In his impatience and anxiety he himself climbed to the signal station back of Fort Granger, in order to receive at the first reading the reply to his message which he was about to send to Triune. The mist was fast thickening to fog; they stood in a blur of pale, dead, unwavering light; the signalman with his torch wiggled the question, and then they waited in the heavy silence of the fog. The man at the telescope stared into a gray void, but presently he flung up his hand for silence and jerkily read off the message: Triune could not understand, but would send Lieutenant Wharton to investigate. Colonel Baird dictated another message; the signal officer looked anxiously at the fog; if Triune saw and answered, it could not be seen there on the fog-shrouded hilltop at Franklin. Colonel Baird went down to the fort again. Triune was nearly fifteen miles away, and Lieutenant Wharton could not arrive for several hours. There was nothing to do now but lay the matter before General Rosecrans at Murfreesborough; perhaps he had hoped that it

would be unnecessary to report such an occurrence to his commanding officer; there was nothing else for it now. He sent the following telegram, the first of that singular series of messages sent and received that night:

FRANKLIN, *June 8, 1863.*

Brigadier-General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

Is there any such inspector-general as Lawrence Orton, colonel U. S. Army, and assistant, Major Dunlop? If so, please describe their personal appearance, and answer immediately.

J. P. BAIRD, Colonel, Commanding Post.

There is no time given on this message—probably it was by then nine or nine-thirty. Ten o'clock, half past ten, eleven, and no answer to the question. It seems to have aroused little interest at Murfreesborough; it was grudgingly answered, and was delayed in getting on the wire.

Lieutenant Wharton of Triune had not yet arrived. It was an anxious interval. What took place during the wait? It is most likely that Colonel Auton or Orton—already there seems to have arisen a doubt as to which name was correct—and his assistant remained under guard at headquarters; it is probable that they were shown every courtesy except that of liberty during the long and anxious wait. When Colonel Baird could stand the suspense no longer he wired a detailed account of the case:

FRANKLIN, *June 8, 1863—11:30 P.M.*

[Brigadier General Garfield:]

Two men came in camp about dark, dressed in our uniform, with horses and equipments to correspond, saying that they were Colonel Orton, inspector-general, and Major Dunlop, assistant, having an order from Adjutant-General Townsend and your order to inspect all posts, but their conduct was so singular that we have arrested them, and they insisted that it was important to go to Nashville to-night. The one representing himself as Colonel Orton is probably a regular officer of old army, but Colonel Watkins, commanding cavalry here, in whom I have the utmost confidence, is of opinion that they are spies, who have either forged or captured their orders. They can give no consistent account of their conduct.

I want you to answer immediately my last dispatch. It takes so long to get an answer from General (Gordon) Granger, at Triune, by signal, that I telegraphed General (R. S.) Granger, at Nashville, for informa-

tion. I also signaled General Gordon Granger. If these men are spies, it seems to me that it is important that I should know it, because Forrest must be awaiting their progress.

I am, General, your obedient servant,
J. P. BAIRD, Colonel, Commanding Post.

Within fifteen minutes there came the answer to the first despatch, and, either just preceding it or just following it, Lieutenant Wharton of Triune. It must have been a dramatic moment when the prisoners rose to face him. He looked at them steadily; no one spoke or moved for a very long time. They had not been at Triune that afternoon, nor ever, he said. He examined the papers one by one, and one by one pronounced them beyond all doubt forgeries. Why he could do so so positively I do not know. The telegram was scarce needed, but it, too, dragged them down:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE CUMBERLAND,

MURFREESBOROUGH, *June 8.*—10:15 P.M.

Colonel J. P. Baird, Franklin:

There are no such men as Insp. Gen. Lawrence Orton, Colonel U.S. Army, and assistant Major Dunlop, in this army, nor in any army, so far as we know. Why do you ask?

J. A. GARFIELD,

Brigadier-General & Chief of Staff.

There is a note of irritation, a phrase of ridicule in the message, as of a man who answers the inconsequential questionings of a child; "nor in any army"!—a very different message from the terse, sharp—almost savage—military order which was to follow it.

There is something almost boyish about Colonel Baird, particularly in the

message which he rushed to send. It is a voluble, jubilant composition, a little triumphant at his vindication (perhaps he had felt the sting in the tone of the despatch from Murfreesborough). Perhaps it is just the effect of the reaction that came when he found that he had not made a serious mistake, but instead

had made an important capture. He had not yet begun to consider the men, nor what he would be called upon to do. Unless the date is in error, the message must have been sent before midnight—showing that events had moved swiftly there at Headquarters tent.

FRANKLIN, *June 8, 1863.*
Gen. Garfield, Chief of Staff:

I had just sent you an explanation of my first dispatch when I received your dispatch. When your dispatch came, they owned up as being a rebel colonel and lieutenant in rebel army. Colonel Orton, by name, but in fact Williams, first on General Scott's staff, of Second Cavalry, Regular Army. Their

ruse was nearly successful on me, as I did not know the handwriting of my commanding officer, and am much indebted to Colonel Watkins, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, for their detention, and Lieut. Wharton, of Granger's staff, for the detection of forgery of papers. As these men don't deny their guilt, what shall I do with them? My bile is stirred, and some hanging would do me good.

I communicate with you, because I can get an answer so much sooner than by signal, but I will keep General Granger posted. I will telegraph you again in a short time, as we are trying to find out, and believe there is an attack contemplated in the morning. If Watkins gets anything out of Orton I will let you know.

I am, General, your obedient servant,

J. P. BAIRD, Colonel, Commanding.



COLONEL LOUIS D. WATKINS
Who took Williams into custody

The telegram (in answer to his second message) that was handed him almost immediately after he had penned this remarkable despatch, must have come like a dash of icy water in the face—so stern and harsh it is, so insistent upon such brutal haste:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE
CUMBERLAND, MURFREESBOROUGH,
June 8,—12:00 P.M.

Colonel J. P. Baird, Franklin:

The two men are no doubt spies. Call a drumhead court martial to-night and if they are found to be spies, hang them before morning, without fail. No such men have been accredited from these headquarters.

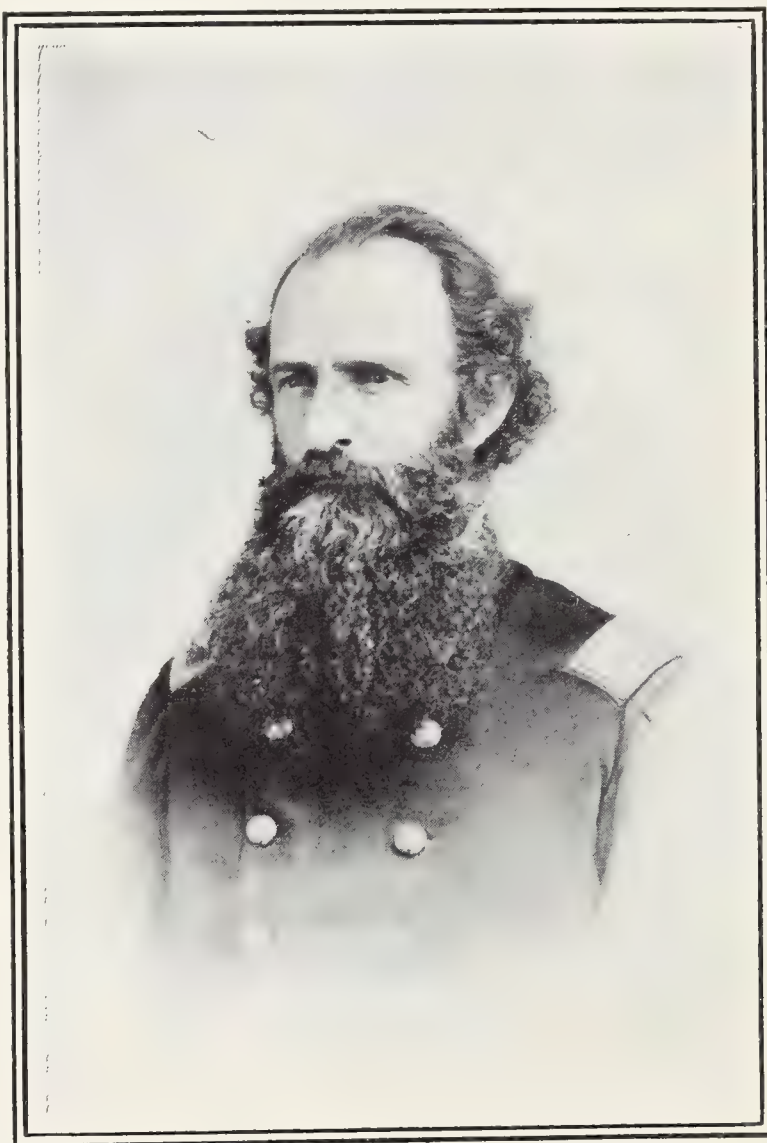
J. A. GARFIELD,
Brigadier-General &
Chief of Staff.

It must have been after the sending of Colonel Baird's last despatch that the search of the persons of the two Confederate officers was made—else the evidence discovered would have been contained in the message. There was found on their hatbands, concealed by the havelocks, their names and their rank in the Confederate army. On one sword was etched, "Lieutenant Walter G. Peter, C.S.A.," and of the other, Williams, Colonel Van Vleck writes: "He had a fine sword with a presentation inscription on it, which gave his name, if I remember rightly, as 'Colonel L. O. Williams.'" It was from some Confederate general, but I forget who. He had also \$1,500, Confederate money, or thereabouts, a silver cup, and quite a number of small trinkets. Whether there was a watch I cannot now remember." Were men ever so overwhelmed by the weight of evidence?

Of the hours that passed from midnight to three o'clock there is nowhere an account. It was the twilight that preceded the fall of utter darkness; a period to the excitement that had just passed; harder even than the short hours which were to follow, when uncertainty was at an end.

They were cousins, these two—playmates as children, comrades in their young manhood; Colonel Williams would

be twenty-five within the month, Lieutenant Peter was but twenty-one. The one had led always, the other had gladly always followed, followed with boyish admiration that was scarce less than hero worship. Those who knew them all their short young lives tell to-day of the devotion of Lieutenant Peter to his brilliant, accomplished, fearless cousin, Orton. It is true beyond all doubt that Lieutenant Peter had not known the purpose, the real mission, on which he and Colonel Williams had entered the Federal lines; it is probable that he never knew. Orton had led, and he had followed.



COLONEL T. J. JORDAN
Presiding officer at the Court Martial

This is no time for imaginative writing—of what their thoughts must have been; of what they may have said or done. They were left alone, undisturbed by the Federal officers; they are to be left alone now.

Orderlies hurried through the sleeping camp, stopping here and there to rouse some listed officer: "The Colonel orders, sir, that you assemble at once at Headquarters for drumhead court." . . . "The Colonel orders, sir, that you assemble at once at Headquarters for drumhead court," the order was monotonously repeated here and there. The swiftest and

most terrible of all courts of law, the midnight drumhead court martial, convened. Officers greeted one another with voices unconsciously lowered; the chairs as they were drawn up to the table made a great scraping on the bare board floor. One of the lamps went out, and an orderly placed a row of lighted candles along the edge of the long table; the row of tiny flames threw bizarre, wavering shadows on faces and walls, threw garish shimmers of light on side-arms and brass buttons; burned with the solemnity of waxen tapers on an altar of sacrifice; then flickered and danced again.

The prisoners were brought in. The trial began; the trial of spies who had made no attempt to gain information, who had no drawings of fortifications, who had naught to condemn them but an intention that was never known.

In the *Official Records of the Union and Confederate Armies*, Volume XXIII, Part II, pages 424, 425, thus stands the record of their trial:

RECORD OF THE MILITARY COMMISSION.

HEADQUARTERS POST, FRANKLIN,
JUNE 9, 1863.

Before a court of commission assembled by virtue of the following order:

HEADQUARTERS POST OF FRANKLIN,
June 9,—3:00 A.M.

A court of commission is hereby called, in pursuance of orders from Major-General Rosecrans, to try Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peter of rebel forces, on charge of being spies, the court to sit immediately, at headquarters of the post.

Detail for Court:—Colonel Jordan, Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry, President; Lieutenant-Colonel Van Vleck, Seventy-eighth Infantry; Lieutenant-Colonel Hoblitzel, Fifth Kentucky Cavalry; Captain Crawford, Eighty-fifth Indiana Infantry, and Lieutenant Wharton, Judge Advocate.

By order of J. P. Baird, colonel commanding post.

The court and judge advocate having been duly sworn according to military law, the prisoners were arraigned upon the following charges:

Charges and specifications against Col. Lawrence Auton, alias Williams, and Lieut. Walter G. Peter, officers in rebel forces.

Charges:—being spies.

Specifications:—In this, that said Col.

Lawrence Auton, alias Williams, and Lieut. Walter G. Peter, officers in the so-called Confederate States of America, did, on the 8th day of June, 1863, come inside the lines of the Army of the United States at Franklin, Tennessee, wearing the uniform of Federal officers, with a pass purporting to be signed by Major-General Rosecrans, commanding department of the Cumberland, and represented to Col. J. P. Baird, commanding post of Franklin, that they were in the service of the United States; all this for the purpose of getting information of the strength of the United States forces and conveying it to the enemies of the United States now in arms against the United States Government.

E. C. DAVIS,
Captain Company G. Eighty-fifth
Indiana Infantry.

Some evidence having been heard in support of the charge and specifications, the prisoners made the following statement:

That they came inside the lines of the United States Army, at Franklin, Tenn., about dark on the 8th day of June, 1863, wearing the uniform they then had on their persons, which was that of Federal officers; that they went to the headquarters of Col. J. P. Baird, commanding forces at Franklin and represented to him that they were Colonel Auton, Inspector, just sent from Washington City to overlook the inspection of the several departments of the West, and Maj. Dunlop, his assistant, and exhibited to him an order from Adjutant-General Townsend assigning him to that duty, an order from Major-General Rosecrans, countersigned by Brigadier-General Garfield, chief of staff, asking him to inspect his outposts, and a pass through all lines from General Rosecrans; that he told Colonel Baird he had missed the road from Murfreesborough to this point, got too near Eagleville and ran into rebel pickets, had his orderly shot, and lost his coat containing his money; that he wanted some money and a pass to Nashville; that when arrested by Colonel Watkins, Sixth Kentucky Cavalry, after examination they admitted they were in the rebel army, and that his (the colonel's) true name was Lawrence Orton Williams; that he had been in the Second Regular Cavalry, Army of the United States once, on General Scott's staff in Mexico, and was now a colonel in the rebel army, and Lieutenant Peter was his adjutant; that he came into our lines knowing his fate, if taken, but asking mercy for his adjutant.

The court having maturely considered the

case, after hearing all the evidence, together with the statements of the prisoners, do find them, viz., Col. Lawrence Auton Williams and Lieut. Walter G. Peter, officers of the Confederate Army, guilty of the charge of being spies, found within the lines of the United States Army at Franklin, Tennessee, on the 8th day of June, 1863.

THOS. J. JORDAN,

Colonel Ninth Pennsylvania Cavalry,
President of the Commission.

HENRY C. WHARTON,

Lieutenant of Engineers, Judge-Advocate.

The trial ended. Thus it stands on the record.

In the oft-quoted letter to Colonel Williams' sister, Col. Carter Van Vleck, member of the court, writes:

The court was called together and your brother freely confessed all except as to the object of his mission, which to this day is a most mysterious secret to us all. In course of a conversation with Colonel Watkins your brother said to him, "Why, Watkins, you know me. We served in the same regiment of the United States Army. I am he that was Lieutenant Williams." Watkins at once recognized him.

In his remarks to the court your brother said that he had undertaken the enterprise with his eyes open and knew what his fate must be if he was discovered, but said that the value of the prize at which he grasped fully justified the fearful hazard he had made to gain it, and acknowledged the entire justice of his sentence, and said that he had no complaint whatever to make. He at no time denied being a spy, but only denied that he had designs against Franklin. I believe that he said the truth; he had a greater prize in view. He asked for mercy for Lieut. Peter on account of his youth and because he was ignorant of the objects or dangers of the mission, but said that he had no right to ask for mercy for himself, as he knew what his fate must be if convicted, before he entered upon his mission. . . . Your brother did say that he intended to have gone to Europe immediately if he had been successful in his undertaking.

The trial had lasted scarce an hour; when it was at an end Colonel Baird sent another telegram to his commanding officer—a very different message from the thoughtless, exultant one, with its flip-pant, "a little hanging would do me good"—which had just preceded it:

FRANKLIN, June 9, 1863.

Gen. Garfield, Chief of Staff:

Colonel Watkins says Colonel Williams is a first cousin of General Robert E. Lee, and he says so. He has been chief of artillery on Bragg's staff.

We are consulting. Must I hang him? If you can direct me to send him somewhere else, I would like it; but, if not, or I do not hear from you, they will be executed. This dispatch is written at the request of Colonel Watkins, who detained the prisoners. We are prepared for a fight.

J. P. BAIRD, Colonel, Commanding.

Within the hour there came back the relentless decree:

HEADQUARTERS DEPARTMENT OF THE
CUMBERLAND, MURFREESBOROUGH,
June 9, 1863.—4:40 A.M.

Col. J. P. Baird, Franklin:

The general commanding directs that the two spies, if found guilty, be hung at once, thus placing it beyond the possibility of Forrest's profiting by the information they have gained.

FRANK S. BOND,
Major and Aide-de-camp.

In the face of such an order Colonel Baird could only bow his head. Day was dawning. Loud, clear bugles shrilled the reveille from all quarters of the camp; thin blue spirals rose above re-kindled embers; men, fresh from their night's rest, streamed out of tent and hut, and stretched and shook themselves and began the old life anew under the brightening sky. They made the camp hum and buzz with shouted jests and greetings and the rough, loud banterings of soldiers. Then grim Rumor rose like a carrion bird and flapped heavily from group to group, and where Rumor had paused in its passing, men's voices grew less loud, and they turned and stared often at headquarters with curiousness and vague trouble in their eyes. Colonel Baird sat haggard and listless at his table, waiting. Presently an orderly, followed by the chaplain, appeared. He was the Rev. Robert Taylor, chaplain of the Seventy-eighth Illinois, and he too has written to the sister of Colonel Williams—kindly, gentle letters they are, full of whatever grains of comfort there might be. He tells how he was awakened at dawn and ordered to report immediately to headquarters, and how he



Painting by Howard Pyle

THE MIDNIGHT COURT MARTIAL

learned there for the first time what had happened while he slept. They had asked for him, Colonel Baird said.

It must have been that Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peter had been taken away when their examination was at an end, and had not been brought in again after the deliberations of the court, for Chaplain Taylor in a letter writes:

Colonel Baird went with me, introduced me, and announced to them their sentence. They received the announcement with sadness but with great dignity and composure. When the sentence had been announced to them your brother asked Colonel B. whether or not this sentence would be read to them in due form as the sentence of a court martial, and I think he added, "The charge of being spies we deny."

They asked if they might write a few letters, and when paper and pens were brought, Chaplain Taylor and Colonel Baird withdrew for a short time.

To his sister, Colonel Williams began his letter: "Do not believe that I am a spy; with my dying breath I deny the charge."

The rest of the letter is made up of hurried messages to family and friends—concise statements of minor business matters; no sighings, no complaints against Fate. It is but a note, written on one side of a small sheet, inscribed in a firm, unfaltering hand. There was a letter to General Bragg, of which I have seen not even a copy, but it, too, could have been but a note of farewell; all the letters, of necessity, had to be carefully read before sending through the lines. The last letter, of which the copy is in a woman's hand, was written to the lady who had promised to be his wife. History has but the right to these words:

When this reaches you I will be no more. Had I succeeded I would have been able to marry you in Europe in a month. The fate of war has decided against us. I have been condemned as a spy—you know I am not.

When the brief letters were finished they asked for Colonel Baird again, and when he had come, Colonel Williams asked if he might send a telegram to General Rosecrans, who had long ago known his father. Baird eagerly clutched

at the straw of hope, and together they wrote the message:

FRANKLIN, June 9, 1863.

General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

Will you not have any clemency for the son of Captain Williams, who fell at Monterey, Mexico? As my dying speech, I protest our innocence as spies. Save also my friend.

LAWRENCE W. ORTON (formerly W. ORTON WILLIAMS).

I send this as a dying request. The men are condemned, and we are preparing for execution. They also prefer to be shot. If you can answer before I get ready, do.

J. P. BAIRD.

No answer ever came.

In the *United Service Magazine* of twenty years ago, Col. William F. Prosser writes of General Rosecrans in relation to this unanswered telegram:

Being a man of tender and sympathetic feeling, he was somewhat apprehensive that his judgment might be overcome by appeals for mercy; therefore when he retired to his sleeping apartment, between three and four o'clock in the morning he gave positive instructions to General Garfield to have his former orders carried out promptly, with directions at the same time not to bring him any more telegrams, dispatches, or appeals of any kind whatever on the subject.

Pilate had washed his hands.

Hours passed, restless, anxious hours for Colonel Baird; hoping against hope, he yet waited for an answer to his message. When at last he gave up, he already risked a severe reprimand; his mercy and pity could do no more. He gave the order for the execution, and the order was obeyed.

In the forty-six years that have passed since that June morning, there have appeared a score of times in newspaper columns the letters of officers and men who that day were formed in hollow square down by the Harpeth River, and who stood stern and silent till the work was done. In all these accounts there is not one but has (crudely expressed at times) its note of respect and admiration and pity. But of them all, I turn once again to the yellowed leaves of Col. Carter Van Vleck's letter, and copy his words:

Your brother died with the courage of a true hero. He stepped upon the scaffold with as much composure as though he had gone there to address the multitude. There was no faltering in his step, no tremor in his nerves. He thanked the officers for his kind treatment, and said that he had no complaint to make; that one of the cruel fates of war had befallen him, and he would submit to it like a man. On the scaffold the unfortunate men embraced each other and Lieutenant Peter sobbed and said: "Oh Colonel, have we come to this!" Your brother at once checked him by saying, "Let us die like men." And they did die like men, with the heartfelt sympathy of every man who saw them die.

FRANKLIN, *June 9, 1863.*

General Garfield, Chief of Staff:

The men have been tried, found guilty and executed, in compliance with your order. There is no appearance of enemy yet.

I am, ever your obedient servant,

J. P. BAIRD, Colonel, Commanding Post.

In the afternoon, when he had somewhat regained his composure, Colonel Baird sent the last despatch of this strange series; a message which, had it been sent before, and which, had it been heeded, might have given time for the solving of a mystery which will now never be solved:

FRANKLIN, *June 9, 1863.*

Brigadier-General Garfield:

Dispatch received of rebel account of fight. No truth in it. The officers I executed this morning, in my opinion, were not ordinary spies, and had some mission more important than finding out my situation. They came near dark, asked no questions about forces, and did not attempt to inspect works, and, after they confessed, insisted they were not spies, in the ordinary sense, and that they wanted no information about this place. Said they were going to Canada and something about Europe; not clear. We found on them memorandum of commanding officers and their assistant adjutant-generals in Northern States. Though they admitted the justice of the sentence and died like soldiers, they would not disclose their true object. Their conduct was very singular indeed; I can make nothing of it.

I am, General,

J. P. BAIRD,
Colonel, Commanding.

There seems to have been no one who ever believed these young officers to have

been common spies. In his weekly letters to the *New York Herald*, Mr. W. F. G. Shanks, war correspondent in the field with the Army of the Cumberland, writes:

They did not explain upon what grounds they made the plea of not being spies under these circumstances. It is to be regretted that they did not, as it might have explained their reason for coming into our lines. No such unimportant matter as a proposed attack on Franklin could have induced two officers of their rank and character to undertake so hazardous an enterprise.

No plausible reasons have been given explaining the expedition upon which these men were engaged; probably will never be explained. Were not anxious in regard to works and troops at Franklin. . . . Some have imagined that their mission was one to the copperheads of the North. . . . These are the first rebel officers hung during the war. The case will form a precedent. Col. Baird regrets that the trial was not more deliberate, but the Government has approved and sustained the action. The President has telegraphed to General Rosecrans his approval of the prompt action.

This same correspondent tells of the sending from Murfreesborough of the effects of Colonel Williams and Lieutenant Peter to the Confederate lines. The flag of truce was halted eight miles out by the videttes of the Fifty-first Alabama Mounted Infantry, Lieutenant-Colonel Webb commanding.

In the course of informal conversation one of the Confederate officers said that he was sorry for Orton, but he had played the spy, and had been hung according to military law. Colonel Webb curtly corrected him, and said that nothing of the sort was admitted. He abruptly closed the conversation. It seems useless to consider Franklin as aught but a stepping-stone on which they tripped and fell.

There are three statements in this article which must be corrected here. Lawrence Orton Williams was not his name; why he changed it from William Orton Williams is another mystery which will never be revealed; it was a change which has puzzled and distressed relatives and friends to this day. Only four of the

many letters he wrote his sister during the war ever got through the lines. In one of them, the letter of December 19, 1862, he makes this single unexplained allusion to the change. He closes: . . . "your affectionate brother (I have changed my name), Lawrence Williams Orton."

Above all, that he should have taken the given name of his elder brother, serving as major in the Federal army, caused endless confusion in newspapers, North and South. There is an unconfirmed story of an incident which may have been the cause of this change of name. While serving under Bishop-General Polk, shortly before Shiloh, Colonel Williams with his strict ideas of military discipline—new and distasteful to volunteer soldiers—became involved with a private, and the result was the death of the soldier, whether for sleeping on post, desertion, or what, it cannot be found. This affair made Colonel Williams so unpopular with the soldiers that in spite of his gallantry at Shiloh—for which he was twice mentioned in general orders—he was transferred to the staff of General Bragg. Perhaps it was then that he changed his name. That it had not been changed until then is evidenced by his sword. In the Confederate correspondence published in the Official Records is the report of Col. J. J. Neely, of Forrest's cavalry—June 29, 1864: "A sabre was captured [La Fayette, Georgia] by Captain Deberry . . . bearing the inscription: 'W. Orton Williams, C.S.A., Chief of Artillery, Shiloh, April 6, 1862.'"

How came this sword with the Federals? It was not the sword that he wore at Franklin, and which he is said to have presented to Colonel Watkins—Colonel Van Vleck would never have forgotten such an inscription as that. His very sword had its mystery.

Colonel Williams was not a first cousin of Gen. Robert E. Lee, but of General Lee's wife, who was of the Custis family—a direct descendant of Martha Washington.

Nor was Colonel Williams on General Scott's staff in Mexico. His father fell at the head of his column at Monterey; the son was on the staff of General Scott, commander-in-chief

of the army, in Washington in 1861. Because of his continued visits to Arlington—where his sister made her home—after Gen. Robert E. Lee had joined the Confederacy, he was sent to Governors Island, New York, and kept there until any information he might have had to aid the Confederacy was rendered useless by time. June 10, 1861, he resigned, to swing his sword for the South, and to die at Franklin, Tennessee, as a spy.

What was his mission? He had failed; why did he not dignify his act by giving it the importance it deserved? Orton Williams' bravery was more than physical—he was willing to do more than die for his Cause; he was willing to live through the pages that men call History as a spy rather than block the pathway of the man, and the man, and the man after that one, if need be, who he knew would follow him. Who knew his mission? Not his companion; not Gen. Joe Wheeler, on whose staff he had been but two months; not even General Bragg, to whom he wrote farewell. Not, if the press of that day may be believed. The daily *Richmond Examiner* of July 3, 1863, in commenting bitterly on the case, says:

None of our commanders in Tennessee are aware of any such mission being undertaken by these officers, which could only have been at the suggestion of a superior officer, or certainly with some knowledge on his part of the object of such an enterprise within the enemy's lines.

The *Chattanooga Rebel* of June 17, 1863:

Lawrence Orton Williams was one of the most honorable officers in this service. . . . The expedition that ended so tragically was undertaken on his own account and was unknown to his brother officers.

To judge by the following letter, Colonel Williams was known to Judah P. Benjamin, then Secretary of War of the Confederacy, of whose letter, found among the Confederate Correspondence, this is a part:

Sir: I have received your several communications from Capt. Williams, and he has been detained a day or two to enable

us to obtain such information of the late engagement at Fort Donelson and the movement of our troops as would authorize a definite decision as to our future movements. (To General Polk at Columbus, Ky. Feb. 20, '62.)

Thirty-four years later there came to light, among a dead man's private letters, another letter of Secretary Benjamin's (Secretary now of State), a letter written but three weeks after Colonel Williams died at Franklin, of which this is a part and substance (published in the *Richmond Times* of July 16, 1896, republished in the *Papers of the Southern Historical Society*, Vol. XXIV):

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, RICHMOND, *July 3, 1863.*

[To Lieutenant J. L. Capston.]

Sir:

You have, in accordance with your proposal made to this department, been detailed by the Secretary of War for special service under my orders. The duty which is proposed to entrust to you is that of a private and confidential agent of this government, for the purpose of proceeding to Ireland, and there using all legitimate means to enlighten the population as to the true nature and character of the contest now waged in this continent, with the view of defeating the attempts made by the agents of the United States to obtain in Ireland recruits for their army. It is understood that under the guise of assisting needy persons to emigrate, a regular organization has been formed of agents in Ireland who leave untried no methods of deceiving the laboring population into emigrating for the ostensible purpose of seeking employment in the United States but really for recruiting in the Federal armies. . . .

Throw yourself as much as possible into close communication with the people where the agents of our enemies are at work. Inform them by every means you can de-

vise, of the true purpose of those who seek to induce them to emigrate. Explain to them the nature of the warfare which is carried on here. Picture to them the fate of their unhappy countrymen, who have already fallen victims to the arts of the Federals. Relate to them the story of Meagher's Brigade, its formation and its fate. Explain to them that they will be called on to meet Irishmen in battle, and thus to imbrue their hands in the blood of their own friends, and perhaps kinsmen, in a quarrel which does not concern them, and in which all the feelings of a common humanity should induce them to refuse taking part against us. Contrast the policy of the Federal and Confederate states. . . .

In this war such has been the hatred of the New England Puritans to Irishmen and Catholics, that in several instances the chapels and places of worship of the Irish Catholics have been burnt or shamefully desecrated by the regiments of volunteers from New England. These facts have been published in Northern papers, take the *New York Freeman's Journal*, and you will see shocking details, not coming from Confederate sources, but from the officers of the United States themselves.

Lay all these matters fully before the people who are now called on to join these ferocious persecutors in the destruction of this nation. . . .

I am, sir, respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

(signed)

J. P. BENJAMIN,
Secretary of State.

Colonel Williams may not have been Lieutenant Capston's predecessor, but who knows but that he too had had a personal letter—which was not a War Department order—from Judah P. Benjamin, Secretary of State of the Confederacy?

Colonel Williams went to Franklin, Tennessee, where he was hanged. I believe that that is all which we shall ever know.



The Suitable Child

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

THE very small boy in the day coach of the Winnipeg Express was tagged to Port Arthur. Thus: "Please be kind to little Albert. He is an orphan going to a new home. Mr. and Mrs. James G. Mac Farlane will meet him at Port Arthur. He is not used to rich food. Thank you. J. W. Moore." Somebody had been quick to follow the injunction—some young woman of tenderly pious mind. A second tag, fashioned of her visiting-card, from which she had almost erased her name, was attached to the same button. Thus: "Jesus loves little children and I love Jesus. I have looked after little Albert all night, but must leave him at the next station. God will raise up some kind-hearted traveller to look after him to-day. Mr. and Mrs. Mac Farlane, I charge you to rear Albert in a Christian home. Save him for God. He is a dear, bright boy, one of Christ's 'precious jewels.' God bless you both and him. I will pray for you often as the years roll by. Prov. xxii., 6. Matt. xix., 14. Inasmuch. In His name. A lover of Jesus."

At Port Arthur, late in the night—it was blowing cold and wet—the conductor gave the sleepy boy into the arms of a big, red-bearded man in a fur coat, accompanied by an agitated little woman in black. They carried him under the platform lamp—either to discover his appearance or to identify him—and having peeped a time or two, they took him away into the dark, the shabby little woman tripping in advance, with her hands clasped, like a child in ecstasy.

"Poor little devil!" an Edmonton lawyer sighed, when the last lights of Port Arthur had vanished.

"What's that?" ejaculated a Far-Western farmer.

"Hard luck for the kid," said the lawyer.

The farmer laughed. "That boy," said he, positively, "is in clover."

"I suppose," the lawyer admitted.

"Suppose?" cried the farmer, with a start. "I *know* he is. Did you see the woman? Why—she didn't even kiss him."

"Yes," the lawyer retorted, cunningly; "but *why* not?"

"Too damned happy," said the farmer.

It was the lawyer's turn to be scornful.

"She was so happy," the farmer repeated, with a great air of certainty, "that kissing just didn't matter. She's got him now, and she knows it; she can kiss him whenever it's convenient—just like any mother. Adopting that boy isn't a matter of philanthropy with her. If there'd been as much as a dash of Christian condescension in the thing, she would have given him a couple of holy pecks on the forehead. But she wants the boy. It looked to me as if she had lost one of her own. Maybe—maybe not. But if she has, she's not taking this one because she thinks her God has licked her properly for her sins and she ought to do something about it right away. She's taking this boy because she wants him, and only because she wants him. It isn't the boy I pity. It isn't the woman. It's that poor devil of a Mac Farlane. He'll have to live the righteous life after this, my friends—for the sake of example. They'll have family prayers at the Mac Farlanes' to-night if they never had 'em before."

The lawyer looked curiously at the farmer.

"That's all right," the farmer laughed. "I know about orphans—I've dabbled a little. And I've got a friend out in Saskatchewan," he added, after a pause, during which he had regarded us speculatively, "of the name of Joe Jacket—"

Followed the tale of the suitable child. . . .

"My neighbor, Joe Jacket," the farmer proceeded, "is an Ontario man, who took up land in Saskatchewan, north of the railroad at Flatland Station, a good many

years ago, when the prairie was raw and didn't have to be coaxed to be good. He got along, too, right from the start—got along so well that to-day he knows all about high-power automobiles and has a hobby of keeping abreast of the latest fashions in farm implements. That means a lot, you understand; it means as much unmortgaged land as any man could care to farm—it means barns and fences, a homestead and blue-ribbon stock, cash on deposit and a credit at the Flatland Bank that the Almighty Himself might envy. It wasn't all his own fault; his wife had a good deal to do with it, in the way of good wives—a little girl from North Perth, sweet and blooming when she married Joe Jacket, God knows! but sour as a chokecherry, before she got old enough to quit playing the square piano she had fetched from the East.

"‘I got to *do* something about this,’ Joe Jacket used to think in those days; but it was a long, long time, my friends, before he hit on the right idea.

"‘Joe,’ said I, ‘there’s only one thing for a man to do in a bad mess like this.’

"‘Tell me,’ says he, ‘for God’s sake!’

"‘You know,’ said I, ‘that I’m no hand to give advice.’

"‘They had one child, born late—a little girl that got the late-coming baby’s welcome. Elizabeth Jacket had coaxed the Lord so hard for that one child that just from force of habit she would sometimes pray for a baby in her sleep; and when it came—when it actually came at last—she didn’t wait to take two looks before she loved it more than she loved the Lord who sent it. Neither did Joe: Joe was always satisfied with whatever pleased Elizabeth, anyhow—and in ten squally minutes this particular child had got a good deal further along with Elizabeth than just pleasing. Being a woman, Elizabeth thought, of course, that it was an answer to prayer; and Joe Jacket thought so too, in Joe Jacket’s own way. ‘Whether it is or not,’ says he, ‘it’s just *like* an answer to prayer, and that’s all I know about it.’

"‘What do you mean by that?’ said I.

"‘I mean,’ says he, ‘that it’s just like an answer to prayer.’

"‘What does that mean?’ said I.

"‘Well, the Lord is as kind as kind can be,’ says he, ‘but cunning in a tem-

per; and when you tease Him,’ says he, ‘He’s likely to answer in the way you least expect.’

"‘That wouldn’t be an answer,’ said I.

"‘It wouldn’t, eh?’ says he. ‘Well, according to my notion it’s just exactly the kind of answer you want to look out for when you tease too much.’

"‘Didn’t she get what she asked for?’

"‘Ye-e-s,’ says he; ‘she got a real baby, all right.’

"‘It *was* a real baby; and it grew up to be a real little girl of seven or thereabout—sweet and soft, a loving, bright little thing, with glorious black hair and big gray eyes. I never looked into eyes as deep and mild in any other child; and I tell you, my friends, God gives the glory of hair like Amy’s only to one sort of all the children He makes. Elizabeth loved her, and I loved her; everybody knew her, and everybody loved her—everybody from Flatland Station to Indian Ferry; and that’s just as far as Joe Jacket’s name carried, just as wide a stretch of prairie as Elizabeth Jacket’s Christmas gifts to poor children could be taken over with any safety through the snow. Maybe the circumstances were peculiar: I don’t know; but anyhow, Elizabeth Jacket’s love didn’t stop in Amy—there was enough of it left to go on, right through, and bless the children of all the prairie roundabout Flatland Station. Elizabeth took that child as a gift from the Lord’s own hands; and being a grateful and pious and practical woman, she started out to give value received in good deeds and Joe Jacket’s money.

"‘Look here, Lizzie,’ says Joe; ‘you’re getting away with a lot of money this Christmas.’

"‘I’m only thanking God,’ said she.

"‘All right, Lizzie,’ says he. ‘It isn’t the money; there’s more where that came from. But, my dear,’ says he, ‘are you sure it’s just thankfulness? Aren’t you trying to buy God off?’

"‘I’m *afraid* of God,’ said she.

"‘I thought so,’ says he.

"‘And Amy,’ says she, ‘isn’t very strong?’

"‘That’s just it,’ says he; ‘but you can’t square Him, Lizzie—He’ll go right ahead and have His own way, no matter what good deeds you may do. The only

way to head Him off is to take good care of Amy.'

"'Perhaps,' says she; 'but I've got the habit, now, and I want that money.'

"She got the money—she got all the money she wanted, of course—and she took good care of Amy—and she kept busy being kind to all the world according to the Lord's own directions; but it didn't do any good at all. . . . Poor little Amy died just the same. . . .

"After that, as always happens," the farmer continued, "Elizabeth Jacket didn't quite resemble herself. She didn't look enough like her old self to be mistaken for a jilted elder sister; she didn't even keep a hint of the sweet family resemblance that all the daughters of love seem somehow to have. You take the mother of a thirteenth papoose—and I'm talking of real mothers, mind you, not of the sulky oh-dear-me-we-got-to sort—you take the mother of a thirteenth little Indian, and when it comes right down to the things that count, she's twin sister to the silk-skirted mamma of a baby with rose-leaf lips. But Elizabeth—poor Elizabeth Jacket—when the good Lord kindly supplied Amy with the angel's outfit of feathers and gold—lost all the sweetness of look and life that had made her little footprints loved by all them that were needy and in pain on the prairie near Flatland Station. Joe Jacket's pocket-book was just as fat the day after Christmas as the day before—which is a thing to make *any* pocketbook ashamed to look its own master in the eye. And there wasn't any help for it: Elizabeth Jacket wouldn't have a neighbor's child about the place; she couldn't pass the section schoolhouse at recess, she couldn't watch the boys go galloping by, she couldn't hear talk of measles and chicken-pox, she couldn't even see the little garments of a child swinging in the wind to dry. Most of all—just because Amy had had a sweet little pipe of her own—she couldn't stand it to hear the children singing *Jesus Loves Me*, in the Sunday-school; and that's why, I suppose, the Jackets quit going to church.

"'Joe,' says I, 'what's the use? 'God moves in a mysterious way.'"

"'Yes,' says he; 'that's right, I guess.'

"'Well, then,' says I, 'what's the use

of asking *why*. You can't find out, and it wouldn't be much comfort if you could.'

"'Don't want to find out,' says he; 'that isn't what troubles me.'

"'What does?' says I.

"'Elizabeth,' says he; 'she's all broken down.'

"'Of course,' says I; 'but what are you going to do about it?'

"'I think,' says he, 'that if I'm devilish clever I can do something.'

"'That's all right,' says I; 'but what *can* you do?'

"'Well,' says he, 'I look at it this way: Here's God and us. God wants His way and we want ours. That's natural: He's the father and we're the children. Maybe His way's the best; but I don't see it—I just *can't* see it! I got a will and opinion of my own which I got to back to the limit. So what I want to know just now isn't what God intends for our good, nor why He intends it; it's something else.'

"'What is it?' says I.

"'I just want to know,' says he, 'how I can get around Him in this particular case.'

"'I wouldn't try,' says I.

"'That's because you're a perverted Christian,' says Joe; 'just because you're one of God's sweet toadies, and don't know any better.'

"'Isn't this thing an act of Providence?'

"'Yes,' says he; 'and if it isn't, it's just *like* one.'

"'Haven't you heard of such a thing as pious resignation?'

"'I've heard,' says he, 'but haven't attended.'

"'You won't give in?'

"'Not at once,' says he. 'I'll do what I can to have what I want.'

"'Well,' says I, 'it looks to me as if you'd begun to monkey with the buzz-saw.'

"'Oh, I don't know,' says he, with a queer little laugh and twinkle—the sort of look Joe Jacket had when he didn't want you to know whether he was in earnest or not—'oh, I don't know,' says he; 'but I guess a little show of spirit won't cost me any of the Lord's respect.'"

The farmer was himself twinkling in that very peculiar way. . . .

"About two years after Amy's death,"

he continued, "Joe Jacket got the idea that he was after. It was unselfish enough in the beginning: all he wanted to do was to restore Elizabeth's comfort; but by-and-by, when he had brooded beyond what he was used to, it turned into a more selfish wish than Joe Jacket was in the habit of putting up overnight. He'd adopt a child (thinks he); but not a girl—no girl for him! What he wanted was a boy; a wire-haired lad with black eyes—a lad that would laugh and howl and get in mischief and generally raise the devil about the place—a lad of spirit—a lad that would stand off and look Joe Jacket in the eye when it came time for a licking—just the sort of lad that Joe Jacket fancied he used to be himself. And it was the picture of a harum-scarum bullet-headed little devil with black eyes that he had in mind when he broached the subject to Elizabeth one night at the supper table.

"‘Elizabeth,’ says he, ‘I don’t think we can do better than adopt.’

"‘It depends,’ says she.

"‘Of course,’ says he, ‘we wouldn’t be in a hurry; and we’ve got the money to get about anything we want.’

"‘I wouldn’t object,’ says she, ‘if we could find a suitable child.’

"‘What sort do you fancy?’ says he.

"‘That’s the trouble,’ says she. ‘I don’t know. Sometimes I think that one like Amy would suit; and then I don’t see how I could stand it—how I could bear to be reminded of Amy every minute of the day. But I’m sure,’ says she, ‘that I don’t want any one so—so very—different. I’d be so jealous, Joe. I’d be so jealous that I don’t know what would happen! So I don’t know, you see, just what *would* be suitable.’

"‘Go ahead,’ says he, ‘and give me an idea.’

"‘It’s so hard,’ says she. ‘I can only tell about the little things—the little things that don’t matter, after all. . . . Brown eyes, I should think.’

"‘All right,’ says Joe; ‘brown eyes, for one thing.’

"‘It wouldn’t really matter, you know,’ says she. ‘I should not insist. But it would be rather nice, I think.’

"‘Brown eyes it is,’ says Joe. ‘What next?’

"‘So far as such little things go,’ says

she, ‘there’s nothing else to care about but hair. Curls, I suppose.’

"‘Curls!’ says Joe. ‘What do you want *curls* for?’

"‘Why, *Joe!*’ says she; ‘surely you’re not thinking of a *boy*, are you?’

"‘Eh?’ says he; ‘what put that in your head?’

"‘You know perfectly well,’ says she, ‘that it’s only boys that don’t need curls.’

"‘Well,’ says Joe, ‘I guess we don’t want any fool boy around *this* place.’

"And Elizabeth agreed.

"Elizabeth said she wouldn’t go to Winnipeg to look for the suitable child. Joe argued that it was a woman’s business to match samples; and, anyhow (says he), the man of the house always made a mess of it when he went to market for the women. But Elizabeth wouldn’t budge; she’d stay home (says she), and maybe, if she didn’t have anything to do with the choosing, but suddenly found a little orphaned child in the house, with no other woman to look to but her, she’d be far more likely to take to it.

"‘If a child came now,’ says she—‘if some forsaken little child came out of the dark and asked me to love it, I think I could—to-night.’

"‘Of course you could,’ says Joe.

"‘A ragged child,’ says she—‘a sick little girl—a child without a mother. Yes,’ says she, ‘I’m almost sure I could.’

"‘You’ll be hard to suit, Elizabeth,’ says Joe; ‘but I’ll try to fit you out.’

"‘You must find one,’ says she. ‘I tell you, Joe—you just *must!*’

"Joe Jacket looked in Elizabeth’s eyes, and knew, then, that he must—that he just must—and *damned quick, too!*

"You can find almost anything you want in the institutions at Winnipeg. It’s a great market for orphans—a sort of distributing-point for the West. Domestic or imported—you can get anything—you can match what you want in color, age, sex, disposition, defects, and religious faith. If you want a red-headed Presbyterian boy of seven with green eyes, they’ll supply you within six months of the required age; and if you want a Baptist brunette with a lisp, all you got to do is say so. Joe found what he wanted right away; a brown-eyed little girl



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"DON'T IT FEEL FINE, ELIZABETH?" SAYS JOE

with curls and red cheeks—roguish brown eyes and golden curls—the very thing he was looking for—right out of the Christmas number of the *Illustrated London News*. He loved her from the first; the minute he saw her in the line he suspected that God had relented a little, and maybe had quite changed His mind.

“‘There,’ says he to the superintendent; ‘that’s the one I want.’

“‘Oh, I’m so sorry,’ says she. ‘Wouldn’t another one do?’

“‘No,’ says Joe; ‘it’s that one or none.’

“‘She’s spoken for,’ says the superintendent.

“‘Well,’ says Joe, ‘you got to get around it somehow. I’ve just got to have that little rascal.’

“It wasn’t so hard to manage, after all, once the superintendent found out that she couldn’t pass off something just as good on Joe Jacket. The fact is, they wanted to keep Nellie at the orphanage for themselves. She was so sweet to the eye, you see, and so grateful to the heart—so lovable and loving—that they couldn’t bear to let her go. Somehow, when you come right down to it, orphans from the asylum are the least agreeable of children. It isn’t because they’re orphans. That’s the most appealing thing about them. It’s because there’s bad blood somewhere back of the most of them to account for their being there. But Nellie was different; she was the one perfect bud in that scrawny little garden, and they loved her—for her truth and affection and childish loveliness. Somebody else wanted her; that was true enough—some perfectly proper old maid of Edmonton, with money enough to make good the child’s future. But the arrangement was pending, and the superintendent thought it could be squared for Joe, who had enough human kindness in his heart, enough money in his pocket, to make him a desirable father.

“‘Well?’ says Joe. ‘Come, now! How about it?’

“‘Take her,’ says the superintendent; ‘and God bless her!’

“‘God and me and the mother of Amy!’ says Joe. ‘We’ll take care of Nellie.’

“She was never afraid of Joe Jacket. Maybe she had wondered, in her little

way, about the father that would come to take her away; and if she had, she was content with the big man who carried her off on the train. She seemed to love him all at once—to accept him without doubt or any curiosity. She called him father from the start—just as she had expected to do, I suppose—and treated him just as trustingly and dependently and lovingly as if she had never known the lack of him. It was, ‘Father, I’m thirsty!’ and, ‘Father, I’m tired!’ and, ‘Father, I love you!’—and she kissed him without fear, and went to sleep, by-and-by, with her head on his shoulder and her arms ’round his neck, just like a child of his own. When the train stopped, once, she woke up, and she didn’t know where she was for a moment, and she was frightened.

“‘You’re all right,’ says Joe.

“‘Oh, goody!’ says she. ‘I remember; and I’m so glad it’s *you*—father!’

“And she snuggled down and went right straight to sleep again in Joe Jacket’s arms.

“When Joe Jacket got off the train at Flatland Station he was ready to pat himself on the back for fetching out of Winnipeg the most suitable child in the world. He hadn’t a doubt that Nellie would win Elizabeth’s love just the way she had captured his. There she was—affectionate and mannerly and most beautiful! What more could any woman ask in the way of a ready-made child? Elizabeth would have to be won, of course; he expected that—he had known it all along. Maybe she wouldn’t give in at once (thinks he); but she couldn’t help it in the end. She wouldn’t need much more (thinks he) than a moist kiss, and the feel of Nellie’s head and arms, and a sleepy whisper of, ‘Mother, I love you!’ It made Joe Jacket laugh—way down deep, somewhere, where a man’s chuckles are something like sobs—it made the old fool cry just to think of little Nellie in the house, loved and loving. I tell you, my friends, Joe Jacket was proud and happy when he carried that drowsy burden into his own home.

“‘Elizabeth,’ says he, ‘I got a good one.’

“‘Is she asleep, Joe?’

“‘Yes,’ says Joe; ‘she’s been sound

asleep in my arms all the way from Flatland Station.'

"'Poor motherless little thing!' says Elizabeth.

"'Not now, thank God!' says Joe.

"'Poor little child in the house of strangers!' says Elizabeth. 'Have you taken to her, Joe?'

"'Taken to her?' says Joe. 'Why, Elizabeth, I *love* her!'

"Elizabeth looked at him, then, in a queer sort of way. 'Do you?' says she, quietly.

"'She's a beautiful child,' says Joe. 'You'll love her, too. You won't be able to help it.'

"'Beautiful!' says she, turning away from Joe, cut to the quick. 'Of course she's beautiful. They're *all* beautiful.'

"'Here,' says Joe; 'take her and put her to bed.'

"Elizabeth took her. 'She has wonderful hair,' says she.

"'She's got a good deal more than that,' says Joe. 'Just wait till you see her in the morning.'

"Nellie stirred a little, then, but didn't quite wake up; and she kissed Elizabeth in her sleep, and put one arm around her neck, and snuggled her head in the place where the heads of children lie most softly. It seemed to frighten Elizabeth. She trembled a little—and jerked her head away from the child's curls.

"'Isn't it good,' says Joe, 'to feel a little child lying there again?'

"Elizabeth didn't answer.

"'Eh?' says Joe. 'Don't it feel fine, Elizabeth?'

"'I don't know,' says she. 'I—don't—know!'

"Joe kissed Nellie good night, just the way he used to kiss Amy, and Elizabeth carried her up-stairs, just the way she used to carry Amy, when Amy would fall asleep by the fire. Joe was anxious by this time; he wasn't quite sure that he had done as well in Winnipeg as he had given himself credit for. But he couldn't tell why; if Nellie didn't suit, what child would? Anyhow, he waited until Elizabeth had put Nellie to bed—he could tell by the sounds, just the way he used to know when Amy was stowed away—and then he wondered why Elizabeth didn't come down the way she used to when Amy was alive. But Eliza-

beth didn't come; she stayed up-stairs for a long, long time, and Joe could hear her in Amy's old room, where Nellie was asleep—could hear her pacing the floor, walking, walking, back and forth, like a woman in trouble. He didn't go up to her; he waited until she came, and when she did come at last she was so white and hard and bitter that Joe was frightened.

"'What is it, Elizabeth?' says he.

"'Never mind,' says she, in a passion.

"'But, Elizabeth,' says he, 'I *must* know. You're in a dreadful way. Tell me what's the matter.'

"'Matter?' says she. 'I'm jealous. That's what's the matter.'

"'That's strange,' says he.

"'No, it isn't,' says she. 'It isn't strange at all. It's the most natural thing in the world. I've just put that child to bed.'

"'I don't see any cause of trouble in that,' says he.

"'Can't you understand?' says she. 'I've just put that child to bed. I've undressed her, I tell you, and put her to bed.'

"'My dear,' says he, 'I can't understand.'

"'She's beautiful,' says Elizabeth; 'she's strong and rosy and fat—she hasn't a blemish. She has a perfect body—soft and strong and beautiful. If she'd been awake, Joe, she could have gone to bed without my help. She wouldn't have needed me. I didn't know that God made children like that. I had forgotten. And I'm sorry that I know again. I'm jealous. I thought I'd be. I told you so. I'm jealous, I tell you—I'm jealous and hateful.'

"'What are you jealous for?' says he. 'You ought to be proud. The child is yours now, isn't she?'

"Elizabeth laughed. 'The child isn't mine,' says she. 'You are very stupid, Joe. Amy was my child. That's why I'm jealous.'

"'I understand,' says Joe, 'and I'm sorry.'

"'What's to be done?' says she.

"'Couldn't you try to like her?'

"'No,' says she; 'it wouldn't be any use. I hate her too much.'

"'For shame, dear!' says Joe.

"'I tell you, Joe,' says she, 'I hate her. I'm ashamed of myself. I'd like

to call it dislike—but I can't. I hate her. I hate her for Amy's sake. You'll have to take her back, Joe. You can catch the morning express for the East, can't you? There's no other way out of it. You'll have to take her back.'

"'Yes,' says Joe; 'she must go back.'

"'I'm sorry,' says Elizabeth. 'Oh, I'm sorry!'

"'Never mind,' says he; 'she's not a suitable child for you and me, and neither you nor I can help it.'

"Elizabeth cried all that night—in shame and sorrow. Next morning Joe started back to Winnipeg with Nellie. . . . And I guess Nellie didn't lose much, after all; the old maid of Edmonton has done well by *her*. . . .

"Then," the farmer continued, "Joe Jacket wondered what he'd do next. He wasn't yet willing to quit trying to get around the will of God. There must be something (thinks he) to make Elizabeth happy again; and that something must be a child. There wasn't anything else in the world that Elizabeth wanted. But what child?—where was the suitable child? It struck Joe that the Rev. Charles Ellis Rangton might know; and when Joe got that idea he was sure that he was right. The Rev. Charles Ellis Rangton had been the home missionary in these parts when Amy was born; he knew the family, he knew the situation, he knew Elizabeth better than she knew herself, and he was the kindest and cleverest man Joe Jacket had ever known. He was now in Toronto—had a big Episcopal church there—and was doing a whole lot of what they call institutional work. So with Elizabeth's permission Joe sat down and wrote—wrote everything—all about Nellie, too, and why Elizabeth wouldn't have her—and begged the Rev. Charles Ellis Rangton to use his own judgment and send them as soon as possible some kind of a child that he thought would do.

"It was two weeks and three days before he got an answer; but it was a telegram, and that's just the sort of answer to please Joe Jacket:

"'Have sent child named Amy. Arrive Flatland west-bound express Friday. Meet her.'

"'There, Elizabeth,' says Joe. 'That's business-like; and I guess that fixes it.'

"'Named Amy?' says Elizabeth. 'They must have given her a new name.'

"'Anyhow,' says Joe, 'it's a sort of homelike thing to be expecting Amy.'

"'Yes,' says Elizabeth; 'that's true.'

"'You better get things ready,' says Joe.

"'I don't need to,' says she. 'I always keep things ready—in Amy's room.'

"'Which Amy?' says Joe.

"'Why, Joe,' says Elizabeth, 'it is nice to be looking for Amy! That was clever of Doctor Rangton.'

"But Friday noon, when Joe set out for Flatland Station, Elizabeth was in a dreadful state again. It was no use (says she); here she was as hateful and nervous as ever—she couldn't, she just *couldn't*, take this strange child to her heart! Joe left her crying in bed (she wouldn't get up); and if he hadn't *had* to get out to Flatland Station to meet the orphan, he wouldn't have dared leave her at all. It was a wretched time, my friends, for poor Joe Jacket, while he waited for the train; and when the train came, and went on again, with no child turning up on the platform, he was more relieved than disturbed. But there *was* a child, after all; she was sitting on her own poor little bag in the lee of the station-master's bay-window—a queer, patient little girl, with a canary-like way of moving her head, and bird-like black eyes—and when Joe Jacket saw her he thanked God, and was all at once so filled with joy and tenderness that he didn't have time to keep back the first tears.

"'Hello!' says he. 'What's *your* name?'

"It was said in such a jolly and friendly way, I suppose, that the little girl smiled.

"'I have two,' says she.

"'That's the queerest thing I ever heard,' says he. 'Which one do you like best?'

"'I'm fond of the old one,' says she, 'for I've been acquainted with it all my life; but I hope that I shall like the new one best.'

"'What is it?' says he.

"'Would you like to know the old,' says she, 'or the new?'



ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

A QUEER, PATIENT LITTLE GIRL SITTING ON HER BAG IN THE IFF OF THE WINDOW

" 'The new,' says he.

" 'Amy,' says she.

" 'It's the sweetest name I ever heard,' says he. 'I love it. But tell me,' says he: 'what in the world are you doing here?'

" 'It's the place I started for,' says she. 'The name of the gentleman who is to meet me is on my tag.'

" ' "Mister—Joseph—Jacket,"' says Joe. 'How would you like *me* to be Mister—Joseph—Jacket?'

" 'I should like it very much—I think.'

" 'Well, my dear,' says Joe—and he took the little thing very carefully up in his arms, and hugged her with the greatest care, and kissed her in a way that no child could misunderstand—'well, my dear,' says he, 'I *am* Joe Jacket!'

" 'I rather thought you were,' says she.

" Then he drove her home; and he was sure—but yet wondered—that the suitable child had been found. And he wondered, too, whether, after all, he had outwitted God, or God had outwitted him. It seemed to him very much like the will of God that he should be driving home with that little girl in his arms.

" 'Elizabeth!' Joe called from the hall. 'I've brought Amy home.'

" There wasn't any answer.

" 'Elizabeth!' he called again. 'Where are you?'

" She wouldn't answer; but he found her in the sitting-room, close by the fire, which had gone to little flames and red coals. It was dusk then; and there was no lamp—only a warm glow of light. Elizabeth wouldn't look up; she kept

staring at the fire, from the rocking-chair, with her chin in her hands. Joe had time to unwrap the blanket from the child and take her close to Elizabeth before he spoke again.

" 'She's a cripple,' he whispered, 'just like little Amy!'

" Then Elizabeth turned—and caught the hunchback child to her breast—and kissed her, and rocked her, and kissed her again—and sobbed: 'I love you! I love you! Oh, thank God—thank God, you've come!'

It was the end of the story. . . .

We came to Winnipeg at last, and departed presently for the farther West, with the genial farmer aboard. It was fall weather—cold, but without snow. Nearing Flatland Station, I watched a motor-car come from far away over the prairie; and I observed, when the train stopped, that it was standing by the platform, with a young girl, much wrapped in fur, reclining within. I could see nothing of her but a wondrously expressive little face, now engaged in conveying a pretty impatience and happy expectation. The genial farmer alighted, and rushed to the car, where he was instantaneously embraced, and with such fervor that he did not emerge for a considerable interval. Meantime I had got to the platform to bid him good-by; but the train moved, and I could do nothing better than call my good wishes. He waved his hand in response, nodded toward the girl in the motor-car, and with a broad smile shouted:

" *I'm—Joe—Jacket!*"





A CORNER IN NO MAN'S LAND

The Queer Folk of the Maine Coast

BY HOLMAN DAY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FREDERICK THOMPSON

OF old, muskets drove the Abnakis off the coast of Maine. To-day, money is driving away another race.

Between Kittery Point and Quoddy Head "resorters" have acquired hundreds of headlands and thousands of islands. A phalanx of cottages fronts the sea. More than half the States in the Union are represented in these summer colonies. Cove and cape, the coast is pretty well monopolized by non-residents; "no-trespass" signs are so thickly set that they form a blazed trail. The man from the city resents intrusion. For that matter, the queer squatter people who have been dispossessed find little relish in being stared at as human curiosities. Therefore they have hidden themselves in the deep gashes of the coast cliffs; their little huts are now at the head of crooked coves where pleasure craft do not venture; or they have located on little nubbins of islands that city people do not buy, for these islands may be approached only at flood-tide. And in their retreats the "queer folk"

resent intrusion as heartily as do the rich folk on their reserves.

So the "queer folk" live alone—and it is said that isolation develops eccentricity. The ocean creeps to the doors of their huts, and the winter waves thunder in their ears—and there are those who say that the din of the sea beats curious ideas into the head.

Even the Maine "native" himself, the thrifty farmer who sells his produce to the city "sojourner" or takes summer boarders, does not understand the queer folk of the lonely coves very well. The nooks that they have chosen for hiding-places have no roads leading to them. The islands that they have pre-empted have been "set off" by act of the Legislature from the nearest coast towns, in order that the towns may not have the unfortunates on their hands as paupers. These people who have been abandoned dwell in a sort of "no man's land." They do not pay taxes, they do not vote. Fashion is close to many of them, just over that ridge of coast ledge or down that stretch of water—for fashion has

picked most of the choice spots on the Maine coast for its sojourn. But the queer folk are not interested in any display that fashion may make. They are not envious, they do not want to beg. Where penury and pride meet in the cities there are heartburnings. But the man tossing in the battered dory in the swash of the millionaire's yacht neither sighs nor glares, provided he be one of the queer folk. For the queer folk are queer in one respect especially: they dwell content in their own world, which is often a world of illusion—for solitariness and the sea breed strange thoughts.

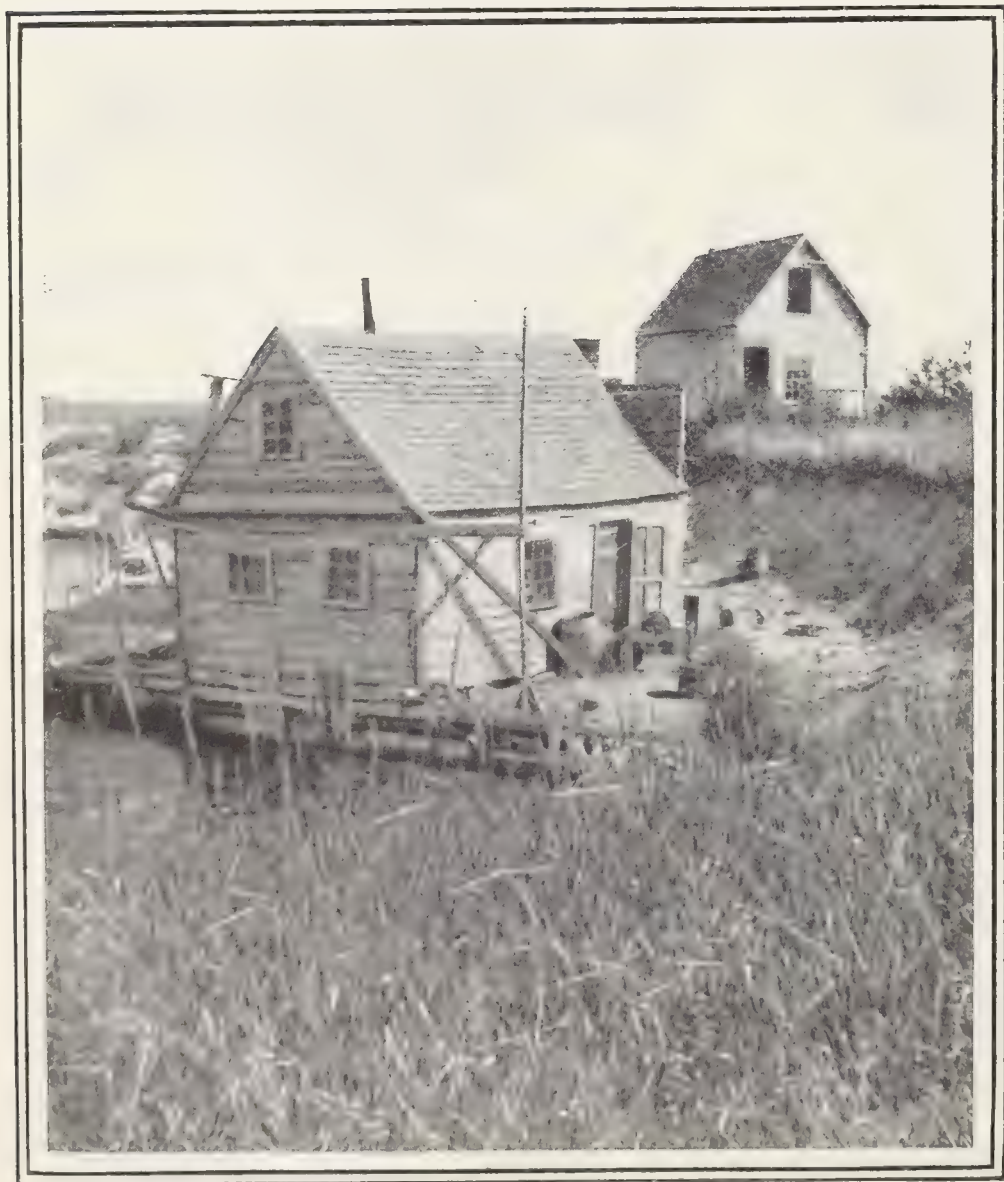
Ossian Dustin, of Newcastle, would not change places with a millionaire, so he says. Yet Uncle Ossian, at eighty, lives alone in a little hut with a dirt floor, and earns about fifty dollars a year by sawing fire-wood and doing odd jobs. But fifty dollars supply his frugal needs, and he has the most of his time to devote to hunting for Cap'n Kidd's treasure, in the buried existence of which he implicitly believes.

The case of Uncle Ossian illustrates the type of that content that relieves

these hidden human tragedies of the Maine coast of some of their pitifulness. During most of his long life, as often as he has found opportunity, Uncle Ossian has hunted and dug along the ragged Lincoln coast. He has toiled nights, for the most part, believing that in the night a treasure-seeker can best circumvent the enchantments laid on buried pirate spoils. He has kept vigil oftenest in the region of Cod Lead Nubble. He searches with a treasure-rod made by his own hands. He has the tip of a cow's horn, plugged with wood and containing various metals. In the wooden plug are stuck parallel strips of whalebone, and he clutches these strips, one in each hand, and walks along, balancing the tip of horn. When he passes over the famous iron pot the tip, thus is his belief, will turn down and point at the buried treasure. There is nothing remarkable in Uncle Ossian's quest, for other men in Maine have hunted for Kidd's treasure. But his radiant courage and his unfailing optimism are striking. He believes that he "is always right on the edge" of finding the gold. He says

his spade has struck against the iron pot several times, but that enchantment has whisked away the treasure. He expects that eventually his own charms will prevail over the powers of evil. He believes that the long waiting and the disappointments have been merely a test of his courage and good faith—remarkable philosophy in a man who is eighty years old and has not succeeded. He is reanimated occasionally by the sight of a figure all of shining gold that comes rowing up the reach from the sea, and he is confident that this is a good spirit sent to guide him to the treasure, and that the spirit will sometime prevail over the imps who watch the iron pot.

Uncle Ossian affirms that he has passed as happy a life as any man he knows; he says that the money will



BUSHY ISLAND, WHERE HERMIT TRIPP TOILED AT TREASURE-DIGGING



THE DIVIDED HOUSEHOLD OF LITTLE SPRUCE

“come in handy” in his old age, and that he shall first buy a stone for his mother’s grave, and then a house with a floor in it for himself. It can scarcely be said that Uncle Ossian’s unfailing cheerfulness springs from any philosophy of life that he has evolved. But after our talk I came out of his dingy hut with the feeling that probably some of the proud folk in the cottages down the bay needed pity more than he.

On Little Spruce island I found three old men, brothers—William, Daniel, and Nehemiah Shanks. They have lived there all their lives in a tumble-down little shelter. They are melancholy old men. They are contented, but the sea has brought to them a strange, brooding, wistful solemnity. William and Daniel never married. Nehemiah has had a poor little romance that broke his heart. When he was young he used to go with his father to Portland to sell their fare of fish. The only woman to whom he had ever spoken was his mother—for no one except the Shanks family has ever lived on Little Spruce. A woman of the water-

side in Portland made him her prey for the sake of his little hoard of savings, married him, induced him to forge his father’s name and draw the family savings from the bank—and then deserted him. He went home with his confession of wrong-doing.

“Then you must look out for the boys after I’m dead,” said his father, forgiving him. Nehemiah has spent his life “looking out for the boys,” who are now infirm old men. “It is my duty in return for my father’s pardon of my wrong-doing,” he told me, “and I have tried to do my best. I am the youngest, and I am best able to work.”

For more than twenty years William has never come out of the hut into the sunshine. He told me that he feared the sun might heat his brains and interfere with his life-work, which is the composition of poetry. There is a blanket hung across one end of the hut. William sits behind this blanket and fixes his eyes on the sunlight that enters through a knot-hole, and “composes.” He states that now he is the author of a thousand pieces

of poetry. He has committed nothing to paper. He has memorized all of them, he says.

While William idles, Nehemiah tills the little garden, catches fish, digs clams, and cooks. He is cheerfully the burden-bearer, and with some pride says that he is the head of the family; for when his father imposed the trust on him he did so with a ceremony truly patriarchal: he gave into Nehemiah's hands the staff on which he had leaned for many years, saying that it should be the badge of Nehemiah's authority. Nehemiah described the scene to me, tears trickling down his wrinkled cheeks. Memory was only a partial spur to this grief.

Daniel, after more than sixty years of obedience, had become a most amazing rebel. He had declared that another flood had been prophesied to him in a vision, and that he had been ordered to build an ark on Little Spruce. Little Spruce is owned by a lady in Boston, as part of an extensive holding of islands. The Shanks brothers have been permitted to remain as squatters on condition that they do not disturb the standing timber. Nehemiah gave this promise to the manager of the estate.

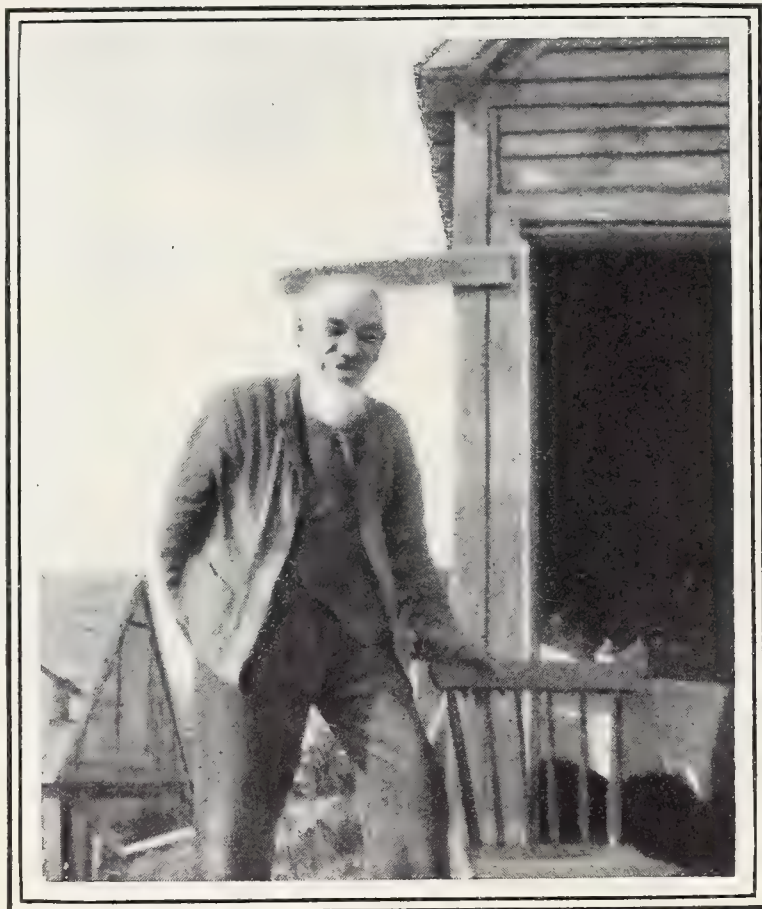
Daniel, though threescore and ten, took the family axe, hand-saw, and hammer and proceeded to his labors on his ark. Nehemiah stood in front of the lordly spruce that Daniel was about to attack with the axe, and in the name of the Shanks family forbade him to chop. Daniel had the zeal of monomania and insisted. Then Nehemiah brandished the family staff and threatened to chastise the disobedient son of their father. Daniel, in a frenzy, made at his brother with the axe, routed him, captured the

staff, chopped it up, and then began on the tree. He laid waste quite a section of woodland before Nehemiah got word to the agent. Then in high dudgeon Daniel built a shack of his own. He lives in it and refuses to speak to his brothers. Nehemiah, tall, grave, dignified, with the flowing white beard of a patriarch, stood upon a knoll and pointed over to Daniel's hut and told me of the unfortunate affair, sorrowfully, without anger. Daniel, realizing that his misdeeds were exposed to a stranger, shook his fists from afar and leaped up and down in what was apparently ecstasy of rage. He waylaid me before I had left Little Spruce, and informed me that after being bossed by his brother for more than sixty years he proposed

to run his own affairs for the rest of his life. Nehemiah came in his turn to the shore after Daniel had trudged away to his hut, cracking his hard little fists above his head in his temper.

"I still hope to be able to meet father at the door of heaven and tell him that I kept the Shanks family together and kept it decent, as he would have liked to have me keep it," said Nehemiah, sadly. "Daniel was always hard to manage; father found him so. But I think he will come back to his home, for I am the only one in the family who can cook things as mother used to cook them."

Bushy Island, to which I came when a poor little human drama was at its climax, is a bare handful of earth without a tree on it. Quarter of a century ago Henry Tripp, after roving along the coast, settled there. He was an old man even then, bent at his hips into almost a right angle. Fourteen



HERMIT TRIPP

years ago a woman, as old as he, came from the main and dwelt with him in his little house. In fourteen years she was off that patch of island only twice.

"Hermit Tripp," as he was called, believed that Kidd had buried his treasure on Bushy. Old and decrepit as he was, he began to dig the island. He wore out shovel after shovel at his task. When he died he had shovelled nearly half the island off into the sea, cleaning the earth down to bed-rock.

He died in August, 1908. On the night of his death a summer gale swept the coast, wrecking cottages and flattening acres of trees on the main near Bushy. When the old woman realized that Tripp was dying she took a big hand-bell and, though so weak and old that she could walk only with difficulty, she went out on the high land of the island and rang the bell with all her strength, hoping that in some lull of the gale the sound would be heard on the main.



NEHEMIAH SHANKS, THE PATRIARCH OF LITTLE SPRUCE

At midnight she went to the hut to minister to the old man, and found him dead. Then she resumed her vigil on the shore, ringing the bell, blinded by the lightning, drenched by the rains, and blown about by the gale.

People heard and came off to the island the next day. But Bushy Island is one of those "set-off" places, a no man's land so far as the law goes. Three towns at first disclaimed responsibility for the burial expenses of a pauper. The old woman stayed alone with her dead a second night. Then came men and dug his grave, a pebble-toss from his hut, and laid him there. Some one read a bit from the tattered old Bible that was found in the house. Those who had buried the old man went away and left the old woman alone. Chance and idle curiosity brought me to Bushy one day. I had supposed that charity had provided a home elsewhere for the lonely tenant. But she was still there. She was ill, she was hungry, she had not

sufficient strength to walk or to build a fire. There is no fresh water on Bushy. She had a scanty supply in a jug.

It is not necessary to go into the details of the measures promptly taken for her relief. At first she concealed her name. We discovered what it was from some old letters that were flying about the little yard. She "had been some one" once on a time. She has a brother living, a worthy and prominent man in an inland town. He came promptly when I communicated with him, and went with me to visit his sister in the hut on Bushy Island. He had not seen her, had not heard from her, for many years. He had sought for her, but she had disappeared. He and she are the only ones left of a well-known family.

One can imagine how fiction would have handled this reunion. But real life has its own grim methods. It was high tide and the launch swung close to the corner of the hut, under which the waves were lapping. The brother hesitated, misery on his countenance.

"Go in first, please!" he implored.

She gave him only a careless glance when he sat down in the unspeakable shelter.

"For God's sake, take me out!" he gasped. "I can't stand this!"

We were not in the place ten seconds. He had not heart or strength to make this forlorn creature know him for what he was. He hurried into the launch and left the island. This is how fact tersely dismissed a situation that fiction would have lingered over.

It is proper in this connection to state that later the brother appointed me his agent and almoner, and before the fall grew late the woman was re-



THE OLD WOMAN OF BUSHY ISLAND



ENTERTAINING THE MISSIONARY—SUNDAY ON MALAGA ISLAND

moved from the island to a comfortable home, where she is now cared for. Her mental faculties that had been impaired by her privations have been regained in a measure, but she has never made any inquiries regarding her family. On our visits to her we find her reading her Bible and, to use her words, "preparing my soul for the great change."

This case also brought to my attention a character who ought to be interesting from a sociological point of view. He is an addition to the varied army of vagrants—he is a water tramp. While search for some honest persons who would take the old woman as a boarder was in progress, those interested in the case carried cooked food each day and plenty of dainties. She declared that she felt perfectly safe to stay alone nights—and, in fact, the hut was too wretched a place to serve as a lodging for any person except the poor old creature who had become accustomed to it.

Now appears a human derelict in a barnacled old dory! He seemed to sniff those food delicacies from afar. He billeted himself on the poor old woman, coming in the edge of the evening, re-

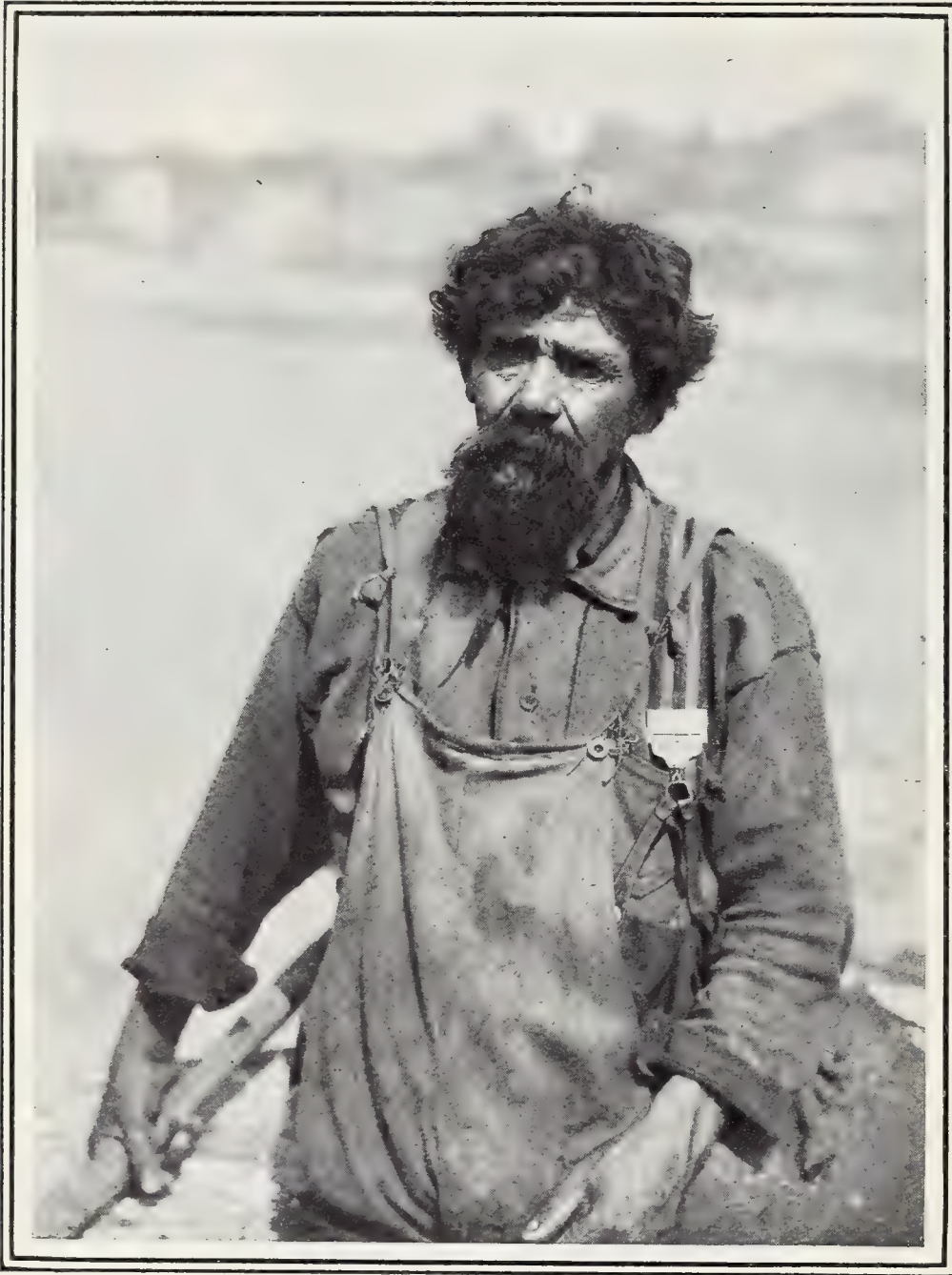
maining the night, and departing before charity came again with heaped hands.

This especial water tramp has been a peregrinator in Casco waters for many years, a stolid, weather-beaten man, and even the gulls of the bay take more thought as to where they may perch for the night. There are a dozen or more of his ilk scattered alongshore. The city man who comes down to his cottage in the spring and finds a window forced, the left-overs of his larder devoured, and his summer clothes gone, has this gentry of the coast to thank. The water tramp steals only what he can eat and what he can wear. He dwells in a cottage as long as it suits his taste or convenience, or until the crackers, canned goods, and firewood are gone. Then he moves to the next. He is not a good housekeeper, and the cottager who finds his débris in the spring has a bad quarter of an hour and a lively desire for vengeance. If he will keep sharp watch, he will find his old coat on the back of a "dory vagabond." But it doesn't trouble the water tramp if he is sent to jail. He goes up-country stoically, and returns to seek his living in the same old way.

But there is one who stands forth from among these petty thieves with almost the proportions of a modern Viking. He came coasting along from Nova Scotia in a gray and seamed old Hampton boat, leisurely seeking adventures and three

not been able to take more of her belongings. The Viking's hut in Nova Scotia was but scantily furnished. She kept remembering certain choice things that had been left behind in the hurry of departure and on account of lack of

room in the Hampton boat. She urged her new lord to go back and get another load. The story of how she urged came out later in the Lincoln County court. The Viking went back a few months after his first foray. The wife told him that the house would be locked up and the husband away to the Banks once more. The freebooter was removing the rest of the furniture—finding the house untenanted, as the wife had prophesied; but he was apprehended by friends of the absent husband. The judge in imposing sentence stated that a thief who would steal a man's wife, four children, and half his furniture, and then come back after the rest of the household goods, was too much of a rogue to expect



JAKE, GREAT-GRANDSON OF THE PIONEER OF MALAGA

meals a day, and arrived in the Pemaquid region.

He lingered there for some weeks. His name was MacTush, he had the swagger of a border chieftain, and his hair was the hair of a Norseman, and he found favor in the eyes of a wife whose husband was away upon the Grand Banks on a "mack'rel-chancin'" trip. So the stranger stole the wife, four children, and such furniture from the house as could be stowed in the Hampton boat. He sailed back to Nova Scotia.

As time went on the wife regretted. But it was not regret for the abandoned husband. Here once more fact differs from fiction. She was sorry that she had

mercy, and MacTush is in jail for a number of years.

Louds Island, off the coast of Bristol, occupies perhaps a more anomalous position than any other land along the Atlantic seaboard. It has a considerable population of thrifty fishermen and farmers; they live in good houses and are intelligent. They and their ancestors have dwelt there for more than one hundred and fifty years. But the men of the island have never voted in any election, town or State or national. They have never paid any State, town, or county taxes. They resisted the draft at the time of the Civil War, and drove the

officers off the island with clubs and rocks. They say that they do not need the protecting arm of State or national government. They raise money for schools and roads, elect municipal officers to administer affairs, and seem to get along very comfortably as an independent principality. Flattering overtures have been made by Bristol; by coming into the fold the islanders would receive State school money, have an opportunity to vote, and obtain other advantages. But Louds Island will not affiliate. There has never been a crime committed on the island, no one ever locks his door, and almost every one is a relation of some one else.

While Louds Island is genially beckoned into the family by Bristol, Malaga Island is getting the cold shoulder from Phippsburg—the town that contains the site of ancient “Augusta,” pioneer of all New England settlements.

As a “no man’s land” Malaga has more striking peculiarities than any other island alongshore. There are about fifty persons on it, of all grades of negro blood, and most of them descendants of a runaway slave who came and hid there more years ago than any man about there remembers. These people form a strange clan. They have married and intermarried until the trespass on consanguinity has produced its usual lamentable effects. They are as near to being children of nature as it is possible for people to be who are only a stone’s throw from the mainland and civilization. They lack entirely the spirit of thrift and of providing for future emergencies. Winter after winter, through all the years, they have shivered and starved, but never does November find a wood-pile on Malaga, nor a week’s supply of food in reserve. To counsel on economy and to preachment on thrift they are as inattentive as little children would be. A coast missionary took in hand one especially improvident family of six—father, mother, and four children well grown. Spurred by him, they fished, dug clams, sold bait to trawlers, and at the end of the summer had saved about seventy dollars among them. Then the missionary went away, confident that at least one Malaga family would reach “March Hill” in comparative comfort. When his back was

turned they used for kindlings the shingles that he had given them for the repair of their miserable hut, bought six dogs in order that each member of the family could have his own pet, and spent the rest of the money for sweets, pickles, jellies, and fancy groceries.

Charity, after a few experiences with the “Malagaïtes,” as they are called by their indifferent neighbors on the main, grows a bit discouraged. Donations of money bring more harm to them than otherwise. Old clothes and a doling of something to eat form charity’s only resource. A State agent who looks after paupers in unorganized places goes over to Malaga occasionally, thins out the dogs, travels about to see whether medical attendance is required by any one, gives those actually hungry an order on the nearest grocery-store, and does not trouble himself to give good advice; it was discovered a great many years ago that good advice is wasted in Malaga. A while ago the agent took along a notary and had marriages performed between six couples whose naïve ideas of wedlock had not reached out to the fact that a ceremony was necessary.

In summer all the people of the colony work as best they are able, but the scope of what they can do is so limited and the returns in money so small that it is not surprising that winter finds them with hands empty.

Women put on trousers and boots and dig clams with the men. Occasionally farmers on the main hire the women to work in the fields. The men are too lazy. The woman who earns the most money is one who lives in what was once the cabin of a schooner. She takes in washings from the main. As she cannot stand upright in her house, she climbs upon the roof and there toils at her tub.

Certain amateur sociologists have been wondering and planning what to do with Malaga and the Malagaïtes. Popular subscription has erected a neat little schoolhouse, in which a teacher, paid by the State, began her work in November, 1908. The children will be taught how to read and write, and the women will take lessons in sewing and darning and patching. There have been few needles on Malaga in the past.

The people of the island are singularly

susceptible to religious influence, and most of them row to the main on Sundays to attend church. With the exception that their ideas of the social code of morals are primitive, they are blameless so far as their relations with the world go; they are not vicious, they show none of that sullenness that marks similar strata of society, and they extend the rude hospitality of their island with touching warmth and sincerity.

The rude gashes in the coast of Maine afford good hiding-places for those who desire to leave the world behind. One day a youth dropped off a coaster and looked about a Maine fishing-village. He stayed long enough to fall desperately in love with a girl whose father owned a Grand Banks smack and was accordingly in the upper ranks of village society. The young man, poorly clad and a stranger, was repulsed, naturally. When he undertook to explain that he was a runaway from a wealthy English family he was looked upon with still greater suspicion.

He set at work digging clams for a living and feeding his soul on occasional fleeting glimpses of the girl he loved. His story had been scoffed at with so great unanimity that he did not make any more revelations regarding his prospects. But one day he appeared at the office of a lawyer in the shire town of the county, and produced papers just received from England that required only his signature and his oath to yield him \$15,000 from an estate in his native country. He got the money, put it into a bank, bought out the general store in the fishing-village, married the girl, and from the butt became the boss of the place. It would be pleasing to state that he remained the boss and lived happy ever after, but again does grim fact tip over fiction's apple-cart—as life is lived in the cracks o' the coast!

That young man was instructed by the lawyer in the use of a check-book, and it did not seem like spending real money when he wrote a check. He bought all the fishing-boats for sale along that part of the coast. Every one who had anything to sell hurried up from cove, island, and far inlet and sold it to this young man, who had become drunken with flattery and adulation after having

been despised so long. Travelling salesmen heard of him, and descended and filled his store to bursting with goods—goods that he tossed out on credit to the throng that hung around him.

When, at the end of eight months or so, he got a notice from the bank stating that he had overdrawn his account he did not understand, and went to the lawyer to have the matter explained. When it was explained he was dazed. He had not thought that fifteen thousand dollars could ever be cleaned out by writing on little slips of paper!

His affairs were so mixed that he was obliged to assign, and it is easy to understand what an assignment would do to a man who did not know that fifteen thousand dollars do not make an inexhaustible treasure. I am afraid that what I have heard is true: that he is digging clams again.

But while he lasted he was the most talked-about young man along a good bit of coast. Even old "Six-fingered Simpson" of the Crumples heard of him—and the Crumples is at the end of the world! Simpson pawed over his scanty possessions, found something to sell, and came up and sold it. He had not been to the mainland before in twenty years. The list of things that Simpson had never seen comprised all of man's inventions between locomotives and phonographs. The new Midas of the coast had a phonograph, and he was willing to amaze Simpson. But Simpson was not amazed. He listened, walked around the contrivance, and declared that some one hidden down-cellar was making the noise that came through the horn. He listened to the parlor organ without comment. But when he rejoined his son, who had been waiting for him at the shore, afraid to venture among those devil gimcracks, he said:

"The most of it didn't amount to much. But you ought to have seen the critter in the parlor. His woman set down 'side of it, and it showed its teeth to her, and she cuffed along them teeth and trod on its tail, and it growled and whined away savage enough, now, I tell ye!"

So we turned at the Crumples and came home from our exploring, for it is plain that the Crumples is at the end of the world!

The Castle on the Dunes

BY JOSEPHINE DASKAM BACON

AMONG my friends that one who had the greatest influence on my life was, as is often the case, much older than I. Many things she taught me, and of them all I best remember the one she told me last, when I had known her twenty years. She was at that time fully sixty, with a fine crown of silver hair, a tall, full figure, and piercing dark eyes, for as she grew older her whole regard grew, as it seemed to me, keener and more commanding, and not, as with some women, softer and less powerful.

I had been with her, one white winter day, on one of those errands of discerning charity that occupied so many of her hours and thoughts — dangerously many, as we who loved her would often say, considering that she spent herself unnecessarily upon much for which others might well have acted deputy. The sun had set early, for it was midwinter, and white points of winter stars were pricking through the frozen sky. The snow, iced over with a glistening crust, sent back pale reflections to the bars of cold green and thin rosy glows that stood for sunset, and a threatening wind began to rise, that shook down little icicles from the window ledge and made the stiff, chill branches of the oaks and beeches creak warningly.

I shivered to myself with pleasure and thanked sincerely the slender girl that brought hot tea to me and unwrapped my long furs. It was not my friend's daughter; the youngest of these was now happily married, and she would have been alone were it not for the girls that she kept with her, training and guiding them into some of the wisdom and charm that distinguished her gracious self—a sort of unchartered school, where less gifted mothers sought eagerly to install their daughters.

As she accepted the services of two of these, and despatched by a messenger some comforts to be sent to the suffering

creature we had just returned from visiting, I lingered by the window and saw the first shadowy flakes of a new storm. The wind rose quickly to a howl, an icy branch tapped at the pane; we had narrowly escaped a dangerous homecoming. I could not resist a somewhat pettish complaint.

"Don't you think," I began, "that you have earned a rest from these expeditions, these insistent girls of yours, this constant responsibility? You are magnificently strong and well—yes; but even your vitality has its limits, and too many people hang upon you, my dear! Do you shake us all off for a while and do something for yourself, your own pleasure and relaxation. Surely at your age you deserve rest! Your own have ceased to need you—why invite others?"

She looked strangely at me, and in the dusk I saw her face white.

"There!" I went on, "you have harrowed yourself unnecessarily with that poor creature's pain and want—surely you could have sent money? There are people whose sole business it is to attend to such cases, and their nerves are coarser than yours—they are not so wrung by what is daily work to them."

At that moment a great fall of snow slid from one of the sloping roofs, so that the air was white before us. It swept to the ground with a dense, rushing crash, and heaped itself into fantastic towers and walls; close by a red lantern shone out; the wind moaned sadly.

"Look! look!" she cried, one hand at her side, "the Dunes again! Surely you see that Castle, too? Or is it the sign— Oh, I am ready! Believe me, I am ready!"

I caught her hand.

"Those are no Dunes, my dear friend, only black shadows on the snow of your own lands," I assured her, "and it is one of your own men with a lantern going on your own errand. It is the fallen

snow that takes those strange spirelike shapes—no castle. This wind wails too much for your nerves. Look in, at the fire and the warm hall."

"No, no," she said, quietly. "I love to look out—I am not afraid. I never know when I may see the Castle. And what you just said about my rest . . . well, it seems to open my lips. It was on just such a night . . . how cold the stars were! And I had nearly lost myself—hunting for my rest! When the moon rises I will tell you."

And then I knew that I was to hear one of those strange experiences of hers that from time to time caught her out of the ordinary course of life and taught her much that I could never have learned and told to you without her help. As always, she spoke quickly, often halting for long between swift gushes of narrative, now as one who reads from an old book about a stranger, now like the adventurer himself. She did not always nor steadily employ the style into which I have thrown her words, but she wrapped me in an atmosphere, and from that, and the remembrance of a rising winter moon and a still, cold night, I write.

Her old friend the great physician, who now, in the evening of his busy life, attended only upon those whose necessities baffled the less experienced, pursed his lips and stared at her out of a grizzle of white hair.

"And what will you do," he asked, abruptly, "when I have convinced them that you are unable to keep up these various relations that have been so many years a-building? Where will you go for this great rest?"

"Somewhere where I can be alone," she answered him, firmly, "where I can fold my hands by some quiet, lonely river and think, where I can realize what I am: a widow, lonely for her best and lifelong friend, a mother whose children need her no longer, a woman who has tasted life long enough and paid her debt to the world and would slip out of it quietly. Surely that is little to ask?"

"I should say that the fact of your living showed you had not yet paid your debt to life," he said dryly, "and I confess that I cannot see any great value

in realizing these things you speak of. If they are so, they are so. Let them be."

"Oh, you are a man!" she cried, bitterly.

"And I know, therefore, what a woman needs," he said, "and you especially, who have many gifts denied, mostly, to your sex. Believe me, there is only one river for you—it is literally the River of Life."

"It is Lethe," she said, obstinately, "and you shall not deny it to me. I tell you I am weary of my thoughts, and all the business of this River of yours. I have gained the bank; it is philosophy. Before I am driven far inland—where even you cannot come and get me—and lose it altogether, I claim the right to begin the journey of my own accord. I want you to give me again that delicious, soothing treatment, that electric whirring, that takes away my thoughts—will you?"

He mused a while, seemed to have forgotten her.

"No, I will not," he said at length. And it was in vain that she urged him, for he held to the refusal.

"Ours is no time of life to soothe away thought, dear friend," he said; "you need no treatment of mine."

While she begged him there came an urgent call from an inner office and he left the room quickly, asking her to wait. And as she sat there, baffled and a little resentful, the sight of the bright, mysterious machine, so obedient there and always ready with its delicious oblivion, put a wild idea into her brain.

"We are old friends," she said to herself. "I know how he does it—why not? He will soon be here!"

And she pressed the well-known knob and watched the great disks begin to whirl softly around under their glass dome. At the familiar sound her hunger for the coming comfort mounted fiercely, and she seized the long, supple, silk-wrapped cords and pressed the bulbs to either temple. A slight shock ran through her blood, and with the realization of her folly came the knowledge that she could not take down her hands. The whirring grew, doubled, multiplied in volume; the room seemed to sway and rock; a low rumbling, like thunder, filled the air. Blind terror seized her, and shame for what she had done and could not

undo, and as the office door flew open and a sharp, angry exclamation rose above the roaring, she summoned all her strength of will, tore away her hands, and fled, sick with fear, through a door covered by a velvet curtain. Through a small passage she stumbled, and then, as hurrying feet sounded behind her, and the roaring and whirring grew momentarily, she wove her way among a network of back stairs and halls and fell upon a small door under some steps, thinking it must lead to a cellar, and stupidly remembering the safety of such spots in explosions and earthquakes—for now the whole house was quivering with the throbs of the terrible force she had set in motion. Down the narrow stair she plunged and hurried through the dim, earthy cellar, past bins of coal and great coiling pipes and drains. The jar seemed lessened here, but her humiliation and fright were no less.

"I can never meet his eyes again!" she murmured. "Will he ever forgive me? I must find a way out, down here."

But in the dim light and her utter ignorance of that part of the house, she could find no way out, though she went steadily away, during many minutes, from the stair she had descended. A great rat whisked across her foot, and with a shriek of disgust she pressed the knob of a low door, forced it open, and found herself at the head of another flight of steps, of heavy stone. This would be a sub-cellar, she reasoned, and drew back, but the scurrying feet of the rat behind her scared away all judgment and she plunged downward; the door closed heavily behind her.

These steps seemed interminable, twisted like a tower, and wearied the muscles of her legs terribly. At last they ended, and she found herself in a great arched vault like some ancient catacomb, empty, so far as she could see, but for cobwebs and dust. At least it was utterly silent; there was no more of that throbbing, and her eyes had by now accustomed themselves to the dimness. How broad this cellar might be she dared not adventure to find out, for a few paces from the wall the darkness swallowed everything.

"It must be that all the houses are connected at this depth," she thought, her mind still so confused from the shock

she had sustained, and all her hurry and fright, that she did not perceive the folly of her wandering farther, "for I have certainly gone far beyond the length of a city block, even. Perhaps I am in the heart of a great aqueduct system—it is all walled and ceiled with stone."

At last the dim glow faded and she was in the utter dark. But she dared not go back, for she had no clew to the stone stairs and had lost all her reckoning.

A piercing chill grew in the dead air; the silence was terrifying. But just as her brain cleared and fear began to creep into her blood, such fatigue had laid hold on her that the fear could not choke her—she was too far spent.

"To die like a rat in a drain!" she whimpered, "to stifle underground! Oh, I am too old for it! He might have let me die in my bed!"

Just then she saw ahead of her—she could not say if it were far or near—an arch, the outline of a low door, lighted through the cracks of it, and she drove her weary feet toward this and bent upon it, but uselessly, for it was thick stone. With her last remnant of strength she set her mouth to the crack and screamed, and it seemed to her that three loud knocks upon the other side answered her in some sort. She screamed again. Again came the three knocks, and close against the crack a voice whispered:

"In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, I adjure you, wandering soul, be quiet!"

The voice was shaking with fear as great as her own, and this gave her courage. She put her lips to the crack and cried:

"I am no wandering soul, but a poor woman! I am lost in this great vault. Open, and let me out!"

After a little the faint whisper came again:

"Do you swear this by the Holy Trinity, the Wounds of Christ, and—and the Sorrows of Mary?"

"I swear it by anything you wish," she called, "if you will open the door and see how little you have to fear from me! But I shall soon be as dead as you think me unless you make haste, for I am nearly frozen."

Now a rusty key grated and after

much tugging and panting from the other side, the door opened a little way, and the scared head of a brown friar, such as one sees in the old countries, hooded and tonsured, peeped out.

"Mother of us all!" he cried, fearfully, "and what—who art thou, then?"

"Only a woman, father," she said, gently, for he was clearly ready to shut her back into the dark. "I am here by mistake. I only ask to be put on my way again, and I will not trouble your monastery."

For she had travelled much abroad, and though she supposed herself to have entered through the cellar some church, school, or cathedral establishment, of which there were not a few in her city, unconsciously she spoke of a monastery as if she had met this holy brother in such a place.

"Monastery!" he repeated, but more assured now, and opening the door wider. "Why do you speak of that, my daughter? Who looks for a monastery on the Dunes?"

So simple and sincere he seemed that she could not doubt him, and stared around her, to see herself in a rich, if small, chapel of rough stone, with colored windows and a carved altar. The candles were but half alight; her cries had evidently stopped this friar in his pious task. Holly was twined about among the carvings, and the effigy of a knight in full armor, his crossed feet upon a crouched hound, had candles on either side and the choicest berries and glossiest leaves upon his breastplate; but she did not stop to look at these, but rushed to the only door she saw besides the one she had entered, the monk watching her curiously the while.

This door led to a narrow passage, that, in turn, to a broader, hung with rich tapestry, lighted with torches, set alternately with branching deer-horns. This would never take her out, certainly, and she turned in confusion to the waiting friar.

"Is there no door to the street?" she said, impatiently.

He stared curiously at her.

"The street? The street?" he repeated. "My daughter, what are you thinking of? Look through this pane and recollect your whereabouts."

He pointed to an empty pane among the colored pieces of the window, through which now and then the wind blew powdery snow. She put her eye to it and looked out upon a great bare moorland, white under a cold winter moon. Here and there sprang a fir tree, but for the most part the land stretched away to the horizon, empty as death—and as chill. So close to her eye that she must hold her head back in order to see it rose a great square tower with stretches of tiled roof, mostly snow-covered, spreading out below it; this chapel was the end of the building, it was plain.

Now a strange, uncertain doubt fell over her, and forgetting the terrors of the dark cellar and the long vaults, she turned to the little door again.

"Open that," she said, "and I will try my luck at getting back. For I have come farther than I knew, it seems."

The friar crossed himself. "Back!" he cried—"back through those ancient tombs, Christ knows where? Never dream of it, my daughter! Besides"—as she rushed to the door—"it would be impossible. The old key broke in the lock even as I labored over it, and ten men could not stir it now."

"Tombs?" she murmured, fearfully. "What do you mean by tombs? I came through a cellar . . ."

"My daughter in Christ," said the friar, advancing firmly toward her and holding out with shaking hands an ivory crucifix so that it touched her breast, "if thou art a mad woman only, God pity thee, but if thou art more—and worse—then know this sign, before Whom all devils tremble and vanish! For thou art covered inches deep with the dust of tombs so old that they are forgotten utterly of us who tend the ashes of their descendants, and the cobweb that drapes thy body like a shawl so that I cannot tell for my life the fashion of thy garments, or if thou art young or old, maid or widow, has been a-thickening these hundred years and more!"

At this the moon struck sharply through the empty pane, and she saw herself for what he had said, and swooned with the cold and her deadly fear.

She came to herself in a soft whispering and rustling of skirts, and knew that women were moving around her.



Painting by Howard Pyle

SHE SAW HERSELF FOR WHAT HE HAD SAID, AND SWOONED

"What will happen to her?" said one voice. "I had not thought such things possible, hadst thou, Alys?"

"I know that old Ursula who was here in the old Countess' day told of something like it, and that the old Countess ordered a bath made ready, such, she said, *as her grandmother had ordered*. It seems they are always prepared."

"Be still, girls; she is stirring at the eyelids! How is it with you, madam?"

She opened her eyes and saw three or four young women in fanciful dresses looped up with chains, with jewelled nets upon their heads and seed-pearls braided into their hair. Their gowns of brocaded silk clung closely to the body and left the neck and shoulders bare.

"This is evidently no monastery," she said. And then: "Where am I? I am so cold!"

"Soon you will be warm, madam," said the tallest of the girls, with two long braids of dark hair over her shoulders and a wine-red gown trimmed with black fur. "Could you find it possible to walk between two of us, think you? Come, Mawdlyn, your arm!"

But little Mawdlyn shrank back. "I am in great fear of all that cobweb, Cousin Alys," she whimpered, and no scowls availed to move her.

"Let me help you, Mistress Alys," said a young boy, very gravely, stepping forward with a plumed cap in his hand and a short hunting-knife at his leather girdle.

The tired woman leaned heavily on his arm, and it was he that led her gently and carefully along the great hall between the waving tapestries. Before a curtained door he paused.

"I can go no farther, madam, but if I may ever serve you, which is my true hope, call for me. You will see me on the instant," he said, softly, and Alys led her behind the curtain.

Upon a dais sat a very beautiful young woman with deep eyes like brown stars, and two great braids of hair like the inner side of chestnuts when they fall apart. She was all in shot-gold silk, and on her dark hair lay a twisted golden coronet with rubies studded in it. A big ruby hung on a golden chain around her warm white neck. Below her lay a great silver bath full to the brim of steaming water, and as the two entered,

she rose, took a carved ivory box from an old serving-woman beside her, and sprinkled a handful of what looked to be white sea-sand from it into the bath, which bubbled and clouded and turned milky like an opal.

"Quickly, quickly, Alys!" she cried. "Give her to me!"

And as the woman tottered and drew back from the steamy clouds, she of the coronet hastened toward her, took her in her young powerful arms as if she had been an infant, and lifted her over the silver edge. Now the warmth restored her a little, and she resisted feebly and protested.

"But I am dressed—I am not ready for a bath. Who are you that expect me here and masquerade so strangely? Let me see—"

For she perceived that she was being held so as to prevent her looking into the bath.

"Ah, madam, be guided, be guided! The Countess would not have you look!" cried Alys; but she turned in the strong arms that held her and peered into the milky waves, that smelled of roses, and her heart turned in her, for the bath had no bottom at all, and below the waves were the rocks of the sea itself, white and ribbed, stretching out endlessly. Great masts of ships were there and huge fishes oaring their way, and as the water touched her she did not feel it warm, but cold and salt. She struggled, but it reached her hips, and she felt the Countess thrust her down, down.

"Push her, push her, Alys!" cried this cruel Countess. "Press down her feet!" and she sank, gasping.

The water drew through her nostrils, and the air was full of deep, tolling bells and at last a steady hum, as of bees. She knew nothing more.

At last, as one might waken after death, she breathed again, and felt herself being lifted from a warm, sweet bath and held, naked as a new child, on the knees of one who dried her softly with a towel of finest linen that smelled of roses.

"See how clean, my lady! Everything has gone!" She heard the voice of Alys, and peeped beneath her lids at where she had been plunged: it was but a great silver bath, clear, now, to the bottom, and quite empty.

"Where are my clothes?" she whispered, feeling strangely light and strong. "I am not cold any more. I can go on."

"Surely, if you will," said she they called the Countess, "but not till you have eaten and drunk and had of us new wear in the stead of that my bath has washed away."

And so, almost before she knew it, Alys and the old serving-woman had put on her soft, fine linen and a shot-silver robe, looped up with a silver chain, and dressed her hair nobly. Over her neck and shoulders, no longer smoothly full like her own, this Countess fastened a sort of cape of lace and silver, and on her feet the old woman fitted pointed velvet shoes. She watched them gravely, tingling still from that strange bath, trying to shape out in her mind what she would say to lead them to explain to her the place she had fallen upon, and why they played this pretty jest, and spoke and dressed so quaintly.

Now the Countess touched a silver bell, and the old woman drew a heavy curtain before the bath and the dais, and placed a carved chair, and when Alys had led her to it, the same youth appeared with a tray in his hand, holding fine wheat-bread and a graceful flagon of rosy wine and a fragment of honeycomb. He knelt before her seriously, with eyes never raised above his silken knees, but his very presence moved her strangely, and she put her hand softly on his head when he said, "Will you eat, madam, and refresh yourself?" and hastened to taste of all on his tray before he could be offended.

"And now, Alys, where is your mistress?" she said, when her strength was stayed and her eyes and voice bright again with the comforting wine, "for I must talk with her."

"Presently, madam, presently," said the girl. "None may speak with her at the moment, for she is gone to mass—'tis the Count's name-day, and the night, too, when God and St. Michael took him, fighting, and we have been out all day for holly for the chapel. We are all to go. Will you come with us?"

"No," she said, thinking to make her way out when they were all gone and find out where this wild tract could be—"no, I will wait here. I am not of your religion, Alys."

The girl sprang back from her with frightened eyes and crossed herself.

"Madam!" she cried, "never speak so! If they thought a Moslem here—and to-night—Hush! there go the men!"

There was a great tramping, and along the tapestries, before the drawn curtain, came a company of men-at-arms, clanking in full armor, with set, hard faces under the helmets.

She grasped at the arms of her oak chair wildly; these harsh men sent a chill through her—was some horrid treachery thus hinted to her? Then, as Alys sped along behind them, she felt her hand kissed softly, and the little page-boy was there.

"There is none to hurt you—if you stay quiet here," he said, softly, and she knew she dared not move or spy about.

Now arose a low chanting, and then murmured prayers, and soon a smell of incense reached them. Then at last the mystic bell struck mellow on the night air, and she knew that God was made, and that men, maids, and the Countess were bowed before this mystery. The page bent low and crossed himself, and a strange jealousy rushed over her that he should be of this sort, when she was not, for she loved the boy unreasonably.

"Your mother is a good Catholic, I see," she said, when the chant grew louder, and covered her voice.

"I do not know, madam," he said.

"You do not know?" she cried. "And why not?"

"Because I do not know my mother, dear madam," he answered, and flushed to where his slim neck was hidden by his long hair.

Then a keen trouble rose in her and grew ever stronger, and the boy's eyes frightened her, and yet she must watch him. Steadily she looked at him, and sat as one in a dream and thought no more of going away; but when the Countess and her train came back, and the men had vanished, and the maids-in-waiting were whispering around the great fireplace, she put out her hand and caught the young Countess' silken gown.

"Who—who is his mother?" she asked, eagerly.

"Who should be?" the Countess answered, strangely. "Whom hath he a look of, guest of mine?"

The boy lifted his face as she put a shaking finger under his round chin and turned his eyes up to her, and a shiver ran through her—for they were her own eyes.

"This—this is no boy of mine!" she gasped, shaking with more than terror.

"He might have been," said the young Countess, with grave gentleness, "but you would not have him. So that he must come to us."

"But that—all that was long ago," she whispered, thinking that she spoke aloud, her eyes lost in the boy's.

"Here they grow slowly, being nearly soulless when they come," said the Countess. "He would have been your oldest son had he stayed with you."

"'Here'! In God's name, where am I?" she cried. "Am I dead, then, at last? But I had not thought—I had hoped for peace. I had counted on rest."

"Rest?" the Countess echoed her. "And why should you look for that, my guest? What, in all the worlds of God, rests? You are a strange people, beyond the Dunes. . . . But you are not dead. No dead come here."

She took her by the hand, the boy clinging to the other, and walked with her to the great fire. Here they sat down to tapestry-work, green and blue and russet weavings, and the woman folded her hands in her lap and watched them moodily. At last she spoke.

"You will never make a huntsman at that rate, Alys—one would think him standing on his horse."

"Help her, then," said the Countess, and her guest took a piece of charcoal and drew out a fair pattern for the girl.

"And mine, madam?" "And mine?" cried the others, and she leaned over the shoulder of each and made her a true picture for her work. But her eye was often on the boy, and when the girls were all busy at last she spoke softly to him.

"What is your name?" she asked.

"Madam, they call me Gildres," he said.

"And what do you do, Gildres, in this strange castle?"

"Is it strange?" said the boy. "I do not know. I am to be squire to the lord, my lady's brother, soon, and now I learn falconry and the care of his armor, and sometimes I serve the mass. I wait on

my lady herself, too, for I must learn that. But I like best to color the missals with Father Petrus—you should see the phoenix I did, madam, and the leopard, last week! He said it was brave work—all blue and stars, with red pierced hearts in the border, madam—and that the church needed me."

She put her hand on his dark head and sighed.

"If I had kept you with me, you should have made your leopards, dear," she said, gently, "but now I have no right in you."

"Nay, but you may help him," said the Countess, briskly. "Run and get thy phoenix, boy, and she will show thee where even that wondrous bird is at fault."

And when they had worked over the great volume, lettered every letter by a patient hand and clasped with silver, it was the hour for bed.

"The Countess is tired," whispered Alys to their guest, "for she has been twice on the Dunes; once to tend a poor wood-cutter of a broken leg, and again when one of the shepherd's wives was found to be a-dying."

"In the city—which I have just left we do these things differently now," said the woman. "There is so much pain and sickness that one woman's hands—or one hundred's—would avail little enough to stem the tide. So it is organized and attended to by a few who do nothing else, and thus the others are left free."

"Free for what?" said the Countess, suddenly—"to seek rest?"

The woman looked coldly at her. "I do not know who you are," she said, "nor what you do here, but it is plain to see, at least, that you are a young woman. I am not. At your age, believe me, I did not rest. I have done better work of its kind than your tapestries. I have done other work, too—I have borne and reared children, and they have children of their own. I have tended to his death a good man, and laid him in his grave. My work is done. Now I look for some quiet room with a window to face the autumn sunsets, that I may sit by it, and think, and find out what life may be, perhaps, before I leave it. Why do you goad me on and seem to seek to prevent me?"

The Countess ran to her and knelt by her and seized her hand.

"I goad you because I must, dear guest," she said. "Believe me, I know—none better—what you have done. The tapestry which you drew to-day shall meet eyes which you do not dream on now; the phoenix that made pattern for our Gildres here shall teach more than him. And it is in such that you must rest. For women were not made to sit and think what life may be—trust me for it. We are running streams, that muddy if we settle. We have to live, and find out life in living. Did it not seem clearer to you, what time you leaned so wisely over my heedless little Mawdlyn?"

Now the woman breathed hard as one who runs a race, and stared at her who spoke.

"Yes, it did—I knew it did!" she cried, "but who are you that tell me this so young? And if you have learned so much, you are far too wise and necessary to those you teach to risk your life in this terrible cold, visiting wood-cutters!"

"If I am young, dear guest, I am yet not so young that I have not known this," said she of the coronet, "that I learned what I know on just such visitings! Mothers of Sorrow are we all, dear friend, and if we hold ourselves too far from sorrow, we are no true mothers of the world we make. If all did a little, there would be no need of a few who should do all—or so it seems to us on the Dunes."

"But we think—in my city—that these unhappy ones—the poor, the sick, the ignorant—gain more from the few who should do all," she argued.

"Maybe. But you gain the less who fail to do them," said the Countess.

"Child," said the woman, sternly, "the poor were not created for our discipline."

"I do not know how you know that," said the Countess.

At this the woman's eyes grew wide, and she stared at the embroidery frames and the stags' heads and the arras, and all the quiet maidens in their looped skirts, with eyes that saw them not. At last she sighed and rose from her carved chair humbly.

"Thank God I am not too old to learn!" she said. "I see I have not earned my rest, while so many of the world lack theirs. Perhaps in heaven, if I win there, I may take it. But it is hard. Once I was all for urging on

and doing, but a wise old woman taught me sharply that it might not be, and bridled and haltered my young strength. Now that I am content to be nothing, you, a young woman, urge me on. How many more must there be?"

Then the Countess rose and threw herself on her knees before her and kissed her trembling hand.

"No more, no more, O mother of six!" she cried, sobbing, "and be sure that only the fine gold needs must be so harried by the great Smithy! But it could not be that such as thou shouldst end at a sunset window. Rather die fighting as did my good lord, and leave the quiet for them that mourn!"

"I will do so," said the woman; "but how have you learned such wisdom, being so young?"

"When my lord died," said the Countess, "I was as one mad, and set myself toward the convent, to end there, praying for him. But a very holy hermit that lives beneath Merlin Oak, in the very midst and heart of the Dunes, to whom I brought a relic from Jerusalem as a pious offering, set me right, and told me I was not made for a religious. 'It may be, my daughter, that in too much thought on your religion you will lose it,' he said, 'and end in tears and kissings of the Feet, for which not many of the saints have power, for long. Make of thy deep heart a crystal spring, with continual bubbling, which is despised of the wise fools of this world, but ordained forever from the Throne.'"

"And yet he learned his wisdom from meditating in solitude, and freedom from the cares of every day?" said the woman, softly.

"He was a man," said the Countess, "and it is permitted to them to go into the desert and think. Ah, consider only, dear friend, for how little time had that good man of yours to do, or your father, with that seed of life which you and your mother must bear for days and months of days, till it should be born indeed! One hour with him—and he hath given you work for years. And hath he sleepless nights and breathless days, then? Nay, indeed! He is off to new dreams by morning, and there is only you to watch that they shall be

no dreams, but realities. And when that watch is over, then look for the dawn indeed—but not this side of the Dunes!”

“Then let me go back,” said the woman, quietly, “and do for the sake of the doing what once I longed to do for the sake of the world. Though now my powers are less and I doubt I shall accomplish very much.”

“Have no fear,” said the Countess, gladly — “have no fear, my sister. Alys, bring what you know for my sister,” and Alys went out and returned with a silver coronet on a cushion, studded with sapphires. The young Gildres knelt low to offer it, and as the Countess bade her, she herself put it upon her own head, and they walked stately together, lighted by the page and attended by the maidens, to a great beamed bedchamber with a crucifix on the wall, and a high carved bed of state raised upon a dais, and with pillows of silk and curtains of rich tapestry.

“Now rest, dear sister, and say good-by to me,” said this Countess, and when they had laid her, robed and crowned, upon the bed, she kissed her on the mouth.

Yet as she of the silver coronet passed slowly into a sweet sleep, where bees hummed and soft chanting from the chapel mourned the dead, she caught the hand of her who stood by the bed and questioned her.

“Tell me, mother and sister,” she whispered, “why must I find the truth under such strange forms? Why do you, who must teach me, wear the garments of another age, another country?”

Now a trouble came over the face of the Countess, and she shivered in the moonlight.

“Ask me not, sister and daughter—and yet I must answer if thou ask me, who wearest a crown. I cannot tell why this is laid upon me—although it is well known to be so. Nor have any but a wonderful and holy few learned in any other wise. I cannot tell . . . sometimes I think that though the lessons were set in each dish and coat and friendly hand of every-day—as Our Lady knows

they are, for the matter of that!—you cannot read them, out there. They are too plain, perhaps. So all must be put before the eyes too full for sight in a manner (as one should call it) quaint. Though truly one thing has never been more quaint than another! But I do not speak clearly. . . . Good night, my sister.”

Now she heard a sob, and knew it was from young Gildres.

“Shall I never see her again, then, my lady?” he whispered.

“Why, that is as may be, Gildres,” said the Countess, “but I do think so. It comes to me that when this my sister sets forth she shall pass through here, and thou shalt accompany her farther on. Do then thy service here the more diligently, as in the hope of it.”

“Madam, I will,” said he, joyfully; and she:

“Now soothe her hand, Alys, with me, for she should be sleeping now.”

Then they took each a hand and stroked it, and she lost herself in sleep, dreamless, save for the winter moonlight and the chanting and the hum of bees.

When she woke, her hand was still held, but very firmly, and the humming was seen to be the revolving of light disks under their dome of glass.

“Ah! Now we have a steady pulse,” said the doctor; “and you—too dear a friend to lose by your own folly!—I shall not scold you yet. But what a fright to give me! A little more and you would have found your Lethe over-soon, old friend.”

She shook her head and smiled. “No longer, no longer!” she said. “So long as the current bears me, I am for that River of Life that you and I must keep at flood.”

Now that she has dropped this strange tale, I find that in picking it up it has lost much of the force and clearness her telling gave it. Yet I cannot see that I have left anything out. It may be that my dull pen has clouded it. Blame me, then, and not the tale, for it was made most wonderfully plain to me.

Trix and Over-the-Moon

BY AMÉLIE RIVES

(Princess Troubetzkoy)

PART II

TRIX was well content these days. The Percheron had turned out splendidly. Over-the-Moon was learning his lessons slowly but surely. "Thoroughbreds always take longer to school—but they just saunter in when the half-breeds are dead beat," she had informed Sidney, when he commented on some backwardness in her favorite. The crops were most promising, and many foals had arrived upon the scene. It was a "sight for sair een," as even Alison admitted, to see them wheeling about their dams in the big paddocks, all lush and green now with the May, little stilt-legged browns and fawns, with funny, fuzzy docks, that looked more like fox-brushes than horse-tails. Some were the cocky offspring of the coach-horse, King Hildred, and sailed about with heads and tails up as though practising already for the ring; the rest were airily fleeting little bloods, that got over the ground, to quote Alison again, "as light as sae many scuddin'-stances ower a pond." For of late this strange person had begun to take an undeniable interest in the equine members of the Oldwood family. She would lean on the rails near the paddocks with her knitting, and watch the newcomers for an hour at a time, and occasionally she bestowed an apple at arm's length as some of the yearlings came up to investigate her.

Indeed the horse-fever seemed spreading at Oldwood this season, for Sidney, too, had a sharp attack of it, in a literary way.

As for Sidney's venture in the "horsey" line, Trix had broken it to him about her idea of keeping a pack of hounds and being Lady Master; and after the first, to-be-expected, outburst the title of Lady Master had fascinated him as the possible title for a story.

"But mind you, Trix, it's perfect

nonsense about you hunting your own hounds. Just see what that Englishman Benson said about it when you told him—and *you* know *he* knows."

"*'And she saw I saw Esau,'*" chanted Trix, lightly. "I don't care what Benson, or Johnson, or Thomson, or any other son of man says," she declared. "I'm going to do it, and it 'll be well done, too."

"But it's impossible, with all the other things you have to do. . . . You know Benson said it was a life job in itself, keeping hounds. . . . Don't be pig-headed, Trix."

"I . . . am . . . going . . . to . . . have . . . a . . . pack . . . and . . . hunt . . . them," said Trix. "This Albemarle clay's the very thing for kennels. . . . All the best men hold by clay. . . . It's destiny."

And she kept her word. For the present her hands were quite full enough with Over-the-Moon, whom she hoped to have in shape for the autumn horse-shows—and two yearlings that she chose to exercise alternately, on a lunging-rein along the roads—two beautiful fillies by the same sire, as like as their reflection in water—and destined to win for her cups and blue ribbons galore.

In the mean time Alison kept the things of which she had spoken to Mammy Henny in her heart, and pondered them very deeply. She saw her chance one afternoon, and availed herself of it with the dour promptitude that characterized all her actions when her mind was once made up.

It happened in this way:

Trix had ordered Over-the-Moon saddled for her, and as the cynical Benson . . . cynical as to her hunting her own hounds, that is . . . had called at Oldwood that day for a thorough discussion

of the subject, she decided that she would mount at the front door and ride a part of the way back with him toward his own farm. Alison from an upper window was a keenly interested witness of the subsequent proceedings.

Over-the-Moon, who had been stabled for two days owing to a foot that he had hung by kicking in his box, came up saying "Ha-ha!" through squared nostrils like the war-horse in Job. He had a bloom on him, as Trix had once said, "like a black Hamburg grape," and his sheer radiance struck Benson so dumb with admiration that he left unsaid his master argument against the keeping and breeding of hounds by any woman whomsoever.

Then, after quite a tow-row, Trix had landed safely in the saddle, and smug-gled the roan on to the grass, that Benson might get a better look at him. What happened during the next five minutes no one could ever exactly tell. Sidney said that it was Tim's witless bantam cock, who took this occasion to squatter out across the gravel with two of his harem; Joe said that it was "jes low-lifetedness. . . ." Benson thought that she might have touched him with her spur in his giddy whirlings and doublings. . . . Trix declared that he had simply "rung his head like a dinner-bell and dizzied himself"; the result, however, was that he crossed his legs and came a thwacking cropper on the near side, between the front steps and a big crêpe-myrtle. Trix kicked herself free in an instant, and got to her feet, swinging on to the reins, until Joe came to the rescue, and got hold of the roan, who seemed bent on following the coursers of the sun up the steep of blue May heaven. The leaping-horn was crushed double, and there was a slight cut down Trix's temple, which bled upon the white linen of her habit and gave things a tragic touch.

Sidney had implored her not to ride him that afternoon, and even Joe had muttered something, while the silence of the judicious Benson spoke louder than words. But they reckoned without their Trix. She had another saddle brought, and was on him again, and putting him through his paces on the grass, before they could realize that this

smoothly moving bit of satin-bound machinery had been behaving more like a daft motor-car than a horse only fifteen minutes before.

"That fall sobered him up, you see," she called, triumphantly, as she did high-school eights over the short turf, the beautiful beast changing his lead in answer to the movements of her lithe body.

"Isn't this doing pretty well for such a wild 'un, after only a month's schooling?"

So she had a very peaceful jog on him with Benson, after all, and brought him home across a bit of country, where she knew the jumps, he behaving like a "chrisom-child" all the way.

"He's all right, Joe," she said, as she swung off him on her return. "There's no real harm in him. . . . I wouldn't sell him for his weight in emeralds. . . . I b'lieve they're up just now."

And she came back to the house, very light-hearted but limping a little, for the fall had wrenched one of her ankles, to be confronted at her bedroom door by fate in the shape of Alison Stark.

"Culd ye gie me twa-three minutes when ye're changed, Mrs. Bruce?" said she. "Thaur's summat hings heavy on my hairt, though I'm sweer to be troublin' ye."

"Why, of course, Alison. . . . I'll ring for you as soon as I've had my bath. No bad news from Scotland, I hope?"

"Na, na, an' thank ye kindly. Dinna fash yoursel' aboot me. 'Tisna of mysel' I wad be speakin'."

And with that she was gone, to wait in her little dormer-windowed room until the bell rang, with her old Scotch Bible open upon her knee before her unseeing, unspectacled eyes, for the strength of its mere contact.

"Now," said Trix, when, feeling rather tired after her bath, she lay wrapped in her dressing-gown on a sofa, and motioned Alison to a chair near by, "what is it, Alison? You've got me downright nervous with your solemn face."

"Mair like 'tis juist Nature that gars ye feel sae, madam," said she, refusing the proffered chair. "I mind before my Jamie came I was aye flekkerin' like a feather in a draucht, gin a mouse cheepit. It 'll juist be Nature, ma'am."

"What on earth do you mean, Ali-

son?" asked Trix, quirking one eyebrow, in a way that hinted danger, to those who knew her.

"Why, juist that," said Alison, innocently. "A' womenfolk are sib to ither i' juist that ae thing."

"Will you speak plainly?" said Trix.

"Weel, I ken that my auld Scotch tongue maks lig-lag to your lugs, madam," replied Alison, deprecatingly, and still regarding her with guileless, pale-gray eyes. "But ye maun juist try to pit oop wi' it for a wee, and no be lettin' yoursel' get fashed wi' me . . . for that's the warst of a' for ye, an' ye as ye are the noo."

"I wish you'd say exactly what you came to say to me and get it over," said Trix, and her hands took a tight grip on the arms of the sofa, for she had a fierce desire to rise and bundle the old woman out of the room.

Alison's face changed suddenly. The bleak brows came down, and the dour lower lip shot out. Her glance was no longer mild and innocent. She fixed a piercing gaze on her mistress and came a step nearer.

"Aweel, then," she said, "I'll nae langer play seek-and-hod wi' ye, but come to the bare banes o' the truth. It's this I'm fain to say to ye, Mrs. Bruce. Are ye no afeared to tempt Proveedence, aye day, as ye've been temptin' Him, by riskin' twa lives on yon sauvage Sawtan of a beast?"

Trix was on her feet in a moment, facing her.

"Alison . . ." she began, and paused to control herself. Then she said in a cold voice: "I don't think you know how impertinent you are—so I forgive you. But you must not talk to me like this."

She moved as if going to the door, but Alison caught her by the arm, and again her manner had changed, for now it was softened, almost wheedling.

"Oh, my dawtie," she said, her harsh voice trembling, "dinna ye be angered wi' an auld woman wha hae diddled your man and your first wean upo' her knee. . . . Wha' for suld I speak but for your ain sake an' ye sae pale an' eerie-like, it cracks my hairt. . . . Ye're but a young, bit thing . . . juist a bairn yoursel'. How suld ye be kennin' the risk ye rin aye time ye get upo' that war-

lock beast? And gin I ken, and gin I didna warn ye . . . what for wad I be leevin' and eatin' the maister's bread?"

The ring of genuine pain in the old voice softened Trix at once. She laid her hand over the gnarled fingers on her arm and spoke gently.

"I'm sure you mean the very best, Alison," she said. "I'm sorry if I was cross—but I don't like people to meddle with me . . . not even with the very best intentions, you understand. So we'll just forget that this has happened and say no more about it."

"I'd be sick-laith to anger ye, madam," persisted Alison, still clinging to the strong little arm that stiffened under her eager clutch in its owner's effort at self-control. "Sick-laith I'd be to do it, but, oh! I maun try to mak ye see the gait ye're gangin'. Thaur's a muckle deep bog-land ayont ye, an' ye an' a' our hopes may be smoored in it afore ye ken. Dinna ye gang on as ye've been gangin'. Dinna ye ride yon mad, fleysome beast again. . . . Dinna ye do it. . . . Dinna ye do it."

"Alison," said Trix, who could be very patient when she set her mind to it, "sit down here—you're trembling all over, poor soul—sit here, and let me explain to you. You see, you don't know anything about riding, and what seems to you a savage, dreadful beast out of a fairy-tale is just a high-spirited, difficult horse to me, that 'll make a splendid hunter and steeplechaser (that's a sort of race-horse, you know) when I've finished with him . . ."

"Ou ay, an he doesna feenish wi' you," groaned Alison, all her Scotch composure gone, and the naked roots of her heart bared for Trix to see. "Gin onything misfell you, the maister wad ne'er lift up his head mair. . . . If ye winna stop for the unborn bairn . . . think o' him . . . stop for him. Oh, I hae grat like a bairn mysel' wi' the thocht o' it, mony's the lang, lang nicht-tide."

And she covered her face with her gaunt hands and sat motionless for some moments in what for her was the equivalent of tears.

In Alison's life there had been one great passion—her love for her master and nursling, Sidney Bruce. Her own sons had grown up and married and left

her to make homes of their own, and it was when the last had gone that she came back as nurse to the month-old baby of Mr. Bruce, who had married a Virginia wife and was going to make his home in America.

"Be reasonable, Alison," said Trix now, putting a kindly little hand on her shoulder. "I know how you love your master, but then I love him too. You can't think I'd do anything to hurt him or . . . or . . . any one else. Please be reasonable and trust me to know what is right for me to do."

"Three bairns o' my ain hae I had," said Alison from behind her shaking hands; "three braw lads an' guid . . . but no ane o' them a' warpl't himsel' i' my vera hairt-strings like this bairn that I bore nae pain for."

She took down her hand, and her eyes were dry and bright as she gazed past Trix, with an eerie look as though seeing some future thing shape itself on the air before her.

"It's a lesson, I jalouse," she went on, "ane o' thae hard lessons life's aye teachin' us . . . juist the lesson that the mither-luve's too godly a thing tae be keep't only for the weans of our ain flesh."

Trix spent herself in comforting arguments, but remained firm about riding her "jicky horse," and Alison had to depart without having secured any promises.

The morning after this conversation, Mammy Henny was seated in the little hall between the pantry and storeroom, thoughtfully tying up the "palate-lock" of her youngest grandchild. This lock is simply the wool that grows on the extreme top of the head, and when rigidly wound about with cotton thread, so as to stand erect, is believed by negroes to draw up the uvula which has been lengthened by cold or any other cause.

The piccaninny—a winy-brown dumpling of five years—stood with solemn eyes between Mammy Henny's knees while the operation went on, giving a cat-like sneeze every now and then, which wrenched the little warlick from Mammy's fingers, and caused her to exclaim:

"Hi, now! You want'er stan' hyah twell doomsday?"

Upon this scene entered Alison, with

the key-basket on her arm, and while selecting the storeroom key from among the others, she regarded the process with a lofty disgust.

"Ye'll hyke the puir bit hizzy frae the groun' gin ye conteenue," she remarked at length. "Sic cantrips wad gar a horse throw his denner up. I canna thole it, Henny Miner. Ye that gang to kirk (or so ye think it) ilka Sabbaith, to be warplin' the woo' frae the heid o' your ain kin wi' that deil's nonsense. Ye micht as weel try to shorten the horns of a coo by yerkin' her tail as to lift the bairn's palate by pu'in' at the woo' on her pow."

"De devul ain' got nuttin' to do wid it," said Mammy, unmoved, winding away at the lock, which now stood up like an exclamation point on the top of the fuzzy little head. "You moughty free wid de devul in yo' talk. I wouldn't go projeckin' wid he name like you does furrer heap. 'Sides, I done see too many pallets drawed up dis-hyah way to min' yo' talkin'."

"What the puir bagrel's got is a sittin'-down cauld," persisted Alison, "and what she lacks is hot flannel to her wame and a guid swat betweesh twa-three blankets."

"I gwine do dat too," said Mammy. "You so pernickety an' fault-findin', Mis' Stark. Cyarn' nobordy please you."

"Hoots! is it please *me*? . . . Why for suld it be pleasin' or not pleasin' tae me? 'Tis not *my* hair is bein' warpl't upright on the tap o' my skull, like an Indian chieftain's. 'Tis yon puir huzlin' bairn I'm thenkin' o'."

And with a deep sniff, expressive of helpless disgust, she unlocked the storeroom door and went in.

"Please, ma'am, Mis' Stark," called Mammy after her, "while you in dyar, jes han' me out some brown sugar to fix up a hot drink for dis chile. I wouldn't ax you, but you in dyar a'ready."

"'Tis my belief, Henny Miner," said Alison, appearing in the door with the tin sugar-scoop in her hand, "that ye've a buck-tooth for sweeties in your ain chafts. I gied ye a noggie fu' o' sugar yestreen."

"Go on talkin'—I don' min' you—'tis Marse Sidney's and Miss Trix's sugar, anyhow. I kin eat sugar *an'* coffee in dis house ef I wants tuh, so dyar!

'Sides," she broke off, peering at the bulging pocket of Alison's black alpaca apron, "seems tuh me you done got a sweet buck-tooth uv yo' own—fur *white* sugar too . . . an' *lump* at dat. Hyah! Hyah!" and she pointed impertinently, and rolled in her chair with triumphing glee.

"Ye're a feckless puir body," said Alison, with a calm superiority. "Ye hae na the imageenation o' a jenny-spinner. Dae ye think I'd mar the gust o' guid tobacco wi' a pocketfu' o' succar? . . . 'Tis nae for mysel', though ye dinna desairve to be told to the contrar'."

"Lawsie! . . . I wonder what *is* she gwine do wid hit?" asked Mammy of the wide air.

"That I'll tell ye," said Alison, putting a generous saucer of brown sugar on her knee; "not to grateefy your inquesitiveness, but to haud ye frae gabbin' a' ower the place, when ye ken what for I intend it. Now haud up your lug, an' dinna gae skreikin' when I tell ye . . . an' dinna be pitten fuleish questions. . . . 'Tis for yon fleysome blue horse wi' the deil in him. . . . Gude kens 'tis no a canny color for a beast. I'm thinkin' he's no a-the-gither canny, wi'in or wi'oot."

"Fuh Over-de-Moon?" said Mammy, in the hoarse whisper she always used in moments of intense excitement. "Fuh de Lawd's sake! . . . What done tu'n you?"

"I hae nae turnit," said Alison, primly, "but it behoves me tae dae my tap-maist to saften yon wild beast's hairt. . . . I had a grand giftie for the bestial when I waur a lass. I mind thaur was a bullock on the steadin' whaur I was born . . . a sawvage, ill-gien beast like yon . . . an' a' the menfolk waur fley'd to gang wi'in a stane's-thraw o' him . . . but he wad come to my whussle like a doggy and lap the saut frae my loof. . . . Wha kens what guid power I may hae over this ane?"

"Jeeze!" was all that Mammy could find to say.

"Dinna sit thaur starin' at me wi' a mou' like a kirk door on a Sabbaith," said Alison, with irritation. "Can ye no say buff nor stye? . . ."

"*Lemme* come wid you!" broke forth Mammy.

"Na, na. Ye'd bauchle a'. I'll gang my lee-lane to gie that mad horse sweeties,

or I'll no gang at a'. I'll na sit on my ain coat-tail to plesure onybody."

"I'd like tuh know whose you gwine set on den?" said Mammy, who gathered correctly that this was a refusal, and was huffed accordingly. "Thank Gawd, I ain't got one!"

Here Tim burst from a hidden nook and took Alison's sharp knees into a wheedling embrace.

"I *couldn't* help hearing you, Nurse Ailie," pleaded he. "*Please* lemme go wiv you. Oh, *please!*"

"Na, na," said Alison again, unwinding his arms as composedly as she would have loosed a brier from her skirt. "Ye bide here, my cock-a-bendy. I hae heard tell that a' the bestial snack at ye, an' I dinna want a horse's teeth in my loof."

And leaving the two intimates to talk her over at their leisure, she betook herself with her pocketful of sugar to the stables.

Over-the-Moon had been lately put into a big loose-box to himself, about twenty yards from the main stable, with an enclosure of grass about it, and a running stream at one end. Joe was fitting a padlock to the gate of this enclosure when Alison appeared, and Over-the-Moon's arrowy blue head, with a white diamond on its front, was thrust out of the open door.

Joe stood up as Alison paused beside him, and took off his cap.

"Joseph Scott," said she, before he could bid her good morning, "in what like does a body be ceevil to a horse?"

Joe looked at her with circumspect seriousness, for all the negroes at Oldwood held the old housekeeper in great respect if not awe. It was well known that Marse Sidney's wrath would have descended heavily upon any individual, man, woman, or child, who dared to treat her unbecomingly.

"You mean how tuh git frien's wid 'em, Mis' Stark?" asked he.

"Ay, juist that," said Alison. "What like is yon horse to deal wi'? How will I be best giein' him a bit succar? Will he bite at me gin I go near him?"

Alison softened her Scotch to all but Mammy Henny, so that Joe understood her well enough.

"Nor'm, *he* ain' gwine bite you," said Joe. "His meanness don' come out dat-

a-way. He jes ez coaxin' an' lovin' ez a good baby in he stable. He jes save up, look like, fur when de saddle's top uv him. Nor'm, indeed, don' you be skeered. Jes go right 'long in, an' hole up de sugar on yo' pa'm—flat out, like dis"—he illustrated the correct manner in which to bestow sugar on horses, and held open the gate for her.

The tall grim figure in its black and white print gown passed through, and with an extended palm, on which glistened one of the white morsels that Over-the-Moon loved, approached his box, slowly but steadily.

"A bonny lamb . . ." said Alison, in the voice she used only for babies. "A bonny lamb . . ." and then she "whissled" softly as she had done to the "ill-gien" bullock so many years ago. Over-the-Moon reached far out his beautiful head and nickered softly.

"Ca' canny, man, ca' canny . . ." said Alison, coming nearer, and then, after "praying in" a bit, she reached up her hand and felt the soft plush of the round muzzle against it, and the warm breath flowing down her arms. The roan cracked the lump daintily to pieces against her palm, and ate them bit by bit, and she never winced. And then as the smooth tongue licked and licked again at her sticky fingers: "Hech! What a silken tongue ye hae, my mannie!" cried she, in surprise. "A coo's tongue is juist a rasp an' file to it."

She gave him another lump and he ate it in the same way. Then she ventured to stroke him gently on the nose. He started back a little, but came forward again promptly, and just to show his sporting good-will, caught a fold of her sleeve between his lips in a pretended bite. She stood it without a quaver.

"Will I gie ye anither, ye daffin' chiel?" said she. "Wha'd think ye waur sic a kittle beast to back. . . . Dod! but ye're a bonny thing tae luik at, whatever."

And she gave him a third lump, which he ate with as much gusto as the first. Then she looked him in "the shine o' th' ee" as she had done once before, when Joe was holding him at the door, but this time she gazed long and deep and at her leisure, and wondered at the dark-blue depths of the great pupil and the length of the lower lashes.

"Gude save us! I culd knit hosen wi' your winkers," she told him. "'Tis an unco' thing tae stan' ee to ee wi' sic a beast. Ye've a singular ee, my birky. Thaur's sumpairt drowned deep in it, like a bogle in a well that gars me dinnle tae my backbane. But ye've mighty bonnie ways wi' ye. I'm kennin' better why the mistress is sae datt about ye, syne I hae forgathered wi' ye a wee my ain sel'."

She gave him a fourth lump of sugar, stroked his front again, and went thoughtfully back to where Joe was standing, watching her.

"Noo I want the straight word, Joseph Scott," said she. "Juist hoo dangerous do ye think yon horse?"

"Mis' Stark," he replied, solemnly, "I gwine tell you de Lawd's trufe, 'case I sut'n'y is troubled in my min' 'bout dat very thing, an' mebbe you kin help some. . . . But, Mis' Stark, ma'am . . . I sut'n'y is feared dat hawse gwine kill Miss Trix some day. 'Tain't so bad now . . . but when she try to git him 'roun' a show-ring, *den* we gwine see suppin'! . . . Gret day! . . . Dat hawse gwine try tuh bre'k thoo de floor uv heaven when he smell all dem folkses an' hawses an' see de lights. . . . Dat's what *I'm* skeered uv, Mis' Stark. Dar's a devul in dat hawse, fur all he coaxin' ways, an' he comin' out an' kill somebody sho, one er dese days. Dyar—dat's perzackly what I thinks."

Alison took a lump of sugar, looked at it musingly on all sides, then dropped it back into her pocket.

"Dyar's a local show hyuh in August," Joe announced, "an' she say she gwine try him dyar fust. Den in Siptimber she lay she'll tek him to Cartersburg."

"An' you think it vera dangerous?"

"I think he gwine kill her dade," said Joe. "Cyarn' *you* do suppin', Mis' Stark, ma'am? Marse Sidney don' know nuthin' 'bout hawses . . . scusin' de disrespeck . . . but den he don' pertend tuh. An' he see Miss Trix ride sech a chance uv wile hawses dat he don' see de diffunce 'twixt a real devul hawse an' jes a coltish one. . . . Please, ma'am, tu'n yo' min' tuh hit. We-all's moughty mizzuble 'bout hit down hyuh."

"Ye may be sure that I'll dae my tapmaist," said Alison; "but it's a dour beeziness, ony way ye glisk at it. What for suld she be sae set on showin' this

ane, an' the stable fu' o' ithers wha ken the wark? Juist listen tae them noo! . . . They're sae thrang that they mak mair clamperin' than the movin' o' a hoosefu' o' plenishment. What for suld she be sae set for this ane?"

"'Case he jes 'bout de fines'-lookin' an' actin' hawse in de land when he in a good humor," said Joe. "I be'n to a heap uv hawse-shows, an' I done see a chance uv hawses, but I ain't never seen one tuh tech him, Souf *or* Nawth."

"Aweel, aweel," said Alison, slowly, "we maun juist bide a wee an' say our prayers ower it. . . . An' some way will be open't i' th' end, I hae nae doot. An' I'll juist be comin' tae veesit him mysel' frae time to time. Ilka ane o' us maun dae his pairt tae saftin the deil that has his dwallin' in that beast."

"Yars'm—sut'n'y, ma'am," Joe said, cordially. "I sut'n'y will be pleasin' tuh hev you come."

When all had gone to church and the house was empty, Alison, who never did anything without well-weighed reasons, and who would certainly not have stayed away from "kirk" except on some very particular occasion, went down into Trix's room and possessed herself of two thick volumes of Stonehenge on the horse.

These she took to her room and studied with absorbed interest, until the sound of carriage wheels on the gravel warned her that it was time to put them back.

The early summer passed by uneventfully, except for the education of Over-the-Moon, which progressed at times somewhat after the fashion of the frog in the well—one step forward in good behavior and two back. Once he had jammed Joe's leg quite savagely against the fence at the riding-school in a sudden bolt, and once he had reared so at a jump with Trix that Joe had mounted him after she got off, and pulled him over, which made him a much soberer nag for at least a week. Strangest of all, however, in the career of Over-the-Moon, was the extraordinary friendship which grew up between him and Alison. He would nicker when he saw her coming, as he did not nicker even for Trix, who petted him a good deal, and it was a quaint and somehow a touching sight to see the

grim old Scotchwoman walking sedately along the garden terraces where the grass grew thickest and juiciest, with the beautiful horse at the end of a lunging-rein—he pretending to nip and strike at her, and she pretending to scold him in the tender, teasing terms that she had used to Sidney when he was a wee laddie.

The roan would come to her whistle when he would come to no one else, and never tried to break away as he did from the others, when she had him on the lunging-rein. In a word, it was the old story of the "ill-gien" bullock over again.

"How did you ever come to get up the courage, Alison?" laughed Trix one day, leaning over the garden fence and watching her, as she walked beside the roan, with her hand on his shoulder, while he tore up crackling mouthfuls of the new grass that a heavy shower had brought out.

"Nane mair surprisit than mysel', ma'am," answered Alison, thoughtfully. "It minds me o' the pairrit that Jamie brocht me frae the Indies ane time. When first I glisked at the neb o' the fowl, I thocht I wad hae tae be happit in armor afore I would pit a finger tae him. . . . And I wad gae a muckle round out o' my way gin I had to pass him. But ane day he waur screighin' for a sweetie, an' nane ben the hoose savin' me. . . . Sae I endit by gie'n it tae him, an' my hairt duntin' sae hard on my breest-bane I thocht it wad a frichtit him. But na; he juist tuik the sweetie in a wiffin, as douce as micht be, and sune he clamerd on my shooter an' I let him bide thaur, though he piked at my ear wi' that fleysome neb o' his . . . and aye afterward we waur like twa joes thegither. . . . 'Tis an unco' thing how 'twill saftin the hairt tae dae a kindness to ony thing or body. . . . Gin a woman culd nurse a' her enemies through a sickness, she'd hae nae mair, by her way o't when they had won through tae health again. . . . Ye see, it a' began, ma'am, by a bit succar I gied him ane Sabbaith morn."

And she related to Trix her first encounter with Over-the-Moon.

"It's downright touching to see them together, Sidney," said Trix, that evening. "She's a real old brick . . . made



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

WALKING SEDATELY ALONG WHERE THE GRASS GREW THICKEST

with straw of the best, too. . . . I 'clare I didn't know she had it in her. And she was so unreasonable about him and my riding him at first. I nearly lost my temper and ordered her out of the room. Why do you s'pose she began it?"

"Dear old Ailie is the salt of the earth," said Sidney. "I don't doubt that she thought that since you *would* ride him, she'd do all in her power to tame him as much as possible."

"Well, I'll never forget it," Trix answered, much impressed. "The very first ribbon he wins I'll make her a lovely present in his name."

Fate was very kind to Alison in those days. Every opportunity that she desired seemed to come to her of its own accord, and so one evening she was not surprised to hear her master's voice at her door saying, in the broad Scotch that he had learned as a baby, and that he delighted her by using for a phrase or two on rare occasions: "Are ye thaur, Ailie? I hae come for a bit crack wi' ye."

She had taken this chance to tell him all her fears about Trix, and to plead with him to keep her from riding Over-the-Moon in a show-ring.

"Don't worry, my dear soul," he had said, kindly. "I've been trying to persuade her already that she must let such things slip for this autumn. She hasn't promised exactly, but then I know her. . . . I think she'll come round. This affair at Ivytown in August is a small thing . . . though I don't want her to ride there, either . . ."

"Ay, dinna ye dae it, Maister Seedney; dinna ye lend yaur face tae it! Joseph Scott hae telled me that 'twad be deith fur her tae ride him in ony o' the show-rings. He's an unco' beast, Maister Seedney. Sae douce an' seelfu' on the leadin'-rein, an' sic a warlock under leather. . . . Thaur's sumpairt no canny aboot him. . . . Gude forgie me, but I hae thocht a bogle gets on him wi' the saddle. . . . Dinna ye let her ride him in ony horse-show, my ain laddie. Talk wi' Joseph Scott. Dinna ye let her do't . . ."

The result was that Sidney did talk with Joe, and afterward with Trix, to her intense disgust and indignation. She took the bit in her small teeth,

metaphorically speaking, stiffened her pretty neck like iron, and refused to make a single promise.

"Can't you trust me at least to have *horse sense*, Sidney?" she asked, as he urged and pleaded, exhorted and scolded by turns. "Since when have you thought that a negro boy and an old Scotchwoman of seventy know more about horses than I do? You may be quite sure that I shall do nothing foolish, but beyond that I won't promise you anything."

Sidney longed for the days when contumacious wives could be put under lock and key.

"But see here, Trix," he pleaded. "You know I've got to go on to New York to see those publishers about my novel on the third, and I shall be utterly wretched the whole time, picturing you smashed up by that brute. Why won't you wait until I come back at least? Of course I know you are a thousand times a better judge of a horse than Joe Scott, but all the same it made my blood run cold to hear him talk . . ."

"Good heavens, Sidney! You'd have icicles in your blood in midsummer if you listened to Joe about every fractious horse that I ride. There's Gleam, now—that thoroughbred hunter—don't you remember how he frightened you out of your wits the first hunt I ever took her on? *Do be sensible*, Sidney! You spoil my pleasure—and I'm looking forward so to my first venture in a show-ring with Over-the-Moon."

"But, Trix darling . . . as you are now . . ."

"Sidney, Sidney! . . . Don't you remember I was riding later than this before Tim was born. . . . Oh, I do *wish* you'd stick to the things you know about, Sidney, and not run me wild just when my nerves ought to be quietest."

"I don't mean to nag you, Trix," said he, dreadfully perplexed. "But upon my honor I can't post off to New York, and leave you, thinking that you may have your neck or your back broken at Ivytown. . . . If you'd only wait until I come back. . . . This business matter is so important for us both that I really ought to go. . . . But if you'll just put this off, I won't say a word about Cartersburg if you really tell me that it's not dangerous."

"Well . . ." said Trix, unwillingly, "I won't promise exactly . . . but I think you can about consider it settled that I'll wait for Cartersburg."

So Sidney joyfully went to carry this good news to Alison, and the next day left at noon for New York.

"Ride? 'Cose she gwine ride," said Joe, when Alison consulted him as to his opinion on the subject. "Ef she ain' mek no sot-an'-fast promise, she gwine ride ef she kill herse'f an' de hawse too. Dat's Miss Trix. I'se done growed up wid her . . . played wid her when she wa'n't knee-high turrer duck . . . an' 'ceptin' you git a solid promise outer her . . . she gwine do *her* way, spite er Gawd or de devul!"

"An' you maist solemnly assure me, Joseph Scott, that 'twill mean her deith, gin she does it?"

"I tell you, Mis' Stark, like I was squar' in front uv der Jedge's Seat—an' Peter got he han' on my shoulder—I tells you . . . ef Miss Trix try to git dat roan roun' a show-ring, she comin' home foots fo'most. An' I knows suppin' 'bout hawses same ez Miss Trix, do' she ain' 'lowin' dat nobody know much 'bout 'em 'scusin' uv herse'f."

"Weel, Gude guide us a'," said Alison, slowly, looking past him, with that eerie gaze that seemed to see something from the future forming itself upon the empty air. "I believe ye're an upright, honest lad, Joseph Scott, an' I thank ye for tellin' me the bare truth. Noo it's juist i' th' hands o' Gude an' them He chooses tae dae His wark."

A week later, when Alison was sitting in the laundry door as usual, with her knitting, while Mammy Henny ironed, Joe came, a very troubled look on his face, and said, "Mis' Stark, ma'am, I hates tuh 'sturb you, but will you please gimme some er dat moniak med'cine what helps people when dey nerves is upshot."

"Hech! What's meddled your nairves, Joseph Scott? Ye look unco' composit for a nairvous man."

"'Tain't me," said Joe, gloomily; "'tis dat po' leetle Ashton. He down dyar at de stable cryin' like a baby. . . . Hit's dat ravin'-mad hawse agin, Mis' Stark."

Alison rolled up her knitting and put it in her pocket.

"What's he dune the noo?" she said, getting to her feet.

"Wellum," said Joe, "you sees, Ashton he moughty keerless 'bout puttin' on he saddle. I'se alluz arter him 'bout hit. An' 'twuz his tu'n tuh ride de roan back from de Mill. Well, we come 'long all right twell we git tuh de big kitalpin tree, and den Ashton's saddle tu'n, and whilst he wuz on de groun' dat devul strike at him twicet an' squeal like a boar peeg. He ain't done dat furrer long time now, an' Miss Trix she say he war jes frightened wid Ashton comin' plop onder he foots like dat. But we-all knows better. I tell you-all," went on Joe, with ever-growing gloom, "Miss Trix kin talk twell she bust . . . but ef dat hawse come down wid her in de ring, he gwine savage her sho'. . . . An' she done give us our orders fuh Ivytown dis vehy evenin'."

"For Ivytown? . . . For the horse-show?" asked Alison.

"Yease'm fur de hawse-show. I done tell you it gwine be, ain't I now? . . . She wuz jes pullin' de wool a leetle over Marse Sidney's eyes, so's he cud go on easy an' comftubble-like tuh New Yawk, an' not pester her no more."

"An' when will she be gaein'?" said Alison.

"She lay out tuh git off to-morrer 'bout five. We-all gwine ride up dyar, an' Ashton he gwine tek de runabout."

"Aw, Mis' Stark! Mis' Stark!" cried Mammy, clutching at her headkerchief with both hands. "Cyarn' *you* do sumpin'? . . . Cyarn' *nobordy* do sumpin'? My baby gwine git kilt! . . . My po' baby gwine git kilt dade!"

And she fell on her knees by the ironing-board and buried her face in the pile of Trix's underlinen that she had been at work on.

"Eh, Henny Miner," said Alison, laying a hand on the shaking shoulders. "Ca' some o' the Bible weesdom tae mind. . . . Ye're aye gettin' blads o' it by hairt. . . . Dinna greet like a bairn afore aught's happen't ye. Gin ye canna reca' onything tae yaur comfort, I'll e'en mind ye o' a vairse that hae brocht me muckle consolation i' my day . . . 'By His help I hae lowped ower

a wa'.' . . . The wa' is afore us, high an' braid, but by His help we'll lowp ower it. . . . An' noo come wi' me, Joseph Scott, an' I'll gie ye the physic for yon puir lad."

Mammy wiped her eyes on one of Trix's underbodies and sat down, catching her breath in great gulps like a child that has been sobbing, to wait for Alison's return.

She came back in about twenty minutes, with a little bundle in her hand, wrapped in a bit of white silk. "I hae happit yon puir gowkie's shank wi' some auld linen," said she. "For a gowk he is tae pit a saddle on siccan a beast wi'oot prayin' ower ilka buckle. He's mair frichtit than hurt. An' noo I'll juist be askin' the loan o' your ironin'-board, Henny Miner. Ye're in nae state tae fettle tae ony wairk, an' I hae lang intendit tae dae a bit ironin' mysel'...."

She took an iron from the fire, tested it with a moist finger, set it on the stand, and began to untie the little parcel.

Mammy Henny was quite roused from her despair by the array of dainty articles, all fine cambric, real lace, and microscopic stitches, that were soon spread upon the ironing-board.

"De Lawd sakes!" she exclaimed, taking one in her pointed brown fingers and examining it with delighted curiosity. "Wha'd you git dese hyah, Mis' Stark? . . . Miss Trix ain't done hed nuttin' like 'em when she was mah'ied."

"I made them mysel'," said Alison, shortly.

"Lawsie!" cried Mammy, with increased admiration. "I didn' know you cud sew like dat. You *sho'* is smart, Mis' Stark. Dey're de cutes' things I ever seed in my bawn days. Miss Trix 'll hev a kerniption over 'em, I reckon."

"They're na sae braw as a' that," said Alison, beginning to press them gingerly, with deft and knowing turns of her bony wrist, but with a certain pleased note in the voice that the sympathetic old negress instantly detected.

"Yease, dey is," she said, generously. "Dey's de purtiest baby-clo'es ever I light on, an' I'se seen a heap in my life too."

When they were all as smooth as little snow-wreaths, Alison folded them again in the white silk and went toward the door.

"I'll tak it kindly o' ye, Henny Miner," said she, "gin ye'll come tae my cham'er in an hour's time."

Mammy's jaw fell childishly at this civil address, but she hastened to answer, rather apprehensively:

"Dat I will . . . I sholy will, Mis' Stark."

"Now what you reckon she got in pickle fuh me *dis* time?" she asked of the surrounding furniture, her eyes fixed on the powerful, gaunt figure as it moved toward the house.

Alison went straight to Trix's door and knocked. A worried voice with some irritation in it said, "Come in," and she entered to find Trix perched among a mass of papers at her writing-desk, in the little shabby blue dressing-gown that she always wore when hard work was ahead of her.

"Oh . . . is that you, Alison?" said she, in another tone. "I thought it was one of those silly stable-boys come to bother me again. What do you want? . . . Can it wait? . . . I'm dreadfully busy now . . . all these bills to get straight and farm-hands to pay before leaving to-morrow . . ."

"Ye're juist bent on gaein', then, ma'am?" said Alison, in a very gentle voice for her. "Ye winna think it ower a wee?"

Trix's mouth went into a little hard red circle that meant immovable determination with her, and she shook her head slightly, looking sidewise down at the papers under her hand, as though anxious to get at them again.

"Ye winna let e'en *this* coax ye frae it?" said Alison, still more gently, even timidly, and laid the little bundle among the heaped papers.

"What is it?" asked Trix, frowning. "Is it for me?"

"Ay, for ye, ma'am . . . juist a bit giftie for the bairn that's comin'. 'Tis naethin' in itsel' . . . but I hae pit some bonny thochts for ye twa intae the steetches . . ."

Trix's face relaxed . . . softened . . . grew very gentle when she had untied the silk and saw before her the little elfin garments.

"That was a dear thing for you to do, Ailie," said she, calling her so for the first time in her life. "You knitted

me a lovely blanket for Tim, I remember, but it wasn't near as beautiful as these. . . . I do think it was perfectly dear of you. Thank you a thousand times, Ailie."

And she put out one inky little hand and grasped the old woman's hand.

Alison's face quivered for a second, like shaken water, but the next moment it was as composed as ever.

"An' ye winna let them spier at ye, to bide awa' frae the horse-show? . . . Eh! My dear leddy, tae reesk twa lives. . . . Will ye no think on it a wee bit langer? . . . 'Til the maister wins back frae town . . . juist till then. . . . I wadna trouble ye . . . but, oh, I'd gie the last drap i' my veins to haud ye back . . ."

Trix's mouth had set again in that small ring. She took the little articles in her hand and got down from her tall chair.

"Alison," she said, "I wouldn't hurt your feelings for anything—I'm too touched and grateful to you about these lovely things— . . . but I've a great deal to do, and my mind's quite made up. So now, will you please go, for it's nearly four o'clock, and I must have all these checks signed by five. You understand, Alison—I don't mean to be cross. It's just that there's no use whatever in talking, and I've *got* to get through with this work. I thank you again and again for your thought of me and mine . . . for all your thoughts of us. . . . Now please go, and let me get back to work."

"Aweel, ma'am," said Alison, still with the utmost gentleness, "I hae dune my tapmaist. . . . Gin onything suld happen, wad ye mind sayin' as much tae the maister?"

"No . . . no, indeed. . . . Certainly I will . . . I promise you," said Trix, hurriedly, and hastened to shut and lock the door after her.

Mammy Henny's apprehensions increased as she neared Alison's room. She racked her brain in vain, to think of something that she had done or left undone, to earn her a lecture from her dearest foe, but it was with a very sober face and subdued manner that she knocked finally at the shut door.

After a moment's pause the key

turned on the inside, and Alison stood before her, with the door-knob in her hand.

"Eh, is it you, Henny Miner?" said she. "I was juist reddin' up my room a wee. The hour's by, sax meenits, but ye're no kenspeckle for promptness at ony time."

"De la'ndry clock's slow, Mis' Stark," said Mammy, meekly. "I sut'n'y is be'n watchin' it tuh be on time. *What* you want wid me, annyhow, Mis' Stark? I sho' is be'n wukkin' my hade sump'n turr'ble tuh mek it out."

Alison permitted herself one of her grim smiles.

"Ye look fair frichtit, puir sowl," said she. "Am I sae thrawn as a' that? . . . Here, set ye doon. . . . I'm in a giein' humor the day, Henny Miner, an' I hae mindit me o' a braw black manty, as guid as new, that I hae nae need for. 'Twould fit ye fine, an' I hae a sair langin' tae see ye gang tae kirk afore I dee, drest in guid, honest black, like a decent body."

Mammy Henny watched her with saucer-eyes while she took from manifold wrappings of blue tissue-paper a long mantle of black grogram silk, set about the sleeves, breast, and neck with that grisly trimming known as "black bugles."

"Lor', Mis' Stark!" gasped she, "you sho' ain' meanin' dat fur *me*?"

"Dinna stan' thaur hecklin' wi' guid luck, but juist pit your airms tae these airmhales, afore I tire of haudin' up my ain," said Alison, standing with the garment extended at arm's length.

"Jeeze, Mis' Stark," said Mammy, as she wormed her great arms into the arm-holes that had been cut for the spare Alison years ago, "I cyarn' mek out what is be'n come over you tuh-day! Givin' me dis makernifercint gyarmint, an' talkin' so's I kin onderstan' you . . . an' . . . an' . . . actin' like anybordy else. . . . I 'clar' fo' Gawd . . . I sut'n'y cud like you ef you kep' on dis-a-way."

"Henny Miner," said Alison, sharply, rendered apprehensive by a look in the other's great, soft, sentimental eyes, "dinna ye daur tae kiss me! . . . I cudna thole it . . ."

"Who's thinkin' a kissin' you?" asked Mammy, wrathful in a moment. "I'd

just as soon think a kissin' a hoe-cake! . . . Hyuh! Take dis hyah thing off'n me. . . . *I* don' want hit!"

"Na, na. . . . Ca' canny, woman, ca' canny. . ." said Alison, in a deep growl, meant to be soothing. "I didna mean to anger ye . . . but a' Scotch bodies . . . savin' the lads an' lasses . . . hae a muckle laith for the kissin'. I hae na kiss't my ain feyther for thretty year . . . an' the maister sen's me tae Scotlan' ilka twa years, as weel ye ken."

"Well, den. . ." said Mammy, mollified, swelling her "bugled" bust and "rarin" back, as she exposed it, before the little glass on top of Alison's chest of drawers, in order to see as much as possible of her "makernificantly" clad proportions, "ef dat's de way uv it . . . Dat meks all de diffunce ef kissin' goes ag'inst you-all so pow'ful. . . . Gret day! . . . Ain' I suppin' in dis hyuh gran' mantled, do'! Whoo-ee! I tell you dem po' free niggers gwine tek de back seats when *I* go tuh chu'ch nex' Sunday! Mis' Stark—*lemme* kiss you—jes oncet!"

And she extended both "bugled" arms in Alison's direction.

"Na, na. . ." cried the other, springing back with a look of real terror on her face. "I daur ye do it! . . . Gin ye even try tae . . . I'll gie ye that 'll gar ye lowp for it!"

"All right. . . . All right. . ." said Mammy, retiring at once. . . . "'Twa'n't dat I wanted tuh *kiss* you. . . . I jes wanted tuh *thank* you. . . ."

"Thank me wi' your tongue an' not wi' your mou', then," said Alison, with all her usual grimness, "or I'll gie ye a sark fu' o' sair banes."

"Now you'se driftin' back inter dat langwidge don' nobordy onderstan'," said Mammy, helplessly. "'Spec' I'd better be gwine. . . . Duz you *reely* mean fur me tuh tek dis 'long a me, Mis' Stark?"

"Ay," said Alison, and then shamefacedly extending a stern arm with the graciousness of a pump-handle: "Here's a bit gowdy I hae tirit o'. . . . Ye can pit it tae your collar on a Sunday. . . . Na. . . . dinna thank me," she broke off sharply, as Mammy exploded with profuse exclamations of joy and wonder over the little brooch, the unusual sentimentality of the situation becoming suddenly more than Alison could bear. "'Tis

mair for mysel' an' ithers than for ye that I'm daein' it. . . . I'm sair wearit wi' seein' ye gang about a' Sabbaith wi' a breest-pin like that in the sang whaur 'the Monkey mairrit the Baboon's suster.'"

"Ef you'se meanin' anything 'bout cullud folks by yo' 'monkeys an' baboons,'" stormed Mammy, almost rending the mantle asunder in her fiery efforts to get it off, "you kin jes take back yo' ole cloak . . . right now . . . dis minuit."

But again Alison came to the fore with soothing words.

"Dinna ye be sae like tow an' flint, Henny Miner," said she. "Dinna ye ken that the bride i' yon sang wore a 'green-glass breest-pin'? an' dinna ye wear the like ilka Sabbaith o' your life? . . . I canna thole a glass gimcrack ony mair than I can kissin'. . . . Thaur, tak the brooch like a Chreestian frae a Chreestian, an' dinna gae aff at ilka word like a fire-toy on a holiday."

"Well, you sut'n'y kin saften things down when you got a min' tuh," said Mammy, again appeased. "I'll take it, an' thank you a heap, an' *I'll* 'member you nex' Chris'mus. Hit sut'n'y is purty, rade gole. . . . Hit sho' is a lovely keepsake. I gwine think uv you, Mis' Stark, ev'y time I pins it on," she concluded with the sentimentality that always gave Alison a "cauld grue."

"I wadna be promisin' that," said she, dryly. "I'd like fine tae think o' ye as bein' a'ways contentit when ye wear it. An' noo I must be gettin' back tae the letter-writin'. I've twa-three letters tae back yet, an' ane tae write, an' the boat gaes o' Wednesdays an' this is Monday. Sae awa' wi' ye for the preesent."

That was certainly a "giein' day" with Alison. She bestowed a little gold dollar on Tim, later in the afternoon, for a "luck-penny," and what even more astonished, if it did not delight him as much, a hard, bumping kiss on his forehead.

"Dinna ye be spendin' that for sweeties noo," said she, sternly, by way of tempering the wind of good fortune to the gilded lamb; "keep it till ye're a man grawed tae remember your feyther's auld nurse by."

"I cert'n'y will, Nurse Ailie," said he. "You cert'n'y *are* sweet an' nice to-day." And he hooked a little arm in her sharp

elbow and snuggled up against her flat chest. Alison did not say: "Hoots! Awa' wi' you an' your whillywhas . . ." or, "What d'ye want the *noo*, my cock-a-bendy?" as she nearly always did, but just put her other arm about him, and held him so a minute.

Then she lifted him suddenly, and walking across the room, opened a little cupboard in the wall and told him to "keek in." There were various little packets, sealed and addressed, lying in tidy rows along the shelf.

"Luik well, my laddie," said she, "an' when I'm gaen tae Scotland, tell your feyther tae come here an' get them a'. They're a' backit an' ready tae send, an' he'll knaw what tae dae wi' 'em. Gie me your waird ye'll no forget."

"No . . . I won't . . . I promise you, Ailie," said he, in his sweet, wheedling voice; then as she sat down: "My, Ailie! You cert'n'y are strong for your age, ain't you? Mos' ez strong ez a man, I reckon."

"An' why for suld I nae be?" asked Alison. "My feyther's a hunner an' twa, come Hallow Day, an' gangs aboot his steadin' like a laddie. Ou ay! Strang I am sin' a lass. . . . Noo, rin aff, but dinna be tellin' onybody aboot thae bit packets i' th' coopboard till I'm awa. . . . 'Tis juist a secret atween us twa, ye ken."

"No . . . no . . . I promise!" repeated Tim, and after another hug and kiss, which she did not rebuff, he ran off happily, with his gold "luck-penny."

At two o'clock that night Alison leaned from her bed and lighted one of the "candle-dowps" for which Mammy so scorned her, and setting it in the flat, brass candlestick, got out of bed. As the flame burned up, it was to be seen that she was fully dressed and that she had been lying on the outside of her bed. She had on a short, stout skirt of gray homespun, and a black print waist, and over a chair near by hung a jacket of the same serviceable stuff as her skirt.

Although the shades to her windows were lowered and the blinds shut, she took the candle and set it within a closet, half closing the door. Then she slipped her feet into a pair of list slippers and began moving deftly but de-

liberately about the room. She had indeed "reddid up" that day. Not an article was out of place. The drawers in her chest were as tidy as those of a bride just come home to her new roof-tree, and everything that she looked for seemed to be laid to her hand.

First she took out a large tartan plaid shawl and spread it on the bed, then on this she laid some pieces of underwear, her brush and comb, all the various simple things that she might need for a short journey. When it was filled to her satisfaction she drew the ends together and knotted them, so as to make an easy handle. She next unlocked the little cupboard in the wall, and taking out the packets that she had shown Tim that afternoon, knelt down and examined them carefully by the light of the candle, behind the closet door, to be sure that each was correctly "backed." There was one for every negro on the place, including the piccaninny who had had her "palate lock" tied up last week, and after assuring herself that they were right, she laid them back on the shelf. There was another shelf above this one, and running her hand far back along it, Alison next drew out a long knife, set in a stout bone handle, and whetted to a sharp point from either side. With this she went again to the closet, and crouching down, drew a long gray hair from her own head, and tried first one side of the blade and then the other against it. The thing was like a razor. The severed hairs floated, twisting and glistening, to the floor in the draughty candlelight. Over this knife she slipped a sheath of roughly stitched leather, and then put both into the bosom of her gown.

She then lifted a stone from the hearth, that was hidden by a bit of carpet, and took out the savings of thirty years—all in neat packages of bank-notes.

"It maun ha' been Gude Himsel' wha keepit me a' these years frae giein' them to Maister Sidney tae pit in a bank . . . as he waur aye wantin' tae dae," she thought now, as she counted them over. One half she put into a little bag of chamois-skin, which she fastened about her waist, under her skirt; the other half she placed in a wooden box, locked it, and slipped the key under her pillow. This box she wrapped in a paper, upon

which was already written, "For the Master of Oldwood." This completed, she stood for a moment and looked around her with knitted brows, trying to recall something that she might have forgotten. Then suddenly the old face began to work strangely, she put up one hand over her mouth, and going to the bedside, felt for the square that her Bible made through the plaid in which she had wrapped it, and then kneeling down with her forehead against the strengthening hardness, she remained so for some moments.

When she rose again her face was quite steady and her mouth set. Nothing to do now but put on her bonnet and coat, take the wooden box under her arm, the bundle and her heavy boots in one hand, and with the other extinguish the candle. She paused for an instant to slip a box of matches in her pocket, and then skirting the wall with her free hand, made the way step by step to the door. She had oiled the locks of both that and the back door of the house that afternoon, so that she slipped out as noiselessly as a gray ghost from the house that had been her home for three-and-thirty years.

"Gude's blessin' upo' that roof-tree an' a' that's under it an' will be under it," she whispered, turning for one last look as she descended the old stone steps of the porch. "And for him that's awa, he will ken that 'tis but to bless him I am leevin'."

Then she went swiftly and steadily toward the stables. It was a clear night, set with low, gold stars, but a young moon would be up in an hour, and Alison quickened her steps.

She did not go to the main stables, but paused at the gate of Over-the-Moon's enclosure, and set her bundle and the box softly on the grass. Then stooping, she deftly oiled the padlock with the feather and phial that she had brought with her for the purpose, and taking out a key from her pocket, she slipped it in as noiselessly as she had done everything else, and entered the enclosure. Once inside, she stood stock-still for a minute and covered her face with both hands.

"Gude be wi' me . . . Gude be wi' me . . ." she whispered, took a deep breath, and went on.

Within three yards of the loose-box door she paused, and drew out some sugar from her pocket, then gave the low whistle that the horse knew so well. At first there was no answer. She whistled again, low and soft. This time a sleepy nicker answered her, and shortly the beautiful stag-head thrust itself from the window, and sent a "quhirr" of inquiry through its nostrils.

"Ca' canny, man, ca' canny," whispered Alison. She reached him a lump of sugar, and while he was eating it, opened the box door by the same process that she had opened the gate. Again she stood quite still before entering, and this time her hand went up to her heart and clutched there.

"Thaur is nae ither way . . ." she whispered. "Gude guide us a' . . ." The next moment she was standing almost to her knees in the fresh, loose straw, with that warm, pungent smell, so pleasant to the lovers of horses, all about her. . . . She set the wooden box which she had brought with her in the manger, and turned around.

"Whaur are ye, mannie? . . . Come hither . . ." she said, in a low tone, and her voice shook. "What are ye doin' thaur i' th' pit-mirk? Dinna ye ken your frien's when . . ." but she broke off abruptly. . . . "O Gude A'michty . . ." she said, on a sort of sob. The roan was now snuffing at her through the gloom, and suddenly, with another little nicker of welcome, came quite up to her, and began rubbing his head against her, in that violently affectionate way that some horses have, so that she was nearly thrown off her balance.

"Saftly . . . saftly, my bonny lamb," whispered she. . . . "Here's your succar, my puir, puir hinny. Eat your fill . . ." and she broke off again, just standing there silent, while he nosed and nudged her, and crunched the sugar, and licked her hand like a dog with his warm, silk-soft tongue.

Then, suddenly, an astonishment to herself and the contradiction of her whole life, Alison flung her arms about the splendid neck, and wept as she had not wept since her first child was born dead to her. She kissed him . . . she spoke to him as a mother to her bairn . . . and now he licked her cheek and her ear as

well as her hands, as though liking the salt taste of her tears, and with a sort of dumb inkling that grief was near him.

"I maun get it ower . . . I maun get it ower . . ." Alison said, thickly, and quaked at the sound of her own voice. "Gude be kind to me . . . I think I'm a bit awa i' my heid. . . . I see a' red i' th' pit-mirk here . . ."

She drew back a little, and took the knife from her breast, drew off the sheath, and let it fall in the straw at her feet.

Then once more she slipped her arm about the horse's neck. He stood as before, nosing her for sugar, and rubbing his head up and down against her. But now her fingers were running over the great thropple, down toward the chest—this way and that. He thought this a ticklish sort of game, and nipped up her sleeve playfully.

Where was it? . . . Was this the place? . . . Where did the great jugular vein divide? . . . Where had Stonehenge said that you must strike to bleed a horse? . . . Had she studied it all those Sabbaths spent away from church, harder than she had ever studied her Bible, to forget it now?

"I'm awa i' my heid . . . I'm awa i' my heid . . ." she kept repeating to herself. And then suddenly the horse tossed up his head . . . this was the place. . . . Yes . . . surely . . . just here . . .

"Forgie me, oh, forgie me!" she said, and struck once, deep and hard, into the great throat.

The roan gave a loud, terrified, coughing snort and flung himself wildly back against the opposite wall . . . she heard him snort again . . . and this time there seemed to be in it a horrid sound of wet choking. . . . Then she was out in the cool night again . . . running, stumbling, running on once more.

And she heard herself gasping words as she ran . . . and tried to stop them . . . and said them over and over, hearing them as it were a voice outside her speaking: "The hand that he trustit ha' smitten him. . . . The hand that he trustit ha' smitten him . . ."

Trix shed the bitterest tears of her short, self-willed life next morning, sitting on the ground, regardless of the

dreadful mess of blood, with the stark head of her favorite on her lap.

And she went through a very black and human phase of blind rage against Alison. Later on in the day, however, when she had opened the wooden box and read the letter to Sidney that it contained, the sense of justice that was the backbone of her sturdy nature made her see things differently, even touched her in an odd way, through the fierce anger that still possessed her. Half of her savings the old woman had left to pay for the horse, whose value she did not exactly know, and in her simple message to Sidney she told him that though she shrank from "doing murder on a poor beast," it was the only way to save two lives and his happiness forbye.

Still later that afternoon, when poor Alison was brought back in the cart of a farmer, who had heard her unconscious moans, and had gone to her rescue with the help of two of the farm-hands, all Trix's bitterness against her fled for good.

Alison's plans had been as simple as her letter and her actions. In the former she had told Sidney that she intended to go to Dumfries, and bide a wee there with her eldest son Jamie, until she could get a bit roof for herself. If the money she had left was not enough to pay for the loss of the horse, he was kindly to let her know.

When she left the stables she had intended going by a short cut through fields and woods that she knew well to a station some seven miles from Oldwood, and there take the train for Washington, and so on to New York, whence she would sail for Scotland on Wednesday's steamer. Her second-class ticket was in the little chamois-skin bag with her money. She had left nothing to chance, and chance had mistrusted with her in the end—for it was while on a little path that led by one end of an old quarry, in the west field, that she had caught her foot in a root and fallen down the jagged side, happily not very steep here, to lie senseless at the bottom until found by the passing farmer.

She was still unconscious when they got her to bed, and remained so until the doctor came. He gave them little hope. "She can hardly get over it, Mrs. Bruce," said he. "There is some internal in-

jury, and there's been a double shock to the whole system, both mental and physical. A woman of seventy cannot lie on the ground for ten hours or so after such a fall and have much chance for recovery. She'll probably linger a few days . . . two or three . . . and she may regain consciousness . . . there's no serious injury to the head. . . . But I'm afraid we can only make her as comfortable as possible . . ."

Then Trix, after telegraphing for Sidney, set about with all her vigorous will to help make Alison "as comfortable as possible," while Mammy Henny followed her about, sobbing as though her dearest friend lay there, instead of a thrawn old woman who had made her life a burden at times for the past ten years.

The next day about noon Alison opened her eyes and looked steadily about her. Trix was not in the room at the time, but Mammy Henny tumbled to the bedside with cries of, "Thank de Lawd! . . . De Lawd's name be praised!" and held a spoonful of milk and brandy to the dry lips. Alison swallowed it with unaccustomed obedience, and then said faintly:

"Dinna heed if I say unco' things. . . . I'm a wee awa i' th' heid . . ."

"Say all you wants, po' honey," urged Mammy. "I don' keer *what* you say. Cyarn' you mek out tuh 'buse me a leetle?" But Alison had closed her eyes, and seemed again unconscious.

Presently she whispered:

"How cam' I i' this cham'er again?"

Mammy Henny told her with sighs and moans of sympathy, interwoven with bright prophecies for the future.

Alison only remarked at the end:

"Weel, I ken, Henny Miner, that I'm on my deith-bed. I'll be awa afore tae-morrow morn. Dinna skirl sae, woman; ye'd deave the miller, an' I wad dee a decent deith . . ."

Mammy stifled her groans in the counterpane after that, but her great shoulders heaved as she knelt beside the bed.

Presently Alison just touched the bent kerchief with a weak hand, and said:

"Ye nicht na think it . . . but I hae likit ye weel, Henny Miner."

"An' I sut'n'y is be'n luve you, do' I didn' know it," sobbed Mammy. "You'se a good 'ooman. . . . You'se a good 'ooman. . . . You done save my baby's life when

I couldn't do nothin'. . . . I dun'no' how I gwine mek out widout you."

And she covered her head with her apron, and went on sobbing and rocking herself to and fro.

Alison wandered a little after that, and Mammy stole out to fetch the mistress. When they came back, the old woman was plucking at the fringe of the counterpane and talking in a low, fluttering voice, broken by gasps. Trix bent over her and spoke to her gently, but Alison did not recognize her. Sometimes Trix could catch a sentence or two, and then all trailed away into a confused muttering. Once she said:

"I like fine tae think o' thae horses that won frae heaven for the prophet." And again:

"Thaur will be fower horses mention't i' th' Buik o' Reveelation. . . . Wha kens gin 'the sawl o' the beast gaeth downward'? . . . It micht be a wrang translation . . . Wha kens? . . ."

Trix gave her a hypodermic of the medicine left by the doctor, and a few minutes after, as she was bending over her, the gray eyes fixed on hers with a look of recognition.

"Ablins, when I'm awa ye'll can forgie me?" whispered Alison.

"I forgive you now . . . I forgive you now . . ." said Trix, earnestly. "I know you did it because you thought it was the only thing to save me. Do you understand me? I forgive you now . . ."

"Gude keep ye. . . . Ye've a grand gift o' juistice for a woman body," said Alison, faintly. Then she added, "An' I'll no lee tae ye on my deith-bed . . . I hae na lo'ed ye ower weel . . . but I'd like fine tae try again . . ."

Sidney came late that afternoon, and rushed at once to the room where his old nurse lay dying. He knelt beside the bed and took her hand in his.

"Ailie . . . Ailie . . ." he called to her, and she roused from the stupor into which she had sunk during the last hour, and looked at him.

"Maister Seedney . . ." she whispered. The light broke in her eyes, the old hand dragged in his.

"What is it, Ailie? . . . What is it, dear old Ailie?" he asked, bending close to her.

But Alison was "awa."

THE END.

The Fakir

BY MARY AUSTIN

WHENEVER I come up to judgment, and am hard pushed to make good on my own account (as I expect to be), I shall mention the case of Netta Saybrick, for on the face of it, and by all the traditions in which I was bred, I behaved rather handsomely. I say on the face of it, for, except in the matter of keeping my mouth shut afterward, I am not so sure I had anything to do with the affair. It was one of those incidents that from some crest of sheer inexplicableness seems about to direct the imagination over vast tracts of human experience, only to fall away into a pit of its own digging, all fouled with weed and sand. But, by keeping memory and attention fixed on its pellucid instant as it mounted against the sun, I can still see the Figure shining through it as I saw it that day at Posada, with the glimmering rails of the P. and S. running out behind it, thin lines of light toward the bar of Heaven.

Up to that time Netta Saybrick had never liked me, though I never laid it to any other account than Netta's being naturally a little fool; afterward she explained to me that it was because she thought I gave myself airs. The Saybricks lived in the third house from mine, around the corner, so that our back doors overlooked one another, and up to the coming of Doctor Challoner there had never been anything in Netta's conduct that the most censorious of the villagers could remark upon. Nor afterward, for that matter. The Saybricks had been married four years, and the baby was about two. He was not an interesting child to anybody but his mother, and even Netta was sometimes thought not to be quite absorbed in him.

Saybrick was a miner, one of the best drillers in our district, and consequently away from home much of the time. Their house was rather larger than their needs, and Netta, to avoid loneliness

more than for profit, let out a room or two. That was the way she happened to fall into the hands of the Fakir.

Franklin Challoner had begun by being a brilliant and promising student of medicine. I had known him when his natural gifts prophesied the unusual, but I had known him rather better than most, and I was not surprised to have him turn up five years later at Maverick as a Fakir.

It had begun in his being poor and having to work his way through the Medical College at the cost of endless pains and mortification to himself. Like most brilliant people, Challoner was sensitive and had an enormous egotism, and, what nearly always goes with it, the faculty of being horribly fascinating to women. It was thought very creditable of him to have put himself through college at his own charge, though in reality it proved a great social waste. I have a notion that the courage, endurance, and steadfastness which should have done Frank Challoner a lifetime were squeezed out of him by the stress of those overworked, starved, mortifying years. His egotism made it important to his happiness to keep the centre of any stage, and this he could do in school by sheer brilliance of scholarship and the distinction of his struggles. But afterward, when he had to establish himself without capital among strangers, he found himself impoverished of manliness. Always there was the compelling need of his temperament to stand well with people, and almost the only means of accomplishing it his poverty allowed was the dreadful facility with which he made himself master of women. I suppose this got his real ability discredited among his professional fellows. Between that and the sharp need of money, and the incredible appetite which people have for being fooled, somewhere in the Plateau of Fatigue between promise and accom-

plishment, Frank Challoner lost himself. Therefore I was not surprised when he turned up finally at Maverick, lecturing on Phrenology, and from the shape of their craniums advising country people of their proper careers, at three dollars a sitting. He advertised to do various things in the way of medical practice that had a dubious sound.

It was court week when he came, and the only possible lodging to be found at Netta Saybrick's. Doctor Challoner took the two front rooms as being best suited to his clients and himself, and I believe he did very well. I was not particularly pleased to see him, on account of having known him before, not wishing to prosecute the acquaintance; and about that time Indian George brought me word that a variety of *redivivus* long sought was blooming that year on a certain clayey tract over toward Waban. It was not supposed to flower oftener than once in seven years, and I was five days finding it. That was why I never knew what went on at Mrs. Saybrick's. Nobody else did apparently, for I never heard a breath of gossip, and *that* must have been Doctor Challoner's concern, for I am sure Netta would never have known how to avoid it.

Netta was pretty, and Saybrick had been gone five months. Challoner had a thin, romantic face, and eyes—even I had to admit the compelling attraction of his eyes; and his hands were fine and white. Saybrick's hands were cracked, broken-nailed, a driller's hands, and one of them was twisted from the time he was leaded, working on the Lucky Jim. If it came to that, though, Netta's husband might have been anything he pleased, and Challoner would still have had his way with her. He always did with women, as if to make up for not having it with the world. And the life at Maverick was deadly, appallingly dull. The stark houses, the rubbishy streets, the women who went about in them in calico wrappers, the draggling speech of the men, the wide, shadowless table-lands, the hard, bright skies, and the days all of one pattern, that went so stilly by that you only knew it was afternoon when you smelled the fried cabbage Mrs. Mulligan was cooking for supper.

At this distance I cannot say that I

blamed Netta, am not sure of not being glad that she had her hour of the rose-red glow—if she had it.

At that time the stage from Maverick was a local affair, going down to Posada, where passengers from the P. and S. booked for the Mojave line, returning after a wait of hours on the same day.

It happened that the morning I came back from Waban, Doctor Challoner left Maverick. Being saddle weary, I had planned to send on the horses by Indian George, and take the stage where it crossed my trail an hour out from Posada, going home on it in the afternoon. I remember poking the botany-case under the front seat and turning round to be hit straight between the eyes, as it were, by Netta Saybrick and Doctor Challoner. The doctor was wearing his usual air of romantic mystery; wearing it a little awry—or perhaps it was only knowing the man that made me read the perturbation under it. But it was plain to see what Netta was about. Her hat was tilted by the jolting of the stage, white alkali dust lay heavy on the folds of her dress, and she never *would* wear hair-pins enough; but there was that in every turn and posture, in every note of her flat, childish voice, that acknowledged the man beside her. Her excitement was almost febrile. It was part of Netta's unsophistication that she seemed not to know that she gave herself away, and the witness of it was that she had brought the baby.

You would not have believed that any woman would plan to run away with a man like Frank Challoner and take that great, heavy-headed, drooling child. But that is what Netta had done. I am not sure it was maternal instinct, either; she probably did not know what else to do with him. He had pale, protruding eyes and reddish hair, and every time he clawed at the doctor's sleeve I could see the man withhold a shudder.

I suppose it was my being in a manner confounded by this extraordinary situation that made it possible for Doctor Challoner to renew his acquaintance with more warmth than the facts allowed. He fairly pitched himself into an intimacy of reminiscence, and it was partly the wish to pay him for this, I suppose, and partly to gratify a natural curiosity, that

made me so abrupt with him afterward. I remember looking around, when we got down at the little station where I must wait two hours for the return stage, at the seven unpainted pine cabins, at the eating-house and the store and the two saloons, in the instant hope of refuge, and then out across the alkali flat fringed with sparse unwholesome pickle-weed, and deciding that that would not do, and then turning round to take the situation by the throat, as it were. There was Netta with that great child dragging on her arm and her hat still on one side, with her silly consciousness of Doctor Challoner's movements, and he still trying for the jovial note of old acquaintances met by chance. In a moment more I had him around the corner of the station-house and out with my question.

"Doctor Challoner, are you running away with Netta Saybrick?"

"Well, no," trying to carry it jauntily; "I think she is running away with me." Then, all his pretension suddenly sagging on him like an empty kayak: "On my soul, I don't know what's got into the woman. I was as surprised as you were when she got on the stage with me." On my continuing to look steadily at him: "She was a pretty little thing . . . and the life is devilish dull there. . . . I suppose I flirted a little"—blowing himself out, as it were, with an assumption of honesty—"on my word, there was nothing more than that."

Flirted! He called it that; but women do not take their babies and run away from home for the sake of a little flirting. The life was devilish dull—did he need to tell me that! And she was pretty—well, whatever had happened he was bound to tell me that it was nothing, and I was bound to behave as if I believed him.

"She will go back," he began to say, looking bleak and drawn in the searching light. "She must go back. She must."

"Well, maybe you can persuade her," said I, but I relented after that enough to take care of the baby while he and Netta went for a walk.

The whole mesa and the flat crawled with heat, and the steel rails ran on either side of them like thin fires, as if the slagged track were the appointed way that Netta had chosen to walk. The pair went out as far as the section-house and

back toward the deserted station till I could almost read their faces clear, and turned again, back and forth through the heat-fogged atmosphere like the figures in a dream. I could see this much from their postures, that Challoner was trying to hold to some consistent attitude which he had adopted, and Netta wasn't understanding it. I could see her throw out her hands in a gesture of abandonment, and then I saw her stand as if the Pit yawned under her feet. The baby slept on a station bench, and I kept the flies from him with a branch of pickle-weed. I was out of it, smitten anew with the utter inutility of all the standards which were not bred of experience but merely came down to me with the family teaspoons. Seen by the fierce desert light, they looked like the spoons, thin and worn at the edges; I should have been ashamed to offer them to Netta Saybrick. It was this sense of detached helplessness toward the life at Maverick that Netta afterward explained she and the other women sensed but misread in me. They couldn't account for it on any grounds except that I felt myself above them. And all the time I was sick with the strained, meticulous inadequacy of my own soul. I understood well enough then that the sense of personal virtue comes to most women through an intervening medium of sedulous social guardianship. It is only when they love that it reaches directly to the centre of consciousness, as if it were ultimately nothing more than the instinctive movement of right love to preserve itself by a voluntary seclusion. It was not her faithlessness to Saybrick that tormented Netta out there between the burning rails; it was going back to him that was the intolerable offence. Passion had come upon her like a flame-burst, heaven-sent; she justified it on the grounds of its completeness, and lacked the sophistication for any other interpretation.

Challoner was a bad man, but he was not bad enough to reveal to Netta Saybrick the vulgar cheapness of his own relation to the incident. Besides, he hadn't time. In two hours the return stage for Maverick left the station, and he could never in that time get Netta Saybrick to realize the gulf between his situation and hers.

He came back to the station after a while on some pretext, and said, with his back to Netta, moving his lips with hardly any sound: "She must go back on the stage. She must!" Then with a sudden setting of his jaws, "You've got to help me." He sat down beside me and began to devote himself to the baby and the flies.

Netta stood out for a while expecting him, and then came and sat provisionally on the edge of the station platform, ready at the slightest hint of an opportunity to carry him away into the glimmering heat out toward the station-house, and resume the supremacy of her poor charms.

She was resenting my presence as an interference, and I believe always cherished a thought that but for the accident of my being there the incident might have turned out differently. I could see that Challoner's attitude, whatever it was, was beginning to make itself felt. She was looking years older, and yet somehow pitifully puzzled and young, as if the self of her had had a wound which her intelligence had failed to grasp. I could see, too, that Challoner had made up his mind to be quit of her, quietly if he could, but at any risk of a scene, still to be quit. And it was forty minutes to stage-time.

Challoner sat on the bare station bench with his arm out above the baby protectingly—it was a manner always effective—and began to talk about "goodness," of all things in the world. Don't ask me what he said. It was the sort of talk most women would have called beautiful, and though it was mostly addressed to me, it was every word of it directed to Netta Saybrick's soul. Much of it went high and wide, but I could catch the pale reflection of it in her face like a miner guessing the sort of day it is from the glimmer of it on a puddle at the bottom of a shaft. In it Netta saw a pair of heroic figures renouncing a treasure they had found for the sake of the bitter goodness by which the world is saved. They had had the courage to take it while they could, but were much too exemplary to enjoy it at the cost of pain to any other heart. He started with the assumption that she meant to go back to Maverick, and recurred to it with a skilful and hypnotic insistence, paint-

ing upon her mind by large and general inference the picture of himself, helped greatly in his career by her noble renunciation of him. As a matter of fact, Saybrick, if his wife really had gone away with Doctor Challoner, would have followed him up and shot him, I suppose, and no end of vulgar and disagreeable things might have come from the affair; but Challoner managed to keep it on so high a plane that even I never thought of them until long afterward. And right here is where the uncertainty as to the part I really played begins. I can never make up my mind whether Challoner, from long practice in such affairs, had hit upon just the right note of extrication, or whether, cornered, he fell back desperately on the eternal rightness. And what was he, to know rightness at his need?

He was terribly in earnest, holding Netta's eyes with his own; his forehead sweated, hollows showed about his eyes, and the dreadful slackness at the corners of the mouth that comes of the whole mind being drawn away upon the object of attack to the neglect of its defences. He was so bent on getting Netta fixed in the idea that she must go back to Maverick that if she had not been a good deal of a fool she must have seen that he had given away the whole situation into my hands. I believed—I hope—I did the right thing, but I am not sure I could have helped taking the cue which was pressed upon me. He was as bad as they made them, but there I was lending my whole soul to the accomplishment of his purpose, which was, briefly, to get comfortably off from an occasion in which he had behaved very badly.

All this time Challoner kept a conscious attention on the stage stables far at the other end of the shadeless street. The moment he saw the driver come out of it with the horses, the man's soul fairly creaked with the release of tension. It released, too, an accession of that power of personal fascination for which *he* was remarkable.

Netta sat with her back to the street, and the beautiful solicitude with which he took up the baby at that moment, smoothed its dress and tied on its little cap, had no significance for her. It was not until she heard the rattle of the

stage turning into the road that she stood up suddenly, alarmed. Challoner put the baby into my arms.

Did I tell you that all this time between me and this man there ran the inexplicable sense of being bonded together; the same intimation of a superior and exclusive intimacy which ensnared poor Netta Saybrick, no doubt, the absolute cail of self and sex by which a man, past all reasonableness and belief, ranges a woman on his side? He was a Fakir, a common quack, a scoundrel if you will, but there was the call. I had answered it. I was under the impression, though not remembering what he said, when he had handed me that great lump of a child, that I had received a command to hold on to it, to get into the stage with it, and not to give it up on any consideration; and without saying anything, I had promised.

I do not know if it was the look that must have passed between us at that, or the squeal of the running-gear that shattered her dream, but I perceived on the instant that Netta had had a glimpse of where she stood. She saw herself for the moment a fallen woman, forsaken, despised. There was the Pit before her which Challoner's desertion and my knowledge of it had digged. She clutched once at her bosom and at her skirts as if already she heard the hiss of crawling shame. Then it was that Challoner turned toward her with the Look.

It rose in his face and streamed to her from his eyes as though it were the one thing in the world of a completeness equal to the anguish in her breast, as though, before it rested there, it had been through all the troubled intricacies of sin, and come upon the root of a superior fineness that every soul feels piteously to lie at the back of all its own affronting vagaries, brooding over it in a large, gentle way. It was the forgiveness—nay, the obliteration of offence—and the most Challoner could have known of forgiveness was his own great need of it. Out of that Look I could see the woman's soul rising rehabilitated, astonished, and on the instant, out there beyond the man and the woman, between the thin fiery lines of the rails leading back to the horizon, the tall, robed Figure writing in the sand.

Oh, it was a hallucination, if you like, of the hour, the place, the perturbed mind, the dazzling glimmer of the alkali flat, of the incident of a sinful woman and a common fakir, faking an absolution that he might the more easily avoid an inconvenience, and I the tool made to see incredibly by some trick of suggestion how impossible it should be that any but the chief of sinners should understand forgiveness. But the Look continued to hold the moment in solution, while the woman climbed out of the Pit. I saw her put out her hand with the instinctive gesture of the sinking, and Challoner take it with the formality of farewell; and as the dust of the arriving stage billowed up between them, the Figure turned, fading, dissolving . . . but with the Look, consoling, obliterating. . . . He too . . . !

"It was very good of you, Mrs. Saybrick, to give me so much of a good-by . . ." Challoner was saying as he put Netta into the stage; and then to me, "You must take good care of her . . . good-by."

"Good-by, Frank"—I had never called Doctor Challoner by his name before. I did not like him well enough to call him by it at any time, but there was the Look; it had reached out and enwrapped me in a kind of rarefied intimacy of extenuation and understanding. He stood on the station platform staring steadily after us, and as long as we had sight of him in the thick, bitter dust, the Look held.

If this were a story merely, or a story of Franklin Challoner, it would end there. He never thought of us again, you may depend, except to thank his stars for getting so lightly off, and to go on in the security of his success to other episodes from which he would return as scatheless.

But I found out in a very few days that whether it was to take rank as an incident or an event in Netta Saybrick's life, depended on whether or not I said anything about it. Nobody had taken any notice of her day's ride to Posada. Saybrick came home in about ten days, and Netta seemed uncommonly glad to see him, as if in the preoccupation of his presence she found a solace for her fears.

But from the day of our return she had evinced an extraordinary liking for my company. She would be running in and out of the house at all hours, offering to help me with my sewing or to stir up a cake, kindly offices that had to be paid in kind; and if I slipped into the neighbors' on an errand, there a moment after would come Netta. Very soon it became clear to me that she was afraid of what I might tell. So long as she had me under her immediate eye she could be sure I was not taking away her character, but when I was not, she must have suffered horribly. I might have told, too, by the woman's code; she was really not respectable, and we made a great deal of that in Maverick. I might have refused to have anything to do with her and justified myself explaining why.

But Netta was not sure how much I knew, and could not risk betrayal by a plea. She had, too, the natural reticence of the villager, and though she must have been aching for news of Doctor Challoner, touch of him, the very sound of his name, she rarely ever mentioned it, but grew strained and thinner; watching, watching.

If that incident were known, Netta would have been ostracized and Saybrick might have divorced her. And I was going dumb with amazement to discover that nothing had come of it, nothing *could* come of it so long as I kept still. It was a deadly sin, as I had been taught, as I believed—of damnable potentiality; and as long as nobody told it was as if it had never been, as if that look of Challoner's had really the power as it had the seeming of absolving her from all soil and stain.

I cannot now remember if I was ever tempted to tell on Netta Saybrick, but I know with the obsession of that look upon my soul I never did. And in the mean time, from being so much in each other's company, Netta and I became very good friends. That was why, a little more than a year afterward, she chose to have me with her when her second child was born. That was the time when the suspicion that had lain at the bottom of Netta's shallow eyes whenever she looked at me, went out of them forever.

It was along about midnight and the worst yet to come. I sat holding Netta's hands, and beyond in the room where the lamp was, the doctor lifted Saybrick through his stressful hour with cribbage and toddy. I could see the gleam of the light on Saybrick's red, hairy hands, a driller's hands, and whenever a sound came from the inner room, the uneasy lift of his shoulders and the twitching of his lip; then the doctor pushed the whiskey over toward him and jovially dealt the cards anew.

Netta, tossing on her pillow, came into range with Saybrick's blunt profile outlined against the cheaply papered wall, and I suppose her husband's distress was good to her to see. She looked at him a long time quietly.

"Henry's a good man," she said at last.

"Yes," I said; and then she turned to me narrowly with the expiring spark of anxious cunning in her eyes.

"And I've been a good wife to him," said she. It was half a challenge. And I, trapped by the hour, became a fakir in my turn, called instantly on all my soul and answered—with the Look—"Everybody knows that, Netta"—held on steadily till the spark went out. However I had done it I could not tell, but I saw the trouble go out of the woman's soul as the lids drooped, and with it out of my own heart the last of the virtuous resentment of the untempted. I had really forgiven her; how then was it possible for the sin to rise up and trouble her more? Mind you, I grew up in a church that makes a great deal of the forgiveness of sins and signifies it by a tremendous particularity about behavior, and the most I had learned of the efficient exercise of forgiveness was from the worst man I had ever known.

About an hour before dawn, when a wind began to stir, and out on the mesa the coyotes howled returning from the hunt, stooping to tuck the baby in her arms I felt Netta's lips brush against my hand.

"You've been mighty good to me," she said. Well—if I were pushed for it, I should think it worth mentioning—but I am not so sure.



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

THE HORSE CARAVAN INTO TIBET

Along the Great Wall of China

BY WILLIAM EDGAR GEIL, F.R.G.S.

FOR days and weeks and months our caravan of mountain men and mules had toiled along the Great Wall of China, from its eastern terminus near the Yellow Sea toward the setting sun. We had climbed ranges of mountains, lowered ourselves into precipitous valleys, threaded our way through almost endless miles of the *loess*, or yellow-dust region, and with feverish thirst had wearily marched with slow, halting steps across other endless miles of desert sands. At last we saw ahead of us the final stretch, at the farther end of which we should find the western terminus of the Great Wall. But near Lofty Pass we paused; for there we discovered another Y in the barrier of masonry, and an arm branching off from the main Wall which led southward.

It had been our intention, from the very beginning, to hold to the main

backbone of the Great Wall, to traverse it from end to end without making other than occasional side journeys. This we accomplished, but this Y and the arm of the Wall leading forth to the southwestward proved alluring, for far down there was the "Roof of the World"—the land of mystery, the "Forbidden Land"—in a word, Tibet. The prospect of adventure was too strong to be resisted. We decided to follow that arm, to search for more of the Wall than we knew about, and also to study the descendants of those southwestern foes against whose aggressive spirit the Great Wall had been erected. The journey to the higher lands was undertaken, therefore, and on fast horses.

Two routes westward are open to the traveller from Lanchow to Sining. We selected the shorter, more beautiful, and more dangerous, and accomplished the six

Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

days' journey in three and one-half days; but returning, broke every record by doing the distance in three days. One of those days found us in the saddle for sixty miles. The ancient city of Sining acted as a base from which various expeditions were made in search of the Tibetan arm of the Great Wall of Chin Shih Huangti. The first excursion was to Gumbum, "the seat of ten thousand images." It is the most important lamasery on earth next to Lhasa, and the lounging-place of thirty-six hundred lamas.

Leaving Sining by the West Gate, we passed under the lee of the Fung Hwang Mountain, named in honor of the legendary bird of China, and rode up the picturesque Southern Valley, passing pilgrims who, like ourselves, were on their way to Gumbum. They, however, were actuated by religious zeal which helped them to tramp along the dusty road, whereas we were impelled by curiosity and science. Indeed, had it not been for the hope of finding remains of a Great Wall, important as Gumbum is, we must have desisted.

Our well-mounted caravan trotted on to Shangsün Chwang, the Upper New Village, where we came upon the reputed remains of the Great Wall. These were measured and photographed and studied. At this point the Wall is known by the following names: Pien Ch'iang, "The Boundary Wall"; Chang Ch'iang, "The Long Wall"; and Wu Ling Ch'iang, "The Five Ranges Wall"—this last signifies that it passes over five ranges of mountains or hills.

The Long Wall follows the foothills from the Pass to Kia Ya, where it ascends and runs atop the crest of the mountain in a northwesterly direction behind the Lamasery of Gumbum, thence to Tsa Ma Lang, where we purposed to examine it en route to Tibet. At a point ten *li* southeast of Gumbum the ruins measured ten feet at the base and twenty feet in height. Five *li* from Gumbum are remains of a moat, which paralleled the Long Wall, on the Tibetan side. As the Tibetans cannot walk, the combination of moat and wall was effectual in preventing a charge by the fierce horsemen. While this ruin does not date back to remote times, it is not improbably on

the line of an ancient structure. Strangely enough the history of Sining district makes no mention of the Long Wall in its own writing, but refers to books no longer extant. Scholars are of opinion that these ruins represent a structure of the Chin dynasty. The brick and stone veneering has disappeared, leaving the structure naked and exposed to atmospheric changes. We take pleasure in adding two hundred miles of Great Wall to the map of China.

Our first view of Gumbum was disappointing, so we pushed on into the town itself. The first object visited was the famous Tree of Healing. The lamas carefully gather up all the fallen leaves and sell them to those who desire healing. One poor cripple, bent double, was hoping that the leaves would straighten him out. One pilgrim was measuring his body on the ground as he made a pilgrimage about the place. Merely as a matter of exercise it was admirable. A visit to this centre of Buddhism will disgust a thinking person with the whole exhibition of the religion. The deception practised by the leaders is beyond belief, and the sincerity of the "common herd" correspondingly pitiable and pathetic.

The ignorance of the lamas is dense. We asked the simplest questions, but they could not answer. On scrutinizing a group of fifteen lamas, we felt that their faces could be duplicated in any large American prison. But not all lamas are criminals, though lamaseries are sanctuaries for such; we did see one face that really suggested the religious recluse or ascetic. Those who are inclined to favor Buddhism should visit their headquarters in Gumbum during the Butter Festival and see the revelry. They would quickly be disillusioned. Thirty-six hundred lazy lamas, ignorant and unclean, constitute the religious inhabitants of the second most important centre of Buddhism on the globe.

Again we passed out of the historic West Gate of Sining, and stopped at Ta Hsüa Lêng to measure the remains of the same Barrier we had met on the road to Gumbum. This done, the caravan started for Tibet—the Roof of the World and the home of mysterious men who even before the days of Chin were not

to be trifled with. We went to see the blue-green Koko Nor—a lake nine thousand feet above the tide, and reflecting the sky that arches the wonderland.

From the Yellow Sea to the lofty heights of the Himalayas there is a gradual slope upward. On this vast ascent lies the whole length of the Great Wall. And between the Great Wall and Mount Everest is the closed land, the mysterious land of wild horsemen.

Although it was but early in September, we took the precaution to carry a wardrobe well stocked with heavy woollens and furs. The ascent was gradual until an altitude of ten thousand feet was reached. Hour followed hour in rapid succession as our horses carried us toward the watershed of Central Asia. And when at last we stood on Ta Obo Shan and saw before us vast expanses of white, brown, and green, amid which lay the beautiful Koko Nor, the entire caravan was silent with admiration. Behind us the valleys and rivers

of the vast slope toward the Pacific Ocean; before us the descent into the Inland Lakes of the Heart of Asia. The three great rivers of China flow eastward; hence China constitutes the Pacific slope of the continent of Asia. Standing on Ta Obo Shan a marvellous view greeted the eyes at every turn. To the right stretched the massive northern mountain range, snow-capped and superb; behind us the Sun-and-Moon Mountains, on the foot-hills of which lay quaint, quiet, fortified Ha Lah Ku Tu; to the left the Yao Mo Shan; to the south Koko Nor.

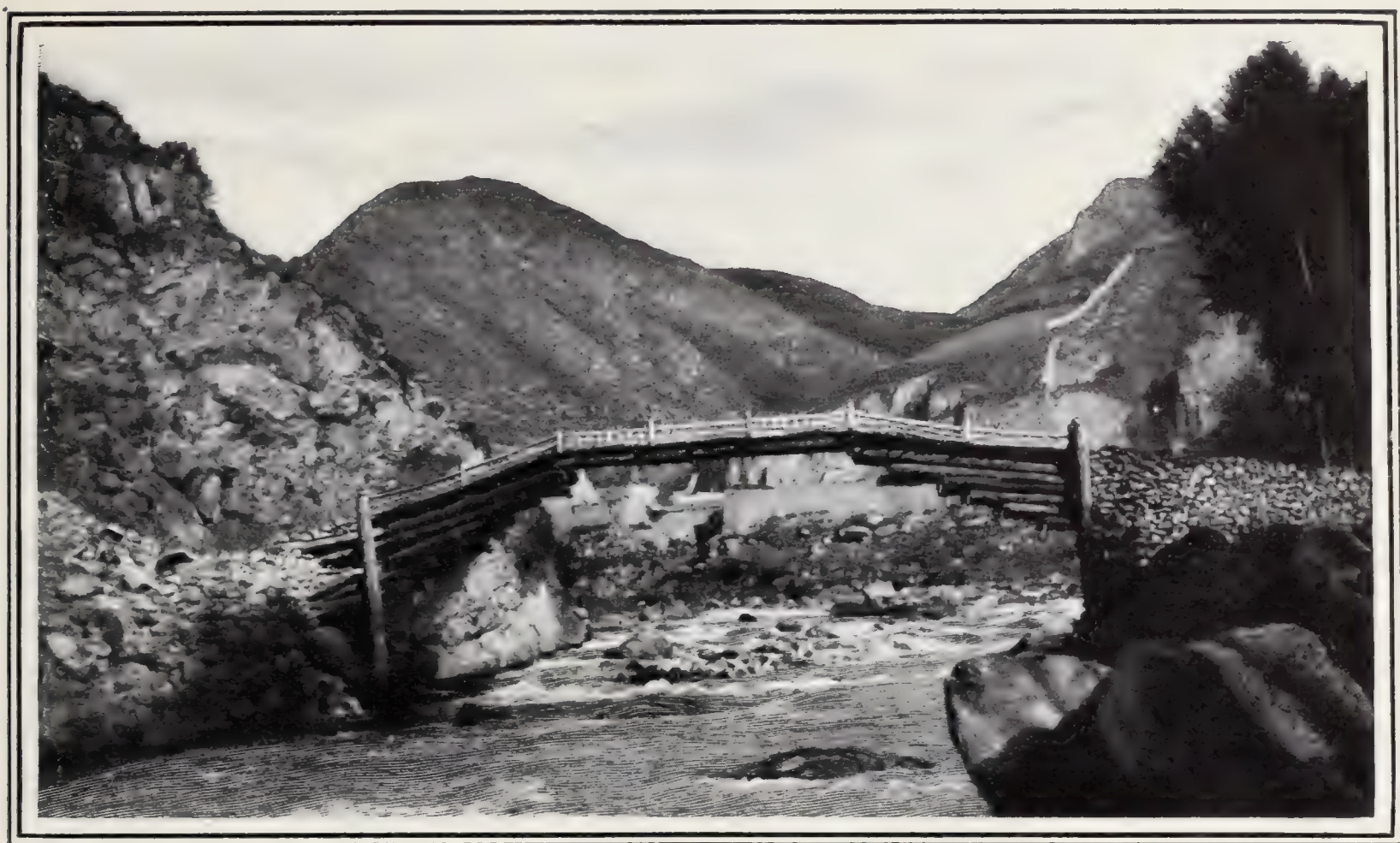
A cloudless sky looked down on a houseless, fenceless scene of white and green and blue and black. Over the undulating landscape roamed flocks of sheep and herds of yak, the latter of exceptional size. They pastured on sweet grasses in which grew the bluest flowers the eyes ever beheld. The whole country was gay with color. To match nature, the Tibetans clothe themselves in materials of rich tint—yellow and red and orange; and gaudy flags flutter from many lofty points.

They are fiercely patriotic, these Tibetans. Their Monroe Doctrine has long been announced with fervor and enforced with vigor. No foreigner may penetrate into their country. Some have risked their lives and come out again to give us glimpses of the Forbidden Land; but our knowledge of it is less than our knowledge of Japan before its seclusion was invaded. These fierce horsemen are a lofty line of proud ancestry. Their food is good, their location admirable, their muscles strong. They can ride and that right nobly, realizing almost the ancient fable of the centaurs. It is an exaggeration to say they cannot walk. While their heavy, clumsy foot-gear prevents comfortable progress on foot, they are naturally cavalrymen; and perhaps will become as good artillerymen. Chin exercised wisdom when



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

RUINS OF TIBETAN LOOP OF THE GREAT WALL, DISCOVERED
BY DOCTOR GEIL



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

A CURIOUS CANTILEVER BRIDGE AT CH'ANG HOU

he erected a Great Wall between these hardy, daring, mounted warriors and the quiet, home-loving, plodding peasants of his own fertile kingdom. But the Tibetans pondered over his policy and reversed it. They have drawn an impalpable barrier around their own land; and now there are roads leading out of Tibet, but none leading in. Always ready is the sword, ever loaded is the gun. No bells herald the approach of these horsemen, as in China; silently they sweep through the night, or rush through the day. Ready are they to meet a foe, or rob a friend, with the utmost jollity of demeanor.

Their patriotism, however, is excelled by one other sentiment—religion; and all the bright coloring we rejoice in is symbolic of this also. The various tints tell of the various orders of monks, as was the case in medieval Europe; but instead of Black, White, and Gray Friars, they have Red, Orange, and Yellow Monks. Strange has been the connection between these Buddhists and Christians. It was Buddha who first organized hermits into an order of monks, whence the idea spread westward to Syria and Egypt, to Asia Minor and Italy, and at last to all European Christendom. But the Syrian missionaries to

China a thousand years later brought a Western wave of influence, which deeply modified the Buddhist customs in Tibet, so that they adopted many rites of worship from the Christians. And when the Abbé Huc found the full-blown ritual in these highlands, he could but wonder how the devil had inspired these idolators to parody Christianity.

Deeply religious are these Tibetans; gladly they give sons to the lamasery, and thousands pass at least a part of their lives, if not the greater part, as celibates busy at prayer, or ingenious enough to harness wind and water to grind their prayer-mills, while they idle in "mystic contemplation."

Infested as this region is with robbers, we were loath to leave the superb scenery, the invigorating atmosphere, and the heroic-looking mountaineers. When the time came for us to leave we signalized our departure by a fight with some fierce Tibetan dogs, and retired in good order down to the great frontier which was the base of our exploration.

Inside the recently discovered Tibetan Loop of the Great Wall, the city of Sining occupies an important position, and its antiquity is sufficient to warrant its having had six different names. It be-



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

A TIBETAN FLOUR-MILL

gan as Hwang Chung, which signifies, "In the midst of Cold Water": the aboriginals who founded the city so called it because of the snow-drainage flowing in divers channels hard by the site. This ancient name is perpetuated by the local cavalry regiment. But the Chinese of the Han Dynasty changed the name to Kin Chên Kuin, "The Golden City"; the reason remains remote. There being much non-mountainous land near about, it was next named Sip'ing or "The Western Plain." Next followed Ts'ing Tan Chên, "The Clear Boasting City"; most prosperous places possess that undesirable quality. The last was Sining, "The Peaceful West." A name less appropriate could hardly have been invented, for in the province of Kansu each generation has a rebellion of its own. The whole Chinese people are warlike. During the last two thousand years there have been fifty real rebellions or wars, making the astonishing average of one fighting period in every forty years. And yet careless observers tell the ignorant that China hates and avoids war. She prefers peace to war, but when the latter is forced upon her, she awakens her ancient spirit to tremendous activity and success. Few cities can boast scenes of confusion and bloodshed equal to those witnessed in "The

Peaceful West." Horrors past the power of pen and pencil to depict have been enacted within those curving walls.

Beautiful for situation, resting softly on the gentle slopes of the Nan Shan foot-hills, looking out upon four broad fertile valleys, Sining occupies a strategic position. High massive brick-faced walls, with bastions, towers, battlements, and four gates, strong and heavy, constitute the fortifications. The East Gate deserves particular mention, for in addition to the ordinary portal is a portcullis of a thousand *catties* weight. The West Gate furnishes a thrilling story of tragedy. Here eight leaders of a rebellion, after being court-martialled, were led out to execution. As they passed between the inhuman populace lining the two sides of the streets, they were subjected to the horrible experience of sword and spear thrusts until, mangled and bleeding, the place of execution put an end to their sufferings. But this was not all; no sooner had the hapless heads fallen on the pavement than the executioners ripped open the bodies, tore out the hearts, and ate them, as morsels reckoned to transfer the heroic spirit of the enemy to their own hearts.

Not far from the West Gate one sees many quaint water-mills furnished by artificial canals and run on the ancient prin-

ciple of horizontal lever action with a tremendous waste of power. They are perched on half a dozen piles, the wheel is horizontal, built of wood, and attached to a perpendicular shaft, at the upper end of which is the millstone. The water flows down a trough wide at the top, narrow at the bottom, strikes the broad spokes at less than a right angle, and grinds grain. The tariff is two hundred *cash* a bag, or if money is not forthcoming, the miller keeps the bran. Two of these picturesque mills grind tobacco stalks, which are then pressed with the leaves and shaved. All the way to Tibet we came upon similar quaint flour factories, often nestled in the most fascinating bits of scenery.

On the North Hills, in the red *loess* earth are many caves. One of the hills was formerly occupied by groups of temples, which have not been rebuilt since the last Mohammedan rebellion. The fact that these weak gods and their houses remain demolished suggests the decadence of the faith of Buddha. The passing of Buddhism hereabouts is also indicated by the many temples out of repair. Sining is a city of temples and *yamens*. Here one is likely to find evidences of the ascent or descent of the idolatrous worship of monstrous images. Buddhism is a godless religion, but can there be a religion without a god?

The north wall of the city is full of curves. When being constructed, before it was well set, a heavy fall of snow de-

scended, whereupon the Dragon came and laid himself along the wet wall, causing the great masonry to yield to the shape of his body. The wall is forty feet in height, thirty feet thick at the base, and fifteen on top. Along the battlement are heaps of white cobblestones ready to be used in resisting an assault.

The interest of the visitor is sustained, on whatever side of the city he happens to be. By the North Gate is a spring of pure, cold drinking-water of capacity sufficient to supply the city suburbs. Strange to relate, a courtyard for the blind is provided by the government, which supplies each sightless person living there with half a pound of flour per day; any other support is obtained by begging.

The granaries are busy and interesting places. We visited one where grain is stored for a year. Following the example of Joseph in Egypt, the officials store it up against a famine or a rebellion. A supply is provided sufficient for twenty thousand additional people who may flock to the city for safety.

The schools in the city, which have adopted modern methods, are three in number, two being high schools. The teachers, unfortunately, have had but one year's training in Lanchow, and naturally only the most elementary instruction can be given in four subjects—geography, mathematics, geology, and drills. The sum total attendance is two hundred. This is a small beginning, but indicates



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

A FIRE-TOWER WEST OF SUCHOW

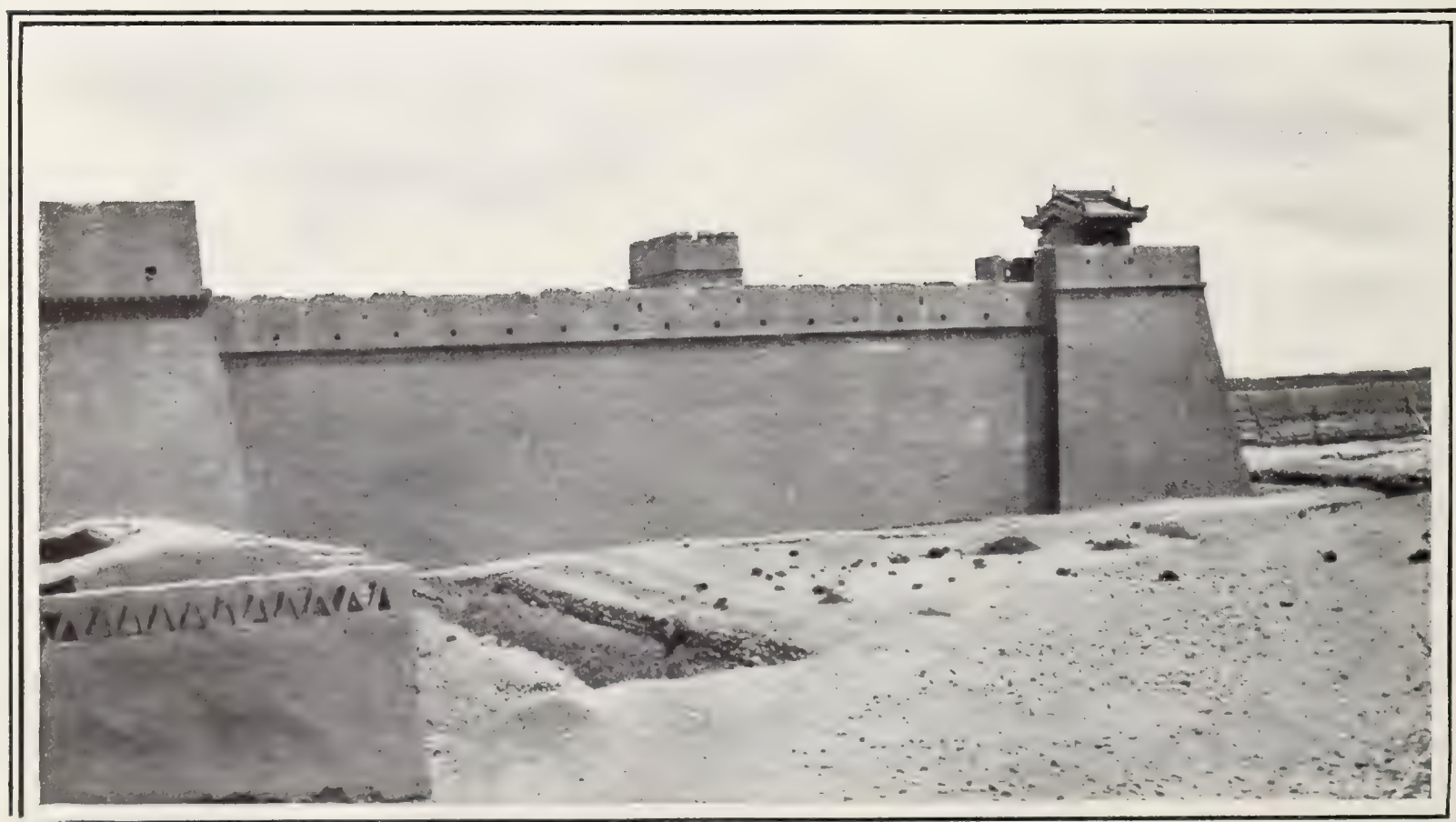
that the reform movement which is sweeping over the vast empire has reached the borders of Tibet. Other evidences of reform are the changes in the styles of clothing; narrower sleeves and shorter—semi-foreign fashion—and small straw hats, have evidently come to stay.

Then there is the newly organized police force, and the modernizing of the troops. For Sining is not only a city of temples and *yamens*, but of barracks. Here are quartered two hundred horse and two thousand foot soldiers. If there are many *yamens*, there are many officials, including the Amban. Many Tibetans visit the city, bringing in borax, rhubarb, musk, antlers, wool, and the beautiful Tibetan sable furs, with which they purchase foreign calico of bright colors, colored thread, beads, and *khata*, which is the Scarf of Blessing, made of silk, and pale blue in color. Fish from the Koko Nor are sold on the street.

Among the sights of the city is the Confucian temple. Within the precincts of this temple have been enacted scenes which will live in history. Here thousands of bleeding men were ministered to by three foreigners who were living in the city at the time of the recent rebellion. Their names and themselves deserve public recognition at the hands of the Imperial government. Henry French Ridley, his heroic wife, and James C.

Hall, day after day for months, went to the Confucian temple and operated on the wounded soldiers, often under the most disgusting conditions, but with eminent success. When diphtheria broke out, horror was added to horror. Then came smallpox; Ridley himself was stricken down with illness. But for nine months the missionaries labored with a courage and heroism uneclipsed in the annals of war, and yet they have been left without the decoration of the Dragon or any proper acknowledgment on the part of the Imperial Power. The nervous strain endured by this faithful trio is beyond description and their service beyond all praise. Over five thousand people died of disease during the siege.

The last and most important site in the city of Sining is the China Inland Mission, with its heroic servants, the English missionaries. Here is the most beautiful chapel in Kansu, and the only chapel in China, so far as we know, built entirely by money contributed by explorers and travellers, including the gifts of Roman Catholics. In this chapel may be found at almost any service Mongolians, Tibetans, Chinese and foreigners. The church membership is growing, and the whole aspect of the movement is that of success. The prosperity of Christian missions on the border-land of Tibet is a fair example of the success attending



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

CORNER OF THE WALL OF KIAYUKWAN



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

KIAYUKWAN, AND THE LAST STRETCH OF THE GREAT WALL

such efforts throughout China. Considering the mental and spiritual surroundings, this mission may be considered almost a miracle of modern times.

In time we returned from our exploration of that arm of the Wall leading toward Tibet, and resumed our march along the main structure, the backbone itself of the Great Barrier, and on our journey westward from Suchow we found, at last, a stretch of level road. Ordinarily such an inviting outlook would have filled our hearts and minds with jubilation, for during six long months we had toiled onward over precipitous mountain ranges, encountering streams which we had to swim, now and then delayed by storm, or fever resulting from exhaustion, and meeting other delays and difficulties none the less easy to surmount because they are the common experience of travellers in remote regions of the world. We were glad to see that level road leading from Suchow a distance of seventy *li*, for we knew that at the end of it we should find the end of the Great Wall; but we were glad only because we could traverse it more rapidly than if it had been other than level.

Finally we reached Kiayükwan, and there our expedition halted, while alone I went forward and passed through the West Gate of the town and stood amid the desolation. Looking toward the west no human habitation could be seen to modify the unhappy landscape.

My eyes beheld only sand and pebbles, and gaunt poles holding aloft a line of wire carrying to distant regions messages of peace, and perhaps of war. To the north rose mountains, closing in near by to join those in the south, whereon lay the whiteness of the snows of an eternal winter.

The Great Wall runs from the deep sea to the desert, from animation to stagnation. This Western Gate of Empire has a history, mostly unwritten, which is worthy of an inspired pen. In rapid flight through these guarded portals, how many have passed out into the Gobi uplands, escaping from the heavy hand of vengeance! How many again, fugitives from justice, from disaster, from poverty, hastening with lively hopes of a better future in store for them toward the setting sun! And in the opposite direction what peoples, principles,

and passions have entered! Christianity twice, Buddhism three times, came eastward, perhaps through this same Gate. Twice Christianity came in—and failed. A third time, from the far West, has entered this matchless religion.

When we first arrived at Kiayükwan we all were talking of the majestic Pass there—"The Martial Pass of All Below Heaven." One of my Chinese men said: "It was no false legend. Although the place of the Pass was not very large, the strictness of the laws was evident. If a man issued from the Pass he must at Suchow procure a passport, which was examined carefully, then he must go out at the Pass. If he had no permit from the Chow, even if he had wings it would be hard for him to fly out of the mouth of the Pass. On the west of the city there is an official garden, by name 'The Garden of the Official Trees.' Inside and outside it was all human skeletons. Where coffins were revealed they had been torn open by wolves. There were many of these.

"There was the Long Wall coming straight from the west-north, a little east-south when departing. Going on ahead there was a stream said to be 'The Great North River.' The condition of the river was awe-inspiring, because it flows from the upper plateaus, where many streams, having penetrated that far, unite in one. Outside the West Gate there is a small hill of sandy rocks. Ahead there is a great road travelled by the big carts. On the side of the road is a stone, on

which are the words, 'The Great Road to the West Country.' Travelling ahead there is the Gobi Desert. I do not know the difficulties of travelling this road. In the mouths of all men it is called 'bitter.' Here in the tunnel of the West Gate are many verses. I read in these of 'the Bitter Pass,' 'the Bitter Hard Travel,' and verses without number. Every verse

written was to show the bitterness of Gobi. Some spoke of the mouth of the Pass; some spoke of the vows they had made in their hearts. Men of bitter heart let flow bitter words, men of happy hearts sang happy songs. Truly one could see what a man had done and know men's hearts."

In Kiayükwan it was our fortune to occupy the upper room of the "Increasing Righteousness Inn." Five inns altogether offer accommodation to the ten thousand persons who sojourn here each year. One of our number, who had been on a visiting round to all of

them, furnished the name of each as follows: "The Increasing Righteousness Inn," "The Accumulating Prosperity," "The Broad Harmony," "The True Abundant," and "Chen's Convenient Inn"—truly a study in hotel names! We decided upon the "Increasing Righteousness."

In these hostelries of high-sounding names there is not much choice of accommodation, but there is a great variety in the nationalities and purposes of the guests. Many merchants come this way and Mongols on camels from the Koko



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

TABLET AT THE WESTERN END OF THE GREAT WALL

"The Martial Barrier of All Under Heaven"

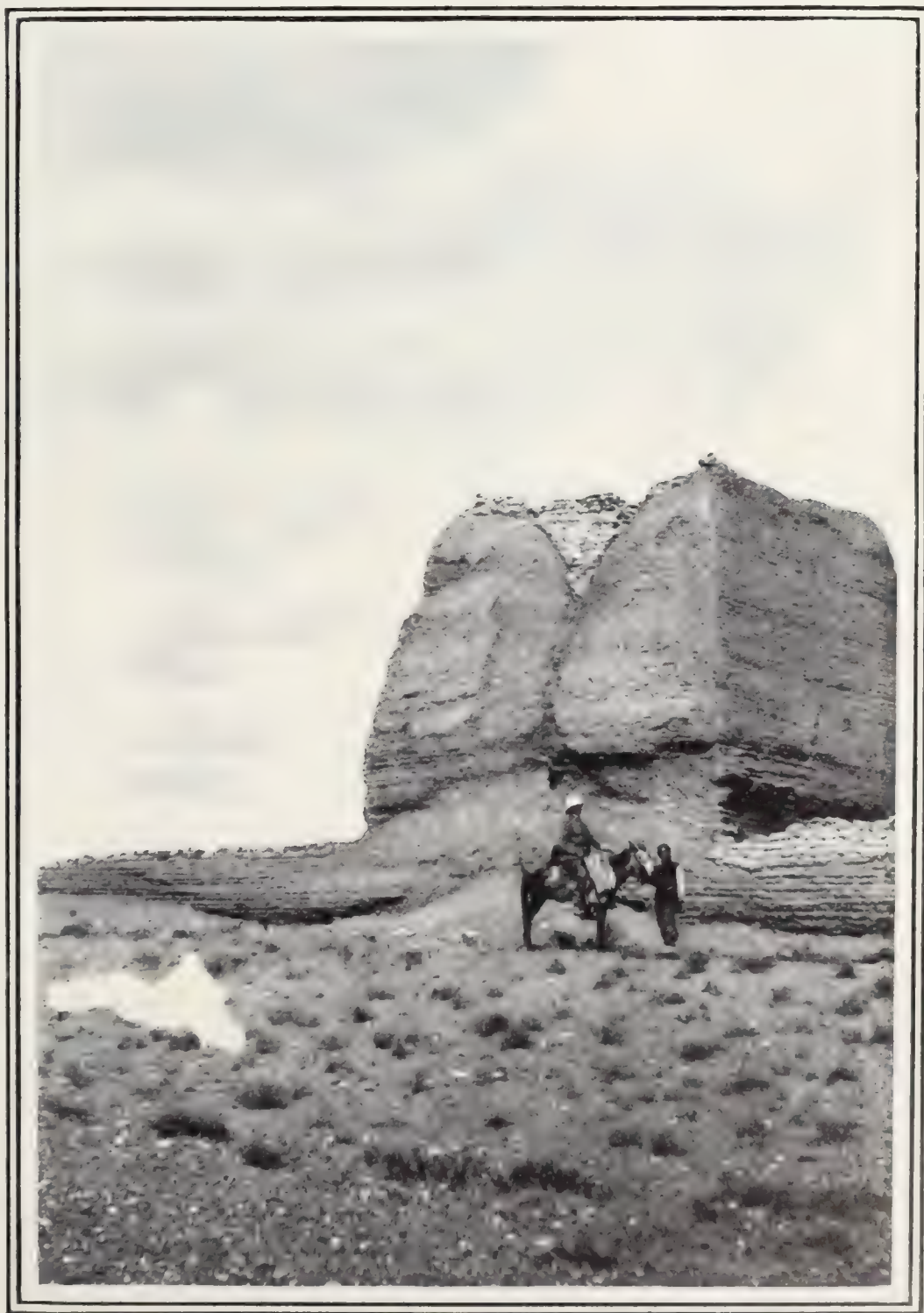
Nor, princes with flocks and herds going southwest along the Great South Road to seek pasturage, Tibetans on fast horses; Chinese immigrants, Indians, Russians, Turkomans, Jews, Persians, Englishmen, Frenchmen, Americans, explorers, adventurers, fools and rascals, poets and missionaries—all go through this Pass!

Because of the number of "hard cases" who come this way, hoping to escape vengeance of the law, summary settlements are made here of disorderly conduct. This is the Far West of China. It was our fortune to meet the only native of Kiayükwan. The other inhabitants, mostly soldiers, have come from distant parts of the Empire. "Distant Road Chow" (for that is the native's name) has fifty-seven winters on his head; but being a farmer he is an honorable and honored man; although not yet old. The Chinese honor vocations or avocations in the following order: scholars, farmers, artisans, merchants. All others remaining unmentioned are the "common herd."

While we were sojourning at Kiayükwan, by the way, the head mandarins of the fortress called upon us and presented their greetings, urging us to accept an invitation to a banquet in my honor, to be held in the Civil Yamen. We accepted. As this was to be our last full meal at the western end of the Great Boundary, I requested our hosts to give me a copy of the menu. The banquet was a "Sea Cucumber Feast"—by a happy coincidence Chin was very fond of sea-cucumber—which consisted of nineteen courses. Seeing that the region hereabout is desert, it was surprising to be entertained with such a

luxury. The feast set before us was as follows:

1. Wine.
2. Tonic wine.
3. Small appetizers (*i. e.*, melon-seed, cabbage, salted eggs, antique eggs, odoriferous eggs, pork, shrimps, pickled carp, tasty chicken, celery).
4. Sea-cucumbers.
5. Oil chicken.
6. Bamboo-sprouts.
7. Lotus-seeds.
8. High Yin fish.
9. Mushrooms or toadstools.
10. Raisin pudding.
11. Chicklets.
12. Sea-grass.
13. Pickled bean-cured pork.
14. Rice, and rice soup.
15. Mutton.
16. Eggplant dishes.
17. Meat dumplings.
18. Pork.
19. Soup.



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

False teeth were discussed at the dinner table, and in reply to the question "Are the Great Man's teeth all good?" I said, "Good up to the North Pole," which is a Chinese expression. These little personal inquiries liven conversation wonderfully in China!

From the Inn of Increasing Righteousness we sent out three men to copy inscriptions at the Western Gate of the city and in the tube of the fortifications to the west, while Mr. Clark and I took mules and rode toward the real end of the Great Wall, which is not at Kiayükwan itself, but at a point fifteen *li* southwest of it. During the journey thither no human being crossed our path, and there was not a house in sight the whole way. Five antelopes were the principal sign of life, as they hurried out of sight, and lizards, magpies, and crows — of which there were some to be seen at the start—soon disap-

peared. There was nothing to attract the eye beyond whirling spirals of sand and tufts of brown sage-brush, while the whole landscape was earth-color, save that on the lofty southern mountains there lay, as ever, the snow. The monotony would have been without relief but for the presence on the scene of the ruin whose end we were seeking—the ruin of the most stupendous achievement in Asia.

When at last we reached the actual termination of the Wall, a surprise was in store for us. The construction does not abut the southern mountains, but stops short on a precipice sheer down two hundred feet, as perpendicular as if cut by engineers to a plumb-line. Below

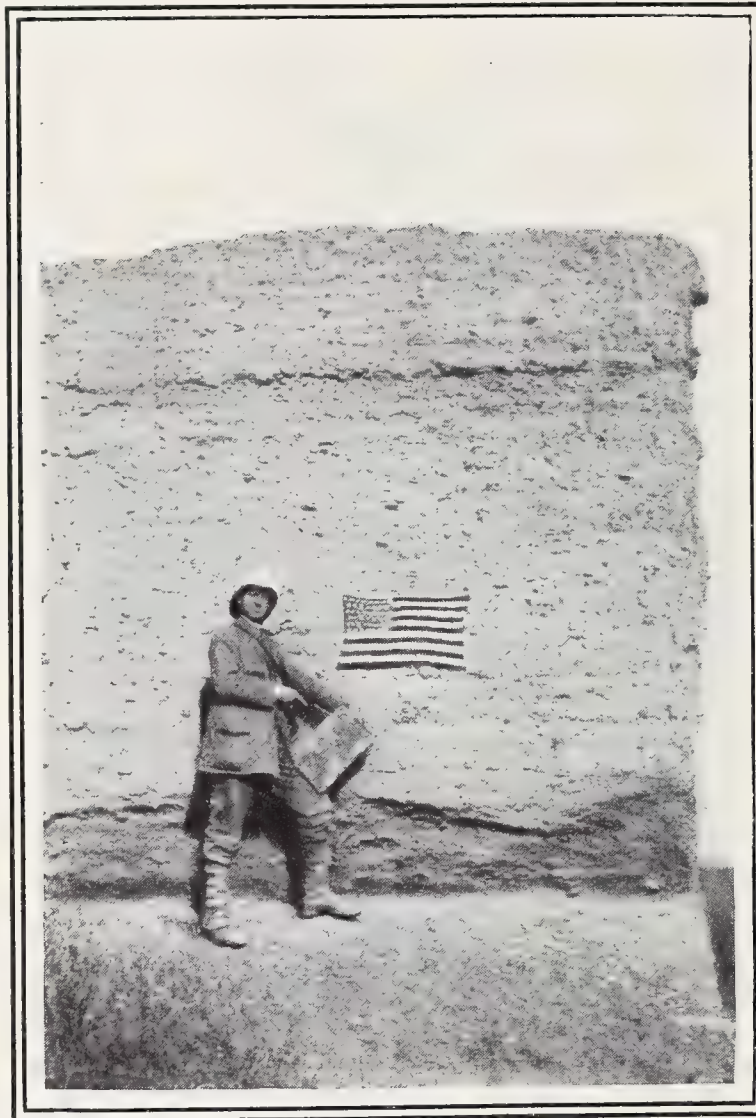
flows the Big White North River. My companion dropped a stone, and counted eight pulse-beats before we heard the splash in the water below.

As we stood alone here and mused, the light fell upon a brick-encased stone tablet, to see which we had travelled so far—a tablet erected long, long ago to mark the western end of that Great Wall, the

stupendous achievement of the mighty Emperor Chin. It bears a simple message in large ideographs, the purport of which is this, "The Martial Barrier of All Under Heaven."

The Great Wall extends from the Yellow Sea past the Yellow River to the Yellow Sand and thence to the Big White Water. From the Yellow to the White is the course of our thoughts when looking westward. And many considerations pass through the mind. Will the Yellows go to the Whites and submerge

them? Will it be *from* Yellow to White; or will it be that the White will become Yellow, and that these people will ultimately predominate? After the observations, scientific and otherwise, were finished we found ourselves loath to leave the ultimate point of the Great Wall. Most of our thoughts, as we rode back toward beautiful Kia-yükwan, were about the movements of nations. The Chinese evidently came originally through that Pass and settled in the bend of the Yellow River. When they return toward the west, whence they came, where will they stop? Where is the real home of the Yellow Race? Will they ever go home and claim their own?



Copyright, 1909, by William Edgar Geil

DOCTOR GEIL AT THE WESTERN END OF THE GREAT WALL

The Venetian Beads

BY JENNETTE LEE

THEY came from Venice, and they lay on the bed behind her; the gray dress lay there, too. She had come in early to dress for dinner, but she was not dressing. She had slipped on her light kimono and stood at the window looking out on the snowy landscape. It was very beautiful outside—long stretches of snow, pillars of smoke from the mills, and, in the west, the clear glow that lighted up the snow and the smoke. She leaned her forehead on the glass, and gazed at it with slow eyes that loved it. There was no hurry; dinner would be late probably. The train was not due until six, and there would be time, even after they came, to dress and see that last things were done. Aline would welcome them at the door. She had heard her, in the hall, running back and forth and giving quick, happy commands. The house seemed to stir softly—as if it were about to wake. She turned from the window and looked at the room behind her—in the clear twilight it had a kind of beauty that touched the imagination; the pictures on the wall seemed a part of the larger picture framed in the lines of the room, and all the color seemed to centre in the little balls of pink that lay on the bed by the gray dress. She went across and took up the dress, shaking it out lightly and smoothing the lace at the wrists.

There was a tap at the door. "Yes . . . ?" She looked up absently. "Oh—come in, Aline."

The girl came in—like some flower that had blossomed in the tropics. Her eyes rested on her sister with a little reproach. "You're not dressed!"

The other smiled quietly. "No." She laid down the dress and moved to the dressing-table. "But there is time—" She looked at the watch beside her.

"I want you to see the flowers and tell me what you think." The girl had

taken up the beads and was running them through her fingers as she talked. She turned to the mirror and threw them lightly over her head. "Aren't they stunning!" she said. "They're the only things I envy you, Elizabeth—give them to me, sister." She leaned toward her, half coaxing, half commanding, in her dark beauty.

"You don't really want them—Aline?" She had turned a perplexed look.

"Don't I?" she laughed a little and drew them off—careful not to disarrange the thickly massed radiance of her hair. . . . She held them off at arm's length and looked at them. The long double rows of tiny balls glimmered and shimmered with light. She shook them a little and smoothed them and laid them down. "Of course I wouldn't take them," she said, "so you needn't go to sacrificing yourself for me any more." She turned and kissed her. "Do hurry, dear. I want everything ready when they come."

She was gone from the room, and the older sister stood looking down at the little lines of color. A new look had come into her face. It had grown thoughtful and the brow seemed to widen a little as she bent over the slender pink chain. . . . If the child really wanted them—? She was always "the child"—if the child wanted them. . . . She half put out her hand to them. Then she drew it back and went and stood by the window. The snow had grown darker, with clear shadows, and the sky in the west held a deep glow. Her eyes rested on it happily. . . . She seemed to have forgotten the room behind her. By and by a little smile trembled on her lips. . . . She was thinking of Aline. . . . She would give her the beads . . . of course . . . not because the child wanted them, but because she wanted them *herself*! The smile on her lips grew to a lit-

the curve of scorn. She *wanted* them—Elizabeth Ackworth—a few bits of coral, that went twice round the throat and hung down along the gray dress, and made it, not gray, but full of soft light. . . . *That* was why she wanted to keep them . . . it was *not* the beads, it was the soft light. . . . But still she wanted them, and so—she would give them up. A little sigh fluttered to her lips and escaped in something that was almost a laugh—at herself. She had given up everything for so long that she had almost forgotten that there was anything else. Well—! . . . She bent her head to listen. . . . It was Aline—yes—in the hall, with Tom. He had come home early. She waited until the man's step had passed on. Then she went to the door and opened it a little way.

“Oh—Aline!”

The girl paused. “Yes, sister.” She came in, her face aglow.

The other approached her. In her soft, flowing robe, with the delicate lines of pink in her hands, and the look in her eyes, she was like some creature of an earlier time, bringing her gift. She raised her arms high, encircling the girl, with a half-laugh. “There they are, Aline. I always meant them for you, I think.”

The other drew back. “Elizabeth! You shameful thing!” She was pulling at the slender lines with indignant fingers. “Of course I won't . . .”

But the firm fingers closed over hers and pushed her toward the door—gently. “I *want* you to have them, dear. It's really selfish, you know—I can see them better on you.” She had pushed the door to and held it closed lightly, turning the key in the lock. “Run along, dear. I want to dress.”

Aline blew a kiss through the key-hole. “You're a sweet old thing! I'll wear them—to-night—just to please you—but I won't keep them.”

“Run away, dear—and don't bother me. I must dress.” But when the firm, light step had receded down the hall she did not take up the dress on the bed. She stood very still—looking down at the hands clasped in front of her. But she did not see them. She was watching a child with tumbled, dark hair, and eyes full of tears, throwing herself into her

arms, sobbing and rebellious. It was raining outside and the window was dark, and they had left her out there in the cold—Aline's mother—and the child was like a wild thing in her grief.

She had comforted her—as the gentle stepmother had comforted *her*, twelve years before. She was seeing it all now—looking at the clasped hands—the young wife who had come into her father's house and had been mother and sister and then passed quietly on, leaving the child. . . . And *she* had been mother and sister now—for ten years—and the child was grown up. She gave a little sigh, and the hands parted and hung at her side, with the lines of the straight robe. The child would be leaving her soon. . . . She had not doubted it, from the first, when she had seen them together, at Commencement time—the stern, dark man, a man of note in the world. . . . The child might well be proud of him. She remembered them—crossing the campus—the girl with her free-swinging step and high, proud head; the man, almost grotesque in his ugliness, but watching her beauty with a kind of quietness and power, that could serve as well as rule; people had turned to look at the two—as if something in the contrast pleased the eye and held it. She had been proud of it all, as a mother might be proud of her child—almost. And to-night he was coming. . . . She moved across and looked at her watch. . . . A whistle sounded. She glanced toward the window—a long curling line of smoke had traced itself in the valley and was rising swiftly, drifting in thin vapor against the rose-like sky. She watched it a moment—and turned away. Standing in front of the mirror, she slipped the kimono slowly from her shoulders and let it slide to the floor. The daintiness revealed was like the face in the glass above it—austere, yet full of glinting light—a kind of whiteness that dazzled—broken by lace and ruffles and bits of threading lute-string that fastened it. She gazed at the picture in the mirror with clear, grave glance. Then she reached out and lifted the gray dress. It fell about her regally as she moved across the room, freeing the fulness of it and letting the train sweep unimpeded behind her. She



Drawn by Marion Powers

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"THEY'RE THE ONLY THINGS I ENVY YOU—GIVE THEM TO ME"

paused by a little box on the table and stood a moment, fingering the contents bit by bit, holding them to the light and dropping them again. She selected one at last and fastened it in place—a dull silver brooch, with semi-precious, green stones that gleamed dully. The silver was a quaint pattern, and the light from the stones caught in the gray of her dress and glimmered, vague and mysterious. But she did not look at it again, and she gave no glance at the mirror—and left the room.

The lamp in the library was lighted, and her brother, standing by the fire, was reading the evening paper. He looked up and nodded as she came in. "They've arrived at last."

She came across, a little surprised. "I didn't hear them!"

He put down the paper. "You must have been dreaming. Terrible racket—trunks and giggles and kissing and talk."

She smiled. "That's Aline and Charlotte. They haven't seen each other for months."

"You'd have thought it was years." He was looking down at her in the low chair she had taken by the fire.

She glanced up and met the look. "How is the portrait getting on?" she asked.

"All right." His eyes had narrowed and his gaze seemed to absorb the gray figure. "You know, Beth, I want to paint *you* some day."

She stirred a little. "Paint Aline."

He put it aside. "That's all very well, but I want you. When will you sit?"

"Any time." She had leaned forward and picked up the tongs.

"I want you just as you are," he said; "that dress, and your hair that way—and in front of the fire."

She laughed and readjusted the stick. "You'll do it nights, then—save time."

He nodded. "At night—just this way," his eye swept the library with its shaded lights and color. "It's all right. Those Dutch fellows knew what they were after. There's something nice and uncanny about it." He stood off a little and looked at her. "You're a sphinx, you know—a kind of mysterious creature—with a past that goes back—'way back—no future to speak of. I'd get it all

in—only there's something—?" He was studying her. "It wants something, just a touch." His face lighted. "Where are your beads?" he said, "your Venetian beads?"

Her color flushed a little as the fire leaped up.

"Run and get them," he commanded. "I want to study you—like that—for five minutes. I shall get it. I'm in the mood."

She had not stirred.

"Where are they? I'll get them." He was half across the room, but she stayed him.

"They're not there."

"Where are they?" He had returned to the fire.

"Aline has them on."

"Aline!" He stared at her.

She nodded. "I let her wear them."

He was looking at her sharply. "You gave them to her!" he said. She did not deny it. "Will you kindly tell me why you gave them to her?" His voice was impatient and stern. "Why did you give them to her?"

"Because I wanted to keep them," she said, meekly.

"You're a prig," he said, "a perfect prig! You ought to be unbearable—I don't know why you're not." He was studying her again.

"Perhaps it's because I want them—so much," she said, still meek.

He ignored it. "You ruin Aline," he said, "just to make a saint of yourself—and you're not a saint—not a bit of it!"

"I know I'm not," she retorted, "as well as you do. I'm just a horrid—greedy—grasping—"

He laughed out. "Oh, now, come—I'll let you off. But I shall paint you, just as you are, with the beads—so you might as well borrow them back from Aline."

"I must see about the place cards—for the table." She started up.

He motioned her back. "They're seen to. Aline did it. I looked in as I came by—Carrington at your right, Mrs. Tar-diff at mine, and the others scattered along in—Charlotte and Aline opposite each other, where they can sit and grin."

She gave him a quick look. "You don't know, then?"

"Know what, dear sister?"

"That it is not Charlotte?"

He looked at her doubtfully and pondered. "No, I don't know. You might tell me," he suggested, after a little silence.

"You didn't guess that it is not Charlotte, but—Charlotte's brother?"

He stared at her. "Carrington! Oh no!" The tone was final. "He's old enough for her father."

"He's thirty-five," she said.

"He's done a lot for thirty-five," he said, thoughtfully.

"Hasn't he!" Her face was lighted up. "And isn't it splendid that he likes her?"

"It is indeed splendid," he said, slowly, "more splendid than probable."

She smiled a little. "Wait until you see. You were not at Commencement last June."

There was a sound of voices in the hall and she rose to her feet.

He stayed her. "Wait a minute. Do you think Aline understands?" he asked.

She paused a moment. "I don't know." She turned toward the door and moved forward. "Here they are now," she said, "and everybody."

They came into the room with a flutter of light dresses and running talk—happy, crisp words—beginning and broken off and ending nowhere. The hostess, in her gray dress, moving among them, had a sense of the quick joy of it, and of Aline standing—almost like a splendid boy—by the grave, dark man, intent in eager talk. After a minute she left him and came to her sister's side. "I've told him he is to take you out, Beth. Is there any one else to tell?"

The hostess swept them with her glance. "No one except Tom. Tell him we are ready, please."

Carrington, who had moved toward her, waited beside her as the others passed into the hall, and she had a swift sense as she took his arm that he was nervous. She had never thought that he could be nervous. It was a part of his charm—the quiet, reserved strength. And when they were seated at table she saw that he was quite as she had remembered him—quiet and self-possessed and masterful. She liked the

way his eyes rested on Aline now and then—as if he found her charming.

"Your sister is delightful," he said, turning to her.

She flushed with pleasure. "Yes."

Aline's quick glance travelled down the table toward them, as if she might have heard, and she bent forward a little, laughingly. "We are talking about you, Elizabeth."

"That is not fair," said the hostess. The color in her face had deepened.

"Oh, we're saying nice things—just that you're a saint, and things like that."

"Oh, why mention it!" returned Elizabeth, lightly, but with quick sense of annoyance. The child was thoughtless!

The man at her side was watching her, a little smile on his lips. "She means it, you know." He spoke in a low tone, under the clatter of voices. "She has often told *me* that you are good—very good," he added, with a kind of emphasis.

The color flamed higher. "How absurd!" She turned toward him. "They make a joke of it—Tom and Aline. But it is not generally considered public gossip." Her voice was a little dry at the end.

"You do not like it—please forgive me. I did not think any one could mind—being called a saint—I should like it."

"Wait till some one does it," she said, recovering herself.

There was a little silence. "I am waiting," he suggested.

She laughed out. "Oh, that will not do. It must be unexpected—and very annoying—"

She paused. Her brother was speaking to her down the table. He had to raise his voice a little for the words to reach her.

"There is a question up for you, Elizabeth."

"Yes?"

"It has to do with sociology, you know, but it is really a question of conduct. I told Mrs. Tardiff you are the family authority on conduct." He bowed gravely to the lady beside him.

The woman leaned forward a little. A silence had fallen on the table. "This is the question, Miss Ackworth. How much ought any one to give away—to other people, you know? Your brother says I ought to give my new car to

the hospital, because they need one—and I think he ought to give that beautiful picture he has just painted to me because I want it. It's very puzzling, you see."

A laugh went down the table.

"Yes, but, really, now, why should you not give the car?" It was Carrington's voice, and it held the point with a kind of gentle persistence.

The woman looked at him. Then she laughed, fanning herself. "You're not in the business—?"

He shook his head. "No."

"I was afraid you might be—I should have to get another car for myself."

"Exactly."

"And another. One would get to giving one's car away regularly when one once began. I shouldn't dare begin." She spoke in mocking earnest.

"I don't see why we shouldn't." It was Aline's voice, very clear, and full of the quick joy that always ran through it.

"But you can't give away *everything*," protested the lady.

"Elizabeth does," said the girl.

There was a little hush, and the eyes of the table travelled toward her.

"Aline!" It was sharp—almost a command.

"She does," said the girl, wickedly. "She gives *everything*! She gave me these to-night." She fingered the beads on her dress, lifting them a little.

"They're beautiful," said some one.

"Aren't they!" Aline nodded. "But it's dreadful, you know. It's like having the Shah of Persia in the family. You can't say you like a thing, without she takes it off and gives it to you on the spot."

"There are several things I should like," said the young man beside her—"those candelabra, for instance, if you wouldn't mind, Miss Ackworth?" he looked toward her expectantly.

Elizabeth shook her head. "They're not mine." She smiled faintly. "They're Aline's—and partly Tom's."

His face fell. "Then I shall never own them."

"I'll give you my part," she said, lightly.

"Will you? And you, Tom?" He looked at his host.

"Oh, take 'em. Anything else?"

"Only those," said the youth. "Now, Miss Aline, it's up to you—?"

"Never," she said, firmly. "I consider it foolishness. I always tell Beth so when she gives the things to me."

A laugh went up from the table, and the talk broke and scattered again.

The dark man was looking at the gray hostess with questioning gaze. "How much of it is true?"

"None of it—not a word." Her voice had a little note of annoyance in it. "Aline was only teasing. She doesn't think how it sounds."

"I think it sounds attractive," he said.

She flashed a glance at him, with a little look of comprehension. "Yes," she said, "she makes everything attractive. You understand her." She looked at him with clear, glad eyes. He returned the look for a minute. Then his glance left her. . . .

Her pulses rose and surged in her ears. The room was full of sound. How loud people talked, and the lights were moving—a kind of confusion all about. . . . Gradually the room steadied itself and she drew a breath. But she did not look at him again—not even when she rose to lead the way from the room.

At the door of the music-room she paused. "They are bringing the coffee in here, Aline. You look after things a minute, dear," and she slipped away.

She opened the door of her room and went in, closing it behind her. Then she stood with her head a little bent, looking into the darkness. Across the room the moonlight came faintly through the windows, but she did not see it. It was the same room—quiet, full of charm, in the darkness—each chair in its place, daintily perfect—the little stand at the head of the bed and the slender fluted glass with its single rose, like a breath in the room. She bent her head lower, standing very still. She had given up everything and laughed, and there had always been something left—gray and still and perfect. . . . She groped a little with her hands and lifted her face. It was stifling here, in the dark. There was seething fire somewhere—strange flames—something that surged and drove. She held her lip tightly in her teeth—

she could not trust herself—yet. All her life fell away from her with a hollow sound—and laughed! It was easy to give up—when one did not care—little things—clothes and comfort, prettiness, little jewels that hung around the throat—and might choke one. She flung out her hands and groped. . . . It was a blind place. Did people want jewels so much? . . . And she had laughed at them—*she* had wanted nothing—*she* could give up—Blind—drab thing—there in the room! Her hand was on her heart, stopping its beat. Why should it pound so! He had not spoken. . . . But she had only to put out her hand—there in the dark—a little way, and he would find it, and she would not be alone. Her head bent lower and the singing filled her ears. Never alone—dear heart. The flame swept her and she fell to her knees, bowing herself. She had laughed. She did not know—it could be like this. . . . Did they pray—when they wanted—things? She had never prayed. She and God had told each other. . . . How did they pray? . . . “Our Father which art in heaven.” . . . And there was Aline—she could not hurt Aline. What was it she must do? She struggled to her feet. Her fingers found the light, and a blaze filled the room, clear and still. That was better. She must think now. She passed the mirror and stopped—with a startled glance at the woman looking out at her with swift, hard eyes. She rested her hands on the toilet table and leaned forward looking into the eyes. “How do you do, my dear?” So this was Elizabeth—the saint—Elizabeth. “I never knew you,” she said, quietly. The face in the glass looked back at her with sudden knowledge, and she covered her eyes with her hand. Ah, she could not bear it. She could give it up—she could give everything up—but she was at least ashamed. She could not give up being ashamed. She turned away, smoothing her hair with her hands, putting it in place. She must go down—they would miss her. The sound of music came through the hall and she listened—some one at the piano and Tom’s violin—they were dancing. She drew a freer breath. She could wait a moment now. She turned out her light and stood in the darkness, motionless.

The fire had died away. She must think—she must think for all of them. She moved to the window and drew aside the curtain. The world was white, and very still—a magic world under its snow—long, sloping lines and dark woods, backed against the night. It held the look of a great heart, and she saw the future glittering out there, like the snow. For a long moment she saw it—her happiness, that love would make, and the years before it—children and hope and the fulness of life . . . and, beyond it all, old age, grown peaceful—on either side the fire—waiting together. And Aline—? Aline would have loved and lived. . . . It was not for Aline she was giving up, but for *herself*. She could not face the eyes in the glass that had always trusted her . . . and to-night they had mocked at her. The light outside had withdrawn a little and a kind of silver mist drew across the world, the folding hills grew dim, shadows shaped themselves, as if a spirit went its way. She held her breath, looking into the heart of it. Her soul passed out and went among the shadows, listening. . . . She drew in something unsaid, unheard, out there in the world—the passive, mighty soul of the world that knew no sacrifice, fulfilling itself in the night. She threw up the window and leaned out. The cool air touched her face . . . “or who shall declare the place thereof?” and under the snow there was greater than sacrifice. “I am come that you may have *life* . . . and that you may have it more abundantly.” Great stars—standing guard at the gate of thought—beckoned to her, and her soul leaped to them. No sacrifice should choose for her, but love, great Love—the love of earth and sky that rose in mist and descended in the rain—that gave itself—and was not ashamed, or proud—but Love that walked among them. Not until she loved was she free to choose. She drew a quick sigh. . . . The stars fell about her. The moon had ridden in triumph past her cloud and flooded the world, and the snow under its sloping lines shaped the hills. She closed the window and turned away. She could go down to the others now. She could not hurt them—the great soul swinging its worlds out there would hold them all.

She opened the door with free hand and went out.

As she passed the door of the library she glanced in. The firelight glimmered on the walls, lighting it dimly, and in the half-uncertain light some one was sitting by the fire. She hesitated an instant. Then she went in.

He stood up and came toward her. "I was waiting for you."

"For me?" She moved toward the table.

But he stayed her. "Please do not light it. The firelight is better."

She moved away a little, hovering between going and staying. Through the farther door there was the sound of distant voices and the faint babel and stir of light movement.

"They are dancing," she said. "I ought to go in." The sound of the violin broke across her words and she waited a little.

"Aline is there. They do not need you."

"Yes — Aline is there." She sat down, leaning forward a little, her eyes on the flame. She would not be a coward.

"It is very beautiful here." He glanced about the big room with its shadowy corners and the glinting on the rows of books. "I thought you would be here," he said.

"You do not dance?"

"Sometimes — but not to-night. I wanted to see you—to ask something." He broke off, and she could see in the dimness that he was smiling a little. Aline's face flashed before her, like a bit of color, before she spoke.

"We are very glad you are here—you and Charlotte. Aline has been looking forward to it for weeks."

"She is great fun," he said, absently.

She stirred a little. "Does Aline know what it is you want to ask me?" She held up her hand and the fire flickered past it.

He looked toward the shadowy face. "I think—she guesses," he said. "She told me where I ought to find you."

"I have been in my room," she replied.

"Yes—but I waited." He turned a little toward her. "You know what it is—"

She seemed not to answer. Her hand fell to her lap and the fire leaped up. . . . Then she spoke swiftly: "I did not know—I did not guess—till to-night."

He was watching the light in her face. "And now—?"

She shook her head. "Now everything is wrong."

He moved back a little. "I am sorry—I did not know—I hoped—"

"You are *blind*!" she cried out.

"Am I?—I can see *you*," he added, after a minute. The tone flooded her face.

"You do not see—Aline." She spoke the words sharply.

He stared at her. Then he smiled. "Aline is a dear child," he said, softly.

But she had turned on him. "She is *not* a child."

His face grew suddenly grave. "Tell me, please." He held out his hand. "I did not—"

"And I did not mean to tell—you—" She had buried her face in her hands.

"It is not true," he said. "And even if it were—" He waited. . . . "You would not sacrifice us—you would not sacrifice two of us to one." He came nearer and half knelt by her, drawing down her hands. "You would not do it," he said.

She looked at him with searching eyes. . . . "How can I tell? It will not matter—in a hundred years, you know." A little smile flitted in her face.

He looked at it intently. "I am not waiting a hundred years," he replied.

She turned her head. There were steps in the hall, behind the heavy curtains, and voices that murmured and passed on.

He had risen to his feet, and she looked up at him through the dimness.

"We must wait," she said, "for light. I have told you—that—I love you."

"I did not hear it," he said, quietly.

She laughed out. "Well, then, I have not told you—but you know—"

"Yes—I know!" The tone exulted a little. . . . The voices in the hall had ceased.

"Elizabeth—" He bent toward her.

"Wait—!" She put out a hand.

The curtains had parted and there was a little stir and ripple of sound. The girl paused in the doorway, looking in.



Drawn by Marion Powers

THE GIRL PAUSED IN THE DOORWAY, LOOKING IN

"Oh—I did not know—you were here—both of you!" Her face was alight with color.

The flame, in the sudden draught from the hall, leaped high. She waited, looking at them slowly.

The woman by the fire reached up a hand. "What was it, child, you wanted?"

The girl came across and leaned on the back of the chair where she sat. She took the outstretched hand and touched it absently with her lips. Her eyes were on the fire. "It isn't anything," she said, "not anything particular—I was just going to say—something."

"I will go," said the man—he smiled a little—"if it is secrets."

"No, it is not secrets. At least not very big ones. It's only about the candelabra—sister—I told Jack Weston he might have *my* share, too."

The older woman turned with a quick look. "You told him?" Her eyes searched the girl's face. It was full of happiness and a swift mocking light.

"Yes, I told him—and he seems very grateful. . . . I wanted you both to

know." She bent and kissed her sister and was gone. Her laugh in the hall mingled with the deeper voice that spoke softly to her.

The man by the fire bent forward. "Do you—"

But the curtains had parted swiftly again, and the girl stood in them once more. "And Jack says—so long as we have the candelabra, I'd better give you these." She came and stood behind her chair, holding the little pink beads high above her head. They descended softly on the gray dress. "Tom called me names for letting you give them up—" She bent lower, looking into the quiet face. "And I wouldn't for the world," she said, "take them—or anything else you wanted, you sweet thing!" She kissed her again and was gone.

The room was very still, and the fire-light fell on his face, lighting it. He bent toward her. "Do you want more light—dear—saint?" he said, quietly.

She looked up to him, and the fire-light touched her and caught the gleam and lay—in little pink globes—along her dress.

Song

BY SARA TEASDALE

WHEN Love comes singing to his heart
That would not wake for me,
I think that I shall know his joy
By my own ecstasy.

And though the sea were all between
The time their hands shall meet,
My heart will know his happiness,
So wildly it will beat.

And when he bends above her mouth,
Rejoicing for his sake,
My soul will sing a little song,
But oh, my heart will break.

“Antony and Cleopatra”

BY JAMES DOUGLAS

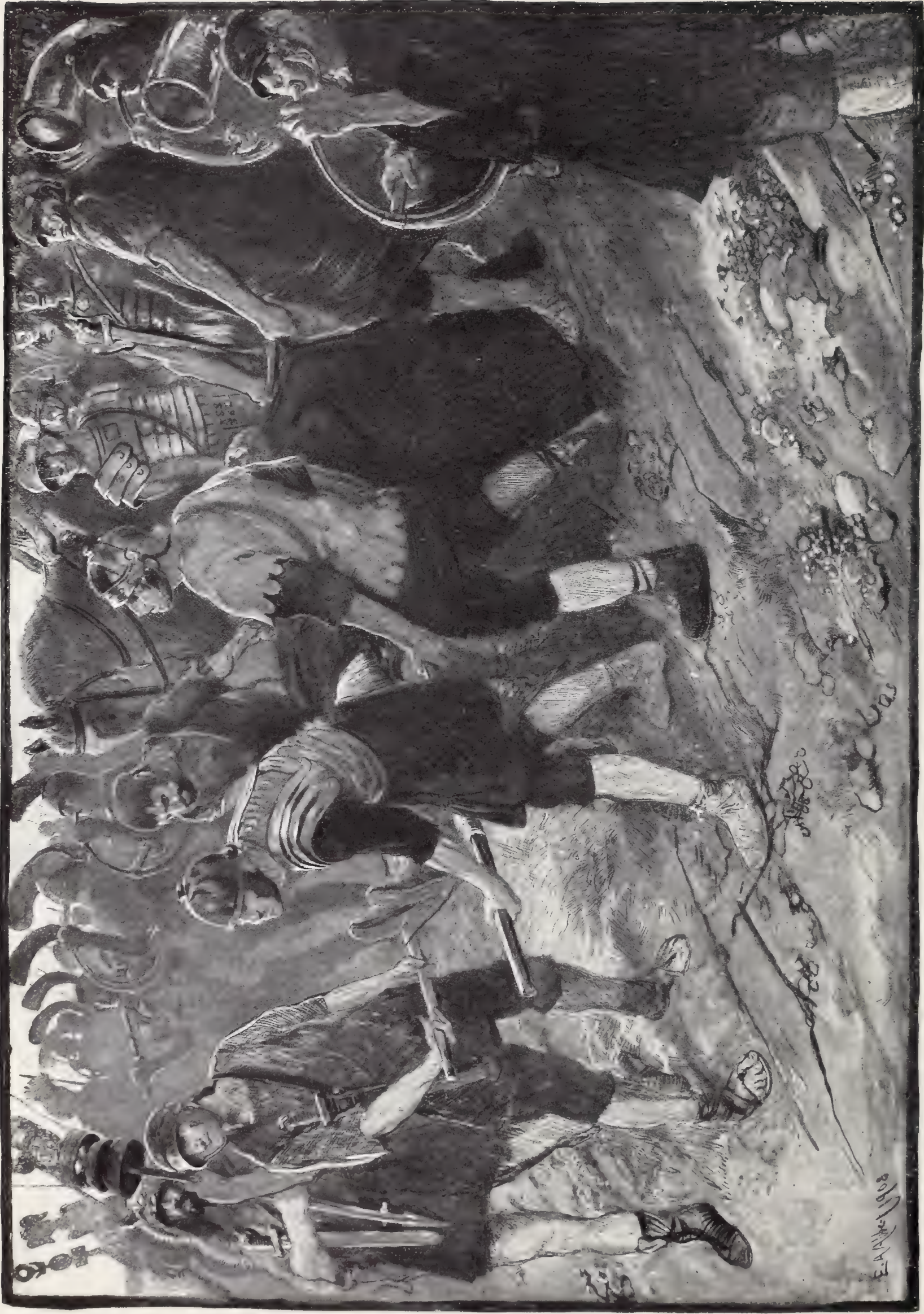
IT would be impossible in this short study to discuss exhaustively the style of a play so heavily laden with poetic riches, but there is one famous passage in it which may be briefly analyzed. What the soliloquy on death is to *Hamlet* the picture of Cleopatra's barge is to *Antony and Cleopatra*. It is the popular “purple patch” in the play. It is by no means in the finest mood of the poet, for it is purely pictorial, but it reveals more clearly than almost any other passage the technical method of Shakespeare as an artist in words, and it proves that even our supreme poet was not merely a man of genius, but that he was also a very cunning and deliberate artificer who calculated his effects as deliberately as the most artificial maker of triolets and rondeaux. It is well to emphasize this side of Shakespeare, for we are apt to regard his poetry as a spontaneous miracle which owes everything to inspiration and very little to careful and conscious art. It is true that in his most sublime moments there is no trace of the file, but we may be sure that in them he used it with the cunning that conceals itself. It may be romantic to revere him as a magician who mated sound and vision, rhythm and emotion, without conscious craft, but it is uncritical, for nothing is more certain than the fact that great poetry is produced by a union of conscious art with natural force. No doubt there is a point in the “fine frenzy” of the poet when his imagination transcends his conscious technique, and he becomes almost wholly unaware of its shaping control. At this point the act of creation in the mind is almost simultaneous with its embodiment in perfect form, the fusion of vision and utterance producing apparent spontaneity. It is probable that great poetry is born in this supernatural fashion, thought flashing into expression instantaneously; but we have very little real knowledge of the

process, for great poets are curiously reticent with regard to the miraculous conception, not because they are reluctant to disclose their secrets, but because they are nearly as ignorant as ourselves. A great poet is like a great pianist who has mastered his fingering so completely that he is unconscious of it, but nevertheless the fingering is there.

In the picture of the barge the artifice is glaringly visible:

“The barge she sat in, like a burnished throne,
Burn'd on the water: the poop was beaten gold;
Purple the sails, and so perfumed that
The winds were love-sick with them; the oars were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke,
and made
The water which they beat to follow faster,
As amorous of their strokes.”

It is obvious that the magic of these lines is due solely to their form, and if we take them to pieces we find that their form is due to deliberate artifice. The alliteration is flagrant. There is a cannonade of “b's” in “barge,” “burnished,” “burn'd,” and “beaten.” A new alliterative bombardment is inaugurated by “poop” with its doubled “p's,” closely followed by the doubled “p's” in “purple,” and then hammered home by another “p” in “perfumed.” Note also the violent effect produced by the vehement stress on the first word in the second line, where the word “burn'd” flings back the sound of “burnish'd.” The poet now abandons his alliterative “b's” and “p's” for the softer device of alliterative “w's,” which seem to breathe the languorous swooning sensuousness of the fragrant winds and the charmed water. This trick is less obtrusive, for “winds” is separated from “water,” while the alliteration is sustained by the “w's” in the quieter word “was,” the two “weres,” “with,” and the two “whiches.” There



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

ACT III. SCENE I

ENTER VENTIDIUS IN TRIUMPH, THE DEAD BODY OF PACORUS BORNE BEFORE HIM

Copyright, 1909, by Harper & Brothers

are seven "w's" in four lines, yet they are so skilfully hidden that the ear is hardly conscious of their presence. The part played in the musical scheme by the sibilant is also very important. It begins in "sat," and is hidden in "burnish'd." It creeps out again in the doubled "s" in "sails" and in the strongly accentuated "s" in "so." It is heard in "love-sick," in "oars," and in "silver." It is muted and masked by the "t" in "stroke," and in "flutes" it is a prolonged whisper. It is concealed in "faster," but it reappears with a rush in the four sibilants of "as," "amorous," and "strokes."

Even this does not exhaust the alliterative subtlety of the passage. The dentals are very craftily employed. They begin with the final "t" in "sat." There are two buried "t's" in "water" and "beaten." There is a dance of dentals in the words, "to the tune of flutes kept stroke," and in the words "water," "beat," "to," "faster"; and the dance ends like a clog-dance with the thud of the strong "t" in "strokes." The rhythmic value of these alliterative dentals is extremely great; they set the pace of the verse and whip it into life.

The part played by the liquids and labials is very important. The whole passage gurgles with "r's" and bubbles with "l's." The stress upon the "r" in "barge" and the "r" in "burnish'd" draws out the rich liquid sound which is heard again in "throne." It is very emphatic in "burn'd," and more insidious at the end of "water." It is boldly stressed in "purple," and insinuated in "perfumed," and in the two "weres." It rolls out sonorously in "oars," and it murmurs at the end of the line in the "silver" which echoes the cadence of the "water" in the second line, which is again echoed in the sixth line by the reiterated "water," and the closing word, "faster." There are three "r's" in the three words, "amorous," "their," "strokes." Note the beautiful effect of the turning elision in the "r" of "amorous."

The musical value of the labials is as great as that of the liquids. It begins with the "l" in "like," and it sounds luxuriously in the strongly stressed "l" of "gold," in "purple," "sails,"

"love," and "silver." It sighs in "flutes," while in the sixth line the double "l's" of "follow" carry the labial music to its highest point. Note also the magical use of the "f's" and "v's" in "perfumed," "love," and "silver," and of the "m's" in "perfumed," "them," "made," and "amorous." The "n's" in "burnish'd," "burn'd," "on," "beaten," "winds," and "tune" also play their part.

Every other word in the passage contains an open vowel with a full rich stress on it. The wonderful music of the first line is built of hollow "oe's" and "ae's" modulated by a muffled "u." The sound of the "a" in "barge" and the "u" in "burnish'd" is drawn out deliciously by the liquid "r" which follows them. The "a" in "sat" is less prolonged, and with the half-tone of the "u" in "burnish'd" it prepares the ear for the gorgeous organ-note of the booming "oe" in "throne." The muffled "u" sounds again in "burn'd," and the long "aw" in "on" and "water" leads up to the rolling "oo" in "poop," which glides into the shrill "ee" in "beaten" that introduces the tremendous open "oe" in "gold," swooning deliciously into the melting "l" that clangs to its close against the dental "d." Then the muffled "u" sounds again in "purple," and after the heavy, harsh "ay" sounds in "sails," there is heard once more the hollow "oe" in "so," followed by the lingering "oo" in "perfumed," and the sharp staccato "a" in "that." There is an onomatopœic stress on the muted "i" in "winds," and after five semi-tones in the next five words have rested the ear, the hollow "oe" tolls out again in "oars," where the "r" prolongs it like the "l" in "gold" and the "n" in "throne." Then the ear is relieved by four semi-tones which lead us to the resurgence of the "oo" in "to" and "tune," where the "n" echoes the "n" in "throne." The "aw" sound is now heard again in "of," the "f" in which blends with the "f" in "flutes," where the "oo" sound rings clear against the "t." After a semi-tone in "kept" the hollow "oe" breaks out again in "stroke," where the "k" clinches it like the "p" in "poop." The deep "ay" now sounds again in "made" and the

prolonged "aw" in "water." After two semi-tones the sharp "ee" rings brightly against the "t" in "beat," which answers reiteratively the "beat" in "beaten," as the "burn" in "burn'd" answers the "burn" in "burnish'd," and as "strokes" answers "stroke." It is remarkable that in six and a half lines there are three of these reiterations, "beat" and "beaten," "water" and "water," "stroke" and strokes." In the last eight words of the passage there is a full symphony of vowels, "oo," "aw," "oe," "ah," "er," "ah," "ah," "uh," "aw," "er," "oe," ending sharply in the incisive "k" that dies softly in a sighing sibilant.

It would be possible to carry this process of analysis farther, and to show that Shakespeare in his more purely imaginative feats of art achieved a far more consummate magic. But I have confined myself to this hackneyed passage because its very triteness enables the reader who is not a metrical student to appreciate the artifice of the poet. It is true that when his imagination cools, Shakespeare falls into fustian, such as "the discandying of this pelleted storm," but when he is wrought by his vision the words move to the very pace and gait of the emotion, as in the noble pathos of Antony's foreboding cry:

"Haply you shall not see me more; or if,
A mangled shadow."

Of the play itself, little that is new can be said. Shakespeare wrote two great tragedies dealing with the passion of love. He was in the twenties when he wrote *Romeo and Juliet*; he was in the forties when he wrote *Antony and Cleopatra*. The difference between the two plays is the difference between youth and manhood. The passion of love in youth is both less sensual and less intellectual than it is in manhood, for in youth the senses are in an ecstasy of spiritual excitement, and the flesh is hardly aware of itself. *Romeo and Juliet* are heroic types of youth untainted by desire. Their love is an ethereal rapture that has not been soiled with experience; it is a cold religious stream which flows innocently out of the flesh. The tragedy of this youthful love is wrought, not by its own defects, but by the cruelty of

circumstance. We see the pity of young love caught in the machinery of life and driven upon disaster by irrelevant forces, but there is no glimpse of that deeper pity, the pity of love which destroys itself by its own energy, and which is its own doom. The young Shakespeare had not yet learned the most dreadful lesson of life—that character is Fate. He was still fascinated by literary conventions; he still revelled in verbal melody and romantic splendor; he still frolicked in rhetoric like a colt in a meadow. Intoxicated with wonderful visions, he had not yet begun to pierce below the show of the world. But after sixteen years of fierce mental toil and furious spiritual strife his imagination has become his slave instead of his master; no longer is he satisfied with the fabrication of poetic witchery for its own sake; he now watches the mystery of human nature with a graver eye. He has not only achieved complete control over the technique of dramatic expression, but he has also walked in the fire of experience. What agony of soul and what anguish of mind he has endured we cannot guess, but he now writes like a man over whom life has rolled. His character has been developed by conscience at war with passion; he has wrestled with his own spirit; he has confronted the enigma of personality caught in the net of existence. He has travelled far beyond the artificial delights of euphuism and rhetoric. Moral ideas are now to him more interesting than lovely phrases, and the spectacle of man writhing in the folds of his own character has made him forget his literary preciosity. The charm of verbal conceits has ceased to allure him, and his style is now a stern, lean, supple austerity. It is the clothing and not the adornment of his dramatic visions; it flows over the limbs of his thought as water flows over the swimmer, following with what Coleridge has called a "happy valiancy" every curve and contour of the living body.

It is a mistake to regard *Antony and Cleopatra* as a study of a hero demoralized by a harlot. It is also a mistake to regard *Cleopatra* as a harlot ennobled by a hero. From the moral point of view there is not a pin to choose between them. The one is precisely as good



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

Copyright, 1909, by Harper & Brothers

ACT IV SCENE IV

CLEOPATRA. *Sooth, la, I'll help; thus it must be.*

and precisely as bad as the other. Antony is a living man and Cleopatra a living woman. Shakespeare took his plot from Plutarch, but he knew better than to take his psychology from him. Plutarch, like all men of his time and like most men of our time, makes the woman the scape-goat. He says that Cleopatra "did waken and stir up many vices yet hidden" in Antony, and "if any spark of goodness or hope of rising were left in him, Cleopatra quenched it straight and made it worse than before." This naïve psychology is swept away by Shakespeare, and he substitutes for it a tremendous conflict between the two most terrible passions in human nature, the passion of love and the passion of power. His dramatic imagination is so intense that it destroys the sophisms of local morality. Antony and Cleopatra are isolated in a region where moral by-laws cease to operate. The battle that rages in Antony is not a battle between conventional right and wrong, but a battle between the passion of power and the passion of love, the passion to subjugate and the passion to be subjugated. There are some passions which can tolerate a condominium. The passion of avarice is not incompatible with ambition; a great man may be a great miser. But the passion of power cannot share its throne with the passion of love. The one passion thirsts for conquest, the other thirsts for surrender. There is nothing essentially immoral in the passion of power; it is a passion of the mind just as hunger is an appetite of the body. Nor is there anything essentially immoral in the passion of love, but as it is a passion of the mind and an appetite of the body fused into one, it is the deadliest rival of the passion of power, which is a passion of the mind alone. The passion of love marshals the whole nature against a part of it, and the conflict is one of the most awful that is waged on the battle-field of conscience. In Antony, Shakespeare shows us a man who has dominated his world by the iron unity of his nature. He has grown gray in war and statecraft; he is master of others because he is master of himself. His cool brain, inured to conquest, is an empire without sedition, a kingdom without treachery. Into this domain comes a subtle mischief. Cleopatra is no con-

ventional siren; she is passionate mind throbbing in passionate flesh. Her sensuous beauty is only the envelope of a conquering spirit that is a match for even the great spirit of Antony. Nothing is more inexplicable than the spell which the personality of a woman, apart from physical allurements, can weave round the will of a man. It is this spell which Shakespeare has immortalized in Cleopatra. Like all great enchantresses, Cleopatra is not young; she is the widow of Ptolemy and the heel-tap of Cæsar. Shakespeare does not obtrude these facts upon us, but he glances obliquely at them, reminding us that Cleopatra is "wrinkled deep in time." There is a sardonic reference to her "waned lip." She is not a woman in the April of her bloom, but a seasoned veteran in love to whom Enobarbus pays what we may read as an ironic compliment when he says that "age cannot wither her nor custom stale her infinite variety." She knows every trick of her trade; she is mistress of every mechanical wile; "other women cloy the appetites they feed, but she makes hungry where most she satisfies." It is the subtlety of her brain that wields her beauty. Antony is enslaved by her cunning mind. He calls her his "serpent of old Nile," and he yields his imperial will to the witchcraft of the genius that weaves her "strong toil of grace."

The pathology of decaying greatness is analyzed with amazing vigor and insight as the action of the play progresses. The character of Antony rots before our eyes. At first he spits on empire and asserts that kingdoms are clay compared with "the nobleness of life" and the delights of love. He lays violent hands on his own greatness and insults his own achievements. This mood comes often to the servants of a harsh ideal. It is the unbending the strung bow, the recoil of the soaring mind. It is the temper of a Parnell who sacrifices his ambition to passion, for Antony is a Roman Parnell. Like Antony, Parnell broke the hopes and the hearts of his comrades by abandoning them at the critical moment when his presence was necessary in council. The passion of love cast out the passion of power; the reproaches and entreaties of his friends were vain. Ireland was evicted from his heart by an Irishwoman.

We see in Antony the tragic struggle that rent the spirit of Parnell, for Antony struggles with all his might to escape from the allurements of Cleopatra. In his enslavement "a Roman thought" strikes him. He sees that he must break "these strong Egyptian fetters" or "lose himself in dotage." To his cynical captain, Enobarbus, he cries, "Would I had never seen her!" He is not the dupe of his passion, for he knows his peril. He realizes that Cleopatra is "cunning past man's thought." Her cunning is at its height in the scene of farewell, during which she plays upon every string in his character, mixing sarcasm with raillery and persiflage with flattery, until, having maddened him to the verge of revolt, she swiftly acts the part of the Roman matron and bids him be deaf to her "unpitied folly." She is a consummate actress, and her transitions of mood are swift and supple. Her spiritual iridescence is marvellous, and her vehement caprices "cross and return and reissue" in a dazzling riot of fascinating contradictions. The character of Antony is simple: her character is elaborately complex. She is a thousand women in one, and his masculine directness is easily ensnared by her convoluted duplicity. His honesty is attracted by her dishonesty, and her dishonesty is attracted by his honesty. It is a duel of opposites, a battle between the feminine voluptuary who is a jaded hedonist and the masculine ascetic whose manhood had been steeled by physical stoicisms. The passion of Cleopatra for Antony is the last effort of an insatiable courtesan whose vanity spurs her amorous energy to dominate "the demi-Atlas of the earth, the arm and burgonet of men." Hers is a more selfish passion than Antony's. It is lashed by her monstrous egoism, and it is devoid of tenderness and commiseration. It is charged with histrionic artifice. Antony also is a *poseur*, but in him passion is the enemy and not the ally of ambition. He knows that his humiliation is her triumph and that his triumph is her humiliation. He frets against the ignobility of his bondage, while she exults in it.

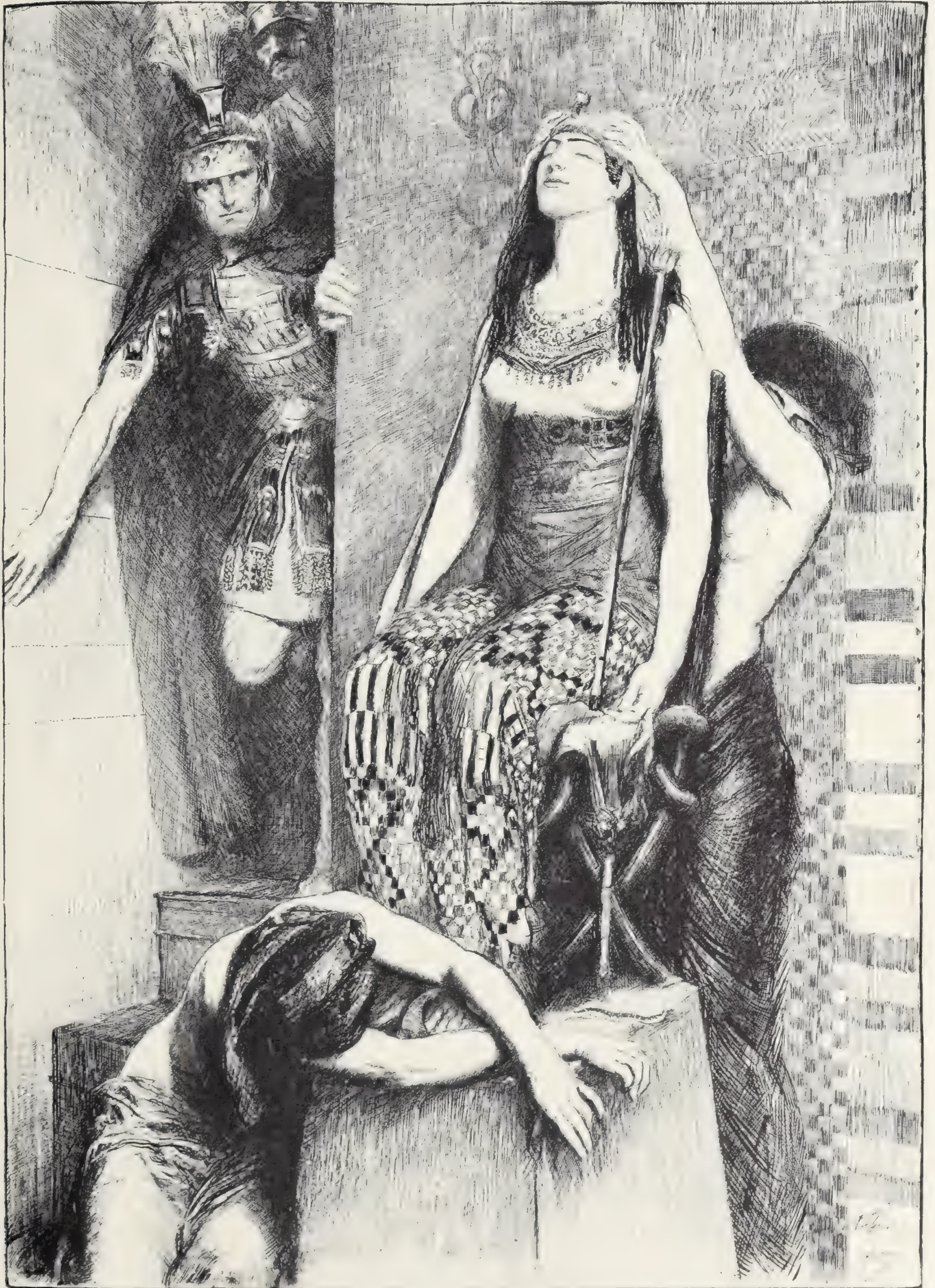
Shakespeare shows us with marvellous skill the noble side of Antony's character. In the conference with Cæsar he

suggests his dignity, his magnanimity, and his statesmanship. The figures of Cæsar and Pompey are utterly dwarfed by his commanding genius. His marriage of policy with Octavia is not emphasized, and we are left in doubt as to his secret resolves, although we divine an infirmity of purpose in his soul. He seems to waver between his desire for power and his desire for Cleopatra. We feel that the tragic issue is trembling in the balance. Antony appears to be so absolutely master of himself that we forget the fatal queen, and begin to doubt her distant spell; but Shakespeare at this point restores the equilibrium of the action by interpolating scenes depicting Cleopatra in her most bewitching moods. The superb scene with the messenger shows us the tigress let loose in her, and convinces us that she will not languidly let go her prey. We see also the more human and more pathetic elements in her subtle nature. We are moved by her fierce jealousy, by her savage fury, and by her throbbing cry of hungry loneliness:

"Pity me, Charmian,
But do not speak to me."

In that brief and simple phrase the dramatist concentrates all the agony in her heart. We are conquered by her grief and despair. Her unlovely vices seem to be purified by her fiery yearning, for when any elemental passion seizes the soul it lifts it far above the petty measurements of morality and arrests our awe. The force that impels human nature in these moments of fierce emotion is the blind force of nature, the thunder and lightning of the soul, and we feel that for the moralist to rebuke its devastating energy is an impertinence. The laws which govern the forces of human nature are more mysterious than the laws which govern the forces of matter, and we do not know whether the human passion is the product of the human will or whether the human will is only a part of the eternal illusion of consciousness.

Another device which Shakespeare employs to emphasize the glamour of Cleopatra is the magical speech which he puts into the mouth of the rough old soldier, Enobarbus, who throughout the action plays the part of cynical commen-



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

Copyright 1909, by Harper & Brothers

ACT V. SCENE II

CHARMIAN.

*Your crown's awry;
I'll mend it, and then play—*

tator and sardonic *raisonneur*. He sees through all the gossamer sophistries of the lovers to the heart of the latent disaster. Enobarbus is neither prig nor puritan, but he is not cheated by Antony's posturings. He knows his captain's temper and clearly foresees the inevitable end of his attempt to reconcile things irreconcilable. His grimly dispassionate point of view makes his panegyric of Cleopatra convincing. If it had been put into the mouth of Antony we should have attributed its ecstatic poetry to the romantic imagination of the lover. It may be said that the gorgeous verbal magic of these famous lines is not in keeping with the character of the rough old warrior, but Enobarbus is a man of the world as well as a soldier, and a shrewd natural philosopher withal. He is not a dry moralist; he is a jovial believer in "the nobleness of life." His soldiership does not prevent him from sleeping day out of countenance and making the night light with drinking. Moreover, his proper pride in his master makes him gild his folly. He has the real swagger and braggadocio of the soldier, and he delights in boasting to his Roman friends of the Egyptian revels.

His loyalty to Antony moves him to paint the enchantments of his enchantress. He glosses over the coarser traits of Cleopatra's character, and depicts her with the brush of idealizing romance. Shakespeare takes care throughout the play to keep the vicious and vulgar element of her nature in the background. He allows it to break out here and there, but only often enough to suggest the rich complexity of her personality without alienating our sympathy. The moralist may accuse Shakespeare of romantic falsehood, and complain that by enhancing the grace of vice he masks its grossness. He may censure the poet for turning a strumpet into a passionist whose tragic love dazzles the imagination. But Shakespeare was a dramatist and not a moralist. He moulded the clay of life without troubling about the moral lesson. Moreover, life is as immoral as art. The sinners of history have often outshone the saints, and even in our own day the romantic brilliance of the courtesan puts morality out of countenance in Paris and London and New York. The calm spectator of the comedy of life can hardly venture to assert that vice is invariably repulsive.

Earth Has Her Blossoms

BY FLORENCE EARLE COATES

EARTH has her blossoms, and the sea his shells
Wrought with as fine a workmanship, and fair
As they had been some god's peculiar care;
And in the heart of each a spirit dwells

Whose voice, in flowers—for they to earth belong—
Is but a perfume, evanescent, sweet,
While in the sea-born shell, as seemeth meet,
It is an echo faint of an unending song!

The Little Dress with the Blue Ribbons

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

I KNOW now that I must have thought it little less than heroic when I made up my mind that I would go into training—"become a member of the toiling masses" was how I phrased it to myself at that period. It had been planned that I should have my coming-out tea during the winter; but it was then that my father lost most of his money in a suburban subdivision that subdivided but didn't sell, and he began to look worried, and mother began to say that she really must go over the bills and see why they were so large. I probably felt that I was renouncing splendors, for I distinctly remember an exceedingly blank sensation at the way the family received the news.

Mother was the only one upon whom the fact that I had been accepted as a probationer at Densmore made the proper effect; but I found I didn't like being wept over as much as I had supposed I would. It seemed silly, somehow, to have such a fuss made over one not particularly remarkable girl—even if we were the Alysons who spell the name with one "l" and a "y." Of course there is nothing that destroys a foolish idea like having some one in your family hold it. Mother plainly thought that Iphigenia's sacrifice was a frivolous affair compared with mine. For weeks she insisted on having extra meals served to me at all hours, whenever I happened to be off duty and at home. She declared that it was necessary to "keep up my strength." And it was evident she felt what was, for so mild a being as herself, resentment toward father and Ned for allowing the desecration.

Now all this was a long time ago, more than four years. I was an inexperienced and ignorant girl then, selfish like all young things. In the years of training a whole new world opened to me—a world which seemed nothing but a great field for Service. Why—in my last year

at Densmore I volunteered to do charity work!

Densmore was founded, you know, with the intention of fitting girls to do philanthropic work in connection with the church; nursing at least one "charity case" was supposed to be part of the course. As a matter of fact, most of the girls shirked it, which was easy enough to do before Miss Sheldon came to take charge. Only those who were being fitted to be deaconesses were really obliged to follow the rule. I am not entirely convinced, now, that I volunteered because I wanted to carry out Mr. Kent's theories about social service, or whether it was because I wanted to shock him. It was a temptation to see how he would look when he found out that I had been nursing Mrs. Maloney; for that was the name of the case—I chose the poorest one they had. Any one will understand that a girl of that age just had to find out whether Mr. Kent was absorbed in thinking about the toiling masses, or whether he had as much chivalry as he looked as if he ought to have from the lovely way he had of doing things for you.

When I registered at the office Miss Sheldon looked at me curiously.

"Are you sure you have quite made up your mind?" she asked, so kindly that I was surprised. She had always been so impersonal—but, of course, the head nurse has to be that. "The woman is very poor, with an inexcusable number of children and a drunken husband. The Associated Charities reported the case to us. She is worn out and discouraged; there is no relative in the city to take care of the children if she should be taken to the hospital. You will find the conditions squalid."

"After nearly three years of training I ought not to mind anything," I said.

Miss Sheldon smiled.

"You will find private nursing—at the

Maloneys'—somewhat different from hospital work. However, I hope you will succeed. At least it will be an interesting experience for Mrs. Maloney." And she smiled again, this time so approvingly that I felt as if I must tell her that it wasn't a worthy motive that was taking me to the charity case, but an unworthy desire to shock Mr. Kent. But the next instant I realized that she had never met Mr. Kent.

When I had finally started for the Maloney house (they lived out southeast somewhere that was whole squares—dirty squares—away from a car line) I began to realize that, as Miss Sheldon had said, private nursing would probably be a very different thing. At the hospital you always have the other girls to brace you up and make you determined to prove that you can do more than they can, make neater dressings and tighter bandages and straighter beds. The young internes are so enthusiastic about it all. Then the doctors who lecture to us—the popular ones—are always putting in something about nursing being such a noble profession. So, even when you are a probationer, it is only occasionally that you ask yourself whether you are really many degrees above a charwoman—with tasks that a charwoman would refuse to do.

I hadn't thought to ask Miss Sheldon what the case was. But when I reached the little two-story frame house, had knocked, and the door was opened right on the room where Mrs. Maloney sat, I knew. I had only just finished my term as night superintendent of Ward B. It is pitiful what caricatures of womanhood maternity does make; it always seems such an indignity. There were two other women with Mrs. Maloney, and they both had inhuman sort of figures, but she, poor thing, was the worst. Grotesque, misshapen, heavy-eyed, and hopeless—she looked at me as if she resented my being there.

"I am the nurse from Densmore." I felt apologetic as I explained.

"'Tis in ye're mother's home ye sh'd be," she said, severely. "Phwat does a young thing like yez know about grown people's ills?"

The other women nodded grimly. Together, they made me feel that they re-

sented my being twenty-one and not being married. They evidently expected me to return to Densmore. It makes your face hot to realize that you are in a place where people don't want you. Then I remembered what Miss Sheldon had told us in one of her lectures: "If the patient is antagonistic, speak in soothing, non-combative tone; it is even admissible to administer a *placebo* of some pleasant and harmless drug. Your duty is, above all, to please the patient." The soothing tone seemed to be the only practicable weapon—Mrs. Maloney was not in a state of mind to yield to any *placebo* in the pharmacopœia.

"Suppose we wait until the doctor comes, and see?" I smiled, soothingly.

"And who is the docther the Boord is sindin' this toime?" spoke up one of the others—a tall and brawny woman, with skin tanned until it looked like wrapping-paper, and two keen eyes, unexpectedly blue. "It's Docther Emery I'm hopin' they're sindin'. Himself will have no other."

"That same w'd be the bist ricommindation for not bein' afther havin' him av we were spakin' iv Maloney, which, praise be, we're not," put in Mrs. Maloney, gloomily.

"P'r'aps it's Docther Adams that 'll come," said the other woman, the languor of whose appearance was increased by what had originally been a white plume in her battered black hat. What its former career had been there was no way to guess, but at some time the feather had lost most of its plumules, all of its curl, and retained only its inclination to droop. "It's a kind man is Docther Adams," she went on, sentimentally. "Whin I was that bad he tuk me hand in his and said, 'Me poor che-yild!' And he said it rale tinder—"

Of course you couldn't help looking at her when she said this and—really there wasn't anything in her face to show that she hadn't been born sixty-five. I caught Mrs. Maloney's eye, and she let herself smile.

"Ye'd betther ta-ak off ye're hat," she said to me, evidently liking me better since we had exchanged confidences about her friend. "'Twud ta-ak some-thin' more than callin' me 'che-yild'—"

turning to the others—"to be charmin' me at that moment. 'Tis few indayrements I'm satisfied wid thin. Whin a docther—and a man at that—that makes most of his money off the throubles of fool women the loikes of us—the Boord pays him av we don't—comes in wid his, 'Well, now, Mrs. Maloney, how ar-re we gettin' along—nicely, I see'—'tis a grate wondher I'm not flingin' the flat-iron at his smile whin it's handy to use, seein' I've on'y just put it down. And this wake's ironin' not yit done by that same token. Ye can ta-ak the ironin'-board aff that table, miss—" she called out to me, understanding perfectly that I was looking around for a surgical stand. I had come in my uniform so I could go right to work getting ready.

"It's a woman docther that Mrs. Maloney wud be afther havin'," put in the drooping woman, with fine satire.

A gleam of wicked amusement shot across Mrs. Maloney's imperturbable face.

"Sure, Mrs. Rooney, the on'y kind of surgeon that I'd feel fri'ndly wid wud be the mother of twilve. Though how that poor sowl w'd iver get beyant the fir-rst page of the books docthers do be afther havin' to study is more than I can see. But since 'tis a man, the laste he can do is to look sad enough to suit me feelin's and not come in rubbin' his hands and lookin' as happy as if 'twas an afthernoon tay that I'd been afther sindin' him a car-rd for—by a futman. No, 'tis not Docther Adams that I'm carin' for—"

"I believe Doctor Dietrich is to have charge of the case." I felt that it was really time that I should come forward. As I spoke I began taking some bottles out of the bag—Densmore always sends a surgical outfit in such cases. Mrs. Maloney turned with difficulty and regarded the various bottles with an experienced eye.

Mrs. Rooney faintly rallied herself. You could see she was one of the women who keep up an argument forever. But a shiver ran over Mrs. Maloney's body in its dingy brown calico wrapper. I glanced at her face.

"I think the patient would be better alone with me now," I said.

Mrs. Rooney leaned back in her chair, limply but with determination.

"Will you please telephone for the doctor?" I went on, looking peacefully at her—"the drug-store at the corner will do."

She still sat in her chair. Then I picked up her shawl, and stood, waiting for her to put it on. With a final flutter of meek defiance she stood.

As the two women left the room, Mrs. Rooney breathing a distrustful sigh, the patient turned to me. She looked at me a minute, then she nodded her head.

"Mary Rooney niver before was frightened off widout havin' her say," she said. "Ye don't look as if ye were a wake out of short dresses. Yit I'm thinkin' ye'll do." But she didn't know how easy it is to get the right tone after you have had a few days' practice in the Free Ward.

"Is there anything in the matter of baby clothes that you would like to have me attend to for you?" I asked. Then, as a flush that was not from pain came to her face: "Something you have not had time to attend to? I can send to Densmore; they always have more than they can use."

Mrs. Maloney smiled—before I left her I found out that the smile was her characteristic one; there was some bitterness in it, and a sort of tolerant amusement at the queerness of things.

"No, thank ye, miss." She had said so much when she stopped, gripped the arms of her chair, and breathed hard. "I have enough"—her voice was almost natural—"of that kind—enough to kape the poor little sowl that's comin' war-rm—though 'tis not much can be said for the looks of 'em. I'll get 'em." She tried to rise, but I stopped her.

"Tell me where they are, Mrs. Maloney; I'm here to wait on you, you know." And when I found the poor little pile, something—perhaps it was the way I handled them, for the coarse unlovely things made me think of other little gowns I had seen—made Mrs. Maloney think she could tell me things.

"Whin I was expectin' Eileen"—she didn't look at me at all, but kept her eyes on her hands as if she wanted to fix in her memory how it looked to see them idle—"she woes my fir-rst—I made some ra-al neat bits of clothes, wid cambric and feather-stitchin' and ra-al flannen 'stid of canton-flannen. But there was

wan thing that I wanted—". She stopped and gave a gulp. "I said to Maloney—'twas young and tinder I was in thim days, and I thought himself might care what the little wan had on whin we tuk it to the praste—the more fool I. I said, 'Tim,' says I, 'I'd loike to have some ra-al fine embrydery beadin' for wan of the little dhresses, the kind they have in the stores on F Street, and run blue ribbons in it'—for blue was the color that wint wid me eyes and hair whin I wor a young thing—'twas what I wore the day I fir-rst saw Tim—and I felt sure 'twud be the same wid the wan I was waitin' for. But Maloney he give a laugh, little carin', and he said—not ugly at that time; he wasn't but just ma-akin' little of what I wanted—I'll get it if I can remimber not to f'r-get it,' he said. 'But it's quare av ye can't find somethin' at Schlosser's that's good enough f'r y'rsilf and y'r childer.' And that bein' Saturda' he spint most of his pay before he got home, and lost some, and 'twas nothin' but a fifty-cent piece in his pocket to go the wake on. So I got somethin' at Schlosser's." She paused. "And the nixt toime—"

"Did you get it the next time?" I asked. You couldn't help hoping she had. For I remember how darling the little things Evelyn made were. Why, even Evelyn enjoyed sewing on them, and she was cross enough about it most of the time.

"The nixt toime," she said, shortly—"and 'twere little Tim that toime—I had to pay for the bits of clothes myself out of the washin' money. And there was no beadin' that toime—nor since. And, annyway, there's niver been a gurl since—so what diff'rence does it make?" she added, with a sort of a laugh.

We neither of us said anything for a minute, but I began to take her hair down and brush it—and you know it does make you feel better to have your hair brushed.

"But somehow I feel as if this wan w'd be a gurl," she said, suddenly.

And then I had an inspiration. I looked at the clock and thought a minute. There might be time enough.

"Mrs. Maloney"—still there wouldn't be a moment to lose—"could one of your children take a note up-town for me?"

"Sure, little Tim will ta-ak it." She let her head fall back wearily. "He's got the most sinse of anny av thim. They're in there." She motioned to the inner room. I had thought they must be in there; all sorts of noises had been coming through the closed doors. "It's Saturda' and a rainy day, so they've had to stay in the house, and—ye'd bist shut the dure as soon as ye've spoken—av ye're wise."

I shut it behind me quickly, so the noise wouldn't disturb the patient—and, honestly, I felt almost frightened for a minute, the children looked so wild. The room Mrs. Maloney was in was poor enough, though it looked positively surgically clean, and it's a relief when people don't have the room they are going to be sick in cluttered up with things you have to put away in bureau drawers, and hangings that you have to take down. But this—!

It was the kitchen. A thick-set little girl, Eileen, of course, was trying to wash some dishes in a sink at the farther end. But she had to stop two or three times while I was looking at them to pull the smaller of two boys, who were pounding each other, from under. The rest of the time she was shouting commands at the other three which none of them heard. Another size of boy was marching up and down the room, blowing a piercing whistle and pounding as much with his heels as he conveniently could. A little chap of about three, who ought to have been in dresses but was in very bunchy trousers, was smearing bread and molasses over every inch of his face and most of his hair—not that it made much difference; the instant the food was dried you couldn't tell it from the other dirt. The only tranquil creature in the room was a dear little mite who was trying to put a battered doll to sleep under the kitchen table. Even if it was going to grow up to be a noisy, quarrelsome boy, it was a cuddly baby thing at that moment.

I was confused for a minute by the noise. But no one who has been near the nursery at Densmore when it is near feeding-time could be daunted by mere infant Maloneys. I have often thought that if some one could orchestrate the swelling chorus that rises at that time,

it would be an entirely original *motif*. The plaintive, flute-like lamentations of one or two babies rise and fall; others join in; they merge into an orchestral storm in which the eternal hunger of the race finds expression, with a secondary theme of despair at frustrated hopes. It's a marvel to me that Strauss or some other composer who is looking for new sensations to express in music, doesn't utilize this.

But just at this time I remembered Miss Sheldon's instructions:

"When there is apparently more for your one pair of hands to do than four pairs of hands could successfully accomplish—which is the usual dilemma of the trained nurse—take a quiet five minutes and make an elaborate diagram of the situation. You will find it time saved." So I diagrammed the Maloneys.

As a result, Tim arose from his seat on his brother's chest and started on his way to Sixteenth Street with a note from me to mother. Eileen was telling one of the two fighting boys what to do to clean up the room; the next one was washing some of the molasses and other things from the face of the next one. And the baby, who had fallen asleep while the doll still stared with open eyes, I carried off myself to put to bed in an upper room.

When Eileen had shown me where things were and I had made a good strong cup of coffee for the patient—for Eileen said she had eaten nothing that day, and it was then almost noon—I went to Mrs. Maloney again. When she saw me coming with the cup and saucer, milk and sugar, on a big plate—for I couldn't find a tray—I think her eyes filled with tears. She drank it without a word. But when I got her ready, waiting on her in the way you learn to do in training, pleasant and yet entirely impersonal, she burst out:

"Sure, the angels must be expectin' me this time, alanna, and that's why they sint wan of thimsilves here to get me in a good humor wid 'em." There was the sly intention of Irish blarney in her eye; but the restfulness with which she settled back when I had finished her made me feel that she really meant some of it. "'Tis niver before the saints have throubled thimsilves, and they've had sivin chances at it.

"Av we c'd on'y dhress thim right, in little soft dhresses loike I've seen in the par-rks, wid small edgin' of lace and foine embrydery beadin' wid the palest blue ribbon run through it—the color that wint wid me eyes and hair whin"—her voice was cut off short, and she bowed her head and twisted her shoulders with the effort of restraint—"whin I was a gurl," she went on, but her voice had become dry, choked. "I've heerd some of the Boord visitors talkin' about us. 'You needn't worry,' said wan av thim to a young lady that was more loike yez. 'They wouldn't know a thing that was in good taste when they saw it.'" She got up and began pacing the room up and down.

I was becoming nervous. I wished rather feverishly that the doctor would come—or little Tim—but perhaps Eileen could run out and telephone. It was one thing to have a case at Densmore with the whole hospital system to fall back on, but here—! Perhaps it would have been better not to have been so magnificent about sending the women away; Mrs. Rooney, of course, was hopeless, but the other one might have been of some help—in case. Was Doctor Dietrich fussy, I wondered. I had never nursed for him before. My hands were beginning to shake a little as I took out a record chart and wrote Mrs. Maloney's name at the head of it.

"Date? October. What day of the month is it, Mrs. Maloney?" I asked.

The door creaked again, and in came Doctor Dietrich and little Tim together.

I had never spoken to Doctor Dietrich. I never care to know the doctors socially; that seems to me to be mixing up two irreconcilable things; and it is easier to be impersonal with a man whom you wouldn't recognize on the street—some of the girls at the hospital thought I was so silly about this. But I did want to take Doctor Dietrich aside and warn him not to look pleasant or rub his hands or do anything to give Mrs. Maloney the impression that he thought he had received, by a footman, a card for an afternoon tea. But there was no need to worry. The surgeon made his entrance with a strictly business-like attention to work. He favored both Mrs. Maloney and myself with a curt inclination of

the head, which was returned by Mrs. Maloney with a scowl of dark defiance. While he was taking off his coat and making a hurried scrutiny of my arrangements, the patient whispered to me, in entire satisfaction:

"He's not one of the kind that 'll howld me hand and say, 'Me poor che-yild.'" I hurriedly assured her that I thought she had nothing on that score to fear. The doctor unconsciously confirmed my promise when, after giving me a few terse instructions, he sat down with a bored and detached expression.

It was then that I found the moment to unwrap the wicker hamper that Tim had shyly given me before he made his escape. They were lying on the scented and padded lining, the dainty and exquisitely simple little garments that Aunt Mary had given to me, saying, with the tears running down her face: "Do please get them out of the way; give them to some one—any one. I don't dare to think of what might happen if Evelyn should see them when she comes home."

I turned them over hurriedly—soft little slips, French embroidered frocks, silky flannels with graceful, slender lines of shining embroidery—oh, the darling, funny baby shirts, fashioned as softly as if a mother had woven every one! Yes, there it was, the only trace of color in the whiteness, the little dress of soft, sheer cambric with "foine embrydery beadin' wid de palest blue ribbon run through it!"

Mrs. Maloney had sunk down into her chair, crouched forward, hopeless eyes fixed in front of her, in a paralysis of dull submission. When I spoke she gave an uninterested glance over her shoulder.

"Here are some little things, Mrs. Maloney," I said, gently, "sent by a woman who was not as fortunate as you, for her little baby never lived."

Still she looked with glazed, uninterested eyes as I shook out the fragrant folds of each small garment. Then:

"Holy Mary! 'tis the darlin' av a dhress I dramed about. Sure, miss—" She tried to say more, but her voice caught in her throat. I myself found little to say while we looked over the little clothes together. I found her joy—silencing.

I roused myself to see Mrs. Maloney again at her dogged walk up and down the room. Then I saw that she had, clasped tight in her hands, the dainty frock with the blue ribbons. When her lips relaxed, her smile was so full of a worn tenderness that I felt wonder, almost awe.

Still the doctor sat in his chair, impassive, impersonal, and we three waited.

Like vagrant wisps of mist came recollections of the time when I was night superintendent of Ward B. One night four mothers were swept onward to their test. One—a Free Ward patient I remember—was so heroic that she made even the hospital people, used alike to heroism and cowardice, wonder; one, in the highest-priced room at Densmore, was proudly still. What kind of women will it make of us, I wonder, crude girls, to be so callously near to the moments that break men's souls, and be outside of it all!

The creak of Mrs. Maloney's door brought me back to the present moment. A head was thrust into the room. I had not a moment's doubt that it was Maloney.

Maloney was red and bloated and bleary-eyed. The shoulders that cautiously followed the head were heavy. They had once been powerful, but muscle had degenerated into fat. The moist unsteadiness of his eyes would have told where he had spent the morning, even did not a rank odor float past him into the room. With a grimace of silly ill-humor he turned to creep out again. But his eye caught the heap of fine and dainty clothing. I could see the thought that there was something salable leap to his whiskey-sodden brain.

A low moan from Mrs. Maloney brought the impassive doctor alertly to his feet, and I hurried to her side. Not so quickly but that I saw Maloney lurch toward the clothing. His wife saw it, too.

A minute had passed and we three relaxed, the doctor impassive, but with a suggestion of resourcefulness in his waiting. There would be a moment, and I took it.

Just outside the door I found Maloney fumbling with paper and string. I put one hand on the untidy bundle.

"You will give me this." There is a certain tone which we all unconsciously used at Densmore in controlling alcoholics.

Maloney had, for all his blotchy degradation, a queer suggestion of Celtic jauntiness. He pulled tipsily away from me.

"Do noshin' of the sort, mish." His voice had a wet huskiness, as if his vocal cords were swimming in a bath of beer.

"I'll report you to the police." I was breathing hard—I had so little time.

"Polishe be dam—saving your presence, miss." He pulled off his cap with an absurd recollection of jocose gallantry.

"Your poor wife," I said, emotionally, hoping that I might tap the sentimental vein that follows the quarrelsome with some alcoholics. "She is so ill, and she will be so terribly disappointed."

He blew his nose to mark the tenderness of his sympathy. But he changed the bundle to the hand farther away from me, and sidled out of reach. I followed him and put my hand on his sleeve.

"I'll report you to the Board, and you'll never get help from them again, even in the coldest winter, with all work shutting down." But he was drunk enough to be grandly careless.

"Don't care." He waved help away. "Don' need work. Got a lotthrey ticket." Then, when I tried to pull the package from him, he became ugly.

"Shee here, don' wan' hur-rt a purty gur-rl—but—" He made a threatening gesture.

I couldn't stay. I was at the end of my resources. An idea came to me. I spoke to him impressively.

"I will have you taken up to Judge Spencer for not supporting your family. And I will tell him to send you to the Cure—I know Judge Spencer—oh, I have ever so much influence. And they will give you a treatment that will make you very sick when you taste whiskey. And you will never be able to drink whiskey or gin or brandy or even beer again without being very sick. The Cure will spoil the taste of whiskey for you forever."

This time he was moved.

"Spoil the taste av the cratur, is ut?" he whispered. "What w'd I be livin' for then? Lose the taste av ut?" His

lips moved noiselessly, framing words of distress. He stood, evidently trying to picture to himself a world with his one joy shut out. At the end of his considering he turned and unsteadily fled, leaving the spoils in my hand.

There is, in the life of every mother, one moment when she is beautiful. No matter how harsh her features, how crude or dry her tints, for a fleeting instant the jarring elements are fused into harmony, for she is at rest. It is a hard-won rest; it lingers, pulsating, while she knows that she has tasted fruition. Then the great machine that grinds out the universe passes on its creaking, groaning progress; the wheel smites her as it passes, and she is bruised. But she has known rest, she alone of earth's struggling millions. The memory of it abides with her. It brings her visions of eternal harmonies, when the jarring elements of her life shall have become fused, not for an instant, but for all time. So I had interpreted the soft radiance I had seen linger in the midst of sordidness on many a mother's face. That was what was in Mrs. Maloney's eyes when I put the warm little bundle into her arms.

"Oh, the darlin'!" she said, weakly. "'Tis the little dhress wid the embrydery and the blue ribbons that ye've put on her—I knew ye wud. 'Twas the blue that wint wid me eyes and hair—wud ye belave it—whin I wor a young thing. 'Twill loike be her color, too."

She put her wrenched arms around the baby and fondled it softly with the torn hands.

It was the January after the time that Doctor Dietrich had packed up his instruments and put on his coat; three months from the day that he and Mrs. Maloney had parted with mutual, unexpressed, esteem. It was my Sunday afternoon off duty and I had been walking through the Mall. When I had passed the queer jumble of buildings that make up the Agricultural Department, my feet insensibly carried me east—for I was thinking. When I was actually not far from the street in which the Maloneys lived I suddenly realized that I wanted to see Mrs. Maloney—and the baby even more.

When I was within sight of the house,

I saw many of the neighborhood women were passing in and out. I recognized Mrs. Rooney, even without the whitish feather in her hat. She was just going down the steps. Then I saw that there was crape on the door.

It was startling.

"Poor woman!" I thought. "She must have been less strong than she seemed." There was a real pang in the thought.

In the front room where I had first seen Mrs. Maloney there was a group of neighbors that made the small place seem crowded. They were gathered about something long and dark, with tapers at the head and foot. With a shudder I passed through.

In the little kitchen sat Mrs. Maloney! I drew a long breath and counted the children. There were six, and one of Mrs. Maloney's substantial feet was on the rocker of the cradle. Then it was only Maloney, after all!

The children, in various attitudes of discomfort and forced quiet, were in black, each one in new, stiff, sooty, creaking, oppressively new and respectable black. Mrs. Maloney advanced to meet me, a large, beautifully laundered handkerchief at her eyes.

"'Tis the pa-apers must have towld yez."

"We had an adverti-isement in the pa-aper!" chimed in as many young Maloneys as could enunciate, in a prideful chorus.

The widow held out a large, capable hand.

"Will yez come in and see himself?" with ceremony.

She led the way, followed by myself and all the mourning band, all save the occupant of the cradle, the creaking of the various sizes of new shoes producing a marching chorus that sang of prosperity.

In the other room a different group of neighbors made way with decorum that we might find place beside the casket. Mrs. Maloney gazed at her husband with an inscrutable countenance, the young Maloneys with impassive faces.

"'Twas a foine lad ye wor, Tim," the widow spoke at length. The audience sighed respectfully. "There wor no foiner wan in th' auld counthry." She

turned to me. "He wor that handsome that all the gurls wor daft about him—it's the happy days those were!"

I am an impressionable being, and I felt my eyes fill with tears, the kind that embarrass you because they are too large to wink away.

"After all, love is deathless," I thought, in my sentimental girl's soul. "In spite of neglect, abuse, she remembers."

But the widow continued:

"Ah, ye raskil!" She was shaking her fist. "I fooled yez at the last. Niver give me a cint, wudn't yez? Niver give me even a ribbon, wudn't yez? Well, ye did and niver knew it. I had ye're loife insured. And on'y wan year ago, praise be."

Each member of the company tried in her own way to look as if this were the usual valedictory. The only one entirely unembarrassed was the widow. She thoughtfully pulled down her belt in front. And that called attention to the fact that Mrs. Maloney had developed a waist. Her mourning was becoming, her large face was rosy; in the blue Irish eyes was—something that had not been there before.

"Yes, Tim wor a handsome lad," she repeated, meditatively, while the detachment of neighbors filed out. "A foine lar-rge man—I niver loiked thim shmall. He wor a bit loike Policeman Brady," she said, slowly—"him that lost his woife last Novimber."

"It's good you have the children," I said, stupidly, since it was evident something must be said.

"Yes," she said, "and boys too—and only two gurls to look out for—as Brady says. He says mine are such foine lads—he likes boys, does Brady—most of his are gurls. And he's koind to thim, is Brady." She turned her speculative gaze on me. Then I knew what had come into her eyes. It was the watchful expectancy of the mating female.

I followed her into the kitchen in silence.

"Don't ye want to see the baby?" she asked. And when I had politely acquiesced she lifted the little thing out of the cradle. Such a darling baby, pink and dimpled, blue-eyed and cuddly, and crowing with such endearing explosive-

ness. She wore the little frock that had been made for Evelyn's baby. But through the beading were run ribbons of lustreless black!

"I hated to ta-ak out the blue ribbons," said Mrs. Maloney, her chin on the little head. "She wor that swate in 'em—I knew she wud be that. 'Twas the color that wint wid me eyes and hair whin I wor a young thing. 'Tis Brady that remimbers a blue calico dhress I had two years ago—wud ye belave it?"

This was too much. All the too keen sympathy I had felt for her, the number of times during the intervening months that the thought of the baby and the little dress and the poor torn hands had brought the tears to my eyes, turned to anger and went into my tone as I said:

"I think it is shameful to put this

—lie—on the dear little baby. You—" But I stopped; it was absurd to have any feeling.

Mrs. Maloney was silent for a minute, fingering the crisp black folds of her gown. Then the blue eyes filled with tears, and the something that had come into them was washed away. They might have been the baby's own.

"She's the only wan av us all that has a right to th' black." She made me part of her sorrow as simply as a child would have done. "I can kape her fr'm knowin' what he wor. Och—to think av ut"—she was sobbing—"the on'y wan av all our childer that's a right to mourn!"

After all, I never did tell Mr. Kent about nursing Mrs. Maloney.

Sunlight

BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR

HOW long is it since we have lain
In the sunlight sheer and plain?
Sylvia child, come catch your roses
In your cheeks again!
Why have we dwelt so long in the shade
Pallid creatures and afraid?
Summer is old; we'll keep the best;
And now the day is in the west,
We'll lie in the green lap of earth
And take no thought of grief or mirth.
And you, white dress and golden hair,
And bare brown arms, and brown legs bare,
And vivid dark-eyed laughing face,
Child, we miss a winter grace;
Child, we all of us are fain
Of color once was in the grain;
Brown little gipsy, catch your roses
In your cheeks again!
And take us, make us new, each one,
Giver of good red blood, old sun!
Shine through and through and through us, give
Sweet bodies to us, fit to live
And love in, free of pain and stain—
Children should not ask in vain!
And bring the old sweet dusky roses
To Sylvia's cheeks again!

Barga

BY MARY HEATON VORSE

ETCHINGS BY B. J. O. NORDFELDT

AS I look back on it I see Barga as a series of pictures very pleasing to the eye, and also there come to me isolated scenes in which we and our friends of Barga were both actors and spectators; and as there is no logical sequence to them, I must give them one after another in the hope that they will group themselves before you in some such harmonious pattern as they appear to me.

As railway trains go in Italy, Barga is a long, weary way from anywhere. There are changes of cars, and long halts by small wayside stations; for the trains come rambling up apparently just when they have a mind to. Finally a side road climbs into the Apennines and leaves you at a resort frequented by Italians in the summer—after that you have a two hours' pull up-hill by *diligenza*.

Next for a picture of Barga, the town. It sits high on the top of its hill, still partially surrounded by its walls, the houses mounting higher and ever higher to the crowning point of its cathedral. An aggressively placed town—Barga—sitting on the top of its hill and snapping its fingers at the enemy of the plains, and jeering at them to come up and take it—which they occasionally did.

There is only one street in the town wide enough to admit a horse and cart, and even then you should take a tactful moment for passing through the thoroughfare, called the street of the Twenty-second of September. This main street is only nine feet wide, and should traffic become congested to the extent of a cart coming and one going at the same time through the town, I cannot tell what would happen, for all the other streets in Barga are so steep that when you stand at the foot and look up you realize that they are only navigable by chamois, and when you stand at the top and look down you feel it would be simpler to dive off than to try and make the peril-

ous descent. So you can see that no horse and cart of wisdom would try to leave the highroad, even if it could, which in most of the town it would not be able to do, as the average street is only wide enough to allow a vehicle of about the size of a baby-carriage to pass. In well-regulated towns the streets climb up-hill in a leisurely fashion, taking good care to go slowly enough not to get out of breath during the ascent, but when the town of Barga was in the making and a street saw an angle of forty-five degrees ahead of it, it ran straight up, and, if lucky, never stopped until it reached the top, where the cathedral is. Some of the little streets did not get a good enough start and slipped back and made queer turns before they finally landed at their destination, or ran into some stronger street that already knew the way to the cathedral. Even beyond the picturesqueness of the town it is the audacious angle on which streets and houses are built that arrests your imagination; just as you are beginning to get a little used to this and take its strangeness for granted, some new detail crops up which brings it home fresh to your mind. As, for instance, getting to your garden by going out of the third story window; or, again, being taken out through the cellarway to attain a garden, which you must do according as the house to which the garden belongs is climbing up the hill or down it.

From all about Barga the land drops away sheer. There is a succession of steep and rugged hills mounting ever higher and higher to snow-covered mountains, around whose heads little wandering storms are forever making purple shadows as they play hide-and-seek. As far as you can look, little towns crest the hills, many of them still raising warlike towers to the sky. As far as you may walk you will come on a tiny house

in a forgotten corner with its vineyard around it; and as the town of Barga adorns itself with flowers on window ledges and flowers in gardens, so the rough country adorns itself with a multitude of wild flowers. Rugged and wild it is in its broad outlines and in its details charmingly diverse.

The people who first conceived a town where Barga now stands must have been imaginative and daring, and so their descendants have continued until this day in the little things of life as well as in the more important. But one can better explain what one means in individual instances than in windy generalities. With this end in view I can best illustrate the fearless temper of the Barghese by the story of the shampoo.

Of course no one but a mad American would try to get shampooed in an Italian hill town two hours by diligenza from the railway; but we Anglo-Saxons are apt to imagine in our pride that the habits of all races are similar to our own, and so one of us asked in a casual, every-day tone that the hair-dresser be sent for for this purpose. In a tone every bit as casual the capable *padrone* of the "Libano" replied:

"Now Estera shall go and search one for you suddenly."

Estera returned presently, announcing that while the hair-dresser unfortunately could not come at this hour, being occupied in shaving and hair-cutting the drawing-master, he would send his younger brother. We were suspicious of younger brothers of hair-dressers for an important task like this.

"But," Estera argued, "this younger brother is very clever—*multo bravo*. Moreover, an older brother has also come to see that the bimbo does all that should be done. Do not doubt," she added, consolingly, "signora, this bimbo has shaved the faces of men ever since he can remember!"

Accordingly there were introduced into our presence Bimbo and the superintending older brother, Sylvio by name.

"Are you also a hair-dresser?" we inquired.

"No," Sylvio admitted. "But I have come to see that my brother does all he should. Courage!" I heard him say under his breath to the Bimbo.

The Bimbo stood before us, a picture of cherubic embarrassment, a tall, straight lad of the beautiful Barghese type, between fifteen and sixteen. It was plain he had come to do or die. It was perhaps an Anglo-Saxon brutality to have asked him:

"Have you ever before shampooed a lady?"

"No," he confessed. "In Barga ladies wash their own heads; but," he added, brightening, "I have shaved many, many gentlemen."

It was here that it began to dawn upon us that there was about to occur the first shampoo that had ever been given in Barga. Together the two lads went and fetched hot water, together they rubbed soap—it was a good shaving-soap—upon the head of the victim; together they dried her hair—they performed this unaccustomed task with a dauntless courage that was only equalled by their embarrassment. One could feel the hands of Bimbo trembling. Now and again the older brother would murmur words of kindness and cheer him to the task. When all was over:

"Permesso, signora," said Sylvio. "The bimbo will clean things away. It is time I return to my work—I am a blacksmith," he added, simply.

I think you will admit that in no northern country would one have found a blacksmith brave enough to undertake the shampooing of a lady's hair, not even to be a support to his little frightened brother, not even to maintain the tonorial honor of the family.

It is the little things in life, after all, that show the fibre of a man, and the every-day people one meets which betray the temper of the race; so from Bimbo, and Sylvio the blacksmith, and the first shampoo, one may maintain one's argument that the Barghese are brave men, enterprising and dauntless in the face of new adventure, and with that adaptable temperament which laughs at precedent.

It was not in Barga, however, but in San Michelogna that we made our first discovery of what sort of stuff the Barghese are made. San Michelogna is a good two hours' pull above Barga. No road leads there, only a paved *salita*, but yet enough marked for a donkey to



PORTA MANCINELLA

make his way over it. If Barga is war-like in appearance, San Michelogna is a fortress entrenched. Remnants of the towers which fortified the walls still stand; you can still trace the vast courtyard of the old castello, and in San Michelogna, also, you may taste the emotion so dear to Westerners (whose country is of yesterday, whose houses are flimsy wooden things) of hearing the heart of the old world beating. Except that there is no more need for walls and

towers, San Michelogna has changed no bit, one would think, since they first built it on the top of its little inaccessible hill. Old women stand in arched doorways spinning at the distaff; you may hear the click of the hand-loom, where beautiful linen is being woven. Ancient olive orchards clothe the steep terraced hillsides below it, and above it high peaks of the Apennines lift shining snow-covered heads. The whole aspect of the grim, gray little town brought



THE TOWN FROM THE OLD BRIDGE

home to us how remarkably fond people used to be of killing one another, so that to get out of the way a town had to scramble up to the top of a hill so lofty that snow lies deep in its gulley-like streets until late in the year.

Next door to April as it was, piles of snow still lay in the castello court, a space vast enough to have served as a tourney-ground. We stood there reflecting how far removed in time we were from the world in which we lived (only a few years before the walls had been no picturesque ruin for the stray tourist to gape over, but dire realities). So while we pondered over the old-worldliness of it, some one threw an absent-minded snowball, and it was as if that snowball had been the signal for Barga to come forth and show what it really was, for a voice behind said, in the idiom of our own land:

"T'row anudder one, t'row anudder one—aw! t'row an *in-curve*!"

The accent was American, but the intonation caressingly Italian. We

turned around to find a lad of sixteen or seventeen behind us, his soft brown eyes alight at the beautiful spectacle of a well-thrown ball. He was Italian enough, if you like, as far as his eyes went, and of the slender-faced, wide-eyed Barghese



THE GOSSIPS

type; but the way he moved, the tilt of his cap, the swing of his shoulders, were ineffably American. His face, too, was leaner and sharper than a Barga lad of his age. In a word, he was our kinsman rather than the kinsman of his own people. That we recognized him as such was shown by the answer that some one gave him:

"Did you pitch?"

"No," he answered, shyly; "I played in de out - field. We're goin' home next week," he added. "It's been awful dull up here this winter. We've been here fo'r mo'ths." He poured out the rest of his story, words tumbling over one another in his eagerness. His grandfather and grandmother were getting old; that is why they had come over. He had been born in America—Boston; they all worked in a shoe factory there. Plenty of Barga men work there, and some from San Michelogna, and some from most any town around here — he waved his hand toward the far-off vil-

lages cresting other hills, holding on precariously half-way down the valleys. But they had been so snowed up in San Michelogna that there had hardly been any getting down to Barga, and no one this winter in San Michelogna spoke in English. Homesickness rang keen in his voice; but in Barga, you bet, plenty, yes; why, we knew the piazza where they play *pallone*! There were enough boys back from home sometimes to make a ball game, pretty near a real one.

He told us this tale with touching impetuosity. We were his people. We knew about the real things of life—base-

ball and the rush of things, that so grips the foreigner with us when it doesn't frighten him—and, oh, he had been so dull away from the fellows! But the debt to filial piety had almost been paid, and in five days, all of them—they were going back. Then he shook hands with



PORTA MACCHIAIA

us with that square firmness that the Latin rarely learns; you must be born in an Anglo-Saxon country to know how to shake hands. Then, with the cheer of ball games and the clamor of Boston streets and the whir of the shoe factory echoing to us, and the east wind of Boston nipping us, we turned down the *salita* that leads through the olives.

People were working in the soft spring earth beneath them, singing. An old woman mounted the *salita*, slowly driving a little pig before her, a pink strip of calico attached to his hind leg. Now and then he would sit down and squeal

piteously, for he was young to this world and the ruggedness of salitas, and the old woman would plead with him as with a fractious child, "*Su', su', piccino, su',*" and coax his fat legs into action again. People as they passed us wished us "*Felice Sera*"; the old world closed in on us again. But not for long. That night, after climbing difficult streets, a sudden turn brought us on the warm windows of the café. The fat *padrone* made us welcome, brought us coffee, and asked what game we chose to play, and on finding that Italian cards are different from those we knew, instructed us in the artless game in which, instead of signalling in clumsy and abstruse ways, one shrugs a shoulder or jerks a significant thumb to indicate to one's partner what card one has. Others in the café gathered around to give friendly advice.

Then there joined us a man verging on the elderly, a deep-chested person with a fine head set on broad shoulders. He addressed us in these words:

"Good evening, ladies and gentlemen. I hear you are Americans! Me too. I'm an American." He opened a serious-looking wallet, from which he drew out, stained and frayed, an aged citizenship paper of the United States and spread it before us on the table.

"I'm awful glad to meet Americans," he went on.

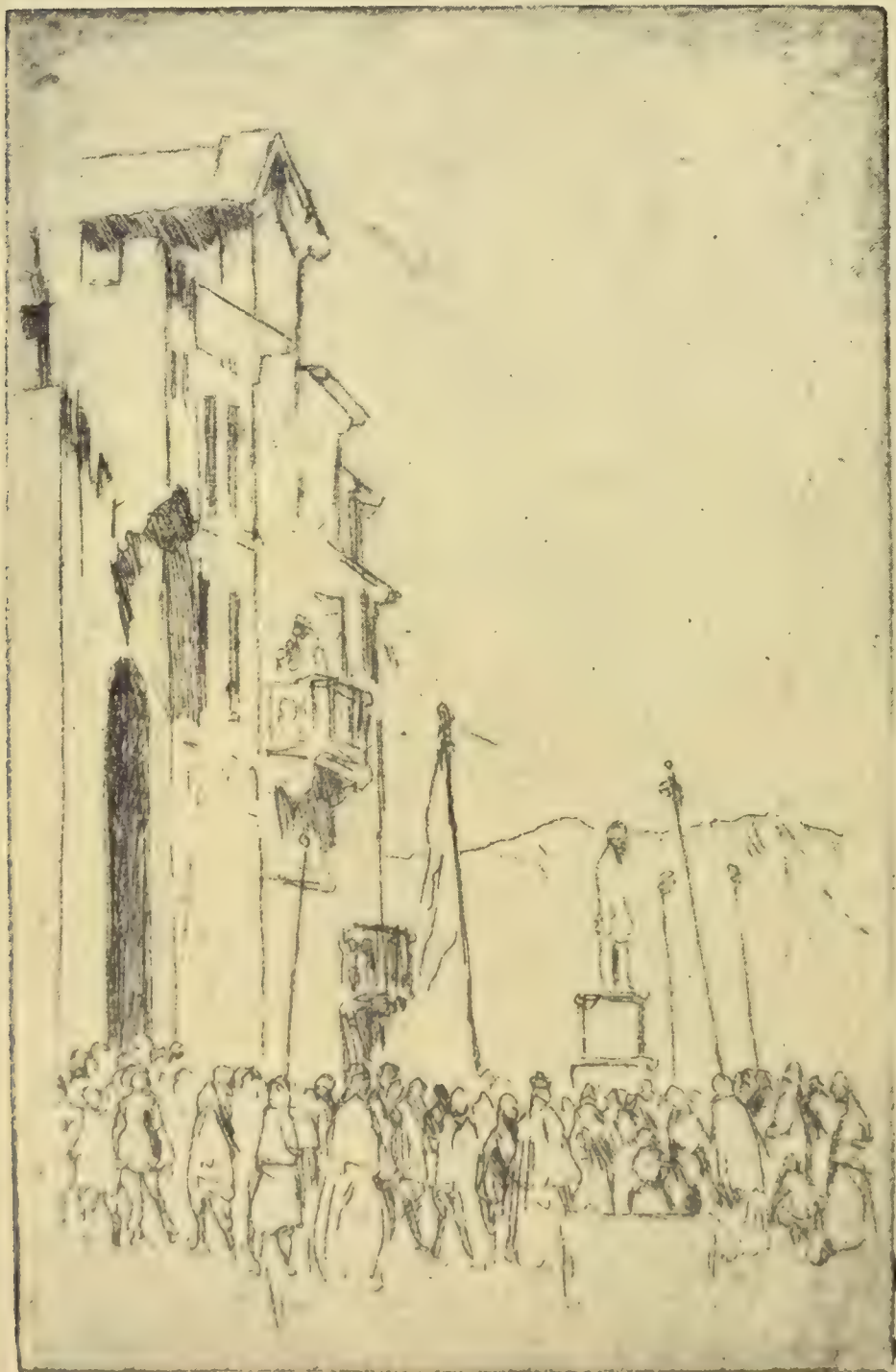
It was here, I think, that we shook hands all around.

"I was in America an awful long time—twenty year; twenty year ago I keep a nice saloon on State Street, then my mother she got awful old, so me and my wife we come back to Barga to live. Barga and Chicago they're awful different, but Barga's all right too. You like Barga?"

We assured him we did.

"Fine country around Barga, awful different from country round Chicago. I guess Chicago's changed some since my time. I read in papers, and my cousin he writes me. Fierce lots of building goes on in Chicago. You seen the Lucca della Robbias in Barga, down to the Frati? You know, Franciscan Brothers that means. They've got a different Della Robbia from any other Della Robbia anywhere; Florence, Pistoia—no other place gotta Della Robbia like that San Francesco—he get, you know, the stigmata and different kind of glaze. I tell you what we do. Tomorrow me and the drawing-master—that's this gentleman here, he have the Barga government drawing-school—we take you round and we make you see all the Della Robbias."

There followed here an



A PROCESSION AT THE MAIN GATE

animated discussion among all the frequenters at the café concerning the Della Robbias of Barga. Would we be able to get into a certain palace, they wondered, and our old friend insisted that there must be some way of getting in to the Sisters of Santa Elizabeta; the drawing-master doubted this.

"He says, you see," our friend explained, "that the Sisters of Santa Elizabeta are all in the penitentiary because of Holy Week. You've got to stay until after Easter Sunday."

This every one agreed we must do, because it was impossible. They argued, to leave Barga without having beheld that especially fine Della Robbia; and of the ten men seven spoke English, nor was any accent similar. One faltered forth broken words with Scotch burs and Scotch idioms; he had made ice-cream in Glasgow for a season; another had a vague cockney tilt to his English; two others spoke American; other accents we did not recognize, hailing as they did from New Zealand and Australia. So we sat until late under the groined roof of the little café, speaking of far-off English places and of the various trades that the Barghese men carried on. And why had they come home again? But the answer to this had a certain monotony. The old people it was that brought them back. "My wife's mother was getting old;" or, "My father wanted to come home; he got a little farm, you know; pretty soon too old to work his farm." It was a matter of course. No



THE BARBER'S WIFE

matter how well you were doing, no matter if you were half-way across the world, no matter how you cared for the land of your adoption—when your old people wanted you, you came home to them. It was as simple as two and two, and it admitted of no argument.

And as they talked to us, we had a new vision of our own country. We saw it not as a grinding, noisy place, as America so often appears to her own sons and daughters, but as they saw it—a gay land, a young land, a good place to work in, a place full of hope and full of promise, and one that in their cases had kept the promises, too, they having in their breasts the same dauntless spirit that had led Sylvio and Bimbo triumphant through the perils and difficulties of a shampoo. Yet strong as



the cry of the new country was, and pleasant as the noise of it was in their ears, big as it was with opportunity, there was something stronger yet—they could not even stop to weigh in the balance the New World and all it meant beside the appeal of a bowed old Italian woman on a distant Italian mountain!

We walked home that night escorted by our friend the Chicago saloon-keeper and the drawing-master, the one telling us of the history of Barga: here we could see was the palace the Medicis had built themselves when they took Barga; this palace on this side was one of the oldest. From father to son to this day it had always belonged to such a family; the young counts now lived in Lucca. It was there the Della Robbias were. While on the other side our Chicago friend prattled happily of saloon-keeping days on State Street, and asked eager questions as to the progress of things in his city.

You know how it is in Latin countries for us outlanders. We come to them and take from them what we can. If we are rich enough, we buy the pictures from their walls, the furniture from their houses—we trade on their poverty to win from them their heirlooms. Presently our ignorance encourages them to selling heirlooms which they haven't. The poorer among us play a kinder rôle, looking about us and getting a joy in the picturesqueness of things. They, on their part, get from us what there is to get—surprisingly little, too, it is when one considers everything. But for the most part intercourse between us is a smiling duel of wits, breaking out now and again into actual warfare. At best, communication is carried on through a series of mutual misunderstandings and mutual suspicion.

Now in this little town the warfare was at rest; from being outsiders we found ourselves in the more graceful positions of guests. We were no longer

people from whom the maximum must be gotten, but people who must carry back to their country a good account of the town whose sons and daughters had lived among us, or whose sons had married among us; for, as our old friend



FORNACETTA

told us, "plenty of American ladies are married onto Barga men."

There must be families in Barga where no one has been away, but it chanced we found none of this kind. As we went about the place and stopped now in a café, or in some shop or some tiny *locanda*, and answered the questions that they put to us so frankly, we found more and more the fact that we were Americans brought us smiles and greetings, until we had, so to speak, the keys of Barga in our pockets. There was always something to be said about some brother, some cousin, who was in our land; there was always some American-born boy or girl who, like our friend of San Michel-

ogna, was hungry for a sight of the people from "Home."

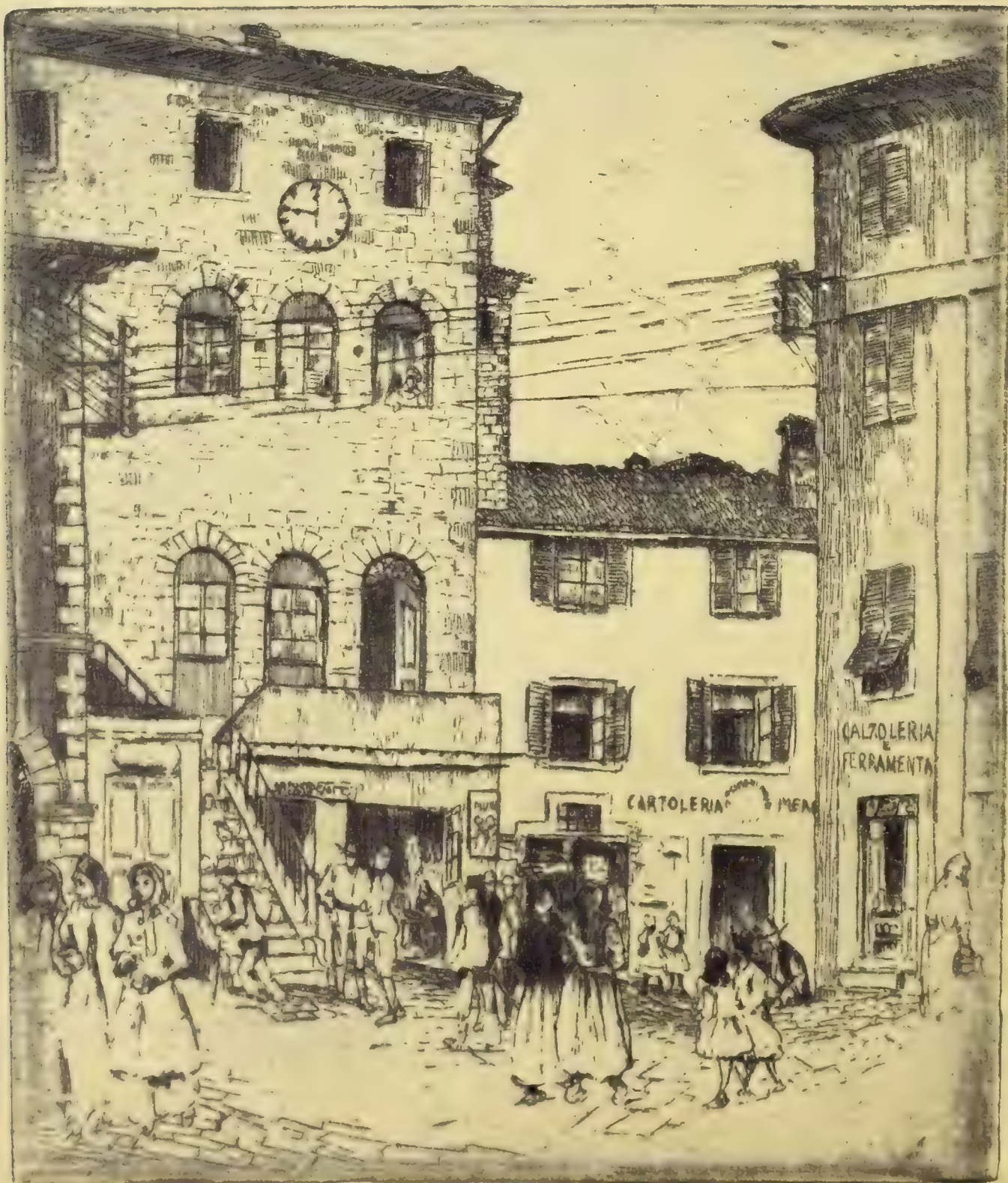
When we wandered far off in the hills and stopped at a little cottage for a drink of water, Pietro must be called from the field so that his proud wife might hear him talk in English. Again when we stopped to rest at another far-off cottage after a difficult scramble up through chestnut groves, Oneita showed us the way back to town, where she had to go with curds, tied in a handkerchief. This way led through a little smiling plateau on the hilltop.

"These land is my father's fields and my uncle's; they belong to *us*. We do not work for a *padrone*. I was born in

America, and coming back, my people could buy land," she told us. On the way she begged us to stop that she might display us proudly as Americans to her grandmother. Indeed, America has drained off so many of the working-men of Barga, or has returned them rich to work no more for a *padrone*, that, as our Chicago friend explained:

"We haven't men enough in Barga to work our fields. They come to us from the north"—he waved his hand toward the mountains—"lean like rats; we send them back fat with our money."

We were in his house, where we had come to pay our respects to the old mother who had called him back from



PIAZZA ANGELIO

the glories of the State Street saloon. The living-room was decorated by a yellow panorama of Chicago in the eighties, flanked by a picture of the King and Queen of Italy. Below the windows of this little house the land dropped away sheer; one looked down on the tops of olive trees.

"You come down and see my flowers; I got some pansies for ycu."

We descended to a little ledge of garden through the cellar.

"My wine," he told us, pointing to the stored barrels; "I make it myself. If I could get that wine for that price for my Chicago saloon, me, I'd be very rich to-day."

He busied himself picking purple pansies from a great pot. A woman appeared.

"She come after her baby," he explained. "Most all mothers, when they want their babies, come here after them." But the woman's eyes were fixed on the flowers instead of the child, who was explaining he preferred to stay where he was.

"Giuseppe," she exclaimed, warningly, "you are picking pansies that are for the blessed sepulchre of our Lord next Friday!"

"My dear," he returned, "they will be no less pleasant to our Lord that I have given some to a guest. If I could only a-got that wine to my saloon in Chicago," he went on, in English—the Old and New World rubbed shoulders very closely in Barga!

It is a very pleasant thing to have the keys of Barga. It means that you will see all the Della Robbias that you should; it means that Capretz, who is the proprietor of the really big café, will take you through the hospital of which he is the secretary. It is in an old Franciscan convent and has twenty-two beds, and Capretz is justly proud of

the operating-room with its glass-covered floors and walls; it means that you will be bravely escorted to see the procession of the *Fanciulle* of Barga, the young girls in their first-communion frocks and the smaller children in white or light



LAZZARINI—THE SHOEMAKER

blue or pink, and that on Holy Thursday you will have a fine place in the Duomo for beholding the foot-washing of the twelve poorest old men. It means, too, that you will be made welcome at Ferriccio's, who owned the Locanda della Luna; that Sylvio will get people to sing for you, and that while they are singing it will go abroad through the town where you are, and one by one your American friends will drop in, until the place is crowded, and Annie—which is the London for Antonina—Ferriccio's sister, murmurs disapprovingly, "Too plenty men." Later, still singing, the company will escort you back to your hotel.

Yet I think it was three little lads who showed us most plainly why the Barghese are such far-faring and adventurous people, and why it is that an hour comes when every man in Barga who can goes forth and seeks his fortune in the world.

On a certain rainy night we sat in the Locanda della Stella, which is outside the Porta Macchiaia—the gate of the mountains—drying our feet over the embers of a big stone *scaldino*. On the other side sat the *padrona* listening to her husband tell stories of his adventures in foreign lands where he sold statuettes, telling herself, also, about her son in America who had just been back to do his military service; Zephyra sewed in a corner and cast shy glances at the telegraph-operator, and two little boys slept upon the wooden benches which ran near the wall. Then three lads of fifteen, perhaps, added themselves to this party, and Zephyra arose and brought them bread and milk. Those boys, the *padrone* told us, had come from Lopia to drawing-school in the evening; three

times a week they came. Now Lopia, as we knew, sits in a niche in the hills an hour's hard climb from Barga. There is no road to it, only a steep and uncertain *salita*. The night was very black.

"Many boys," he told us, "come down from *paesi* about here to our music-school and our drawing-school at night." So you can see that if it is a matter of course to tramp an hour or two in the blackness for a drawing-lesson after a day's work, it is no such hard matter to go out one day and make your fortune in distant parts of the world—or to find your way back again if your mother calls you. After all, as our Chicago friend says, "Barga's got lots of things that Chicago ain't," and yet I suppose the cry of all the young people would be that of the little ten-year-old girl from Virginia. She had an accent as Southern as though her people forever had been raised South.

"Do you want to go back to America?" I asked her. She raised her brown eyes to mine.

"I want to go *Home*," she answered me.

Night-Born

BY JOHN B. TABB

THE fairest blossom of the light
Was nurtured in the womb of Night,
An alien to the sun;
And to her bosom must she need
Recall each love-selected seed,
When blossom-time is done.

And we—by baptism of sleep
Her children—waken but to keep
The memory of charms
And promises, that ne'er too soon,
Despite the blandishments of Noon,
Restore us to her arms.

Sleepyhead

BY MURIEL CAMPBELL DYAR

MEHITABEL AMES' one little, tired, kind eye shut over the cradle. Bent nearly double with old age, with a lifetime of work and a pack of family cares still fastened securely to her shoulders by invisible ropes, she was an ugly figure in the lamplight. She touched the rocker of the cradle sleepily with her big slipper. It was the cradle in which she had rocked her son, brought into use again for David's child. The child cried at her through the cradle slats. She opened her eye with difficulty and moved her foot faster and patted the quilt with her hand. David and his wife had gone to town. They were very often on the town road when they weren't quarrelling at home. David's father, in the room above, was peering childishly out of the window into the dark and the November rain to see why they did not come home sooner. She was anxious over their home-coming, but hid it. David's father did not know that lately a great wrong was close upon the house. The child, perhaps naturally enough, early showed the town tastes of its mother and father, and cried loudly when left behind in the farmhouse with old Mehitabel Ames, although she sought to comfort it for the lack of town.

Trying very hard to keep awake, nevertheless her eye went shut again in the midst of the noise from the cradle. Always when her day's tasks were ending at night she was such a sleepy-head, yet she had never been sleepy like this, before she had even set supper out on the table. She was much mortified at herself.

She roused with a start, the cradle growing noisier. "Don't—ye—want—to—hear—a story—'bout bears?" she coaxed, heavily. She wondered why she was unusually sleepy to-night. She had not worked any harder than usual. She always worked very hard, tearing about

briskly from one task to another. To-day had been her birthday, and she had cleaned up the lumber room. To begin with, on a birthday she used to light candles to celebrate her years, tipping prettily in short, white skirts above a frosted cake. To-day, in the lumber room, an ugly old woman—she had yet lighted candles in spirit, rejoicing that she was still strong and able to do so much work, and good for such a number of years to come. She had naturally a cheerful soul. She remembered now that she had felt a little extra stiff and slow when she moved the boxes and barrels about. But that was nothing. It was only the weather.

The child threw its head wilfully and, under the circumstances of her poignant wish to sleep, brutally from side to side. She began to stagger cheerfully to and fro with a heavy body in her arms. Under the weight of sleep pressing down upon her, the objects in the room began to grow bigger—the cradle and the black cupboard, the chairs and the table and the cooking-stove swelled slowly to a prodigious size. She went carefully in and out among her household things. Close at the stair door she called up something.

"It's—lots—o'—fun—to wait—fur—folks, pa!"

"Air it?" the old man called back, eagerly.

He depended on her very much, ever since there had suddenly stretched before him, because of a clot on his innocent brain, instead of the farm and the town road, a strange, dark road. He would always have been groping about there despondently had it not been for her. Old Mehitabel Ames pointed out to him inns along the way, with lights in the windows and a roof for his head.

As the crying did not stop, she started to sing a song, named "Good Night," which she used to sing to David, putting

him to bed. In her sleepiness her mind wandered to the conviction that it must be bedtime. When David and his wife came in, letting in the rushing of the storm, she was walking about cautiously and muttering of stars, her eyes shut and the child screaming in her arms.

The two had already been having words. David's fair face was flushed, and Mary, dark and handsome in the finery of her sagging red velveteen dress and coat trimmed with cheap fur, was tossing her head. She took the child from the old woman. "Goodness, ma!" she exclaimed, put out, "you're a-droppin' him!" She sat down grandly, throwing off her outside things. He cried against the cold of her dress. She shook him because he was David's child, looking up from under her dark brows at David.

Mehitabel Ames stood rubbing her eye. It was not bedtime, after all. At once she detected how things stood with the two. They were quarrelling, as she had feared. There was work before her. "I—must put supper—on—the—table," she said, stupidly, in a sudden haste. "I—'xpect—ye're—hungry." She reached the stair door like an old drunken woman. Even her extreme perturbation could not make her any less sleepy. "They're here, pa!" she said, in a thick voice.

She went tipsily between the stove and the table. She tried to hurry. She must divert David and Mary. To bring about peace in the household was one of her daily tasks. Lately it had become the most vital of all her day's work. David's anger, Mary driving it on, was changing to a greater recklessness, and it was plain that unless diverted it would lead to bitter consequences. Upon her rested the responsibility of keeping her house clean from a great wrong. It took her a long time to set out the smoking dishes on the table-cloth. It was almost impossible for her to manage the kettles, which, in the curious enlargement of everything in the room, were growing stupendous, and she could no more than lift the perfectly enormous vegetables and the piece of boiled beef, constantly increasing in size. She had popped a small bit of meat into the kettle, and she had worried lest there should not be enough of it to go around. Now she need have no cause for worry on that score. She did not wonder at the

change. Her mind was on David and Mary with her terrible sense of alarm. She must keep her wits about her. Her method of restoring peace was by artful talk to distract their attention—they were, after all, like children—and to give them time to come to a better mood. So she tried to keep talking over her shoulder. Seeking to speak quickly and with a gay divertingness, her words dropped from her lips with immense, dull pauses.

"Ain't—it—been—a wet—day?"

"Land—how—it's—a—rainin'!"

"Ain't—it—wet?"

"I—seen—from—the—lumber—room—winder—the creek's—full!"

"Don't—it—rain—though!"

Each word was almost her last. She *must* not go to sleep. "Come—to—supper," she said.

Old John Ames had come down-stairs and was holding up a huge cudgel for the child to see. Always before he had held up his cane. He had an aspect as though he were continually being very much blown about in the wind. His clothes were all crooked and his gray beard was awry.

The scraping of chairs about the table kept her from nodding quite down into the steam rising from the turnips and made it possible for her to stumble into her seat. She poured herself out some tea and drank it, blowing across the saucer heavily. The hot drink ran slowly down her throat.

"S'pose—ye—didn't—find—many—folks—out?" she asked, politely, with her dreadful difficulty of speech.

Neither David nor Mary answered her. The old man was looking wearily at his filled plate.

"That's—the—way—ye—like—yer—dinner—cooked—pa!"

He brightened. Ahead of him in his darkness shone an inn. "Why, so 'tis." Smiling happily, he ate his turnip with a spoon, which she noticed was swelling to a gigantic ladle in his fingers. No more than her terrible sense of alarm, nor added to it, could her tea keep her awake. She dozed. Even in sleep her old figure was anxious as a hen's who would gather her chickens. She jumped at the sound of David's rising voice. Above his angry face the hair



Drawn by H. E. Townsend

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE REALIZED HOW FAR SHE WAS FROM BEING DONE WITH LIFE YET

came down upon his forehead like a beautiful golden crown. The anger in his face was a solemn warning. She rubbed her eye desperately. She must keep awake. She must work fast.

"Hev—some—pertato—Davie?" she coaxed. She held her chair arms tightly. But her white head bobbed helplessly into her plate.

"You're a-tippin' over, ma!"

She did not know that the old man had been calling to her shrilly three times before she heard him. "I—guess—I'm—a-sittin'—too—fur—forwards—in—my cheer." She pinched herself to free her head from the lethargy deadening it. She forced her eye open.

"Red's—so—becomin'—to ye—Mary," she persuaded, thickly, for the woman's dark face, turned to David, was growing cool.

For a moment Mary's face softened a little. She more good-humoredly fed the child from its bowl and pushed the bread plate toward David. But David's face did not change. "What air *you* a-givin' me the bread for?" he demanded, sullenly. She stared at him coolly then.

"I'm sure I dun'no' what I'm givin' ye *anything* for!"

Their words, and Mary's laughter presently taunting David, partially kept the old woman in her senses.

"Hev—some—more—pertato—D-Davie," she stuttered, anxiously. "Ye—look—awful—well—in—red." Her eye was like an owl's scared in the daytime.

She must not go to sleep. She must work faster.

When she woke again it was to find that the chairs were being scraped back from the table. The quarrelling of the two had kept them from noticing how sleepy she was, and that she had tasted nothing but a saucer of tea. Old John Ames was lost. He was looking about him distractedly.

"Ye—know—pa—ye—always wipe—the—dishes—fur—me."

"Why, so I do." He went away excitedly to get his kitchen apron. She put the dishes together into the sink and took down the dish-pan with lurching movements, trying to hurry. Every moment was precious.

She had never rebelled against all of the household tasks being hers, David

bringing home a wife caring only for finery and ease. She was used to hard work and did not mind it any. Her sacrifices were unconscious. She never heard the unseen ropes on her shoulders creaking. Then she was not a little proud that at her time of life she could do what she did. That morning David had praised her in amazement—"Seventy-three years old, ma, an' ye can still chop the kindlin'!"

By the stove the two were sitting silently and ominously apart, the child asleep on the floor. She sought desperately to go on talking in a gay fashion. The dish-pan swelled and the piece of soap became a great, yellow moon. Nodding to the sink's edge, she could barely right herself again. Her head was weighted with lead like the feet of a toy brigadier. The rinsing-pan emptied, the old man clattered once to the peg on the wall, and having hung up his apron, was instantly lost again. She thrust a soapy finger fiercely into her eye. "Ye—air—a-goin'—to—make—spills—to-night—pa!"

"Air I?"

The pleased tones of an encouraged wayfarer came to her distantly. Old John Ames always loved every evening to make spills. Putting away the dishes hurriedly, she dropped a saucer. "What did ye break?" he asked. She blinked down dully at the floor. "A—platter," she managed to explain, eventually. The doors of the black cupboard were so swollen she felt that she was taking a month to get them shut—and every moment so precious!

Staggering over to the lamp at last and trying to sit down gayly in her place, she lurched stupidly into her chair. The old man was already at work upon his spills in a high wind. He had brought her knitting for her. He could see of himself the inn of getting Mehitabel Ames' knitting, because the needles were very bright. But she could not knit with needles which were as large as fork handles, and she could not stop to try. David's face was not to be borne. She must talk rapidly. She had a number of threadbare topics of conversation which she was always going over and over divertingly. They did not grow stale to her, having been on her tongue's end until they were trusted friends. She

opened her lips with the utmost exertion. At first she could utter no sound. The queer, gay, stuttering noise finally in her throat caused the old man to look at her pleasantly. Her hands, clasping the fork handles on her lap, stretched out as wide as shovels. She must not go to sleep. Facing a cannon she would have dozed.

Her brother Theodore appeared to be sitting by the stove, as handsome as a picture. It was he whom she had been trying to talk about. In him she had lost somebody worth the keeping. She would have gone over to him eagerly, but although she seemed to be getting nearer to him, she could not quite reach him. She began to call to him forlornly.

Coming back slowly to consciousness, pricked by a sense of the ominousness in the room, she saw that it was David and Mary who were sitting there, saying nothing at all.

She struggled fiercely to speak. Her head dropped.

The two, sitting apart, broke their silence, not drawing nearer to each other, but calling the words clearly across the space between them.

"There's nothin' worse 'n a woman!" said David, cruelly. He was high-shouldered and stooping, but with charming hair.

"There's a man!" Mary answered him, in an even civility, bending her dark face toward him, the red lips very steady.

The old woman jumped stupidly. Glazed though her eye was, she could see David's face. She fought against the mountain of sleep crushing her, moving dumbly. She tried to keep the objects in the room at their normal size. Perhaps if they did not swell so her head would be clearer. She fixed her eye despairingly on the cradle, but it only grew bigger and bigger and bigger, until finally it went out. She swerved sideways in her chair stiffly like a doll. She began to carry a baby about in her arms—not David's and Mary's, but some other little thing. She worked with it feverishly, yet it would not drowse. Just as its eyelids started to close like white flowers, it fell piteously out of her arms.

"Mary, Mary!"

"Oh, don't trouble yourself 'bout talkin' to me, David Ames!"

She saw that Mary had gone up-stairs

to put their child to bed and had come back again to mock David, and that David's face was flaming more deeply under its golden crown. She struggled. She must speak. She tried to summon up her pride. Was she not seventy-three years old and still able to do a day's work? A very smart old person indeed? She stuttered—she tried to cry out something brightly. But suddenly she was climbing a stair, still frightfully sleepy. There were rows and rows of small white beds at the top. "Air—they—a b-bed—fur—me?" she stuttered, anxiously. A voice answered her, "They—air—beds—fur—all—who—come." Yet, after all, no bed was hers. A force snatched her back as she was sinking down to rest.

"If I'm a-actin' like the devil, who's a-makin' me?"

"One bunch o' spills!" said the old man, his beard blowing.

"Oh, excuse me; ye are actin' lovely, Davie!" The scarlet velvet skirts swished on the floor.

Mehitabel Ames put out her old hands. The mountain of sleep pressed down as though the black cupboard was tipping over upon her. She struggled to shove it back, caught under it as in a trap. Her hands fell.

"Mary, Mary!" Davie was saying again, wildly.

Sitting up, she thought for a second, idiotically, that a bird was shut up in her heart and was scratching furiously to get out. She put forth her hands, struggling dumbly.

"You could drive a man to anything!" groaned Davie, clenching his fists.

"You don't say so, Mister Ames!"

The mountain of sleep rolled over her, crushing and crushing and crushing. A crackling made the old man glance up absently from his spills. "Ye're a-tip-pin' over again, ma," he said. But she did not hear him. She was outdoors, trying to enter the garden. For some reason which she did not know, she must enter it quickly. Yet always her feet were stayed beside the gooseberry bushes. She could not find a way through them, though she was running about and wringing her hands in her sad haste. That she should not get into her own garden!

She took the care of the garden as well as of the house, for David did not get

around to it, and old John Ames was too feeble. But she loved a garden and she was used to hard work. In the garden more than anywhere else she realized how far she was from being done with life yet. She had a cousin precisely her own age who this spring had picked out a nice black coffin for herself, and had made a sweet wreath of pink paper flowers to be laid on the top of it when it was shut. The notion had made her feel very humorous, toiling hard over her sprouts of peas and beans and her lettuce heads. "The idee," she had laughed to herself, "of a-hevin' a coffin yet a while!" This spring her hoe had bothered her unusually. She was sure that David had given her a heavier one to use, although he denied it. David was not always truthful—she was obliged sometimes to admit it. She had brought him up as carefully as she knew how, reading to him every Sunday the story of Ananias and Sapphira being wound up and carried forth by the young men, and showing him often the picture of the man of iniquity fallen yellowly headlong on a green Aceldama.

She must get by the gooseberry bushes somehow. The thorns tore her hands, yet she pushed on. One more step and she would be in, looking up at the sky. On the brink of the garden she stumbled and fell.

David's voice, shaken and wild and reckless, was ringing through the room. His hair caught her attention. When first it had been bright against her breast she had dreamed that he was destined for all fine deeds. He did not heed the odd noises coming frantically from her throat.

"Ye couldn't keer fur nobody—your heart's jest a stone."

"Oh, I dun'no' 'bout that!"

"Two bunches o' spills!" said the old man.

She had a dull vision of the room. There was a silence. Then Mary smiled, and suddenly her son David rose out of his chair to go to beat her. Cleanliness was passing from the house with the great wrong coming upon it.

The old woman felt an unbearable shame. The room blackened. Her head whirled. She put out her hands. They fell. She stretched them forth again.

They crumpled on her knees. It was useless. She could not save her child. She was going to go to sleep, to give up her fight to speak.

Yet she tried once more. Her supreme effort was like a stab of pain. She sat up rigidly as a woman resurrected and started to speak thickly.

"Davie—your—uncle—The'dore—was—the handsomest—man!"

"Was he?" said old John Ames, intently. He had grown up with her brother Theodore. His interest in her topics never flagged.

The sound of his name arrested David. He stood with clenched hands, his face working blindly under the fair crown, shining like a heavenly one.

She had a gay enough way with her now. "An'—always—so—witty!" she cried. "I ricollect—what—he—ust—to—say 'bout a—rain—like this—comin'—in—from—outdoors—wet—as—a—rat. He—ust—to—say—"

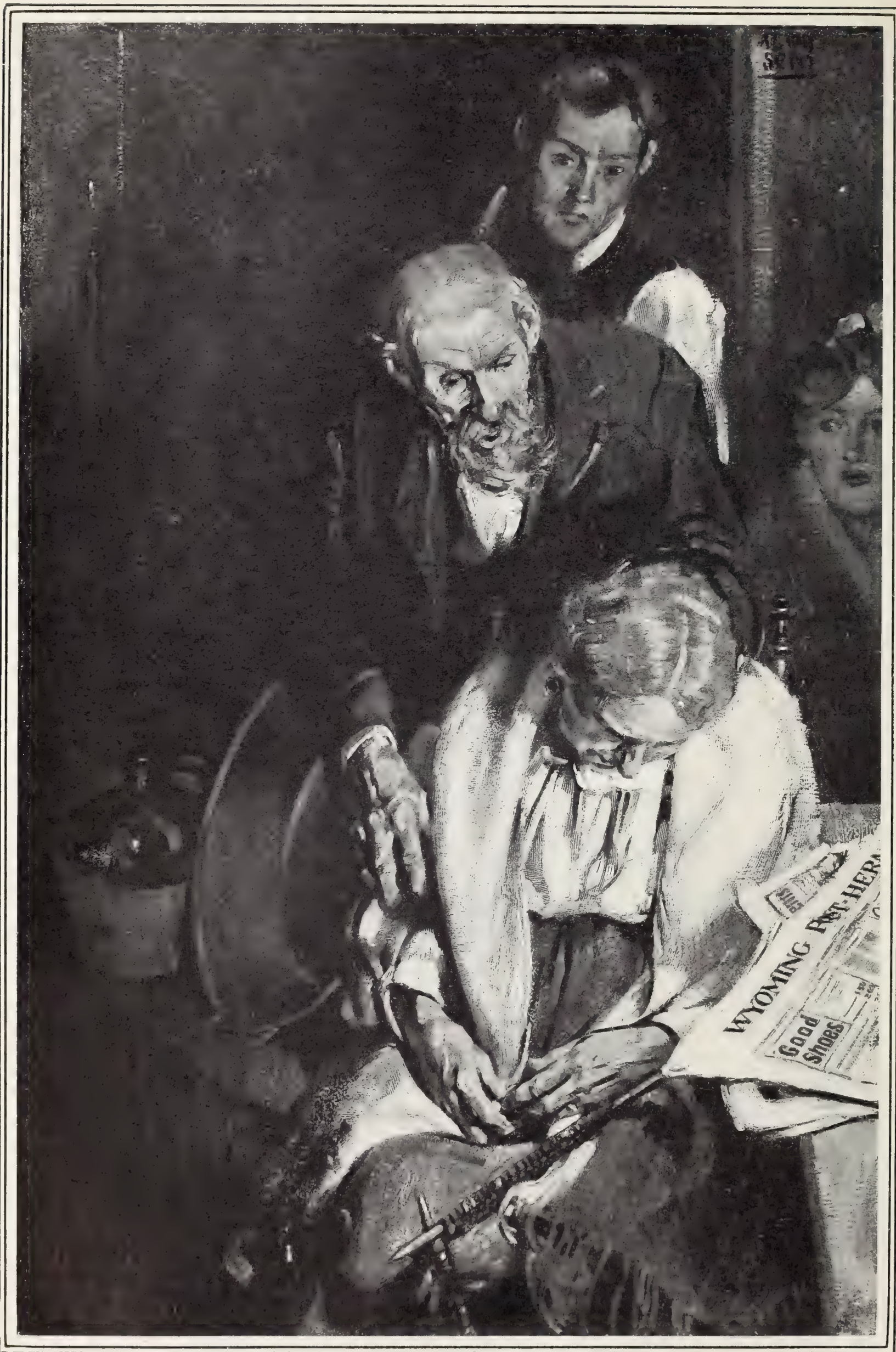
The old man made ready to laugh. A remark about the dull rain, immortally spicy, drifted from her. She did not wait to remember it. David was moving. She took up another topic swiftly. "When—I—had—my—eye—put—out—I—tell—ye—I—had—a—time!"

The misery of a long-past experience viewed through the mist of years was now a thing to talk about. Other physical pain had been hers in the pursuance of her tasks, but for cheerful recollection she preferred the putting out of one eye with the point of her garden shears when once she was snipping greens for dinner. It was as though an apostle should have selected the experience "When I was stoned" for the best of his retrospection from the sum of his pain—"Of the Jews have I received forty stripes save one, thrice was I beaten with rods, once was I stoned—"

Old John Ames laughed. The sweet-haired, reckless figure hurried her. The lamplight gleamed to her mistily.

"Christmas—ain't—so—fur—off—air it—Davie? D'ye—ricollect—the—time—yer—pa—an'—I—guv—ye—everything—we—knowed—of? Ye had—a tree—an'—stockin's—an' ye—said—'Is—that—all?'"

She chuckled divertingly. Her head did not nod nor her speech fail. David was looking at her with his angry eyes.



Drawn by H. E. Townsend

SHE WAS SUCH A SLEEPYHEAD

"Davie—I seen—a black—cow—loose—to-day—'long—the road!" She took up new subjects, her old ones slipping away from her.

"Did ye?" said the old man, amazed. He had forgotten that he had gone down to the roadside through the rain and had leaned over the gate, long looking at a black cow.

"I—b'lieve—it 'll—be—fine—weather—fur—the pig-killin'—soon, Davie! I feel—in—my—bones—it's—a-goin'—to—turn—cold. My—bones—air—turrible—prophets."

"Hoseahs!" old John Ames cried, acutely. He straightened his coat, which was blown so much to one side that even he noticed it. David's hands shook.

"Hear—that—pine—bough—a—knock-in'—agin'—the—winder!"

"Yes!" Whenever the wind shifted to the northeast, the pine tree close to the house reached down and tapped on the window-pane with a green hand. The old man was as breathless over a sound which he had heard, winter after winter, during the most of his life, as a country boy who has for the first time in his ears the roar of a city, his road dropped behind him, and before him many roofs smoking like a single chimney.

David was looking at her now with eyes which were guilty. She must give him yet a little more time.

"Davie," the thick voice said, gallantly, "I read—in—the paper—yisterday—that—that—that—purple's—a—goin'—to—be—worn—this—winter!"

His hands loosened. He answered her at last.

"Purple?" he said, slowly.

"Purple?" twittered the old man, fashionably, over his spills.

Mary drew in her breath sharply. She

had driven David almost too far. Her lips, no longer mocking him, were white.

"Purple?" she asked, quickly.

"Pur—ple," Mehitabel Ames repeated, thickly.

David sank back into his chair. She sat up still rigidly. The lamp stretched up to the ceiling. The spills in the old man's fingers stretched down to the floor. Her ball rolled off her lap, and David, ashamed, picked it up and gave it to her again. Under his hair his face was changed. In taking the ball from his hands she bent over unnecessarily far toward his heavenly crown, as though reaching out for it with her earthly arms.

"You air a-gittin' sleepy, ain't ye, ma?" he asked.

"I—dun'no'—but—what—I—air—a-gittin'—a—leettle—sleepy."

In time David coughed and drew his chair across the space between him and Mary. "What 'd ye say if I'd git ye a purple dress this winter?"

"I'd say, 'Davie dear!'"

They were like children.

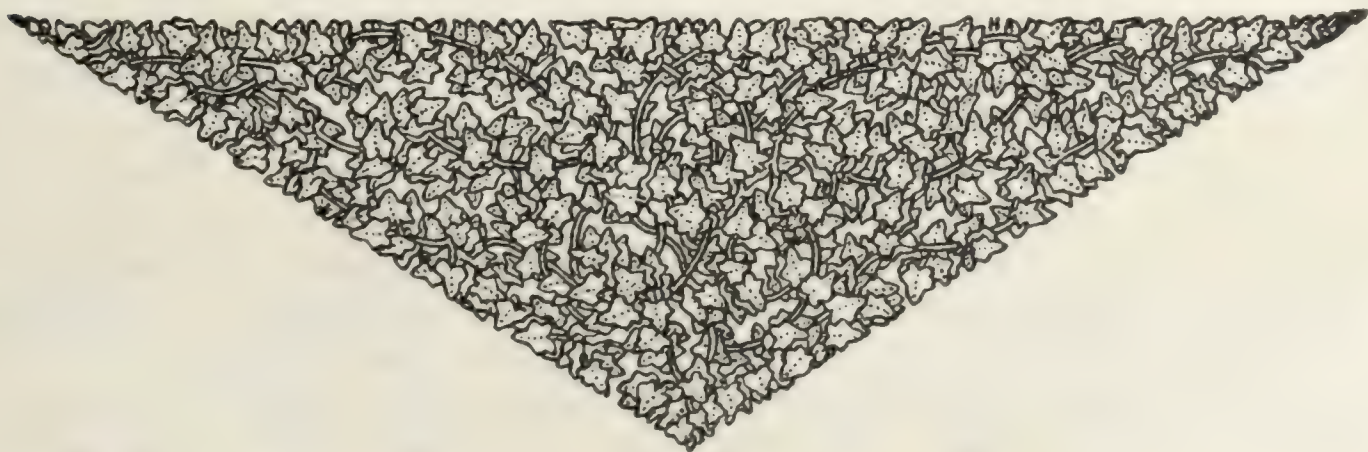
The old woman's white head bobbed down on her lap.

"Jest let her sleep," some one said.

She slept on, a figure heroic, ugly.

She did not awaken easily—not when the old man trotted over to her against the wind to show her his spills; not when David shook her at first gently by the shoulder, saying, "Sleepyhead!" and then with a startled roughness; not when Mary ran out of the house into the storm to fetch the neighbors and the outside air blew over her with already in it the sting of the cold which would stop the rain and usher in the season when purple was going to be worn—not when the sound of many voices arose in the narrow room.

She was such a sleepyhead.



The Simplicity of English

BY JAMES CHAMPLIN FERNALD

THE trouble with many English grammarians has been that they have known too much. By the time a man has mastered the hundreds of parts of the Latin and the Greek verb, and the Hiphil, Hophal, and Hithpael of the Hebrew; when he knows the five declensions of Latin and the three of Greek nouns and the various declensions of adjectives to suit all of these nouns; when he has labored through the Slough of Despond of German genders, and added a light fringe of French, Spanish, and Italian eccentricities, he is apt to become an incarnate inflection. He feels that language exists in order to be inflected. It is beautiful and rich according as it can be tabulated in paradigms under the laws of permutations. He looks upon all that is self-evident and straightforward with the scorn of an expert in mysteries and occult arts.

When there are no more dead or otherwise foreign languages to conquer, he sweeps his glance over the unfortunate English speech, and sees it destitute and denuded of all his beloved intricacy; only here and there some remnant of old declension or conjugation standing separate and lonely, like surviving stumps after a forest fire. His grammatical soul aches over the "lost inflections," and he puts on sackcloth and ashes for the "poverty" of his native tongue. He longs to recast the language, and run it into traditional moulds, from which it should come forth with cogs and cams and dovetails to be interlocked with mathematical precision.

For some centuries the manufacturers of language labored hard to import into English exotic complications. But these importations did not thrive in the rigorous English climate where the winds of common sense are so very free and strong; and there is now a prevalent disposition to make the best

of a bad bargain, holding that as we are saddled with a language that knows no better than to say outright what it has to say, we must try to get some approximate order into this makeshift speech, giving attractive glimpses here and there of the beautiful inflected languages, ancient and modern; which the pupil may hope to learn in the happier days to come, and the learning of which is the chief use of the formless English. Richard Grant White proposed to cut the Gordian knot by treating English as "The Grammarless Tongue"; but his system did not prevail because it was not a system. The stubborn subconsciousness of the English-speaking world knows that there is a grammatical system in our language, if it can only be exhumed from under the explanations in which it is buried.

The key of this system is Simplicity—always the most elusive thing in any line of research. Scholarship can discover everything except the obvious. The simplicity of English is the triumph and glory of the existing speech.

The simplification of English forms was at first a discovery of happy accident and then wrought out of set purpose through centuries of struggle and conflict. In the fifth century of the Christian era the English began life as a new people. The wild tribes that then descended upon Britain cut history in two with the sword, so that British history ends and English history begins with their invasion. They had nothing to learn from the Britons whom they conquered, nor from once imperial Rome, that now could not send one legion to dispute their dominion. Their chief components, Jutes, Angles, and Saxons, had different dialects; but when all were shut up together in the conquered island, they were compelled to learn one another's speech. In so doing, they stumbled, all unwittingly, upon

a great law of language, that when different languages of kindred stock meet and coalesce in the same territory, the effect is to drop inflections; root-words are retained, but case-endings, niceties of conjugation, and other mere refinements and complications are discarded. Thus, as the invaders became fused into one people in England, their different dialects were blended in a modified language of increased simplicity. Scarcely, however, was their conquest completed and their unity secured ere the fame of their prosperity attracted new swarms of Northmen from Scandinavian and Danish shores—all indiscriminately called Danes—who conquered wide districts, and even for a time put upon the throne of England a line of Danish kings. The language, especially in the north of England, received a distinct impress from these invasions. Then upon the mingled peoples fell the mailed hand of the Norman, crushing them closer together, while for three hundred years the Normans occupied themselves in a vain endeavor to make Englishmen talk French, till at last it occurred to them that it would be easier for themselves to learn English.

But in the long contest the Saxons had absorbed much from the French, still simplifying what they appropriated. They fell upon the French language, so far as they condescended to adopt it, as the Norman invaders had fallen upon their own island. Every French word, in order to be naturalized, had to pass under the English yoke, and no French word that has been through that process is ever recognized by the natives when it goes back home. On the fine inflections of French grammar the Englishman set his stubborn heel. Thus a composite language was evolved, simpler than either of its prototypes.

The fierce, and often apparently aimless, contests of centuries blend in one great unity. From the landing of Hengist to the death of Chaucer—almost exactly a thousand years—the process is one, the fusion of competing languages, always in the direction of simplicity. Simplification of speech came to seem natural to the Englishman. Wherever he found a form still lingering that was complicated and troublesome, he weeded

it out. All the tripping terminations that made so much of the music of Chaucer's poetry went by the board. There should never be two syllables where one would do. The short, simple words are the most effective on the sea, in the market, in the camp, and on the battle-field—*come, go, hark, hear, march, charge, halt!* Every inflection must show a reason for its existence, or cease to exist.

The reason commonly given for the substitution of the second person plural for the second person singular—"you" instead of "thou"—that it originated as a fad of courtesy—may explain its origin, but its universal adoption is due to a deeper reason, namely, that the second person singular of the verb is a complicated and difficult form, while the second person plural is simple to the last degree. With every principal verb in the language, and with every auxiliary except "must," the pronoun "thou" requires a special change in the form of the verb, which is often the only break in an otherwise uniform series. Thus in the present tense of every verb, with the single exception of the verb "be," the pronoun "you" employs the unchanged root-form of the verb, as "*you love, have, can, do, shall, will,*" etc., while "thou" requires a change of form, as "*thou lovest, hast, canst, dost, shalt, wilt,*" etc. In every such choice the unchanged root-form has always the right of way. Thus "you" has become everywhere current in the busy activities of life, while "thou" is carefully laid up in the museum of antiquity or the shrine of religion.

How far this process of simplification has reached may be seen by comparing English at certain points with various other languages. As regards the noun, we find that the Greek noun has three declensions, with five cases and three numbers—not merely singular and plural, but singular, dual, and plural. It results that there are at least twelve forms in which any noun may appear, according to the special relation to be expressed. Which twelve any particular noun may take can be known only by learning to which declension it belongs, so that it is necessary to know at least thirty-six forms of the Greek noun in order to use any one noun properly. The

Latin noun has five declensions and two numbers, with six cases in each number, making sixty forms among which it is necessary to choose in order to use any one noun properly. The English noun is not troubled with declension. While it has technically three cases, two of them, the nominative and the objective, are precisely alike, and the only changes of form are the adding of *s* preceded or followed by an apostrophe for the possessive, and of *s* without an apostrophe for the plural, with a brief list of irregular plurals, a considerable proportion of which are those of foreign words not frequent in ordinary use. The regular English plural, which every child can apply, adds *s* to the singular, occasionally substituting *es* under euphonic law so simple that, if the rule should be forgotten, the tongue and lips would instinctively shape the utterance. We say *foxes* because we cannot say *foxs* without the *e*.

But the crowning triumph of English simplicity is the abolition of grammatical gender—that is, gender of words as words, irrespective of sex in the objects they represent. All the other leading languages give masculine or feminine gender to names of objects with which no thought of sex can be rationally associated, as mountains, rivers, trees, clothes, tools, articles of furniture, members of the human or animal body, etc. Some of these languages, as the French, Italian, and Spanish, have no neuter gender, so that every inanimate object must be represented by a masculine or a feminine noun. Hence we often have a quiet smile when the Frenchman or the Italian, in his early experiments with English, speaks of the chair or table as “she.” In languages like the Greek, Latin, and German, which have a neuter gender, that gender is sometimes so capriciously applied that a neuter noun may be used for a living being which must have sex, as the German neuter nouns *Mädchen*—maiden, girl; and *Weib*—wife. Ingenious theories have been advanced as to the giving of gender to inanimate objects on account of fauns, dryads, and other divinities, more or less divine, which were originally supposed to preside over some of them; but the illusive gender far outruns the theory. Why, for instance, should a man’s *head*

be feminine in Greek, neuter in Latin, feminine in French, masculine in German, and feminine again in Italian? The unpoetical fact seems to be that all this is due to a certain stupidity of generalization. Men of the early day seem to have concluded that because some nouns naturally have gender, therefore gender was an inevitable property of the noun *per se*, and they inflicted it accordingly without reason or discrimination upon every unfortunate noun that came in their way. Then, as languages were artificially perfected, nouns were made masculine, feminine, or neuter according to classification or termination, without the slightest reference to nature.

Here English has made an entirely new departure, so that gender, as far as it is indicated in our language, exactly and uniformly follows the meaning of the noun to which it is applied.

The distinctiveness of English in this respect is strikingly illustrated by a comparison of dictionaries. Take a Greek, Latin, German, French, or Italian dictionary, and look down its columns; after every noun you will find a little letter, *m*, *f*, or *n*, as the case may be, denoting the noun as masculine, feminine, or neuter. The gender must be expressly noted, because it is arbitrary, and by no means surely indicated by the meaning of the word. Now look down the columns of an English dictionary, noticing the nouns, and you will not find one *m*, *f*, or *n*. The gender is utterly unnoted, because the meaning of the word tells it all, and no further specification is required.

That poetic personification which sometimes refers to the sun as masculine or to the moon as feminine, or the sailor’s reference to his ship as “she,” constitutes no real exception to the rule, for in plain prose we say of the sun or the moon “its distance,” “its diameter,” or the like, and we read in the Authorized Version of the Scriptures, “The waves beat into the ship, so that *it* was now full.” It is an inestimable advantage in our language that all the innumerable nouns denoting inanimate objects are regularly of the neuter gender, as by the laws of thought they ought to be.

But the English language takes a long step further, and leaves the great

majority of nouns denoting living beings utterly indeterminate in gender. No one can tell by the word itself whether *friend*, *neighbor*, *companion*, *animal*, *quadruped*, *fish*, or *bird* is masculine or feminine. A *monarch*, a *sovereign*, a *citizen*, or a *subject* may be a man or a woman; so may a *writer*, an *author*, or an *editor*, an *agent* or an *attorney*, an *artist*, a *sculptor*, or a *musician*, a *teacher* or an *instructor*, a *guest* or a *visitor*, a *relative* or a *stranger*, an *enemy* or a *foe*; nor does the word we use indicate the sex of *parent*, *babe*, *baby*, *child*, *ancestor*, or *descendant*. We know that these words are not neuter, because they do not denote inanimate objects, and that is all we know about them, as regards gender.

Is not this indefiniteness an oversight and a defect in the language? On the contrary, it is a concession to the natural movement of human thought. If we say, "This error was made by the *copyist*," the sex of the *copyist* is not of the slightest consequence. The very thing we want is a word that will not oblige us to ascertain historically whether the copying was done by a man or a woman, before we can complete our sentence. This non-identification of gender has become the general characteristic of English nouns denoting living beings. So far has this been carried that the number of nouns now in ordinary use that can be classed as distinctively masculine or feminine does not probably exceed one hundred and fifty.

Turning now to the article and the adjective, and treating these for the moment as separate, we find in them a still more conclusive triumph of English simplicity. In the languages that have so emphasized gender in nouns, it seems to have been thought that the article and the adjective must also have gender, in order to move in the same society. In Greek the article and the adjective are both declined, having each three genders, three numbers, and five cases. Before using a Greek article or adjective it is necessary to settle the gender, number, and case of the noun, and then to use a special form of article or adjective according to the gender, number, and case of the noun to be employed. The Latin took the short method with the article by abolishing it altogether; but the

Latin has three declensions of adjectives in three genders and two numbers, making it necessary to settle the gender, number, and case of the noun, and then to use a special form of the adjective to match the gender, number, and case of the noun employed. One must know some seventy or eighty principal adjective forms in either language in order to be sure of applying the right form of adjective to any noun it is desired to use; and when we add comparatives and superlatives, which are also declined, and numerous irregular and variant forms, the number may be increased almost indefinitely. In German the article, definite and indefinite, and the adjective are declined, while the adjective has two forms of declension, the strong and the weak, with three genders, two numbers, and four cases diversifying all. Then the combinations of the adjective forms with those of the article vary from the scheme in an arbitrary way which is to the foreigner highly confusing.

Over against all this complexity we set the English article and adjective absolutely without declension. *A*, with its euphonic variant *an*, or the never-changing *the*, may be used with any noun in any gender, person, number, or case. Against all the varying forms of adjectives in other tongues we set the constant English form that knows no change, whatever may happen to the noun which it modifies. *Good*, *bad*, *fast*, *slow*, *wise*, *foolish*, *strong*, *weak*, or whatever the adjective may be, the English-speaking person needs to learn the original form but once, and it is his in perpetuity.

There may be said, indeed, to be a certain loss. In English it is not possible, as in those other tongues, to toss an adjective into a sentence anywhere, and be sure of fitting it to some wandering noun, as you identify your trunk in the baggage-room by the duplicate check. The English adjective must keep in close touch with its noun, and can be known as belonging to it only by the order of words. But this loss is a gain, for the English order of words is also the order of thought. However far the adjective may be from its noun in the inflected languages, the mind must ultimately bring them together, jumping over the interjected words in order to complete

the thought. But the English puts the adjective beside its noun, so that the mind associates the connected ideas at the start, and no intellectual acrobatics are required. The verbal athlete may miss a spectacular performance, but the speaker or the hearer, the writer or the reader, gains incalculably in readiness of apprehension. The mind receives the associated ideas together in the beginning, as it must in any event bring them together in the outcome.

Still, the critic may ask, how is it possible that this should be adequate? How can a single English article or adjective be a substitute for the many variants of either in other languages? The answer is, that the inflected languages have been carrying for ages a vast amount of useless lumber. This could, indeed, be fashioned by cunning hands into artistic shapes, but is in no way necessary to the expression of human thought, and the English language has proved by the sure test of experience that the unmodified article and adjective can say all that article and adjective ever have to say in human speech. It is the better machine that dispenses with needless parts.

When we pass to the English pronoun we find it almost genderless. Gender is found only in three personal pronouns of the third person, and only in the singular number in those three, *he*, *she*, and *it*, their common plural *they* referring indifferently to a masculine, a feminine, or a neuter antecedent. Yet how very seldom do we find any difficulty in making clear the gender of any antecedent to which a pronoun may refer! We are aware of no lack of pronominal gender. Rather we often think that we have still too much; when, for instance, we start into such a sentence as, "If any gentleman or lady has lost *his* or *her* purse, *he* or *she* will please inquire at the office, when it will be restored to *him* or *her*." Then, in our eagerness to escape, we long for a genderless singular of the pronoun of the third person to match the genderless plural, and those who are not afraid of the schoolmaster promptly retire upon the plural, using *they*, *their*, and *them* in place of the too specific singular—wishing for less gender rather than more. Still, in the pronoun, English simplicity has done very well.

At the threshold of the verb in most languages—with rare exceptions, as of the Hebrew and Russian—the spectre of gender vanishes. But inflection descends upon the verb as its peculiar prey. The Greek verb has 1,138 parts, which the simpler Latin was able to reduce to no less than 444. Here the English language has broken all precedent. The most complicated English verb, the verb *be*, has but eight different forms, *be*, *am*, *is*, *are*, *was*, *were*, *being*, *been*. The verb *be* is alone in this proud distinction. No other irregular verb has more than five changes of form; as, *give*, *gave*, *gives*, *giving*, *given*. A regular verb has but four changes of form; as, *love*, *loved*, *loves*, *loving*; and out of at least 8,000 verbs in the English language, all except a little list of 200 are regular. The modes and tenses that express the manner and time of actions are for the most part formed by auxiliary verbs—*be*, *do*, *can*, *have*, *may*, *must*, *shall*, *will*; and when the forms and combinations of these eight auxiliaries are once learned, they are the same for all our thousands of English verbs. Four or five forms of the principal verb combined with eight auxiliaries constitute the simple scheme that English has to offer in place of all the terminations and augments and internal vowel changes that other languages offer by scores and hundreds.

By reason of this marvellous simplicity our language meets more fully than any other has ever done a fundamental law of the expression of thought in words. Herbert Spencer's famous paragraph on "Economy of Attention" might be taken as a statement of the underlying principle that has governed the historic evolution of English speech:

Regarding language as an apparatus of symbols for the conveyance of thought, we may say that, as in a mechanical apparatus, the more simple and the better arranged its parts, the greater will be the effect produced. In either case, whatever force is absorbed by the machine is deducted from the result. . . . The more time and attention it takes to receive and understand each sentence, the less time and attention can be given to the contained idea, and the less vividly will that idea be conceived.

If the men who framed our language could have consulted Spencer five hun-

dred years in advance, and kept his exposition before them throughout all their struggles, they could scarcely have done more to realize his conception of effective expression. The discovery that conformity of the order of words to the order of thought could be a substitute for the complex machinery of inflection is one of the greatest inventions of the ages as regards the use of language, and is a triumphant success. English simplicity is no survival of spoliation and impoverishment, no residue of linguistic decay, but an attainment, an achievement, of the highest dignity and value. From the complicated constructions of the classic tongues, of the rival languages of modern Europe, and even of its parent Anglo-Saxon, English has resolutely stripped itself free, as David put off the encumbering armor of Saul, to gain freedom as the means of power.

It would seem that this inflectionless language is what the world has been waiting for. Because its simplicity of structure puts so few obstacles in the foreigner's way, the English language is comparatively easy to learn, men of every race finding it simpler than their own. The surprise of a foreign student of English is often almost comical, as he looks around for difficulties which he cannot find. His chief difficulty, indeed, is to get along without complications. He is like a swimmer accustomed to artificial aids, who fears to trust himself to the water, though the moment he does so he is free. This facility of acquirement, joined with the enterprise and efficiency of the nations that use it, is fast making English a world-language, spoken as their vernacular by one hundred and thirty millions, and dominating the territory, the government, the business, and to a great extent the thought, of five hundred millions of people.

A natural objection might be, that while a language so simple might be a ready medium of communication, yet it must be lacking in range, diversity, and fulness, and so tend to barrenness and monotony. But from this result our language is preserved by its rich variety and abundance of words inherited from its diverse ancestry, and gathered by exploration, travel, commerce, and conquest all round the world. Thoughts of highest

sublimity and the most ordinary ideas of common life, the profound researches of science, and the light flashes of wit and humor, the fiery splendor of impassioned oratory, and the dry precision of the legal document, find equal facility of utterance in English speech. English poets for five hundred years have proved that the language strong to wield the sword or the sledge has also skill to tune the lyre. It is equally perfect in adaptation in Milton's sublime epic and in Tennyson's cradle song. In Shakespeare the diversity of language is as marked as the limitless versatility of portraiture. Kings and peasants, statesmen and clowns, tradesmen and soldiers, ladies and servant maids, in every extreme of frolicsome joy or furious rage or heart-broken lament, all speak English, but a different English, always apt and expressive, always fitting the character and the occasion. In the centuries since that day a vast store of new words has been added to meet the demands of advancing and broadening civilization, though under the controlling influence of its early type all increase of material or improvement in construction has still been in the line of perfected simplicity.

It should be added that the literary development of our language has been along the line of its historical evolution. It has been proved to demonstration that English needs not to seek extrinsic adornments, but merely to develop its own inherent power, and that the simple is also the strong, the beautiful, and the successful style. It would be possible by a survey of all the great writers down to and through the Victorian era to show that those who had most of this quality have taken the highest place, and also that such of their works as possess most of this quality are the most admired, the most cherished, and the best remembered. The palm is ever awarded to the author who has the skill to use and the courage to trust the simple style, if he have but a message that will bear to be so expressed; while one who loads his page with crowded words and strained constructions is suspected of seeking a disguise to cover barrenness of thought, or censured as lacking artistic skill. The ideal of the literature responds to the ideal of the language.

The Other Way

BY JUSTUS MILES FORMAN

WHEN the Court was in summer quarters up in the hills at Staria it was generally very quiet, not to say sleepy, but this particular summer bade fair to be different, and the King, who had been hoping to slip inconspicuously away to Baden-Baden, was annoyed. There was something in the air. The four little states stirred, in the longest sleep they had ever known, opened, as it were, one eye apiece, and sniffed the breeze. They looked, by instinct, first southward to the Turk, then north toward Vienna, and then north by east. Decidedly there was something in the air. The four little states did not know what the something was nor whence it came, but it came from Berlin, travelling south in a devious fashion by way of Vienna, and it was very much disguised so as to smell like freedom and independence and glory. So the little ones looked furtively at one another, presently began to whisper, with precautionary glances to north and south, and the palace at Staria became, much to Ludwig Albert's disgust, the scene of much coming and going on the part of foreign gentlemen with portfolios, much closeting and sitting up of nights over despatches, much nodding of heads and wagging of mysterious fingers. The King said crossly to his younger brother that it was years since he had cared for comic opera, and Prince Boris, a serious soul, was very much shocked. He was heir apparent to the crown, since Ludwig Albert was a childless widower.

There was a large, dull dinner-party—"Why?" demanded Ludwig Albert, plaintively. "I ask you, why?"—and after it a ball attended by the local aristocracy for miles about and by many angry people from the capital. The King, who was always polite though usually bored, played his part in these two ceremonies with much graciousness, but he allowed himself a frank and

luxurious yawn of relief when midnight struck and the royal party retired from the ballroom.

In the large withdrawing-room beyond he bade good night to the Princess Anina, his sister-in-law, and saw her disappear with her ladies. His own aides and gentlemen-in-waiting he sent back to the ballroom to join in the informal dancing, and Prince Boris did the same.

"Well, thank God that's over with!" said his Majesty, lighting a cigarette. "Thank God for that." He asked, "You going to bed, Boris?" And his brother said:

"Now? Oh no, indeed. I have two or three hours' work to get through with the despatches from Sofia. And besides, Baron Tarnau wants to talk with me later."

The King grinned at him and shook his head. The gesture seemed to express wonder and a totally unenvious admiration.

"Despatches!" said he. "Chin with old Tarnau—old bones-and-leather Tarnau! My good brother, you're an extraordinary man. No wonder the people cheer you while I go by in a sober silence. You deserve it, my lad. You deserve it." He crossed to one of the open French windows which gave upon a moonlit garden, and he stood there for a brief time, his face uplifted to the fragrant gloom. But presently he turned back.

"What a night!" said the King. "What a heavenly night! It smells of all the cool sweet aromatic things that grow. Eh, what a night! It smells of romance. 'On such a night as this—' Ah!"

The King seated himself upon the edge of a great malachite and brass table, and swung one booted leg. His sword got in the way, but he shoved it aside. The King's face was smiling



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"HOW GOD MUST SNEER AT SUCH A BEING AS I!"

and his eyes very bright. He looked oddly boyish despite his forty years. He waved the half-smoked cigarette in a fine large gesture.

"D'you know where I should like to be to-night?" he demanded. "Do you?"

"No," said Prince Boris.

"Of course you don't!" cried his Majesty. "Of course you don't, my good brother. You wouldn't. Well, on such a night as this I should like to be driving slowly along the Corniche Road, up over the sea. Not in a noisy, smelly motor-car, mind you! Not at all! but in a comfortable open landau with a very beautiful and sympathetic lady beside me. And I should like to have all the other traffic suspended while I drove there—just she and I—and the deaf coachman—alone in the moonlight. I dare say I should recite poetry. Who knows?"

"And," said the King, smiling still his sweet and boyish smile, "if that couldn't be arranged, I should like almost as well the drive from Amalfi to Sorrento—with the same open landau, the same beautiful lady, the same deaf coachman. Indeed, I should not weep with distress if it were the drive over the Gravosa road from Ragusa." He nodded his head with a little laugh. "That's what I should like to do to-night," said he.

The heir apparent gazed at him in a disapproving silence. Privately he considered his brother a fool, and the King knew it and was amused. There was nothing romantic about Prince Boris. He was an ardent and hard-working patriot. He knew something of statecraft and longed to know more. Sometimes he dreamed that he was Bismarck, and awoke trembling with a stern joy. But if Ludwig Albert had had such a dream he would probably have perished then and there of sheer horror.

His Majesty got down off the malachite table and threw away his cigarette. He looked upon his brother's sober face with a twinkling eye, and the younger man flushed a little. There were times when he feared that the King regarded him with an inward humor, and he disliked humor. It was one of the few things he was afraid of. He turned away with a stiff word of farewell, but his

brother clapped him cheerily upon the shoulder and laughed. He said:

"Good night, Metternich! Get to your toil!" And Prince Boris said:

"Good night," and left the room. The King laughed again, lighted a fresh cigarette, and returned to the open window. He stood there for a little space, and then stepped out into the night.

Away at his left stretched that wing of the palace in which was the ballroom, and from the brightly lighted windows there came the sound of waltz music, and of voices, and the wind-like noise of dancing, which is made up of many gliding feet and of sweeping draperies. People were walking up and down the terrace outside the ballroom windows. The King could see the women's light frocks and hear the clank of sabres. But he turned his back and bore away to the right, across the palace gardens.

He came at last to a little space enclosed by close-set yews and cypresses and thick shrubbery. There was a fountain in the centre of the space which plashed very softly, and a tiny summer-house, a round pavilion, at the far side. Also there were stone benches. Somewhere near, heliotrope was growing, and the air was full of its scent. The lighted ballroom was out of sight here, and far away, so that the music came but faintly. The King, standing before the little dark summer-house, spoke a name. He said:

"Olga, are you here?" And some one stirred in the warm gloom within. She came out to him in silence, tall and slender in her white ball-dress. She wore no wrap save one of those Cairene scarfs of lace heavily embroidered with metallic silver. The moonlight flashed upon this, and upon a jewelled aigrette which she wore in her fair hair, and upon a single ornament at her breast, but it lay in a soft pearly glow across the woman's beautiful face and on her throat and shoulders. She put out her hands upon the King's breast, and, with an odd little gesture like a child's, she laid her face upon her hands and stood there without speaking. The King murmured her name again very gently.

"Have you been here long?" he asked, and the Countess Olga shook her head without raising it. But presently she said:

"I suppose it was not long. I don't know. Could it seem short to me?" She looked up into the King's face. "It is very ridiculous," she said, "but you have a strange power of making me like a child with you, Louis—like a girl. Minutes of waiting for you seem hours to me, and when you come I am tonguetied. I am like an awkward girl."

"And I, my very dear," said the King, "I, thank God! like a lad. I wouldn't have it otherwise." He gave a little laugh.

"I have been driving with you along the Corniche road in the moonlight," he said. The Countess Olga's raised eyebrows questioned him and he laughed again.

"It was," he explained, "only a form of baiting Boris. Worrying that excellent youth has become a vice with me. I can't resist it. What do you think he is doing now? Sitting up for hours over despatches—and plotting plots with old Tarnau!"

"Well," argued the Countess Olga, practically, "somebody has to do the work, since you won't." But the King cried out upon her in mock despair.

"You too, Olga! You too! Has nobody a kind word for a poor badgered monarch?" He held her beautiful head between his two hands, staring through the moonlit darkness into her eyes. His face was half grave, half gay.

"I believe," said he, "that in your secret soul you're one of them. I believe you'd nag me and prod me and harry me just like the others if you dared. You'd make a statesman of me like Boris, wouldn't you now, eh?"

"No, Louis!" she said, very gently. She pressed closer to him, as the King's arms slipped down about her shoulders, and for an instant she drew a sharp breath and closed her eyes. But after that she looked up once more, and she said again, "No!"

"I would have you happy," she said. "Just happy, if I could—though I had to wreck Traumland-Märchen to do it—though I had to ruin Europe, Louis. I just want you to be happy." The King uplifted his face to the starry sky, and it was both bitter and sweet. He cried her name again. It seemed to be all that he could say. But after a time he said:

"Now what a great and what a miserable thing am I! What a god and clod together! Here am I, Olga, athrill and swelling with love, rich unthinkably in the love you heap upon me, yet a manacled weakling! a crawling worm. Ah, I am sick with myself. A contemptible king, a cowardly lover. How God must sneer at such a being as I!"

The woman clapped her two sweet hands upon the King's mouth to silence him, and over them the King looked down upon her with eyes gone suddenly haggard and very bitter.

"You must not say that, Louis, Louis!" she cried, whispering. "I shall not let you say such things. Do I not know better?"

"Do you?" said he. "What do you know?"

"I know," she said, facing him in the moonlight, "how hateful your lot has been to you ever since you came to the throne. I know how you have hated all this mean and petty statecraft in a petty state, how it has worn you down and smothered you, until you have fallen into utter despair. I know what you are, Louis, the real you, deep down within. I know the sort of life you were meant for—made for. I know the sweetness and tenderness that are in you, the tears and laughter, the love of beautiful things, the passion for life and liberty. Ah, I know all that, and I know more. I know how, when we two met and came to—care for each other, how your love stood over me and yearned above me, sheltered me and protected me—even from yourself, my dearest dear, even from yourself! When you saw that you had but to open your arms, speak a little word, hold an instant's silence when silence would have been significant, did you do any of these things? From the beginning of time kings have boasted a sort of divine right to do them, but did you call me to you as you might have done, Louis? No. You sheltered me even from yourself. Ah, never say that you are ignoble after that! I know too well."

The King gave a single dry sob, and he put the woman gently from him and turned away. He went to one of the stone benches which were there and sat down upon it, covering his face. After a little the Countess Olga followed him,

sat close at his side, warm against him, leaned her beautiful head upon his shoulder. The King slipped to his knees and bowed his face over the Countess' lap. Her hands lay cool and sweet under his hot cheeks. She gave a little laugh, very tender and low.

"Why, see!" she cried. "A king kneels to me! And I am only a woman."

"To whom, then, should kings kneel?" said he, and the Countess Olga said quaintly:

"Why, to be sure, I don't know—to God, I suppose."

After a long time she said slowly, and halting over her words as though in doubt:

"Louis—I hardly know how to—it is difficult to speak. I wonder—"

"Oh, my dear," broke in the King, "need you hesitate to say anything to me—anything?" He had got to his feet and was standing before her. She nodded a frowning head.

"Yes—because I am only a woman, and women are held to be fools in political matters. Still—Louis, oughtn't you to take this—all this recent activity a little more seriously? Oughtn't you? Something is going to come of it this time, you know. The air's electric. Something is gathering, I think—a storm. Ought you to turn your back on it?"

The King laughed at her.

"Rubbish! It's nothing new. The same old vague dreams—imaginings—talk. Come! these Servian and Bulgarian agents have been hinting to you. Rubbish, my dear! They go through it regularly every three years. They talk and talk and draw new maps and talk again—and it comes to nothing. Why should I bother with them? Let Boris lose his sleep. He likes it."

"I have a feeling, Louis," said she, "that it's real this time. I feel it in my bones, as the old people say of a gathering storm. I feel that there are going to be changes. Certainly there will be if the Young Turks manage their *coup d'état*. Bulgaria will declare freedom then. You know that. And I suppose Montenegro will do something silly. Then Vienna will grab for Bosnia and the Herzegovina—and we shall all be fighting like cats." She looked anx-

iously up at him. "Oughtn't you to pay them a little more attention, Louis?—Baron Tarnau, I mean, and the foreign agents, and General Kitro and the Chamber. They—they aren't too well pleased, you know, with—well, with your indifference. There's been a great deal of criticism."

"I know!" the King cried. "Oh, I know. There's little love for me in Traumland. I'm sorry, but—no, hang it, let's be honest! Let me be honest, here to-night, at least! Olga, I know what they think of me, and—the worst of it is, the shameful part of it is, I don't care. I don't care a damn!" He shook a defiant fist in the direction of the palace across the gardens, and, as if to meet his defiance, the orchestra in the ball-room began at that instant to play a certain stirring and dearly loved waltz tune in which was incorporated the national anthem altered to three-four time.

"I'm sick of it all!" cried the King. "I'm sick of the whole wretched tuppenny ha'penny tangle of affairs. What is Traumland to me? A prison yard, a hateful prison yard with mountains for walls. Have I one drop of native blood in my body? Not one! What, after all, are we foreign princes here in the Balkans but hired overseers, wardens, agents? Charles of Hohenzollern! Ferdinand of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha! Ludwig Albert of Brandenburg! What real part have we with the people we were chosen to govern? Why, we wouldn't be here at all if the native royal lines had not died out centuries ago. Ah, I'm tired of it, Olga! I'm sick to the soul of it. I tell you my soul is sick within me."

The woman steadfastly regarded him, what though her heart may have bled.

"Yet, Louis, you are the King," said she. "Yet you are the King."

He tossed up his hands.

"The King"! Ay, the King! The chained and gilded puppet set on a pedestal for men to look at! The King! There is a curse upon that name. God pity kings!"

He began to walk back and forth before her in the moonlight, his head bent, his hands twisting together behind him. Sometimes he spoke—broken and incoherent words; sometimes was silent. He seemed to be waging some strange

and obscure war within himself. And the outcome of it was obscure, too; but when the King at last came to a halt, at last spoke once more, the flare of passion had died from him like a slowly quenched flame, leaving him spent and, as it were, worn. He stood looking down upon the woman who loved him, and he said very sadly:

"Olga! Olga!" He said: "Ah, my dear, to have been born a free man out in the free and splendid world! That I had not been born in a palace, Olga! Better a peasant, a clod among clods, for peasants are free, and I am a bondslave so long as life is in me. God pity kings!"

The woman's voice trembled and her hands trembled, twisting together in her lap, but she faced him inflexibly.

"Yet you are the King, Louis. You are the King."

He drew a deep sigh.

"I am doubly crowned," said he, "for I have your love." He bent over her hands and kissed them.

"I have your love," he said again, "and that is a better thing than any other man can boast. I think it will light me on my long way. Have no fear, Olga. I will do what I can."

Over his breakfast the next morning the King sent word that he would be pleased to have Prince Boris and Baron Tarnau (who was Minister for Foreign Affairs) wait upon him in an hour's time. He learned that both gentlemen had departed hastily by an early train for the capital, expecting to return before night. The King was annoyed.

"What the devil right has Tarnau to go skipping about like this without a word to me?" he demanded. It occurred to him that his own notorious indifference to public affairs had tacitly accorded such rights, and he was still more annoyed, being in a fine fever of righteous if somewhat tardy zeal. Withal, however, he was a philosophical man. He got into gaiters and a Norfolk jacket, clapped on his head a soft green hat with a little feather behind—it was in the early days of the green-hat pestilence which afterward spread so virulently athwart all Europe, and even, with force unabated, crossed the Atlantic, carried

doubtless by rats—and so set out for a walk in the forest. He carried a light rifle, for there were hares in the forest, and the King liked difficult and fancy shooting.

The Countess Olga sometimes walked in the royal forest—she was one of a very few who had and used that privilege—and it occurred to his Majesty that he might quite possibly meet her there; but though the thought of seeing her was, as always with him, like a dream of water to a man thirsty in a desert, a vision of food to the hungry, he hoped that it might not be so, for there was something he wished to accomplish first. He wished first to have written at least a word or two on that blank new-turned page.

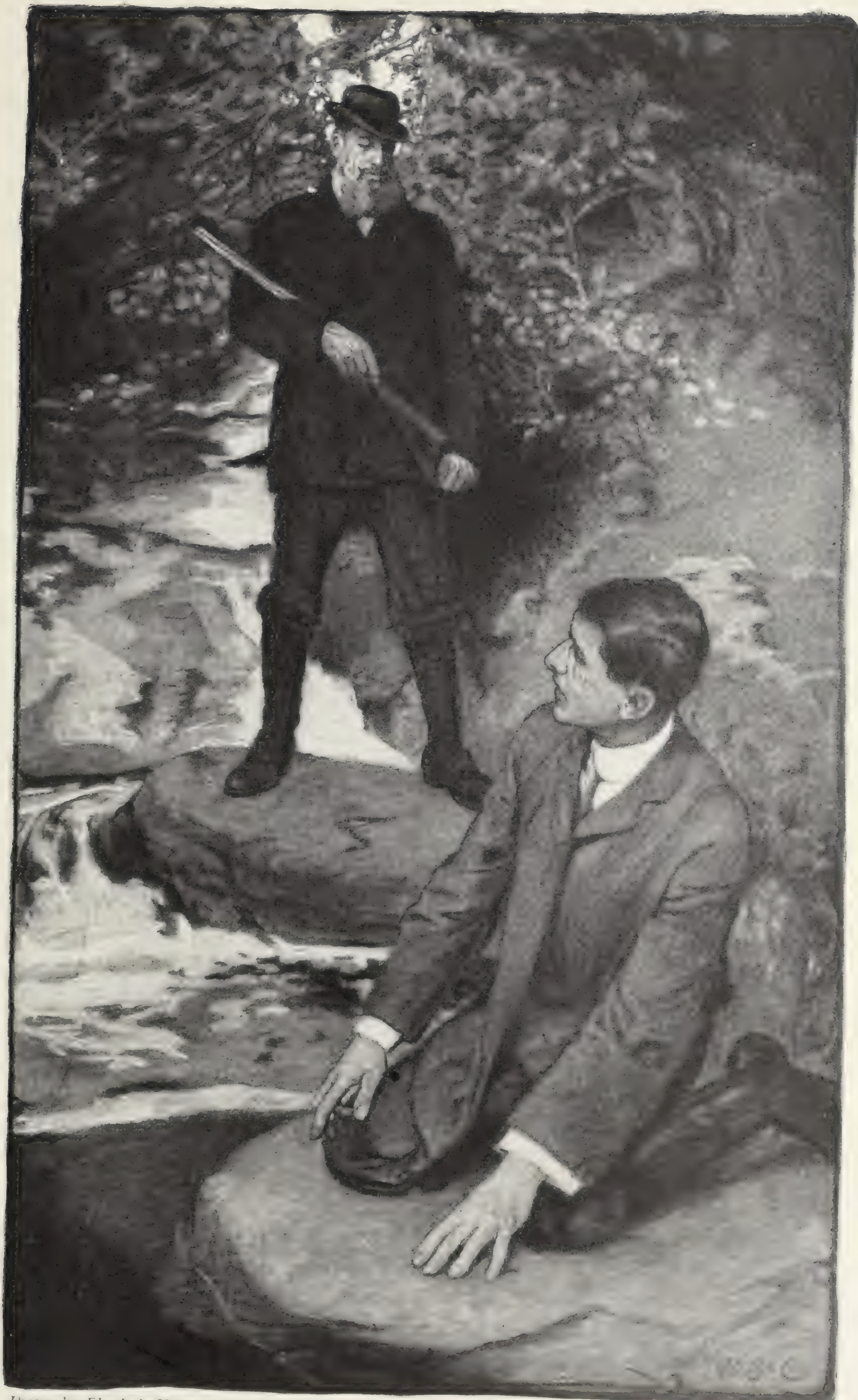
He came after some time to the verge of a certain little ravine which was called the Malik Gorge. He was pleasantly tired and a little warm. He sat down upon a moss-grown ledge of rock, laid the rifle beside him, and bared his head to the little fresh breeze. Below him the Ochrida leaped and plunged and foamed down through the gorge, broadened for a space into a still green pool, where the King had been known upon occasion to bathe, leaped again downward from that, a twenty-foot fall, was joined by another stream, and became a swollen river. The water was good mountain water, cold and sweet. The King looked upon it wistfully, and after a moment began to clamber down the steep bank, leaving rifle and green hat behind him. Beside the clear pool he drank, kneeling, from cupped hands, rose again refreshed, and was aware of a large quiet man with a spreading beard, who stood behind. A short carbine, such as were commonly carried by the forest keepers, lay across the large man's arm.

"Who the devil are you?" demanded the King, a little angrily, for he was startled.

"I am death, sire," said the man. His manner was respectful, but he neither bowed nor removed his hat. The King stared at him.

"You're what?"

"I am the messenger of death, sire," said the large quiet man. "I have come here to rid Traumland-Märchen of your Majesty because your Majesty is a mill-



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"I AM THE MESSENGER OF DEATH, SIRE"

stone about her neck." The King gave a short laugh, and his eyes sparkled a little. Physical danger induced in him a keen and pleasant thrill.

"Ah, I see!" he said. "An anarchist." But the stranger shook his head.

"No, sire. A messenger—a messenger from a great body of patriots, a messenger from many thousands of your Majesty's subjects. Your Majesty has heard of our league, perhaps?" And the King nodded. His face had turned grave, for now he knew that he was indeed in peril. He said:

"Yes, I have heard of the society. I knew it was—wide-spread." He glanced about him. "Shall we sit down? There is, I take it, plenty of time. We are far from the palace, and of course you know that I am alone." Without waiting for a reply he turned his back and went a little way from the water's edge to where a number of great boulders lay in the shade at the foot of the high bank. The King sat down upon one of these and waved a hospitable invitation, which the large man with the beard courteously declined, choosing to remain upon his feet a few paces distant. The King stared at him soberly, without rancor.

"A millstone round my country's neck!" he said, in a very thoughtful tone, and was then for a space silent. "Hard words, friend," said he.

"Are they not true, your Majesty?" asked the man with the spreading beard. And to that the King made no reply, but bent his head, and his hands moved together over his knees. There seemed to be an odd and novel shame upon him. Once more, after a time, he said:

"A millstone about my country's neck! . . . Hard words!"

"Your Majesty," said the other man, and the King looked up. The man pointed up the ravine where a notch in the hills opened upon the far mountains. "What does your Majesty see there?"

"I see," said the King, "the Kala Dagh—the mountains. And I see the Kara Gora peak and the Kitro pass. I did some fighting there once," he added, reflectively. "In '87. We held the Turks back from the Kitro pass. It wasn't badly done."

"It was well done," said the large quiet man, "and your Majesty fought like

a hero. We said then, we common folk, patriots, we said to ourselves: 'The Crown Prince is a man like his father the King. Thank God for our good Prince Ludwig!' We had high hopes in those days, sire, and when, five years ago, the King died, we wept, but we were not crushed, for our hopes were still strong and our faith secure. What have you done to our firm faith, your Majesty?"

Ludwig Albert looked up, nursing his knee.

"Wrecked it, I suppose. I ought to have warned you that I was a better soldier than monarch. I rather like fighting. It amuses me. It helps to pass the time. I like anything in the way of a sporting chance."

He laughed across at the other man, but presently sobered and remained for a little time gravely thoughtful. Once he made as if to speak, but shook his head and refrained. At last, as if he had settled with some definiteness what he wished to say, he looked up again.

"My father," he said, "was a great man." And the other cried a deep "Amen!" "He was an enthusiast," said the King. "When the Congress of Berlin gave you and the other small states a sort of independence in '78, and you chose my father to rule you, he was very glad to come. I was only a little boy then, but I remember how glad he was. You chose him, I take it, because he was the one available—that is to say, crownless—European royalty whom you knew and trusted. He had owned the castle and estate here at Staria and had spent his summers here for many years. So you knew him and knew his temper. He was, as I have said, glad to come. He was full of enthusiasm, and he had no sense of humor. He took the Balkans quite seriously. He was a king after your own heart. . . . Well, I haven't been at all.

"You see," said the King, with a smile, "I unfortunately inherited from my mother a sense of humor. My father was without it. You're without it. All patriots are without it. I will be quite frank with you. This so-called independence of little helpless states seems to me no independence at all worth having. I think Serbia and Bulgaria and Trau-land and the others would be much

better off if they were peaceable provinces. One day, of course, they will be so." The large man began a heated protest, but the King checked him.

"No; let me finish! I'm only stating my side. I'm not trying to convince you. When a man is sentenced to death he is asked if he has anything to say. I have something to say. Let me say it! I shall be brief. You know as well as I know that we owe our independence, our existence as a state, to the fact that for the present neither Austria nor Russia dares gobble us for fear of the other Powers. Also you ought to know that one day the other Powers will be sufficiently bribed and we shall be gobbled. We live in the most unstable condition of freedom that ever existed in this world. We have no real independence. If we should make war upon Servia tomorrow and defeat her—take Belgrad—we would be made to give up what we had taken and go home again. I say that such independence is not worth having. This is not the day of small states. The day has passed, and it will never return. There is a certain agitation in the air now. I do not know just what will be the immediate result, but I know that it will merely go to show the Powers how helpless and foolish we are hereabout: that it will put us one step farther on the way toward, not freedom, but absorption."

The King made a little gesture.

"Well, that's how I feel about it all, and that is why I have sat idle while the rest of you, including my good brother, have fretted and fumed and made plots and dreamed dreams. I haven't been the sort of king you wanted, have I? I didn't want to be a king at all. I heartily wish that Boris had been the elder of us two. You'd have adored Boris. I dare say you do now." He became more serious.

"I've been a bad king in every way. My disgust with it all has made me careless of matters where I might have served you. I've been a bad king. Oddly enough, only yesterday—last evening, some one—something called my attention to that, and made me realize how completely I had stood aside. I was—I made up my mind to turn a new leaf. I was going to try to do better, but I

dare say it would have come to nothing. Yes, I dare say. Habit is strong."

The King rose to his height and stretched his long arms slowly and luxuriously. He smothered a yawn.

"And so," said he, "you've found the solution!" He stared at the other man with a sudden sharp curiosity as if he were seeing him for the first time, and he looked at the quiet grim thing which lay across the man's arm. He gave a little shiver that seemed to express more distaste than fear.

"Death?" said he. "Death? It's so very unexpected! I—find myself rather unprepared. I hadn't thought of dying to-day." He made a brief sound of laughter, and after that he said once more, "Death!" He seemed to be trying to accustom himself to the thing. He took a few steps up and down the strip of sandy turf, his face by turns grave and gay. There was an unwonted color in his cheeks.

But at last, after a long silence, the King's bent head jerked up and became alert. He said:

"After all, why not? I dare say there's no doubt that I'd be better out of the way. Why not?" He looked up the ravine toward the far mountains, and down it to the valley and the broad plateau beyond. He could see farms and woods and villages there, a wide and quiet sweep of beautiful country, sunlit, with cloud shadows. He looked up to the pleasant sky and about him upon stream and pool and bracken. Life and the world must in that hour have seemed sweet to him, but the King turned with a cheerful smile to the grave man who stood waiting.

"I dare say it's best for everybody," said he. "This seems, as I look out upon it, a pleasant world, but I look upon it through iron bars, and I am very tired. I think I am glad that we two have met to-day. In God's name, let us get on with our business!" A sudden thought struck him.

"I take it for granted," said he, "I am clearing the way for Boris? Boris is to rule after me?" The man with the beard nodded; he seemed unable to speak just then, and the King said:

"Good! That will be satisfactory to every one—including Boris." He checked

himself to glance sharply at his executioner. The man's face was white and drawn. There were drops of moisture upon it, and his hands trembled violently about the weapon he carried.

"What's the matter?" the King asked. "Are you ill?" The other shook his head once more, seemed to make a very violent effort to control himself, and became calm, but his face was still white.

"I had not," said he, and paused to take breath—"I had not expected to find your Majesty in this—temper. It has perhaps unnerved me."

The King laughed, but at once turned grave. He said:

"Come, come, friend! You mustn't take it hard. Murdering kings is nervous business, I dare say. Yes, I dare say it's nervous business, but this time it seems to be in a good cause. I'll help you all I can. How—shall we— How did you think of doing it? With the carbine there?" The other gave a dry gasp. When after some effort he could speak he said:

"If—it could be made to seem like accident." And the King nodded, following the thought. He said:

"Yes, yes, I see. A murder just now would be bad for your cause—attract foreign attention unpleasantly. I see. What can we do?"

"There is the falls," said the other man, timidly. It was odd that in this hour it should have been victim, not executioner, who led in that strange business. The man with the spreading beard was all unstrung. His nerves had played him false.

The King looked at the twenty-foot sheer drop and at the broken rocks, the snarling water beneath. He took a single step toward them, and the other man watched him whitely. The King gave a little shuddering grimace.

"Frankly, I don't like it," said he. "Smashed and torn up—mutilated. I don't like it. . . . Still—" He frowned down upon the rushing torrent, and his hands gripped together behind him. Abruptly he turned with a wry smile. He could never be quite serious for very long. "I wonder," he said, "just how much I am thinking of Traumland in this, and how much of myself? I wonder what the proportions are? We're

all such damned posers!" said the King. "Ah!" The smile fled from his face, and he said in a new tone:

"One moment! I'm afraid I must ask you to let me write a brief message—a mere word—to some one. You'll see that it is delivered? It is purely personal, and will never be made public—a farewell to—a friend. I shall say that I'm about to die by my own hand; but only one living being will ever see the words or know of them." He pulled out a pencil and a bit of paper and wrote briefly. When he had finished he folded the paper, addressed it, and laid it upon the boulder where he had been sitting.

"And now," said the King, "I am ready to free Traumland-Märchen of the millstone which has been about her neck. I go out of this world willingly, for it has been a prison to me. Its light and joy I have only seen through a window.

"God save and prosper Traumland!" said the King. "God counsel King Boris! . . . Come, let us have done!"

He moved a step away, but halted there to wait for his executioner. The other man stared upon him piteously, white-faced, hollow-eyed. His hands fumbled about his weapon. After a moment he let this fall to the ground at his feet, and he withdrew a pocket-handkerchief and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

There came from the bank above them the slightest of all sounds and then a voice. The voice said quietly:

"Stand still where you are! If you move you will be shot." For one instant the man stood motionless, frozen, his arms half upraised, the handkerchief drooping from one hand. Then he gave a hoarse and inarticulate cry. He bent to the carbine which lay at his feet, but the King sprang at him, crouching low, and overbore him so that he fell heavily backward, and sprawled there at full length.

The King, with the carbine in his hands, looked to the top of the steep bank. He said:

"Come down, Olga!" And she came, slowly, with unsteady feet, her great eyes burning from a pallid face. When she had reached him she held to his arm for support, and for an instant hid her face against his shoulder, whispering his name:

"Louis! Louis!" The King's own little rifle trailed from one of her slack hands. Apart from the two the stranger with the spreading beard sat huddled by the waterside, his face bowed and hidden.

Ludwig bent over the woman's fair head and stroked it with his free hand. He asked:

"How long were you there, watching?" And she answered him:

"Ten minutes. Perhaps fifteen. First I came upon your hat and your rifle. Then I heard voices and listened. Then I covered—him with the rifle and waited." She roused herself with a quick movement and stood upright. "Shall you shoot him now, sire, or take him to the palace guards and give him in charge there?"

The King smiled at her, a smile she did not know, and it frightened her.

"Neither the one nor the other, my very dear," said he. "Wait!" He raised his voice to the man who crouched apart.

"Will you be good enough to go a little way along the ravine—out of ear-shot, and there wait for me?" The man, who had got to his feet, stared at the King with blank hopeless eyes, and the King nodded to him.

"I give you my word not to go away and not to do you harm. I took your weapon from you only to prevent your harming this lady in a moment of excitement. You have not failed, my friend. Go and wait for me!" The man went without a word, moving heavily with bent head and bowed shoulders. Then the King turned back to the woman who loved him. He was smiling still, but not in mirth. He took the Countess Olga's head between his hands and kissed her. He said:

"This, my dearest love, is good-by—a long good-by. You must not try to hinder me. If you have been listening, you know why it is right and proper for me to—to go. There is nothing else to be done. Traumland will be better without me. I had thought last night to turn a new leaf, but—you know me: I couldn't have kept to it.

"Kiss me, my dear," said the King, "and go and leave me. There is no other way."

She held him with her arms, gazing oddly into his face.

"Has it never occurred to you, Louis," she asked, "that there is another and very simple way? Is it possible that that has never occurred to you?"

"What other way?" he demanded, in a whisper, frowning.

"The simplest of all," said she. "Abdication, of course."

The King gave a sudden loud cry. With his two hands he held the woman away from him at arm's length, staring into her eyes. He hurt her, but neither of them knew that.

"Abdication!" said the King, under his breath. "Abdication!" He burst out with an instant's convulsive laughter.

"Why, I— As God lives, Olga—" The King's face was a frozen mask of sheer bewilderment.

"A child would have thought of it in the very beginning!" he cried. "The dullest child! And yet I—never for one instant has it occurred to me." Like all mankind before a new and crucial idea, he began to find flaws in it, objections, impossibilities. His tongue stammered at them in turn, gave over, and was silent. He said, whispering:

"Not—death, then?"

He nodded up the ravine.

"My friend yonder—he'd quite convinced me, you know—I felt he was right—death the only way. I was—ready for it—glad—in a fashion. I—" The King withdrew one hand and brushed it across his eyes. He was in a strange state. He had been too near death's threshold. The atmosphere of that dark house had breathed upon him, and return to the world was a wrench, a shock.

"Of course," said the King, patiently, "it is quite possible that this is a dream." But the Countess Olga cried out upon him with a loving anger. She held him almost fiercely with her strong arms.

"Am I a dream, Louis? Am I?"

She whispered to him, clinging very close, of delectable things—freedom, perfect and intoxicating freedom, the world to wander in, love unspeakable, her home to retreat to at will—Schloss Kochana away in the Prisniak hills. She laid her face to the King's face, gave him her lips. He felt the beat of her heart against his heart, and he knew that it was not a dream but all beautiful dreams come true.

Editor's Easy Chair

IN the beginning of the season which is called Silly, in the world of journalism, because the outer vacuity then responds to the inner, and the empty brain vainly interrogates the empty environment for something to write of, two friends of the Easy Chair offered to spend a holiday in search of material for a paper. The only conditions they made were that the Easy Chair should not exact material of weight or importance, but should gratefully accept whatever they brought back to it, and make the most of it. On these terms they set out on their labor of love.

By the time the sun had quitted the face of the vast apartment-house on which the day habitually broke, and had gone about its business of lighting and heating the city roofs and streets, the holiday companions were well on their way up the Third Avenue Elevated, toward that region of the Bronx which, in all their New York years, they had never yet visited. They exulted at each stop and start of the train in the long succession of streets which followed so fast upon one another that the guards gave up trying to call them out as a Hundred-and-so-many, and simply said Fifty-sixth, and Sixty-sixth, and Seventy-seventh Street. This slight of their duty to the public comported agreeably with the slipshod effectiveness of the whole apparatus of the New York life: the rows and rows of shops, the rows and rows of flats, the rows and rows of back yards with miles of wash flying in the soft May wind, which, probably, the people in the open car ahead felt almost a gale.

When the train got as far as the composite ugliness of the ships and tugs and drawbridges of Harlem River, the companions accepted the ensemble as picturesqueness and did not require beauty of it. Once they did get beauty in a certain civic building which fronted the track and let fall a double stairway

from its level in a way to recall the Spanish Steps and to get itself likened to the Trinità de' Monti at Rome.

It was of course like that only in their fond remembrance, but this was not the only Roman quality in their cup of pleasure that day; and they did not care to inquire whether it was merely the flavoring extract of fancy, or was a genuine infusion from the Italian sky overhead, the classic architectural forms, the loosely straggling grass, the flowering woods, the rapture of the birds, the stretches of the river, the tumbling rapids, which so delicately intoxicated them. There was a certain fountain gave a peculiar authenticity to their draught, as of some assurance blown in the bottle from which their joy-draught was poured. Nowhere else but in Rome could they have imagined such a group of bronze men and maidens and web-footed horses struggling so bravely, so aimlessly (except to show their figures), in a shallow bowl from which the water spilled so unstintedly over white marble brims beginning to paint themselves palely green.

At the end of their glad day this fountain came last of the things that made Bronx Park such a paradise for eight hours; though it might have been their first delight if they had taken one way about instead of another in their tour of the large, easy pleasaunce. But suddenly at half past eleven they found themselves ravenously hungry, and demanded to be driven to the best restaurant by the shortest way that the mild youth whom they fell to at once inside the park gate could find.

He had the very horse he ought to have had—old, weary, infirm, decently hiding its disabilities under a blanket, and when this was stripped away, confessing them in a start so reluctant that they had to be explained as the stiffness natural to any young, strong, and fresh horse from resting too long. It did, in fact, become more animated as time went

on, and perhaps it began to take an interest in the landscape left so charmingly wild wherever it could be. It apparently liked being alive there with its fares, kindred spirits, who could appreciate the privacy of a bland Monday after the popular outing of the day before. Almost nobody else was in the park. For a time they noted only a young fellow with a shut book in his hand taking his way up a woody slope, and fading into a green shadow; but presently they came to a grassy point running down to the road, where, under a tree, there was a young mother sitting with an open book in her lap, and, a little way from her outstretched little foot, her baby asleep in the smallest of go-carts: the collapsible sort that you can fold and carry in the cars and then unfold for use when you come to the right place. The baby had a white sunbonnet, and a thick fringe of her straw-colored hair came out over her forehead under it, and when the companions smiled together at the baby, and the horse intelligently faltered, the young mother fluttered the idle leaves of her book with her hand, and smiled back at them, and took the credit of the little one, not unkindly, yet proudly. They said it was all as nice as it could be, and they were still so content in her and her baby that when they had to drive out of the park to cross a street to the section where the restaurant and the menagerie were, they waited deferentially for a long, long funeral to get by. They felt pity for the bereaved, and then admiration for people who could afford to have so many carriages; and they made their driver ask the mounted policeman whose funeral it was. He addressed the policeman by name, and the companions felt included in the circle of an acquaintance where a good deal of domesticity seemed to prevail. The policeman would not join in the conjecture that it was some distinguished person; he did not give his reasons; and the pair began to fret at their delay, and mentally to hurry that poor unknown underground: so short is our patience with the dead! When at last their driver went up round the endless queue of hacks, it suddenly came to an end; and they were again in the park, and among the cages and pens and ranges of the

animals, in the midst of which their own restaurant appeared. An Italian band of mandolins and guitars was already at noonday softly murmuring and whimpering in the corner of the veranda where the tables were set; and they got an amiable old waiter, whose fault it was not if spring-lamb matures so early in the summer of its brief term as to seem last-fall-lamb. There is no good reason either to suppose he did not really believe in the peas. But why will peas that know they have been the whole winter in the can pretend to be just out of the pod? Doubtless it is for every implication that all vegetation is of one ichor with humanity; but the waiter was honester than the peas. He telephoned for two wheeled chairs, and then said he had countermanded them because they would be half an hour coming; but again he telephoned, for by this time the pair had learned that they might drive into the zoological grounds, but not drive round them; and they saw from the window the sun smoking hot on the asphalt paths their feet must press.

While the chairs lingered on the way, they went to get what comfort they could from the bears, whose house was near at hand. They might well have learned patience here from a bear trying to cope with a mocking cask in a pool. He pushed it under the water with his paw and held it hard down; when he turned away as if *that* cask were done for, there it was bobbing about on the surface, and he had to down it again and hold it under till life seemed extinct. At last he gave it up and left it floating in triumph, but one could infer with what perseverance he would renew the struggle presently.

There might have been too many bears; but this was the fault of all their fellow captives except perhaps the elephants. One cannot really have enough of elephants; and one would have liked a whole herd of giraffes, and a whole troop of gnus would not have glutted one's pleasure in their goat-faces, cow-heads, horse-tails, and pig-feet. But why so many snakes of a kind; why such a multiplicity of crocodiles; why even more than one of that special pattern of Mexican iguana which looked as if cut out of zinc and painted a dull Paris green; why, above all, so many small mammals?

Small mammals was the favorite phrase of the friendly colored chair-man, who by this time had appeared with an old-soldier comrade and was pushing the companions about from house to house and cage to cage. Small mammals, he warned them, were of an offensive odor, and he was right; but he was proud of them, and of such scientific knowledge of them as he had. The old soldier did not pretend to have any such knowledge. He fell into a natural subordination, and let his colored superior lead the way mostly, though he asserted the principle that this is a white man's country by pushing first to the lions' house instead of going to the flying-cage, as his dark comrade instructed him.

It was his sole revolt. "But what," we hear the reader asking, "is the flying-cage?" We have not come to that yet; we are lingering still at the lions' house, where two of the most amiable lions in the world smilingly illustrate the effect of civilization in such of their savage species as are born in the genial captivity of Bronx Park. We are staying a moment in the cool stone stable of the elephants and the rhinoceroses and the hippopotamuses; we are fondly clinging to the wires of the cages where the hermit-thrushes, snatched from their loved solitude and mixed with an indiscriminate company of bolder birds, tune their angelic notes only in a tentative staccato; we are standing rapt before the awful bell-bird ringing his sharp, unchanging, unceasing peal, as unconscious of us as if he had us in the heart of his tropical forest; we are waiting for the mighty blue Brazilian macaw to catch our names and syllable them to the shrieking, shrilling, snarling society of parrots trapezing and acrobating about him; we are even stopping to see the white peacock wearing her heart out and her tail out against her imprisoning wires; we are delaying to let the flying-cage burst upon us in the unrivalled immensity promised. That is, we are doing all this in the personalities of those holiday companions, who generously found the cage as wide and high as their chair-men wished, and gratefully gloated upon its pelicans and storks and cranes and swans and wild geese and wood-ducks, and curlews and sea-pigeons, and gulls, and whatever other

water-fowl soars and swims. It was well, they felt, to have had this kept for the last, with its great lesson of a communistic captivity in which all nations of men might be cooped together in amity and equality, instead of being, as now, shut up each in his own cell of need and fear.

Not having come in an automobile, the companions were forced by an invidious regulation to find their carriage outside the gate of the Concourse; but neither the horse nor the driver seemed to feel the slight of the discrimination. They started off to complete the round of the park with all their morning cheerfulness and more; for they had now added several dollars to their tariff of charges by the delay of their fares, and they might well be gayer. Their fares did not refuse to share their mood, and when they crossed the Bronx and came into the region of the walks and drives, they were even gayer than their horse and man. These were more used to the smooth level of the river where it stretched itself out between its meadowy shores and mirrored the blue heaven, rough with dusky white clouds, in its bosom; they could not feel, as their fares did, the novelty in the beauty of that hollow, that wide grassy cup by which they drove, bathed in the flowery and blossomy sweetness that filled it to its wood-bordered brim.

But what is the use of counting one by one the joys of a day so richly jewelled with delight? Rather let us heap them at once in the reader's lap and not try to part the recurrence of the level-branched dogwoods in bloom; the sunny and the shadowy reaches of the woods still in the silken filminess of their fresh young leaves; the grass springing slenderly, tenderly on the unmown slopes of the roadsides, or giving up its life in spicy sweetness from the scythe; the gardeners pausing from their leisurely employ, and once in the person of their foreman touching their hats to the companions; the wistaria-garlanded cottage of the keeper of the estate now ceded to the city; the Gothic stable of the former proprietor looking like a Gothic chapel in its dell; the stone mansion on its height opening to curiosity a vague collection of minerals, and recalling with

its dim hard-wood interior the ineffectual state of a time already further outdated than any colonial prime; the old snuff-mill of the founders, hard by; the dam breaking into foam in the valley below; the rustic bridge crossing from shore to shore with steel-engraving figures leaning on its parapet, and other steel-engraving presences by the water's brink.

The supreme charm is that you are so free to all things in that generous park; that you may touch them and test them by every sense; that you may stray among the trees, and lie down upon the grass, and possess yourself indiscriminately of them quite as if they were your own.

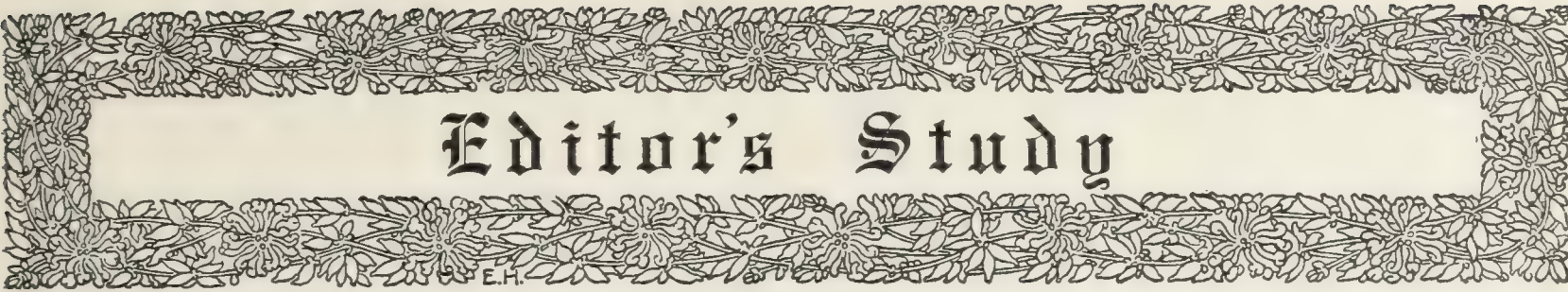
They are indeed yours in the nobler sense of public proprietorship which will one day, no doubt, supersede all private ownership. You have your share of the lands and waters, the birds in the cages and the beasts, from the lions and elephants in their palaces, and the giraffes freely browsing and grazing in their paddock, down to the smallest of the small mammals giving their odor in their pens. You have as much right as another to the sculptures (all hand-carved, as your colored chair-man will repeatedly tell you) on the mansions of the lordlier brutes, and there is none to dispute your just portion of the Paris-green zinc iguana, for you have helped pay for them all.

The key-word of this reflection makes you anxious to find whether your driver will make you pay him too much, but when you tot up the hours by his tariff, and timidly suggest that it will be so many dollars and offer him a bill for the same, he surprises you by saying, No, he owes you fifty cents on that; and paying it back.

Such at least was the endearing experience of the companions at the end of their day's pleasure. Not that it was really the end, for there was the airy swoop homeward in the Elevated train, through all that ugly picturesqueness of bridges and boats and blocks of buildings, with the added interest of seeing the back-flying streets below now full of

children let loose from school for the afternoon, and possessing the roadways and sidewalks as if these, too, were common property like the park. It seemed to the companions that the children increased toward the shabbier waterside, and decreased wherever the houses looked better, through that mystical law of population by which poverty is richer than prosperity is in children. They could see them yelling and screaming at their games, though they could not hear them, and they yelled and screamed the louder to the eye because they were visibly for the greatest part boys. If they were the offspring of alien parents, they might be a proof of American decay; but, on the other hand, the preponderance of boys was in repair of that disproportion of the sexes which in the East of these States is such a crying evil.

Perhaps it was the behavior of the child in the opposite seat which made the companions think of girls as a crying evil; the mental operations are so devious and capricious; but this child was really a girl. She was a pretty child and prettily dressed, with a little face full of a petulant and wilful charm, which might well have been too much for her weak, meek young mother. She wanted to be leaning more than half out of the window and looking both ways at once, and she fought away the feebly restraining hands with sharp bird-like shrieks, so that the companions expected every moment to see her succeed in dashing herself to death, and suffered many things from their fear. When it seemed as if nothing could save them, the guard came in and told the weak, meek mother that the child must not lean out of the window. Instantly, such is the force of all constituted authority among us, the child sat down quietly in her mother's lap, and for the rest of the journey remained an example to angels, so that the companions could rejoice as much in her goodness as in her loveliness. She became, indeed, the crown of their happy day: a day so happy that now in the faint air of August it is hard to believe it even of May.



Editor's Study

NO creature is so absolutely dependent upon an already developed humanity as the human child. It can pass from infancy to articulate speech only because a language, already made and familiar to its elders, waits upon it. It can have no definite acquaintance with anything to which it is not introduced. Manners and customs it takes by induction, as it does every form of social expression and conduct. Its plays and games, if they take definite form, are traditional, the older children teaching the younger. By inclination as well as by a necessarily traditional course of training, the child is turned toward the older fashions; and its dramatic instinct leads in the same direction, as the girls mother their dolls and the boys assume older masculine parts. The sense of dependence begets docility and docility imitation, which implies a natural deference and piety. In so far as a child is by circumstances deprived of formal training and the stimulus of leadership, its activities result in phenomena the most trivial and insignificant.

The child contradicts the most distinctive qualities of childhood. Wordsworth divined this tendency when, in his celebrated Ode, he says:

"Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity."

He pictures the "six years' darling"—

"Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's
eyes"

—shaping, "with newly learned art," plans of the maturer life, of which he can but dream:

"A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral.

Then will be fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife.

Why with such earnest pains dost thou
provoke

The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at
strife?"

It is only to maturity that the intimations of childhood are plain, when "the glory and the dream" are past. For a sense of its own powers the child is dependent upon the clearer vision of its elders. If the parents have no such vision, it is well that the child is committed largely to teachers—and, if these have not the vision, then its dependence must be upon such inspiration as it may derive from culture-tendencies which are independent of formal systems and, in our day, more dominant than these.

After all the time and thought which have been given to child-study, the question, What shall we do with the child? remains, beset with as much confusion of thought as any other social problem. The study of the child, in so far as it has been uninfluenced by preconceptions and has followed scientific methods, has resulted in important disclosures, physiological and psychological, which ought to be helpfully suggestive—especially as to our method of appeal to the childish mind. But our object in discovering the aptitudes and inclinations of children is as much to determine how far they are to be checked or changed as how far they should be followed or confirmed.

While the child has, theoretically, freedom of will, it is practically our choice that determines its action. Environment is effectively persuasive. The child as eagerly imitates and follows outward custom as it assimilates food, long before any alternative is apparent and therefore before any choice, in the proper sense of the term, is possible. It is absolutely dependent upon human society, which dominates it, even to such an extent as to be able to thwart or prevent Nature's wise and beautiful physiological equipment and nurture.

The powers lodged in childhood—so wonderful that Coleridge defined genius as these powers maintained into the period of maturity—are held in abeyance. The child itself is unaware of them, and

only the wisest of its elders hold the key to their release. If they are not thus released by some inspirational leadership, but must await the rare chance of awakening from some note heard in later life, then the children must be denied childhood—must themselves deny it, and, freighted with prophecy as they are, must present the puny spectacle of apery and trivial antics, as unwary young Achilles in his maidish garb for a time denied his heroic destiny.

Evidently, while we exalt childhood, accepting it as the type of heavenliness, and looking forward to its ultimate leadership of us, when it shall have come into full realization of its powers, and while we reverently wait upon it, yet we cannot go to the child, as we find it, and learn from it how best to help and guide its immature course. Upon every generation in the fulness of its youth devolves its twofold mission—the leadership of its elders and the guidance of children. The men and the women take different parts in the fulfilment of this mission. What this diversity seems to us suggestively indicated in Josephine Daskam Bacon's story, in this number, "The Castle on the Dunes." If we read the allegory aright, it is to men that we are to look for the dream, the fertilizing imagination, the inspiration, and to women for practical realization and embodiment. It is a far-reaching interpretation, confirmed by the most advanced experimental working of all social organizations in whose schemes helpful human sympathy is a predominant factor. As it relates to educational work, this distribution of function promises an adequate safeguard against the sterility of a wholly feminized culture.

With all our advance, we have not yet reached that harmony—though we may have divined its secret—by which the family, the school, the church, and the state shall effectively co-operate for the wisest treatment of the child. Such a consummation implies a new perspective of values that shall prevent the reckless waste of social energy and resource in chaotic strifes between parties, classes, sects, and peoples—strifes by which we still incur the imputation of barbarism. We cannot fully comprehend childhood until as a society we have at

least its innocence and candor, and unsophisticated simplicity—qualities which constitute its obvious charm, apparent without any profound study of the child and independently of the positive values disclosed by the realization of its latent powers. These qualities, negative as they seem, are the indispensable conditions of the highest spiritual development of humanity; they imply social regeneration. We shall have no better Evangel than that telling us we must be born again and become as little children.

It follows—and this is the beginning of our wisdom in the treatment of children—that there must be no "offence to these little ones." We have advanced far enough to divine—so far as our limitations will allow—the meaning of this injunction. We must not stand in the child's way, but must be in the way with it and help it to the realization of childhood. We cannot let it alone. It is our privilege to respect its tenderness, to relieve it of heavy burdens, of untimely cares and responsibilities, and of unnatural solitudes, and to secure it leisure—remembering that our word for school originally means just that. It is the family that first of all has the child in hand. Here, fortunately, benevolent, if not always beneficent, instincts prevail, so far compensating for the mistakes of ignorance that only in exceptional instances would it seem wise to substitute for this natural care any less affectional system. The child is at a very early age brought under other than domestic influences in secular and religious institutions, where mistaken tendencies are likely to be corrected and those which are wholesome to be confirmed. These formal institutions have their own defects, mostly the defects of their excellences, but they are conservative in their general effect upon the young, and, while open to the influences of a constantly advancing world-culture, they hold back the boy and girl from a too sudden plunge into modernism. The English public school performs this wisely conservative function more effectively than the American. In neither, happily, is the pupil allowed to determine his course of study.

It is not desirable that the boy and girl under fourteen years of age—and it is

these we are now considering—should have their faces turned resolutely toward the future. It is better that they should be affected by the extremely advanced tendencies of their time—properly dominant in those who have passed adolescence—not directly, but only as inevitably reflected upon them in their sheltered seclusion by unaggressive elders who respect that seclusion. The precocious gulping of ultra-modernism would induce mental and moral indigestion.

The indiscriminate reading by these very young people of even the best advanced fiction should be deprecated. George Meredith, Thomas Hardy, Henry James, and the novelists who have followed in similar lines, have had no such audience in view and would not naturally appeal to it. Of all the Victorian novelists, Dickens especially commends himself to the child, while Thackeray and Ainsworth are especially to be recommended, along with Sir Walter Scott, of an earlier period, for their vivid and masterly portraiture of a by-gone pageantry.

The child, without judicious guidance, would select of current literature the worst, while the most distinctively modern examples are unsuited to it, requiring maturity for their appreciation. Such contemporary adepts in the field of romance as Hewlett and James Branch Cabell must wait for that riper time. The finest examples in current literature directly relating to childhood overleap the minds of children themselves and appeal rather to grown-up readers. Even Kenneth Grahame—excepting his latest book *The Wind in the Willows*, which, barring a single fine episode, is not in the same world with his earlier work—has given us imaginative reminiscences of childhood which would seem alien to any but the exceptional child. The really new literature is for the most part remote from the ready appreciation of the child. It is just that spectacular, that romantically picturesque and picturesquely romantic world which the new literature has abandoned that is, and should be, the cherished possession of the youthful imagination.

It is in books that this youthful imagination must find its main satisfaction—especially in the great old books. The

present revival of pageantry—which may be called a revival only in a general sense, since our pageants are, in their whole scheme and motive, different from those witnessed in former times, being contrived rather than spontaneous—has, and is intended to have, a distinct educational value for the young, quickening their interest in the historic past, not only recalling critical events, but, in a vivid appeal to the eye, giving them their old picturesque habit and color. The spectacle tempts to the reading of history for a deeper sense of the hidden meaning. But history need not be pursued by the child for full and precise information, and still less for philosophical interpretation. It may well be merely an impressive drama until a later period. Plutarch and Rollin served in ancient history most of the boys from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century. The appeal to the child's imagination through the masterpieces of past literature, including the Bible and Shakespeare's plays, whatever else is left out, is the most essential thing. Cervantes' *Don Quixote* should supplement the Waverley Novels. It is to be regretted that the study of Latin and Greek has lost its old place in the early training of children. But, if not in the original, Homer and Virgil should be read in the best translations. Greek mythology seems indispensable, and that of the Northern races is hardly less important for its imaginative values, and though not so intimately associated with all classic poetry from Homer to Tennyson, is closely blended with the heroic and romantic legends of our pagan forebears, and has now a fresh significance from the development of Nibelungen themes in the modern opera. Folk-lore tales—including the ever-cherished fairy story—from the ancient Metamorphoses to Uncle Remus, are the native heritage of children, and to a great extent freely shared by them before they learn their letters.

All these creations of human genius—whether of the individual or of the race—belong to the child, and if it is defrauded of them, or if they are postponed, being displaced by juvenile concoctions deemed more useful and didactic, the native appetite for them will be lost

and with difficulty recovered at a later period. The public school should help children to their own by direct suggestion and by such arrangement of the course of study as shall allow abundant leisure for reading. It is wisely, as a part of its curriculum, familiarizing Shakespeare to its pupils, so that the poet is now more generally read by children than ever before. The public librarian should temptingly lead children to the old masters, especially to those of English literature.

The great books of the past, in purely imaginative literature, are, as a rule, as easy to the child as they are congenial. The exceptions belong to the riper and more sophisticated periods of civilization. Greek tragedy, unlike Shakespeare's, involves alien and complex conceptions for the English-speaking child, and may well be reserved for the college course. Rabelais meant much for Laurence Sterne in his boyhood, but we may for the boy of to-day as willingly forego his values as we would those of Sterne himself. So with Boccaccio. The trivialities of Le Sage's *Gil Blas* will not be missed from the boy's world. But Bunyan he needs not only for his idiomatic English speech, but for his downright English earnestness. Milton's epics will not serve the same purpose as Bunyan's religious allegories and the biography of Cromwell will—that of bringing him face to face with the Puritan. Here he is at the barren extreme of opposition to all pageantry, and it may be that he will choose the pageantry, along with the Cavalier. It is a matter of temperament to some extent, but still more of environment, and his predilection either way will do him no harm—it will not last.

We are not disposed to push any theory as to our leading of the children, even in this matter of old books. It is well if the child has eager mental curiosity as well as that longing for romance which is satisfied by the picturesque and dramatic presentment of the past in poem or story. After all, this longing is only for romance in another form. The fairytales of science as told by Tyndall or Huxley may be more fascinating to many

boys of to-day than Spenser's *Faerie Queene* or Tennyson's *Idyls of the King*; and these boys will find more satisfaction in new than in old books, and will more quickly and firmly set their faces toward the future. But even for them it is fortunate if their ardent quest of new knowledge has, from earlier reading, the contrasting background of that past ignorance which permitted an exceedingly interesting play of the human imagination about both worldly and other-worldly concerns.

In whatever form of investment the Field of Wonder is opened to the child's mind, much of current book and periodical literature will have an important relation to it. As for the adolescent and adult no five-foot bookshelf will suffice for culture, so for the earlier period there should be no arbitrary restriction to old books or even to the great books. Let us give the child leisure and the liberty of its literary realm, and be content with the suggestive guidance its inexperience absolutely needs.

The essential thing is that childhood should be open to the main and characteristic currents of the past—not for information so much as for impressions. We must not underrate the value of the illusions which have in former times so strongly impressed the imagination that they have seemed realities. The older type of chivalry has a meaning for the child which it should not miss. So have all the older types of faith and romance, of beauty, nobility, and loyalty. They represent the aspirations of humanity, the spontaneous and creative embodiments of its ideals. Let children, in so far as in our modern environment they can, feel the reality of the old investments. Do not rob them even of the ghost.

It is better that the child should of itself grow into the dawn of a clearer day, as humanity has come into its modernism. If we take pains, from the very first, to set it logically right, then there can be no such real disillusionment as comes naturally—as naturally as the myth of Santa Claus vanishes, after it has served. If there is nothing to react against, there can be no reaction.

Editor's Drawer

The Crating of Edna's Hat

BY J. D. WHITNEY

EUTERPE was a young person who frequently came to see Mrs. Francklyn, but I was never particularly interested in her. Often she used to prove valuable as a work of reference on matters of a feminine connotation, and I am compelled to admit that, no matter how often I consulted her, the process was never other than restful to the eyes.

Mrs. Francklyn was the estimable, middle-aged relative whose house afforded me habitation during the two years I spent conning the *Revised Statutes of New York* and doing other light reading in a down-town law-office.

"What is *écru*?" I asked one day, when Euterpe had run in.

"A color," said Euterpe.

"Yes, but what color?"

"A sort of corn-color," said Mrs. Francklyn.

"And are *écru* net waists those things made out of mosquito-netting?" I asked further.

"Last year's mosquito-netting," said Euterpe.

"Mosquito-bar dipped in coffee," added Mrs. Francklyn.

"Trimmed with lace?" I asked.

"Sometimes," said Euterpe. "But what makes you ask all this foolishness? I suppose you've come to the 1909 fashions in the *Revised Statutes*."

"Not at all," I replied. "I'm merely getting data for a very important commission which a young lady sent me."

And I drew forth a letter in which was this paragraph:

"Be a dear boy and get me an *écru* net waist. I haven't a thing here, and I need something to wear with my suit afternoons. The dressier the better. I am enclosing the necessary measurements and am sending ten dollars."

Edna, the signer of the letter, was an intimate family friend about two years my senior. She had always been famous in our circle for her small waist and regal bearing, by which, since my early days, I had been properly dazzled. A current belief of long

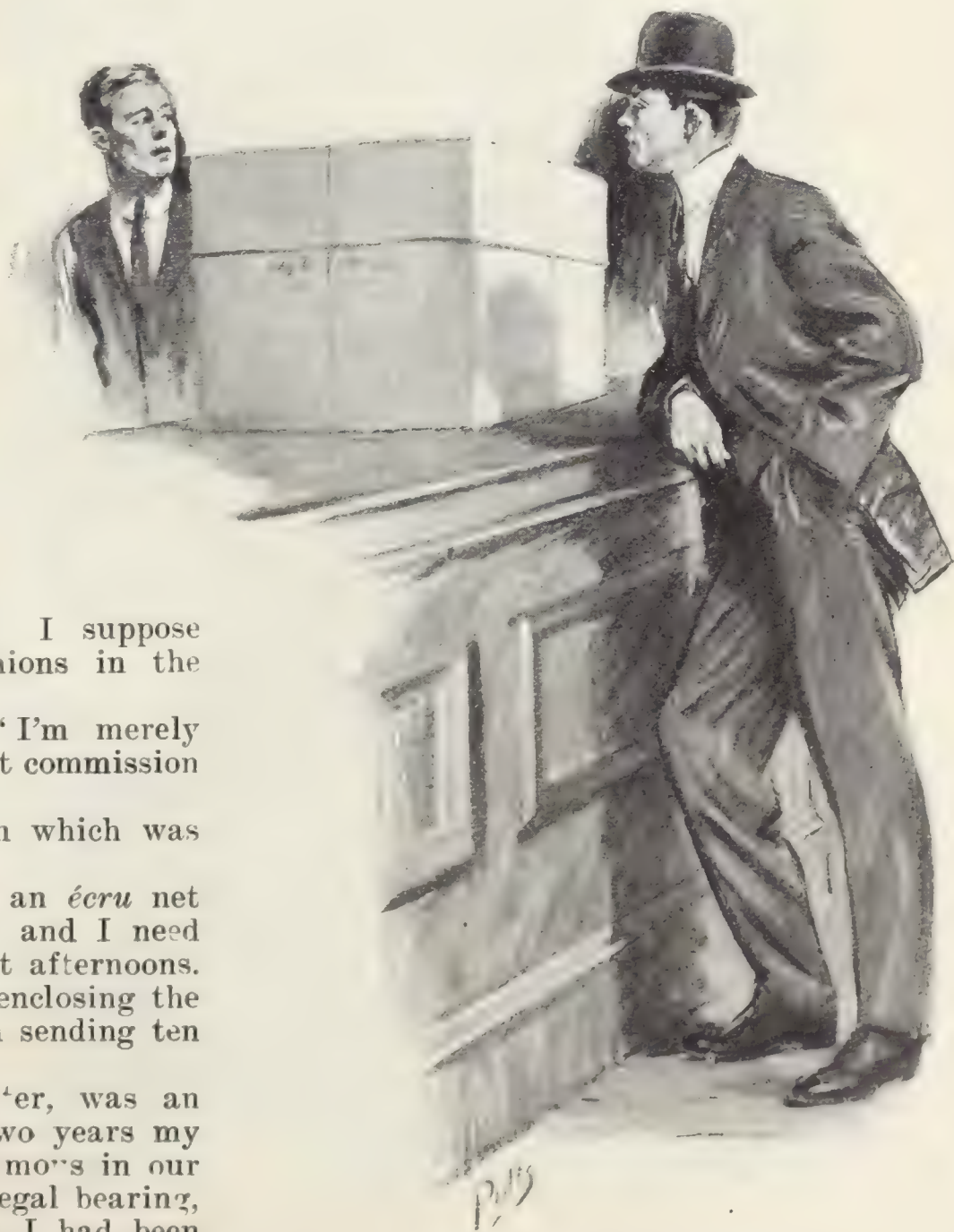
years' standing in our family that I would marry Edna had been accepted by me unquestioningly, although I had never formally mentioned the fact to her.

"Is that *écru* that Euterpe has on?" I asked Mrs. Francklyn.

"Yes, that's it."

"She looks very nice in it," I said, while the namesake of the ancient muse blushed.

"When are you going to buy this waist?" ventured Euterpe. "I understood you to say that your employers kept their young legal light so busy that he couldn't even take Mrs. Francklyn to the symphony tomorrow afternoon."



"YOU'LL HAVE TO CRATE IT"

"Oh, I shall just run out at noon," I said, "and buy it in about a minute."

But, though I said this with much apparent calmness, I knew that the hunt might be a long one. So I took the Sunday paper with me on the Subway and looked through the dry-goods advertisements. Finally I came to: "All-over Net Waists with Real Lace—Were \$18, Now \$9.75."

At noon I went to the place named and immediately bought a very handsome affair, which was *écru* and net the correct size and \$9.75. It seemed the easiest thing I had done in all my twenty-one years. Edna's change lay in my hand and invited further purchases. Puffed up with pride, I looked about me for other worlds to conquer. I saw trimmed hats for \$2.

I feel that my feminine readers are already smiling pityingly at the statement that there were hats for \$2. Yet certainly there were some very handsome hats, constructed on lines of the greatest magnificence and embellished with scarfs, ribbons, feathers, and dozens of knickknacks at whose name one could only guess.

I chose a dark-gray one with a scarf of a soft, dull green rosetted flatly on the crown and draped becomingly over one edge.

Of course I besought Edna to wear a hat of this sort, building up her raven tresses to satisfy its grandeur. Now I should give her the hat, or the better part of it, to emphasize the hint.

The wonderful creation was put in a box, and I made my way down the street toward an express office. A stiff January wind was blowing, and I began to notice the remarkable size of the box. It was six inches larger each way than the hat called for, and the enormity of its proportions grew on me.

Finally, when, eyes blinded with dust, I reached the express office, I became the spectacle of Broadway, as I tried to go through the revolving door with grace.

"Is there any reason," I asked the receiving-clerk, "why this box of mastodonic millinery shouldn't go safely just as it is?"

"All the reasons in the world," the clerk replied.

"Name some of the principal ones," said I, with some asperity.

"The first is that it would get smashed," said the clerk. "The third, fourth, seventh, and ninth are the same."

"Can't I mark it 'Fragile'?"

"Sure, mark it all you want to. But the markings won't do any good when the train goes around the sharp curves; one man can't stand and watch your box all the time. This box isn't shipable, and it's against the rules to receive it."

"What am I going to do about it?"

"You'll have to crate it."

I am free to confess that the idea of crating a hat had never occurred to me before. It was one calculated to make a French milliner—a maker of *confections*—sit down and weep. But the more I thought about it, the more it seemed to me an excellent one. The clerk directed me to a carpenter-shop around the corner.

"Do you want to undertake a big building contract?" I asked the man of saws and plumb lines. "How much will it cost to put a few strips around the corners of this box?"

"One dollar," said he.

I walked out the door. Freeman never will be slaves—and all that sort of thing.

"Sooner than pay one dollar for crating and another for expressage on a two-dollar hat, I'll keep it



A POLICEMAN BROUGHT THE REMAINS AND HANDED THEM TO EUTERPE RATHER DUBIOUSLY

myself," thought I, "and let Mrs. Francklyn's little boy play boat in it."

Once more on Broadway, I steered my box into the ribs of my friend Cabson.

"Aha! Got a Merry Wid—" began he.

"'S-sh!" I interrupted. "Tell it not in Gath," or words to that effect. "It is true that I have a hat here of rather extended dimensions, but it will never happen again."

And I related to him my experience.

"You were lucky to meet me," he said. "Call up 4265 Chelsea and ask for a box. There's a friend of mine in business there. He has plenty of boxes."

I shook Cabson's hand and bade him good-bye to seek a telephone. — Yes, 4265 Chelsea knew Cabson well. What could he do to oblige?—A box? Certainly! What kind of piano was it? Upright or grand?

This was the last straw, and I resolved to go to lunch without further ado and consult Mrs. Francklyn in the evening. As I stepped out upon the sidewalk once more, I saw another piece of feminine head-gear making a rapid flight over the asphalt in the high wind. It balanced itself uncertainly before an approaching street-car, then was ground to an unrecognizable mass beneath the wheels. I turned to see the owner standing breathless and pale at my elbow. It was Euterpe.

"Oh, Mr. Eastman!" she exclaimed, at sight of me. "My poor hat! Oh, this terrible wind!"

"I see your hat," I replied. "I hate to look at it. Will it be of any use any more?"

A policeman brought the remains and handed them to Euterpe rather dubiously. A crowd began to gather, glad of a chance to stop and gaze at such an uncommonly pretty girl, with her hair blown all around her face and her cheeks very red.

"Let's get out of here first," I said, "anyway. Suppose we go to the tea-room over the street, and we can talk it over while we lunch."

The head waitress seemed to know at first glance what was in my box. She took it with feminine solicitude and gave it a safe spot behind the cashier's desk.

"What would Mrs. Francklyn think?" said Euterpe, when we were seated. "Lunching down-town with a young man and no hat—"



'SHE LOOKS PERFECTLY SWEET,' SAID THE HEAD WAITRESS MEDDLESOMELY

"Euterpe," I exclaimed, interrupting, "you couldn't have met anybody more fortunately or more properly. I have a hat which I insist on your wearing home. You would do me a favor; and besides, I believe it would become you."

Euterpe's distressed countenance took on an amused smile, which appealed to me as being very attractive.

"I can't very well wear a derby unless I'm on horseback," she said.

"But this isn't a man's hat," I replied. "It's one of the most womanish hats I've seen in a long time. It's in that young piano-box which the chief of the Amazons took away from me here a moment ago."

And I related briefly for the second time the story of Edna's uncrated hat.

"But I am going out of town," objected Euterpe. "I had a telegram from my parents a few hours ago, and I was on my way to the Broadway ticket-office to reserve a chair when the wind blew my hat off. I shall have to rush out now and buy some makeshift till I get to Atlantic City. I'm leaving at two o'clock."

"You are going to Atlantic City?"

"Yes."

"Well," I said, "I do believe that, as the

old conundrum says, you are made for my express company—"

"Oh, Mr. Eastman, not so sudden!" said Euterpe, laughing and blushing in some bewilderment.

"I mean," said I, "that you can be of help to me if you will accept help from me. This hat belongs to Edna and Edna is in Atlantic City. You will probably see her this very evening. Now, if you would only do me the great favor to wear Edna's hat—"

Most of the lunchers had gone out by this time; our table was hidden behind a pillar and a palm, and there was a pier-glass near by. An exclamation of pleasure escaped Euterpe's lips as she took the hat out of the box; another and a glance of approval at her image in the mirror as she adjusted the hat on her head.

"She looks perfectly sweet," said the head waitress, meddlesomely. But I was so struck by the perfect truth of what she said that I soon found myself giving her fifty cents as well as the box.

"Euterpe," I said, as we walked over to the ferry, "you really look unusually nice in that hat. I'm afraid you look nicer in it than—than anybody else ever will. I think I bought a very good hat. I like it so much that I believe with your permission I'll go as far as Jersey City."

On the whole, it seemed to me remarkably obliging and good-tempered of Euterpe to wear another girl's hat to her; and I almost wished that I had given it to Euterpe herself. She certainly was a picture as she stood on the platform of the observation car.

"I never would have supposed that a hat could be so becomingly crated," I said.

Before going back to the *Revised Statutes* I sent a telegram to Edna saying:

"Waist coming by mail. Am also sending hat by special messenger."

It was several days before I heard from Edna's hat again, and then in an unexpected way. Mrs. Francklyn was regaling me with a biscuit and a cup of tea one afternoon shortly before dinner, when the telephone rang and I found Edna at the other end.

"The waist was a dream," she said. "Thank you so much."

"Good!" said I. "How does Atlantic City bear up under it?"

"I'm not in Atlantic City; I'm in New York. We've been here several days. Had to come away unexpectedly. Your telegram was forwarded, and the waist has just come. You are a good boy, and you can buy all my clothes hereafter—that is, I mean I think you have very good taste."

"Did you see anything of a hat coming your way on a very pretty girl?"

"Oh, the hat! I suppose the hat was a joke!"

"No joke at all."

"None came."

"It was about the size of a parachute and trimmed with seventeen bolts of silk crêpe fifty-four inches wide."

"You are joking."

"No joking," said I, sadly. "If Euterpe left that hat in Atlantic City I shall have to hire a box-car to bring it back. I hope you'll have the privilege of seeing Euterpe in that hat some time. She looks as though she had grown under it. Prettiest thing you ever saw." And as I turned to see why Mrs. Francklyn was opening and shutting doors so, I saw Euterpe herself standing on the sill displaying two very rosy spots on her cheeks.

"Oh, wait!" I shouted into the transmitter. "Here's the special messenger and the hat. Hold the wire till I find out—Euterpe, you ought to wear that thing forever. Can't you teach Edna to put up her hair like that? Had Edna gone?"

"Mr. Eastman," said Euterpe, solemnly, "Edna had gone and there was no one to leave her hat with—"

"And not being able to afford to hire a storage warehouse," I interrupted, "you had to keep on wearing it till you got back. Euterpe, you are the person on whom all mankind ought to lavish its highest honors. I am going to transfer the ownership of that hat to you, your heirs and assigns forever, in fee simple, to have and to hold."

"Oh, Mr. Eastman, no, no! Not me!" cried Euterpe, in evident distress. "No. Give Miss Edna her hat. It is very pret'y, but— I'm not a district messenger-boy to be tipped for running your errands." And Euterpe actually began pulling the hat-pins out.

"Stop!" I cried, dropping the telephone receiver and rushing toward her. "Who touches a hair of yon gray head— Euterpe, that head was made for that hat, those locks were put up for it, and there it shall stay. I prefer it that way. I like you in it. I—"

Mrs. Francklyn stepped to the telephone and hung up the receiver.

"Mr. Eastman," she said, pretending to be severe, "we usually hang up the receiver when we get through using the telephone."

"Mrs. Francklyn," said I, "you are right, as usual. It is high time."

Then that woman, who is really quite astute at times, went out of the room on some imaginary errand, softly shutting the door behind her.

Next month, after a number of visits to the steamship offices, I called up Edna, who was in town again, on the telephone. I said:

"Euterpe and I sail on the *Lusitania* tomorrow morning at ten. We hope you can come down to see us off."

Edna came, but late; so late that the gangplank had been all but drawn up. She and Mrs. Francklyn stood on the string-piece looking up the mountainous side of the ship, while Euterpe, looking radiant, and I at her side, hung over the rail. We tried to exchange a little conversation with them, but it was useless. The noise on the pier drowned the words as they struggled upward. However, I did think at one time that I heard Edna asking:

"Is that my hat?"



The Difference

HE. *"I was right, but I suppose I'd better give in."*

SHE. *"I was wrong, but it won't do to admit it."*

According to Webster

THE other day there appeared at the circulating-desk of one of the branches of a well-known Carnegie Library in this city a small girl with a red shawl pinned on her head. She presented a library card to the pretty young lady at the desk and said, with a smile which showed where her two front teeth had recently been, and with a lisp doubtless caused by the lack of them, "My mother she wants I should fetch home the dictionary wrote by the Webster guy." The assistant explained pleasantly that the dictionary was a reference book and could not be loaned, but that she would look for a good story for the mother.

"Oh no," said the child. "She don't want no story. She wants the dictionary. It's a big book and—"

"But the dictionaries have to stay here," answered the assistant, smiling. "Does your mother want to look up a word?"

"It's four words she wants to look up, and she said for me to fetch her the dictionary," the child insisted.

"Well, you tell her that I'll be glad to lock them up for her if she'll send me word what they are, but the dictionary must stay in the library. It's really too big for you to carry anyway," she added, looking at the disappointed little face under the red shawl.

"I got my cousin's wagon to put it in

and it's only half a block." The child held out the library card once more, but the assistant shook her head.

"You tell your mother to come here and look up the words," she said, turning to the line of people wanting to have their books changed.

After some thirty minutes the child reappeared, breathless and pink-cheeked, the red shawl having slipped off her head, one end of it dragging along the floor. She held out a piece of yellow wrapping-paper, on which was pencilled the following:

Misses Carnegie Library

Mam: I like too cum too dicshonary but not tooday. I have too hunt 4 words. 2 little twins cums last nite. I hav too hunt 2 names for both. Mister Webster hav many names in the back of him. I lik too sea him 15 minits. Nellie Grace brings him rite back.

Yurs MRS. JIM BROWN.

Considering the circumstances the dictionary was loaned—deposited by the janitor in the little wagon and cheerfully hauled half a block by Nellie Grace. When she returned it, in exactly fifteen minutes, she announced happily to the library assistant:

"Get 'em all named—two names each—Noah Webster Brown for the dictionary and Andrew Carnegie Brown for you."

A Tipperary Lift

SURE, all birdeens that do be singin'
 Along the river or beyant it,
 Had I my way they'd each be bringin'
 His song to you in case ye'd want it.
 And every little heather bee
 Should work the whiles it does be sunny,
 That when 'tis rainin', do ye see,
 Ye might be 'atin' up the honey.

Wait, now—the foolish plan I'm makin'!
 If every little thrush and linnet
 Should sing that grand your heart was
 breakin'—
 Ye'd shame them all in half a minute.
 And did a bee but reach your lip,
 He'd find a honey so much swater
 Than e'er he brought, he'd rest and sip—
 And ne'er go home at all, the crathur!

CHARLES BUXTON GOING.

The Progressive Lion

THE latest lion story is worth repeating—even if it is only a change from the fish yarn. The narrative comes from Nairobi, in British East Africa. A hunter met a most magnificent lion, almost face to face. With a terrible roar, the beast sprang at the man, but missed his aim by jumping two feet too high. Disappointed, it dashed away into the woods. The next day a party set out to track the beast down. At last they came upon it in an open space in the jungle. The beast was practising low jumps.

Gie Him Anither Clout

THE parish church in a well-known Scotch village being in sad need of repair, and the money required for such not being in hand, a meeting of the parishioners was held to see if the necessary funds could be raised by subscription.

The local laird, noted for his wealth and also his meanness, was asked to officiate as chairman.

Addressing the villagers, he reminded them of the object of their gathering together, and by way of example subscribed a guinea toward the cost of repair.

When on the point of sitting down a lump of plaster falling from the ceiling struck him a clout on the head. Looking upward he exclaimed:

"Yes, friends, I see the church does need repairing badly. I'll raise my subscription to two guineas."

Upon hearing this an old lady in the audience exclaimed:

"O Lord, gie him anither clout!"

Clerical Candor

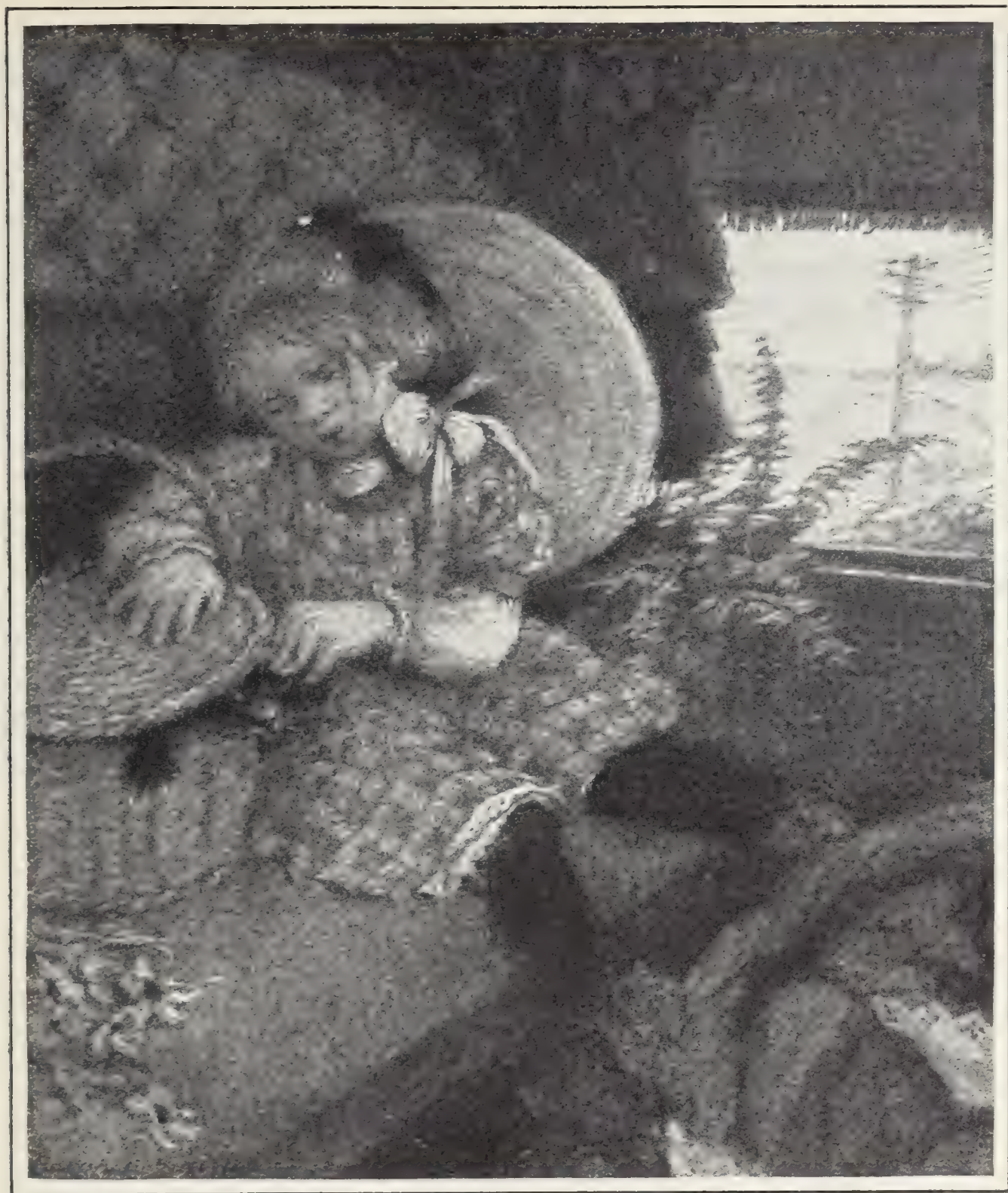
A TRULY eloquent parson had been preaching for over two hours on the immortality of the soul.

"I looked at the mountains," said he, "and could not help thinking, 'Beautiful as you are, you will be destroyed, while my soul will not.' I gazed upon the ocean and cried, 'Mighty as you are, you will eventually dry up, but not I.'"



Charity

MRS. RABBIT. "John, there's a poor old Hippopotamus begging at the door. Haven't you an old pair of trousers you could give him?"



No Traveller

I'D love to ride on railroads every day
 And sit up by the window—wouldn't
 you?
 To watch the world all rush the other
 way
 And make believe where it is running to.
 But once—it wasn't far—
 I took Kitty on a car,
 And I guess there's lots of other things a
 cat 'd rather do.

A kitty doesn't care about the view,
 And she's frightened by the jiggle of the
 floor;
 It makes you feel ashamed to have her mew,
 But she's stronger 'n she ever was before!
 Though travelling is fun
 With almost any one,
 I never want to travel with a kitty any
 more.

BURGES JOHNSON.

To Remind Him

A CLEVELAND man, who visited friends
 in Hants, England, last year, tells the
 following story of a canny Scot, a beadle,
 whose habit it is to show tourists the re-
 mains of the abbey in his parish.

One day he had thus conveyed a party

through the place, every member of which
 had tipped him with the exception of a
 crabbed old fellow of his own nationality.

As the offender left, the beadle whispered
 in his ear.

"Weel, when ye gang hame, if ye fin' oot
 that ye have lost your purse, ye maun
 recollect that ye havena had it oot here."



“Don’t cry, Dolly, Mother’s comin’”

Strategic

“I HAD a client,” said a prominent New York lawyer, “who persisted in sending the judge before whom I was trying his case a box of cigars. I emphasized to him the fact that such an act would be considered as an attempt to influence the court, and that the judge would forthwith decide against him.

“Two days later my client called again.

“‘I sent the judge a box of cigars,’ he said to me.

“‘You fool,’ I yelled, ‘now our case is lost. Didn’t I distinctly tell you not to send any gifts to the judge?’

“‘Hush!’ replied my client; ‘I put the other feller’s card in the box.’”

The Reason

THE Rev. Mr. X. not long ago was making his first call at the cottage of one of his poorer parishioners in the suburbs. It was early spring, and for a long time he sat at the window with Mrs. Y.’s little daughter.

“In looking out-of-doors, you notice how bright is the green of the leaves and grass?” he asked, presently.

Little Katie nodded. “Yes, sir,” she said.

“Why does it appear so much brighter at this time?” he next asked, smiling benevolently.

“‘Cause ma has just washed the window and you can see out better,” she said.

Wordsworth Up to Date

SHE was a Phantom of a Fright
When first she gleamed upon my sight!
A shapeless shape in scanty dress
To haunt, to startle, to distress.

I saw her upon nearer view;
The things that woman had to do!
She had to breathe a certain way,
And walk and walk for miles each day.

She couldn’t eat a thing that’s good
For human nature’s daily food,
But just some hygienic stuff,
And stop before she’d had enough!

You’d think no one, however thin,
Her sheath-like garments could get in;
E’en if you understood the cult
You’d be surprised at the result!

A perfect woman nobly gowned,
With hips scarce thirty inches round!
A slot-like form, a halting gait,
And something like an angel’s weight!

CAROLYN WELLS.

One of the Family

CITY FRIEND (*spending the day in distant suburb*). “Didn’t it ever strike you that your servant is impertinently inquisitive?”

SUBBERBS. “My dear fellow, it’s only the way of a privileged old family retainer. Why, would you believe it, that girl has been with us over five weeks!”



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "The Second Chance"

THEIRS WAS A SPIRITED ENCOUNTER UPON THE BEACH OF TEVIOT BAY

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIX

OCTOBER, 1909

No. DCCXIII

Exploring the Glaciers of the Himalayas

BY FANNY BULLOCK WORKMAN, F.R.S.G.S.

OFFICER OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION, FRANCE

AN expedition to the northwest Himalaya involves much more preliminary travel than does one to the Andes or Caucasus. Strinagar, Kashmir, the usual starting-point, is two hundred miles from the last railway, and to reach the Hispar glacier, the objective of our last exploration, there are three hundred miles more of valleys and passes to cover on foot or horse.

The adjacent provinces of Hunza-Nagar lie on the border of the Pamirs, as Knight says, near the meeting-point of three empires—India, China, and Russia. The Hispar glacier is situated in Nagar.

The inhabitants of this country were formerly fierce and warlike, mostly employed in raiding border provinces and fighting among themselves until 1901, when, after some sharp fighting, Great Britain took them under her protection. Now, while pacific as regards their relations with other countries, they are savage and independent of character, and must be handled circumspectly by the explorer.

A permit from the government of India being obtained to visit Hunza-

Nagar, after long previous preparation, including the sending ahead of rice and grain for the use of the coolies and stores for ourselves, Dr. Hunter Workman and myself, with our old exploring guide Cyprien Savoye, of Courmayeur, Italy, and three Italian porters, set out the end of May from Kashmir. We were preceded three weeks before by an English agent and two expert European topographers.

In 1892 Sir Martin Conway on his Karakoram journey first ascended the Hispar, made a cursory survey of the main stream, but did not inspect its various long tributaries. Since then it has not been visited by explorers. Our object was to have a detailed survey of the whole region made by the topographers, supplement their work by our own glacial studies, and ascend any possible peaks and cols as points of observation. To conduct such a campaign, where weeks would be passed on snow and ice far from any civilized base, necessitated considerable discussion with the native ruler of Nagar.

On arrival at that village, the Mir, accompanied by his Prime Minister, an interpreter, two small sons, and about

two hundred followers, bade us welcome in the shady camping-bagh below the palace. This rajah is a slim, fair-skinned, good-looking man, addicted to the use of European coats and patent-leather boots. He presented me with a sheep and a large ball of *ghee*, or clarified butter, in return for which I gave the young princes silk scarfs, mirrors, and amulets. Business was next on the tapis.

He agreed to furnish a set of sixty or seventy coolies to carry our loads on the glaciers, which were to change off every two weeks with a relief corps sent up from Nagar. A lambardar, or head man, and military levy were to go with them to direct and keep order. Besides their wages, the whole band were to be fed on two pounds of rice or flour each daily, furnished by us. Thirty sheep were purchased and twelve goats hired for

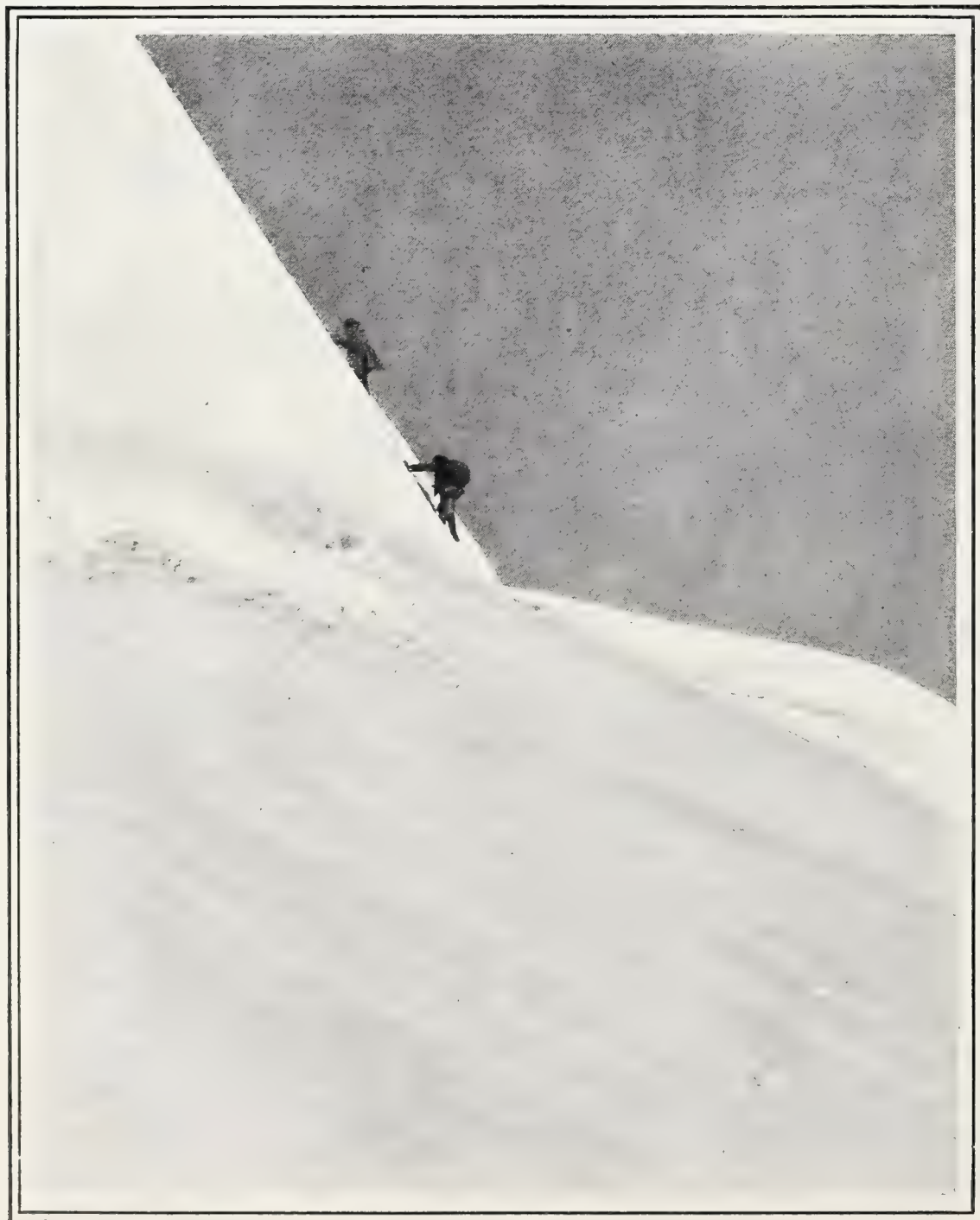
camp use. These matters being settled, the court orchestra discoursed weird music upon strange stringed instruments, and, as the sun sank behind the mountains and the moon's rays dappled with silver the rolling grass hillocks of the garden, a band of Nagaris rushed upon the scene, performing a frantic war-dance to the cadence of tom-toms and shawms.

Before bidding us adieu the Mir delivered a long speech, which, interpreted, was to the effect that his people were to be at our command, and if they did not serve us well he was to be notified, and the recreants would be deprived of their houses and imprisoned for six months. After years of Asiatic travel we knew how much value to attach to the honeyed words of an Oriental. Indeed, had the high-sounding asseverations of the Mir been put into practice,

I fear a large number of Nagaris would later have languished in prison, deprived of their ownings.

The Hispar glacier tongue descends to near the small village of Hispar, distant twenty-nine miles from Nagar. Here the agent who had charge of the forwarding of the coolies and stores was established. The glacier ascends some thirty miles to the ice-falls leading to the snowy Hispar Pass. Its upward course is broken at intervals by the entrance of splendid tributaries, which climb northward in chaotic ice-floes to their wild sources in mighty bizarre mountains beyond the frontier.

After traversing sixteen miles of moraine and picking our way often for



ASCENDING A STEEP ICE-SCARP LEADING TO THE MAMELON



ON SUMMIT OF THE MAMELON, AN ALTITUDE OF 18,000 FEET

hours over giant detritus-covered ice-hills to the detriment of nerves and boots, the third camp was pitched toward evening on a small flat, which natives call a "jagar," at the entrance of the Haigatum branch. While carrying on our investigations of this glacier, our attention was attracted to a fine snow-peak lying east of the snow-corniced col overhanging the glacial head.

If the lower slopes, which were very steep, gashed by chasms or *schrunds* and broken by glittering sérac-falls, could be negotiated, we had hopes of reaching a great snow mamelon, which abutted the blue horizon, from which the slants looked easier to the summit. The chief danger was from avalanches constantly falling after noon from the ice-falls and stratified snow cornices higher up. Few peaks of the Hispar region are climbable, their rock or snow slopes being so vertical or so riven by dangerous hanging glaciers and seamed by wide crevasses, while their tops are usually decorated by weirdly sculptured snow ruffles, which under a hot sun break off and crash downward in seething masses, carrying away anything in their path.

As the question "how he gets his

heights" is invariably asked the explorer of hitherto unvisited cols and peaks, I would briefly state that, when not triangulated by our topographers, our heights on all our journeys are taken by boiling-point readings compared with simultaneous ones taken three times daily for us at the nearest lower government barometric station.

Leaving the main camp, we moved with a few coolies and small tents to a snow-flat under the face of the mountain, for, to insure any reasonable security to life, an early start must be made.

The night's rest at the higher snow bivouac was short, for at 1 A.M. guide Savoye called us out of our sleeping-bags, and, after a meal of biscuits and coffee cooked over a primus stove, we started upward, roped in two caravans, consisting of ourselves, the guide, and three porters.

For two hours the exceeding steepness of the ascent was the chief thing observable, as darkness veiled all surrounding objects. Ever and again clumps of horn-like ice-pinnacles barred our progress, and in rounding these great vigilance had to be exercised, lest we be engulfed in deep crevasses often stretching longitudinally from them.

When the first glimmer of light flickered across the long slants we stopped for breakfast in a bed of avalanches fallen the day before. As the curtain of night, which had held us in its inky grip, was uplifted, shafts of light from the brightening horizon were reflected in purple toning on the great snow-scarp rising above, over which we must cut our way with the ice-axe. Slow but steady advance was made up this slant for one and a half hours. Two or three times, when we dared, halts were made for measuring by clinometer the inclines, which proved to be at an angle of over seventy degrees.

Later the wall ended in gentler gradients, and we approached the white mamelon, the first station of the route. Arriving under it, its north face, the one to be surmounted, was found to drop in a perpendicular wall forty feet high, ending above a deep chasm. This wall at its top was picturesquely offset by a curling snow cornice resembling a colossal cobra's hood. Wide crevasses of unknown depth also obstructed our way, running in divergent directions suggesting an enormous starfish. By a series of springs, crossing of snow bridges and much axe-cutting, these were turned, and we stood under the farther end of the wall, here somewhat diminished in height. Savoye with energy drove his axe into it, making a sharp stairway, up which we all climbed to the mamelon.

Here we were busy some time with instruments and cameras, for the view was magnificent of the Hispar mountain giants, while to the Baltistan side we recognized many old friends lifting their snow-crowned crests above the glaciers we had formerly explored.

The main features of the ascent to this point had consisted in a constant overcoming of obstacles, and with a feeling of relief we saw the last thousand feet of the mountain rising from the mamelon in a series of moderate slants, here and there separated by snow terraces. We felt that if much more time were to be spent in battling with mountain idiosyncrasies, the descent later on over the sun-softened slants would be appallingly risky.

We climbed rapidly, stopping only once or twice to relieve our lungs, for we had been working hard since 2 A.M.

In one and a quarter hours a tiny ledge was reached under the sharp apex cone rising about twenty feet above. To obtain a foothold on this a short ice-sheet had to be traversed, which overhung a deep abyss that on a Swiss mountain, had it existed, would have established the peak's fame as a dangerous summit. Held tightly by the porters on a long line of rope, Savoye cut his way across this and was soon out of sight.

In twenty minutes he returned, looking a veritable snow man, so encased was he in a shaggy mantle of white. He reported the presence beyond of three formidable ice-cornices rising in steps. Through one he had cut a way, but the others in their present ice condition would take two hours to conquer.

"Venez voir," he added. Tightly roped, we followed him cautiously across the perpendicular wall and upward through the first cornice. Here we paused to gaze upon the extraordinary white slabs looming straight above, like the monster teeth of some petrified Himalayan mammoth of bygone ages.

I held up my watch, which pointed to ten o'clock, and we shook our heads, for it was no use piercing cornices for another two hours only to risk being buried on the descent by others, which were likely to fall on the downward route. Our decision to leave out the last ten feet of the corniced cone was, I think, a wise one.

The return, even around the melting sérac-beds and down the sharp slants, was by good luck safely made. Snow bridges traversed going up had slumped and disappeared; avalanches, according to their volume, boomed or sizzled about us, sparing fortunately our persons if not our nerves; and, scarcely pausing, we pushed on until the tents were reached at twelve-thirty.

Some food and a cup of coffee made us quite fit again, and striking tents, we continued on cheerfully, jumping crevasses or plodding through deep wet surface snow, to the lower camp, which was gained after a fifteen hours' exhilarating snow-outing.

Savoye remarked that he was glad that climb, which had caused him constant anxiety, was over, and that he should not care to repeat it. There are certain dangers and obstacles one feels one can



TRIPLE CORNICE PEAK—MRS. WORKMAN AND GUIDES IN FOREGROUND

cope with and probably overcome on mountain ascents, which indeed add zest to a climb, and those one willingly faces. But on the battle-ground of avalanches, as on that of war, one must say Kismet and be prepared for what comes.

The height of the mountain is 19,000 feet, and we named it Triple Cornice Peak.

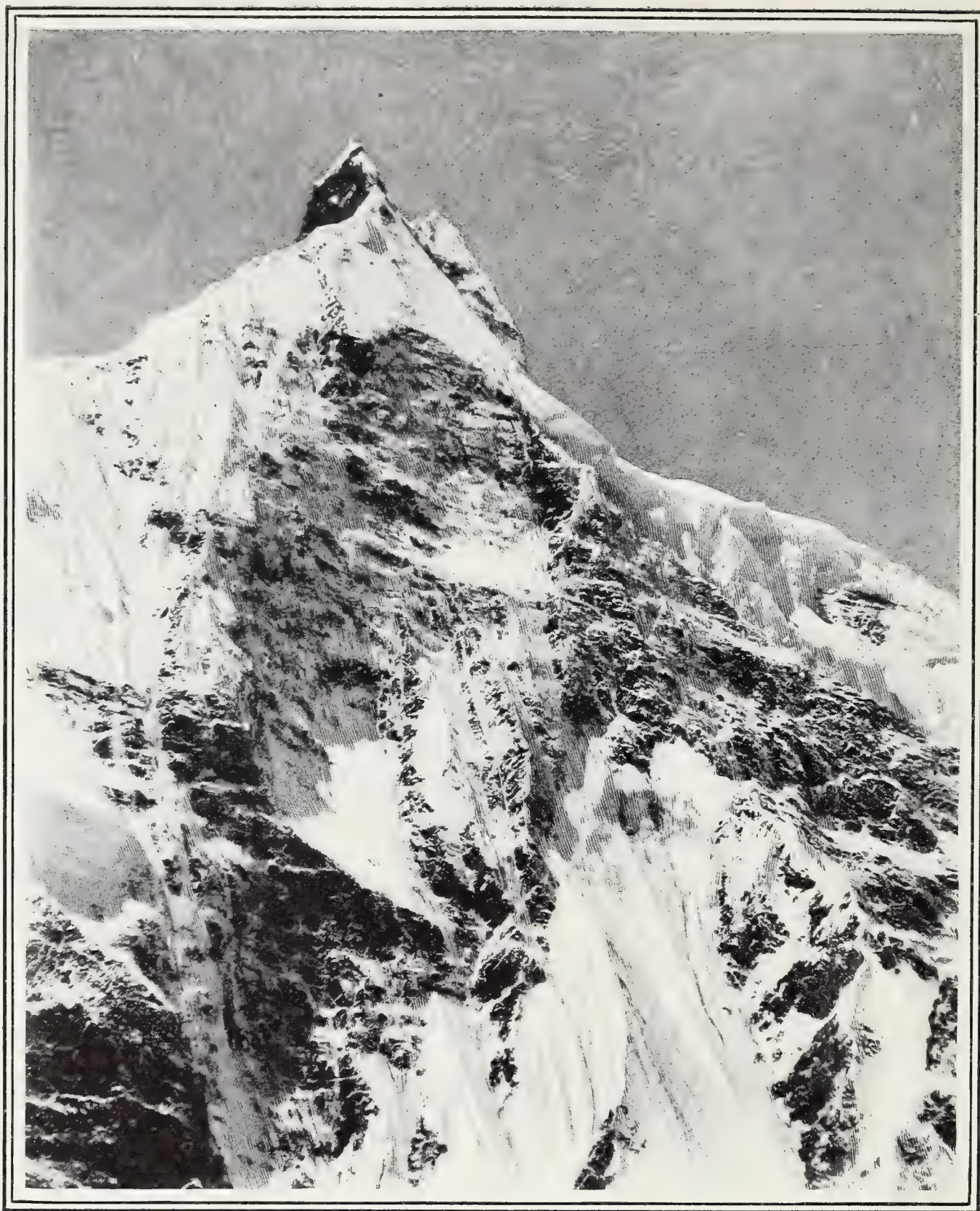
Having explored three out of four of Asia's longest, most arctic glaciers and their tributaries of recent years, we have naturally evolved a certain system of establishing camps. As we move up and along the main glacier, any branches considered worth investigation are taken as they come into view. At their beginning all large tents, servants, extra loads, live-stock, and most of the coolies are left, and with light kit of provisions, climbing-tents, and a few coolies we set forth for a few days or a week, as the occasion demands.

After the lower branches are finished, ledges are sought for base camps on the main stream, that the higher branches may

be explored, for on great glaciers like the Hispar it is on its upper trend and from its highest affluents that the most interesting snow-work and points of view are found. The difficulty on the Hispar was to find spots clear enough of snow for camp in July at 15,000 feet and over.

Our first camp was made at 15,350 feet on a hummocky ridge above the Hispar. The rough surface was dug out and levelled off into tent terraces by the porters and coolies, until it presented a fairly comfortable appearance. By nosing about among the rocks, the sheep and goats found sufficient grass to keep them alive. A few bluebells, daisies, and mountain orchids supplied a touch of summer to the ensemble.

Snow on the mountain flanks above furnished rivulets of water after sunrise for camp use. Wood had to be brought up from a thousand feet lower by twenty coolies, who were sent down every two days to collect it. When fair weather reigned, the tents were bathed in sunshine from early morning until 7 P.M.



TELEPHOTOGRAPH OF A PEAK ON THE SOUTH WALL OF THE HISPAR GLACIER

The peak shown is about 22 000 feet high

The very cold but windless nights and the pleasantly warm days combined to make a delightful summer climate.

The site of the camp commanded the full sweep of the Hispar downward to the Haigatum glacier before described, and upward to the ice slopes of the Hispar Pass, and an eighteen-mile-long line of snow peaks divided by wild cols which enclosed the glacier on the opposite side. This snowy mountain phalanx showed scarcely two hundred feet of smooth slope anywhere. It was as if nature had taken a huge axe and harrowed the surface of the mountains into split-up ice-falls, hanging glaciers, and snow arêtes of ter-

rific angle, gashed by crevasses, forming a chaotic hodgepodge of snow and ice appalling to the eye even of the explorer. The silence of the higher snow-world was broken by the voices of avalanches throughout the twenty-four hours.

The fowls brought up from the village hopped about by day picking up bits of flour near the servant-tent, and at night turned into a small tent the cook spanned for their use, quite as ready as human beings to seek shelter from the cold.

From here several exploring trips were made, during which the Nagar coolies, in spite of the Mir's orders, gave plenty of trouble. When left in camp, lying

among the rocks, or devouring the rations dispensed each night, their behavior was exemplary, for they enjoyed an abundance not known in their own homes, where during the summer their chief food consists of dried apricots. But when told to march there was endless bickering.

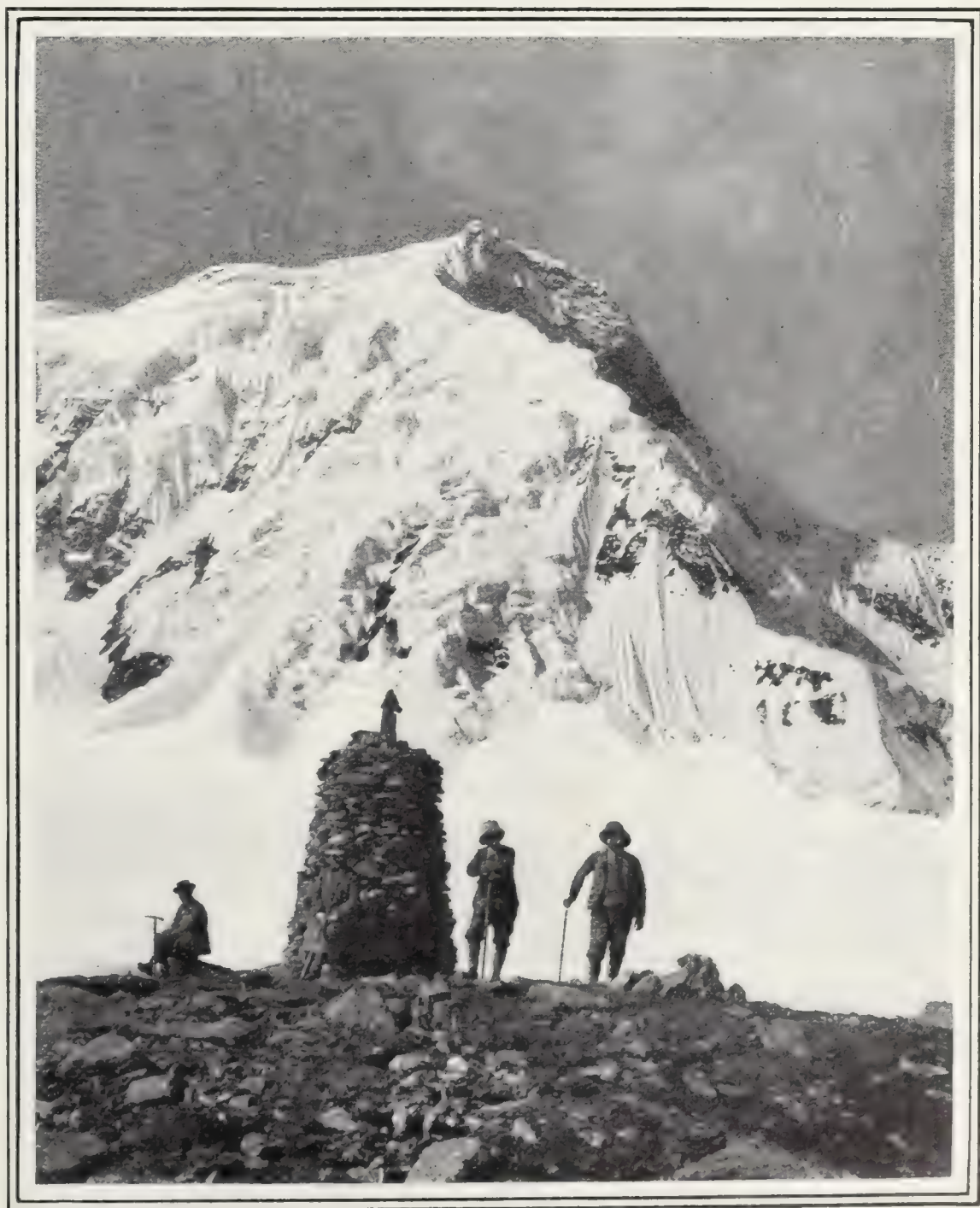
The Kanibasar glacier running north fourteen miles was first visited from here. We came to a good knowledge of this branch, as the fates decreed we should make two nearly complete ascents and descents of it, before the full beauty and magnificence of the mountains and ice features were revealed to our avid eyes.

On the first journey the weather turned cloudy two hours after leaving Base Camp, causing most trying snow conditions as we advanced. Floundering along, making little headway, we pushed on, hoping to reach a snow patch six or eight miles up, where camp could be made and better weather awaited. Great crevasses, although invisible, lay under the snow coating, and each step had to be tested with an ice-axe.

Soon sounds of discord reached us from the coolie caravan some distance behind. They were in charge of the head man and a servant. As we halted to watch them, it became evident from the loud wrangling voices that some sort of a revolt was taking place. More than this was not known at the time, for as the tumult subsided we continued our way. Afterward we heard that the servant had tried to urge the coolies forward, at which they rebelled, giving him a sound beating with their sticks.

The chief in turn flogged the coolies, and for a time there was a decided scrimmage, which, considering the uncertain ground they were jumping about on, might have caused a serious accident. This was the first time a servant in our employ had ever been attacked by coolies; but then the Nagaris cannot be placed in a category with most Asiatic coolies. Had they not had a lam-bardar given to freely applying the stick, who knows if they might not have beaten us all before the season's close?

We were next brought up short on the edge of a swift, wide, glacial river. It was heard rushing past, but was not visible, being covered by a coating of half-frozen slush. The guide cautiously tested the depth with his axe and decided to wade over. He was soon nearly to his hips in snow and water, but got across,



A CAIRN ABOVE UPPER BASE CAMP

One of the high peaks of the southern ice wall in the background

after lunging about and getting wet to the skin. He called back to me not to be carried over, as the bottom was uneven and I risked being thrown from a man's back.

"Crawl over, madame," he called, "using your axe for support; the surface snow will hold you."

"All right," I replied, without the least idea how I was to crawl over a turbulent fifty-foot-wide stream. But the weather looked each minute more threatening, and cross we must to reach some sort of firm ground. So I flung myself flat, and thus by distributing the weight did not sink into the water, as I fully expected to do.

I crawled and wriggled, placing my ice-axe in front in the frozen stuff, and hauling partially by it, at last effected a rather creditable crossing, I thought. Just before reaching shore I felt water rushing over my feet, but the next moment Savoye pulled me up on to firm snow, damp enough certainly, but better off than if I had waded the ice-cold stream. The others crossed in the same manner. Soon some solid snow patches were reached, where tents were placed just as a hard sleet-storm set in.

How the coolies got over we did not think to ask, but they arrived not long after with their wet loads and made no special cavil, content with their luck in securing a firm footing and shelter.

The next day was stormy, and there was nothing to do but return to Base Camp, where we arrived a somewhat bedraggled caravan. After waiting through seventy-two hours of snow and wind and a few days of semi-bad weather, we returned to the same glacier, and, favored by the brilliant skies, explored it to its wild source, surrounded by splendid peaks, sheer rock walls, and icy-avalanched ridges.

During our absence an annoying incident occurred. Three bags of rice and flour disappeared. The cook assured us they were stolen by coolies returning to Nagar, and another servant said the cook sold them to the coolies for a good sum of money. What really happened was never known, although I think the cook was quite capable of like negotiations.

Things left in charge of natives during unavoidable absences of all Europeans

are bound to disappear, and we were troubled by it only because the supply of grain and fowls at Nagar was strictly limited. The latter could be dispensed with by us, but should a flour famine occur, the coolies, accustomed to eating their heads off, would desert in a body.

Two rather amusing incidents happened at different camps. One night a levy and a coolie arrived from the Mir, bringing a present. With deep salaams they placed two dead chickens and a small basket of unripe plums at our feet. After thus doing, they asked for several days' rations for the return journey to Nagar. Other like gifts of Oriental munificence were received during the summer, for which the return coolie rations were always expected.

The only luxuries we carry for coolies are tea and native tobacco, which are given out to them after hard marches. One afternoon a coolie shaking with fright was dragged before the tents by the lambardar, who said the man, who had been carrying the whole tobacco supply on the march, had dropped it out of sight down a crevasse. We informed him that he might tell the coolie corps that that was the end of tobacco for the season. That evening the bag of thoroughly wet tobacco was produced. It appeared the lambardar had, on hearing our verdict, sent off four coolies, who, after clambering about inside the crevasse for two hours, at last succeeded in rescuing the weed, which our native escort valued more highly than their daily rations.

The last spot of earth on a moraine ridge above the Hispar glacier just below the initial ice-falls leading to the Hispar Pass became free enough of snow by the end of July to be terraced out for tents, and here our highest base camp was placed at 16,000 feet. When we arrived there, July 30th, the earth was still boggy; great patches of snow surrounded the tent, and, here and there, tufts of grass were sprouting.

Summer was trying to assert itself on this one bit of soil, surrounded on all sides by snow peaks and glaciers, upon which in another month winter would let fall its ice mantle again, crush out the bright grass and budding bluebells, and hold reign for another eleven months.



BIAFO-HISPAR WATERSHED PEAK
The dotted line shows route of ascent

The Hispar glacier, here over three miles wide, was dotted over with beautiful lakelets, glistening in the sunlight like brilliantly faceted sapphires from their setting of glacial white.

From here a wonderful snow stream, which we named Névé glacier, was explored. Not a rock relieved the eye on the ascent of its ten-mile monotone of white. We climbed over scintillating séracs, up icied walls, and finally marched over an ascending expanse of driven virgin snow to a col, near which a night was passed in *tentes d'abries* at 19,000 feet.

Returning from this snow jaunt to Base Camp, preparation was at once made for an attempt on a fine peak rising like a tall triangular pyramid some miles north of the Hispar Pass, and overlooking it and the vast ice-fields at the source of the Biafo glacier, which descends from here thirty miles to a desert vale in Baltistan.

All its arêtes looked impossible to scale from where it was studied above

camp, but if conquerable it would be gem par excellence to add to our collection of Himalayan "firsts," while from its summit one of the finest views of that grandest of mountain regions, the Karakorum, would be obtained.

We left camp on a clear cold morning with twelve coolies, the lambardar, and a tent servant. Three days' cooked food for the coolies was carried, as two snow camps might be necessary for the ascent. A new corps of coolies from the Mir at Nagar had lately arrived, and we much feared their apparently none too valiant calibre would be soon evidenced. Still, having no idea where they were going, they were docile enough for the first hours, marching fairly well up the frozen slopes and ice-falls to the left of the Hispar Pass. It was bitterly cold until some time after sunrise, and then became as intensely hot on the higher dazzling snow-fields.

As the peak came into clearer view we saw that the west side overlooking the Hispar glacier was not the one to

ascend, so we had to contour a long white ridge, then climb endless sérac falls in order to attempt reaching a high basin between the south and east shoulders.

Our advance party was now well above the Hispar Pass, lying below south, distant by about three miles. The caravan could be seen an hour behind, toiling upward. Arriving on a plateau at noon, we stopped to consider whether we should await the coolies and camp, or push on up an eight-hundred-foot snow wall of an angle of seventy degrees.

If we camped below, the peak could not be scaled the next day, but if another two hours' climb could be handled and the basin reached, probably an ascent of the mountain the next day could be accomplished. Should we await them, the coolies, on arriving at the plateau, were sure to refuse to continue, so it was decided to defer lunch and at once begin a zigzag path up the sharp slope.

The snow was softening under the hot sun, and the guides had to work in treading out deep steps necessary to the possible advance of the caravan. We felt that this would be the crucial test of the Nagar men, and were fully prepared to descend again after half negotiating the wall. Still, on we went, reaching a point about five hundred feet up, when the caravan arrived at the base, where they all sat down. Soon the servant called up weakly that the coolies were tired and would not go on. We answered that they must, at which the lambardar began a harangue, ending in a sound beating of the most vociferous.

This started them, and they climbed on for a time, but finally stopped in a defiant manner. One porter offered to go down to see what he could do. He was off at top speed and soon joined them, but neither he nor the lambardar, after arguing, seemed able to impress the recalcitrants into motion.

Savoye, now very impatient, threw off his rope and rucksack, saying, "Je descends."

On reaching the place he talked for some time in French and Hindustani with the lambardar, who evidently did his best to explain matters, but the coolies only became more excited and angry.

Suddenly, to our surprise, three of the loudest Nagaris attacked Savoye with

their spiked sticks. In self-defence he struck one of them over the back with his axe, felling him to the snow. That settled the affair. They all subsided and shortly began to file slowly upward. This was the first and only time a coolie was struck by our Europeans, and here necessity demanded it, while the effect was immediate and highly salutary.

We continued on at once, not awaiting Savoye, who remained behind to lead the coolies. They complained and halted often, yet advanced little by little. When the great slant ended we found ourselves on a gentler gradient leading to the small basin situated under the high snow wall of the pyramid, between the two arêtes we wished to examine. They swept down to the right and left of the basin in continuous sharp shoulders of two thousand feet or more. The summit from which they diverged was a very small snow-cap, probably a cornice on the side not visible.

This tiny snow-flat was a gruesome spot, barely safe from avalanches falling from the sheer wall above. In half an hour the guide appeared, carrying part of a load himself, followed by a few coolies. Some would take another half-hour, and others would not come at all, he said.

The porters and servant started down to relieve the coolies and bring their packs, and after several journeys got everything up and tents were placed. The Italian porters always rose to the occasion in situations like this. After bringing loads and helping with tents they had to melt snow for a cup of tea, the day having been a long and thirsty one, and then two of them went off with Savoye as soon as it froze to climb on to and examine the east arête, which appeared to be the more promising one.

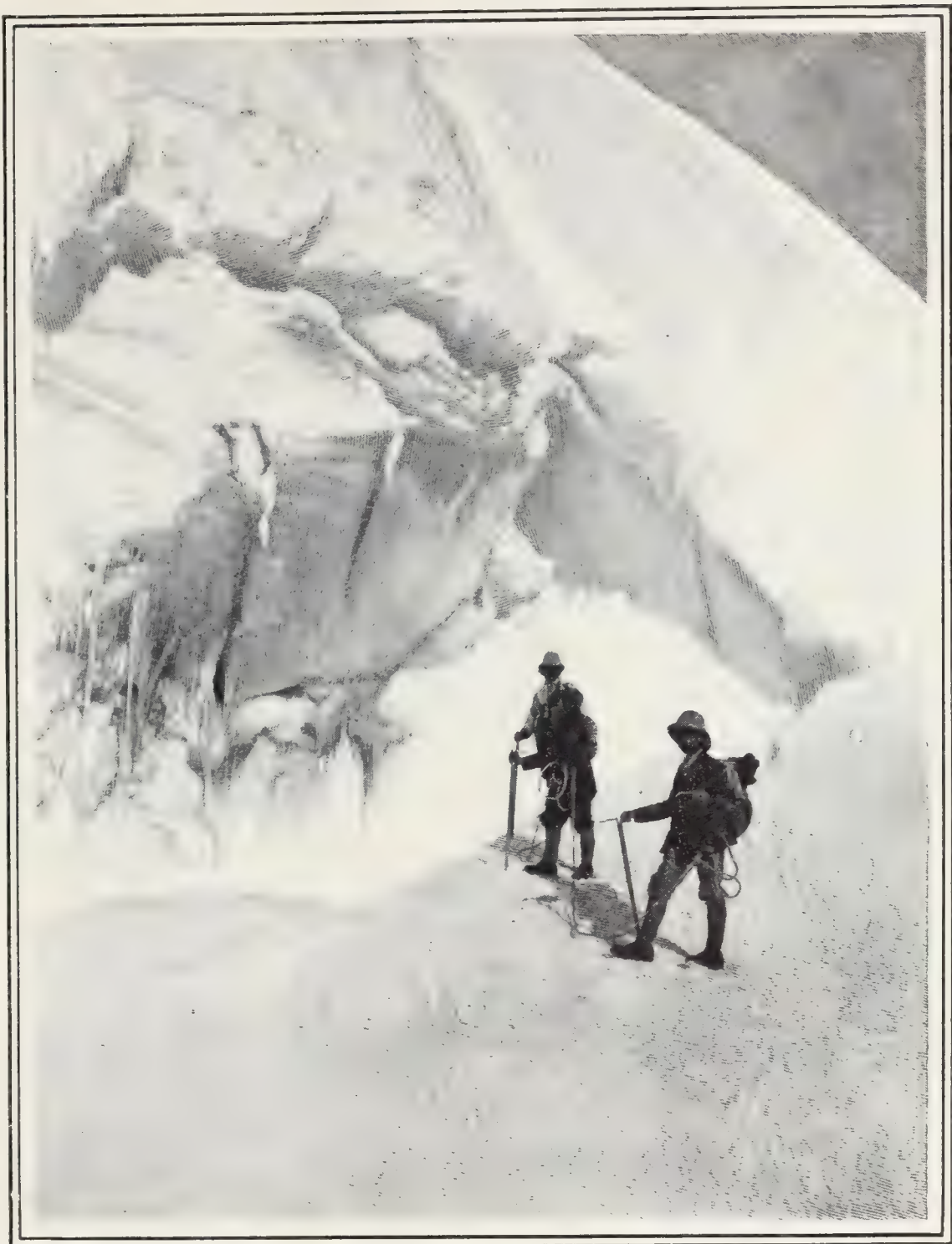
This camp was at 19,100 feet. I rejoiced that we had persisted in reaching the point that day, for I did not like the filmy look of the sky, and it was too warm for the altitude. Returning from his reconnaissance, the guide reported the east arête, or Biafo watershed, as not feasible, it being fluted with snow cornices, which might give way when trodden upon. The south, much steeper one, facing the Hispar Pass, offered the only solution, so it was agreed to attack that.

We made our preparations for the

morning climb, cooked dinner, and turned in for the night. Although I never sleep much at 18,000 feet and above, anxiety as to the weather rather than altitude kept me awake most of that night. The wind moaned dismally and shook the tent in fitful gusts. When Savoye called us I asked about the weather prospect. None too good for the afternoon, he thought, but the sky was still nearly clear and all right for the ascent. We were off at six, it being inexpedient to attempt the exposed shoulder at an earlier hour. The party for this peak consisted of myself, Savoye, and two porters. Doctor Workman left later with the remaining porter to make observations from a lower summit to the east.

In twenty minutes the intervening slopes were covered, and we stood at the base of a difficult snow wall leading directly to the arête or shoulder. This proved a very exhausting piece of climbing to start off with, being, as far as the eye could judge, nearly perpendicular. To those not having seen the mountain it would appear that having climbed the wall we had only to step on the arête and walk to the summit. This was not quite the case. There was a dizzy snake-like turning to make, which brought the snow-sheet just ascended into full focus. Such declivities are more agreeable behind than in front of one.

Then nature had placed a few strong but unpleasantly sharp snow pinnacles in our way, which had to be climbed over. Savoye next took a long step to the arête and stood like a beacon directly above my



ON THE EDGE OF AN ICE CHASM

head. He drew the rope, a light silk one we have had on all our hardest climbs, taut, and remarked:

"Don't be surprised at the precipices, and turn the arête quickly."

I had my mind made up against surprises, for I knew that the ascent of this mountain meant meeting a series of precipices in all directions.

Making a couple of leaps, I stood in his place on the arête, while he moved on a step or two. And what an arête! At most eighteen inches wide, and completely ice-glazed at this hour, while as moral support the snow wall fell to the right, and to the left sank a deeper, seemingly endless void, filled with the gloom and warning such abysses possess, before sunlight has turned their yawning depth into mountain tangibility.

Giving only a glance at this demoniac

chasm, we moved on slowly but sharply heavenward. Step-cutting continued in deadly earnest.

"C'est beau, n'est-ce pas?" said the guide, after twenty minutes, stopping to take breath, with one foot in an ice step, the other dangling in the air.

Ever upward we went, the shoulder never widening, but growing more abrupt, while the side precipices deepened until they seemed lost in the bottomless pit below.

After an hour we arrived at a series of stone formations, for the mountain meant to give us a little rock-climbing also. Huddled up against one of these, we had a drink of tea and some plasmon chocolate. Our five minutes' rest ended, we silently set to work to conquer these pointed, jagged intruders, which were very disintegrated and rotten. One of the porters broke off a great piece in stepping, and lost his footing, while the rock crashed down into the abyss with reverberant roar.

Beyond the rock zone came a short, easier slope topped by an ice wall, above which the arête continued, a long, glistening white shoulder, steeper, far steeper, than it had been. I stopped before the wall to photograph and note my instruments; but not long, for toward the Hispar glacier the weather looked threatening.

Gathering all our energies, we attacked the blue ice-wall, our one thought being to reach the top before fog should cut off the view. This was a nasty fifteen feet, for the sun was at work melting the ice, so that the steps were difficult to cut so as to give a firm foothold, and, when cut, at once filled with water. We moved sideways, each foot only half on a step. Beneath, fully exposed to view, lay three-quarters of the mountain, a tortuous, precipitous mass inviting to instant death should head or feet fail.

We hailed the great snow arête again, although it was tug-of-war work now with the awful sharpness and softened snow which made climbing most arduous. I have often felt on high slopes what I call the tremor of the snow. It is the contraction of the outer surface under pressure of those climbing, and gives one the sensation that an avalanche is starting. It is not particularly dangerous and may occur on any slant, but it always gets on my nerves. Here when I felt the

snow give and crack, on this last tremendous scarp leading straight skyward, I became chilled to the bones.

But this ascent had to end, as all do, and finally the grand arête came to a climax, and suddenly the top was revealed ten minutes beyond. We climbed an easier slope, then another narrow, creepy shoulder to a group of splintered rocks, and thence straight up the small cone, which, as expected, turned over to the north in a snow cornice.

It proved firm, so that one at a time we were safe standing on its brow, with of course the others holding the rope just below. We waved streamers and called loudly to the second party, now seen on their summit across a snowy abyss 1,800 feet below, but received no answer. Still, they remarked later that they had stood in mute admiration when they saw us appear against a background of cloud on that eerie-looking corniced top. It seemed the peak looked more aerial, more impossible of approach, from where they were than from any other point. The view from this mountain is perhaps the most beautiful and comprehensive I have seen in the Himalaya. It stands alone, a single pyramid with no near higher summit to mar the prospect on any side. The vast expanse of Snow Lake lay spread in complete splendor 6,000 feet beneath us. I may say without exaggeration that this peak, overlooking the full sweeps of the Hispar and Biafo glaciers and the great peaks at the head of the Baltora glacier, includes in its vista of sixty miles east and west a panorama of superlative grandeur, of one of the most magnificent mountain regions of the world.

North of west in the foreground of wild unmapped ranges running beyond the frontier, I had the first near view ever granted any one of the great Kunjit Peak, triangulated by the Indian Survey from a long distance at 25,492 feet. It was for a moment a glorious vision of rock and snow, but I recall it only as a stage phantom, for a dark curtain of mist fell between it and me, the purdah of storm so fateful to mountaineers.

Still, I had seen wonders not of earth, the memory of which will cling to me while life lasts. My eyes beheld at a glance the whole wonderful mountain



SUMMIT OF BIAFO-HISPAN WATERSHED PEAK

Mrs. Workman and guides are minutely visible at the left of the extreme summit

landscape encompassing the meeting-places of three of Asia's greatest glaciers.

I had barely completed my hypsometric and other observations when a band of mist entwined itself around our cornice, and two-thirds of the mountain world was lost in an ocean of cloud.

The others, still visible on their standpoint, related afterward the striking picture we presented—three black figures circled by a wreath of cloud, not standing on a peak at all, but hung high in a sky of oncoming mist and storm.

We descended to the rocks below the top and, shivering, ate our lunch while waiting for the mist to disappear that we might enter on the venturesome descent. Although we talked a little and I wrote notes, which were placed in a box under the rocks, I know we were all silently wondering as to the outcome of the return journey. An element of danger lurked about the conquest of this peak, but an ascent devoid of all risk is a colorless affair.

As the clouds were chased backward by an icy wind, we started down, following carefully the old steps, which for some time were intact. When the ice wall was reached, treading backward I slithered a bit, for the steps had melted, and both feet went free. But the loop of rope around my waist tightened like a knife, in another second I caught right-ly the next step, and, turning face forward, risked a leap which landed me safely on the arête. By unending care and watchfulness we passed safely through the shifting fog down the shoulder, past the precipices, now filled with cloud-billows, over the snow wall, and at last, plodding half-way to the knees in soggy snow, arrived at camp, where the other two, who had reached it just before us, greeted us with bravos of welcome.

The height of this peak is 21,350 feet. Savoye, ever ambitious, hoped it would work out nearer the height of our Nun Kun ascent of 23,300 feet. But we had not come to the Hispar to break

records. Indeed, I had reason to be satisfied with all except the storm that came on to prevent the taking of many photographs I wished to secure. Ten days later, owing to the ice conditions on the great arête, the climb could not have been carried out at all.

Tents were struck, and we hurried down, reaching luckily a point 2,000 feet lower, where a howling snow-storm rang in our ears the whole night. This accompanied us to Base Camp the next day, and lasted with few breaks for another forty-eight hours. Heavenly weather for two or three days, then gales and snow for as many more, are climatic changes the Himalayan explorer must expect above 16,000 feet.

The next ten days were employed in finishing the glacier-work and in preparation for crossing the Hispar Pass with a large caravan and descending the Biafo glacier. Savoye was sent over the pass with ten coolies loaded with meal and wood to be deposited for use on the passage to Baltistan. The Mir had promised a new force of picked coolies for the traverse, but, after ten days, only a lambardar and a few new men having arrived, it was decided to carry out the plan with those at hand.

The guide having returned from making the cache on the other side, we left Base Camp at an early hour on the morning of August 16th and ascended the séracked ice-falls leading to the pass. Sixty-five loaded coolies, the servants, and three sheep led on a rope followed in our wake. While steep in places, the route seemed easy after the late mountain work that had been in order. Reaching the summit, we turned our backs on the beautiful Hispar, where weeks had sped as days, and began the descent to the Biafo. Here, metaphorically speaking, our old footprints of nine years before were met with, for in 1899 we had explored the Biafo to the Hispar Pass. This year we were to complete the sixty-five-mile traverse of both these glaciers and the pass, which I am the first and only woman to have carried out.

Although the Nagar coolies complained enough at being obliged to cross the snowy Hispar and enter a strange country, there was no serious disturbance until the descent to the junction of Snow

Lake with the Biafo glacier was completed, where Savoye had left the grain and wood stacked in a small tent. The lambardar was ordered to follow us with the caravan around a bend of the glacier, where in an hour a suitable place for a camp would be found, the spot where the tent was placed being merely the meeting-point of two great glacial bodies and wind-swept from all sides—in fact, a perfect trough for gales to revel in and not fit for a night bivouac.

But the coolies thought differently, for, on seeing the tent, they refused to go farther, saying we must camp. I shall never forget the babel of tongues as I stood waiting and shivering in the cold wind, for all the Europeans and servants saw the foolhardiness of camping there, and all remonstrated with the coolies at once in different languages. It was indeed serious. Time was passing and they listened to no one, only filled the air with yells of rage.

The lambardar used all his energy to make them move, but this only frenzied them the more, and with further howling they set upon him with their sticks, knocking him down in the snow. The servants, now well frightened, formed a silent group on one side. Seeing they had apparently conquered the lambardar, the coolies threw off their loads and fled vociferously toward the pass.

It seemed probable we were thus to be left with our luggage dumped in the snow in a place most exposed and dangerous to life, with thirty-five miles of ice either way separating us from the nearest human habitations. Consulting with the guide, we agreed that the coolies must be brought back and quieted, even if camp had to be made on that bleak spot, for if they finally departed, leaving us there, we might all lose our lives. As the lambardar recovered himself, he and the guide set off after them, we meantime with the porters proceeding to put up the small tents.

Within an hour they returned with the coolies, but sounds of dissension continued after all our tents were pitched. Just at dark our hopes rose, for a man was seen plunging down from the pass above. He was a messenger from the Mir, and brought a letter stating the Mir was sending his Prime Minister and his son, a



A CAMP ON THE SIDE OF THE BIAFO-HISPAR WATERSHED PEAK

head man of Nagar, with a force of coolies under strict orders to cross the pass with us. The Prime Minister was to wait at Base Camp until he heard we had safely reached Baltistan.

The lambardar was called and the news communicated to him. He at once informed the coolies that the Prime Minister himself was coming, accompanied by a large band, adding that if one coolie now deserted he would be caught above and taken to Nagar for punishment or prison. The wrangling ceased at once, and peace if not comfort reigned.

Wild blasts shook the tents all night, nearly wrenching them from their pegs, and the cold, 10° F. above zero driven into them by the wind, was felt as it had never been at higher, more sheltered camps. Between the cold and the disturbed night I caught a chill, and felt very ill by the time camp was struck at 5.30. I managed, however, to keep on down the glacier for several hours, until the first bits of soil on a mountain flank were met with, where we camped on different hummocks. There was no fuel, as we were still a day's march above the smallest bush growth.

While I was laid up here for forty-eight hours with fever and severe pain in the chest, the new lambardar, led by some coolies, arrived, nearly snow-blind, as he had come over the pass without glare-glasses. Yet all was bound to end well. He recovered, as I did, and we continued on down the great Biafo glacier, the coolies thoroughly under the control of their new efficient leader.

The day before reaching the desolate vale of Askole coolie food ran short and the men were put on half rations, but that was a minor matter, for the village was reached, and the Askoliens fed our sixty hungry men with flour and sheep.

Here we ended our splendid snow campaign, during which for fifty days we had not stepped off glaciers and mountains, and for forty had camped and lived at between 15,000 and 20,000 feet. Another two hundred miles of tramping over mountains and through arid and rough valleys brought us back to Srinagar, where the sickly charms of hotel and house-boat life prevail, and the glorious untrammelled one of high Himalaya can only be treasured in memory.

The Exiles

BY *ELSIE SINGMASTER*

IN spite of the separation of Pennsylvania German Millerstown from the political life of the State, it brimmed in crises with political and martial feeling. When the Civil War broke out, the railroad had just been completed, and on it travelled thousands of soldiers from New York to the South. The engines stopped at the water-tank, and thither repaired the Millerstonians, large and small. Never had they seen so many persons, never had they heard such light talk of life and death, never had they felt so lifted out of themselves.

Presently the Millerstown Band enlisted bodily, and afterward half a dozen young men—a Fackenthal, a Kuhns, a Knerr, a Mohr. The only one who did not come home was Calphenus Knerr, who was of all most needed. His young wife was too ill to be told of his death and the bringing home of his body. It was not until weeks later, when she was able to take her sturdy boy into her arms, that she guessed the truth from Mary Ann Kuhns' face.

The baby was from the first too much for her. He was far too heavy for her to lift; it seemed impossible that so tiny and frail a creature as Ellie could be the mother of so rosy and splendid a boy. He looked like his father from the hour he was born, and grew each year to look more like him. Of course he was spoiled. He had example—Ellie was a good and pious soul—and precept, but enforcement with the rod was lacking. Mary Ann Kuhns offered to whip him, her arms having daily practice on mischievous young Oliver, and Ellie would not speak to her for a year. Henry Hill offered also, just after Ellie had declined to marry him, and to him Ellie never spoke but once again. Gradually her love for the boy blinded her to all else in the world—to the goodness of her lifelong friends, to her own needs; it made her forget even his father's grave. One

evening, when the boy did not come home to supper, she omitted her weekly journey to the cemetery, though the flowers were already gathered and standing in the cool cellarway. Callie did not come home till eight o'clock. He had been up on the mountain with the boys. He neglected to say that they had played truant. At the end of the month he deceived his mother about his report, insisting that the teacher had forgotten to give him one. Then he forged Ellie's poor, crooked little signature to deceive the teacher. The next month he had not even the grace to try to hide his absences, and he laughed at his mother's protests. Staying out of school did not seem to Ellie a very serious offence. He knew already much more than she did, and more than his father had known.

"He is just a boy," she said to herself, not perceiving that he was in every way a little worse than other boys, more cruel, more headstrong, more lazy, just as he was more handsome. "By and by he will be a gardener like his pop, and everything will be all right."

But Callie refused to learn to be a gardener. He began to stay away overnight; then he did not come home for weeks at a time. He boasted of the places he had seen.

Ellie was now no longer deceived. Indeed, all Millerstown's prophecies of evil did not equal her anticipation. Several Millerstown girls smiled upon the boy—that was a fresh source of terror to his mother, who knew that he would keep faith with no living being. Her shoulders were already bending, expectant of new disgrace. And still she loved him, she prepared her best bed for him, she lay awake listening for his step, she gave him almost all of her widow's pension and her little income.

One evening she sat on the doorstep in the dusk, hoping that he might come home. It was early summer, the cool air



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

COULD HIS MOTHER HAVE FAILED HIM?

was filled with the scent of honeysuckle. Her whole soul yearned for the boy. At sound of a brisk step on the rough brick pavement, her eyes strained ardently into the dusk, her heart leaped. The step came closer, she heard a voice speaking to her, she saw—*Ach Gott!* what was it she saw!

When she came to herself, she lay on the settle in the kitchen, and the boy was dashing water into her face. He wore a blue suit, buttoned to his chin, and a little visored cap.

"I thought it was your father," she cried, faintly. "Why do you wear those clothes?"

"Hush, mother," answered the boy, "the neighbors will hear you. I have enlisted in the army."

Ellie shuddered.

"No, no, no."

"Yes, I have, mom. I just came home to say good-by."

"Is there a war?" whispered Ellie.

"No; but the pay is pretty good, and a man sees the world."

"But if a war should come?" she faltered. It would be useless to forbid him to go; he would not obey her.

Terror-stricken as she was, pride strengthened her, intoxicated her. At last Callie had grown up; he was braver and better than all the boys in Millers-town; he was his father's son. During her agony of disappointment over the boy, she had begun to remember his father, who, during his life, had never failed her. She thought of him the next morning, when Callie went to church with her, Millers-town gaping with admiration and amazement. It was then that she spoke to Henry Hill.

"Callie is going to be a soldier like his father."

The boy did not write often to his mother. His company was sent far from his own Pennsylvania German section. Ellie thought of him daily, hourly, and prayed for him, that he might resist temptation and remember his God. He was soon invested in her mind with all the splendid qualities of his noble young father. Gratitude filled her heart; she grew stronger; she went about among her friends; she bloomed like a girl.

One evening in December she came

home from prayer-meeting with Mary Kuhns, who stopped at the gate to talk.

"You are sure you are not afraid to go in alone, Ellie?" she said, finally.

"*Ach*, no!" answered Ellie. She ran lightly on the board walk, the powdery snow flying lightly from her skirts. When she reached the kitchen porch, she saw footprints leading to the door.

"Some one was here and went away again," she said to herself, as she went in. She locked and bolted the door, and closed the shutters with a cheerful slam. Then she took off her shawl and "twilight," and set Schwenkfelder cakes for the morning baking, and afterward sat down to read a chapter in her German Bible before she went to bed.

It may have been a slight sound which disturbed her after a moment. She still held the Bible open in her hands, but she was not reading. She realized suddenly that the footprints she had seen pointed only to the door. The person who had made them had not gone away; he must be in the house now. She did not think of thieves—there are no thieves in Millers-town—but of some vaguer and more portentous danger.

She heard again the slight noise, like a creaking of the cellar steps. She could not breathe. She heard the noise again. Some one was coming up the cellar steps.

When the intruder opened the door, she had not turned her head; she still stared at her German Bible. She felt a head on her lap, arms about her knees.

"Mother!" he called, faintly.

His mother looked down at him over the open Bible. She did not kiss him or put her arms round him. "What are you here for, Callie?" she asked.

"I—I couldn't stand it. It—it was too hard. I—I ran away."

The Bible dropped from Ellie's hands. "But you must go back!" she gasped. "You must serve your time out. You are—you are—a—a soldier!"

The boy looked up at her, his eyes more than ever startingly blue in his bronzed face. They were filled with ghastly fright. Could his mother have failed him? Had he heard aright?

"I can't go back. I have been away for a month. I—I worked my way back to you."

Ellie saw that his clothes were torn,

his cotton shirt was black with grime; he smelled of liquor. She drew her knees away from his clasp.

"First you must wash," she said, "then I will talk to you."

Calphenus did not move; he continued to kneel by her side and supplicate her. "But they will court-martial me if they find me. They may be after me now. Mother, aren't you going to hide me?"

"Be still," commanded Ellie. "You must do as I tell you. Go up-stairs and wash. The shutters are closed, you can make a light. There are—there are clean clothes for you in the bureau."

The boy got heavily to his feet.

"Go right away," his mother bade him, sharply.

When he had gone up-stairs, she stealthily opened the outer door and walked in his footprints to the road, sweeping her skirts about, then she came back to the table and sat down.

When Calphenus appeared he wore his Sunday suit of long ago. It was a little tight for him; his arms hung at his sides as though he were powerless to move them. He looked at his mother with awe, and trembling as though she were a stranger. He did not even sit down until she bade him. Then his stiff tongue almost refused to move. He said he had been away from the army too long to hope for pardon. If he went back they would torture him. The regulations said that he might be punished any way but by death. He would never go back; he would rather die. Couldn't she think of anything to do? Wouldn't she even *try* to save him?

Ellie's face was hidden in her folded arms on the table which had been her mother's and her grandmother's. She lifted her head and looked round the little kitchen where she had been rocked in her cradle. The house was like an outer shell of her own soul.

"Yes," she said, heavily. "I will go away with you, and we will try to hide."

So, without farewell or backward glance, they fled.

They lived first in the country-seat of the adjoining county, where Calphenus worked in the wire-mill. They had changed their name to "Throckmorton," which Calphenus found in an old catalogue, and chose because it was most un-

like any name which he had ever heard. Neither he nor his mother could pronounce it. He became "Arthur Throckmorton." They called it "Arsur Srockmorton." He taught his mother to speak English, such as it was. She destroyed her German Bible and her hymn-book, the only treasures she had brought with her from Millerstown. For a year she seemed to see the constable waiting before the door. Then, when no one had come to disturb them, she breathed more freely. Not so poor "Arthur." He was obedient to his mother; he spent his evenings in the kitchen with her; he consulted her about the clothes he bought, the pennies he spent. He never went anywhere except to his work; he had no diversions; he ate his meals silently, and went to bed early, and stole out in the cold, dark morning to his work.

One day he came home at noon, dinner pail in hand, his face white, his blue eyes almost starting from his head. "We are found out!" he gasped.

His mother looked at him with a strange expression in her black eyes. It could not possibly have been relief.

"Well?" she said, slowly.

"It was this way," he explained, trembling. "There is a young fellow, he works aside me; he said to me a while back, 'What is your name?' and I told him what it was, and I moved away to another place. And to-day he came after me, and he said to me, 'I—I don't believe it is your name,' he said to me. 'I believe you are a Dutchman.' He—he will get the police on us, mom."

"Well?" said Ellie again.

"Mom, you don't mean that you will tell on me! You don't mean that you will give me up, mom! You are not going back on me!" He began frantically to plead in the tongue of his childhood. "You won't desert me, mother?"

Ellie's inscrutable eyes darkened. "No," she answered. "We can move."

The next day their house was empty. The boy did not even go back to the wire-mill for his wages. They went to Harrisburg, and found a little house far out on the river road. It was a wretched little house with a few acres of ground.

"You can teach me to garden," said Calphenus, with a long sigh. "I can raise things and take them to market."

"Yes, well," consented his mother. They sat together on the door-step, looking out over the wide Susquehanna, shallow after a long drought. They could see, far on the other side of the river, the fiery headlights of great trains; the stars shone peacefully above them.

"It is nice here," said Calphenus; "nice and open."

His mother did not answer. She had never lived near a stream, and the sound of the water made her as lonely as had the great hum of human life in Reading. It was tiny, peaceful, silent Millerstown for which she longed.

For ten years they lived unmolested. Calphenus raised truck, learning to love his labor; he went daily to market. He was afraid of the name Throckmorton; he adopted "Vail" instead, equally absurd for a Pennsylvania German. It was painted above his stall in the market, "Arthur Vail." Once during the ten years his mother went away for two days. He was crazy with terror.

"Are you going back to Millerstown, mom?"

"No."

He dared not question her further.

"But you won't give me up, mom?"

"No."

He did not leave the house till she returned.

Slowly he began to gain confidence. One night the flame of a great fire lit the sky, and they heard the next day that the State Capitol had burned. Presently the mighty dome of a new Capitol rose above the city; he could see it building as he digged his garden. It frightened him a little. He knew that it represented a vague, indestructible something which fire could not destroy nor time change; which could neither be escaped nor resisted. Sometimes the thought of law terrified him, sometimes he laughed cunningly because he had lived so long almost beneath the shadow of that dome and was not caught.

The city crept gradually upon them. Within half a mile their road became a city street; across the river a long stretch of close-set lights marked the new railroad-yards; automobiles rushed by, each one causing Calphenus to gasp afresh with delight. He began to go about the city; he ventured once into the

Capitol itself and stared up at the inside of the mighty dome; he saw the Governor's mansion flaring with lights, and women rustling up the steps, and was perfectly at ease and contented to watch so much splendor in safety and peace. There was a young girl who tended with her mother the next stall in the market; he had begun to talk to her. She was one of his own blood; when he picked her up after she had stumbled, with a solicitous "Annie, did you hurt you?" she answered, trembling, "Just a few." Then he had kissed her. He thought of her often. Why shouldn't he marry? He was safe now.

His mother had seen plainly the change in him, his growing assurance, his complacent smiling to himself. He began to look as he had looked the night that he came home in his blue suit to say good-by to her. The change did not please her. She became daily a little more silent; she spoke to him more gravely. She would not let him make any improvements in the house, or even buy her a German Bible; if he allowed himself diversion out-of-doors, he got none within. Prisoners could scarcely have lived more simply.

One day Calphenus did not return from market at his usual hour. It was six o'clock instead of two when he finally appeared. His supper was waiting for him when he had unhitched his horse and put away his crates and boxes.

"I—I couldn't come sooner," he faltered. "I—I—it was a parade. My horse, he got stubborn. I—I—"

"A parade!" repeated Ellie. "What were you doing in town?"

"I—I—I—" He stood gasping.

"What ails you?" asked his mother.

"I—I have something to tell you. I saw somebody from Millerstown this morning. It was Jimmie Weygandt. I—I—he saw me; he said, 'Hello, Cal-lie!' he yelled it out so. I was afraid. I drove a long ways round to get home and I met the parade. I—I thought he might come after me. He saw me come from the market; he might go in there and ask about me. He—he might come out here—he might—the police will find us, mother."

Ellie looked at him strangely. "Well?" she said.



Drawn by F. E. Schoonover

"HOMESICK FOR MILLERSTOWN" SHE WHISPERED "I WANT TO GO BACK"

Calphenus almost screamed. "Are you going to give me up?"

"No," answered his mother, wearily; "I will never give you up."

He ate almost nothing. After supper he went back to the barn to make all secure for the night. Then he stood motionless, listening to the river. For a moment its roar shut out all other sensation. He was appalled by the majesty of its sound; he was terrified by the loneliness of his own soul. He did not know where to turn. Then, dimly through the misty night he saw the dome of the Capitol rising august and beautiful. The river, the very heavens and earth, seemed to move uncertain; this other, shining in its bow of light, seemed to abide. He felt suddenly a great peace.

"Mother," he said, faintly, when he had entered the little house, "I have decided to give myself up."

His mother helped him pack a few simple things, and all night she blessed God and prayed for her son. In the morning she went into his room and helped him dress as though he were a little boy. Then he ate his breakfast, and went out to the gate.

"Calphenus," she called, faintly, "I want you to come back."

"Yes," he said. "But I will miss the train for Washington." Nevertheless, he returned obediently.

"There is something I must say to you, Calphenus." She spoke in German; there was to be no strange English between them forevermore. She stood by the table, a buff-colored paper, which she had taken from her bosom, in her hand. Her voice shook, but her eyes were steady. "Once I was away for a little while. I was in Washington. They said you couldn't have been arrested any more after two years were up. Here is a paper; you have to fill it in before the squire, and then you are free."

Calphenus took the paper from her hand and stared at it. It was a blank form; he saw the scattered words:

".....deserted from the army of the United States, released from liability to arrest and imprisonment, and from trial and punishment by court martial."

"When did you get this?" he asked, thickly.

"When I was away."

"It is five years."

"Yes."

"Why didn't you tell me before?"

"I couldn't," she said. The tears were running down her cheeks. It had burned like a coal in her bosom, this little paper which would have made him free, and would have taken her back to Millers-town. "I don't know why I couldn't. It wasn't time until now, Callie."

"Why didn't you tell me last night?"

"It wasn't time then yet."

Calphenus sat down by the smooth table. His mother had turned her face away and was looking out the east window of the house. She often stood there, she sat there with her work, preferring it to the wider, more lovely prospect to the west. He wondered vaguely why it was. Then his handsome face flushed. Five years ago he might have been free. Five years! How dared she keep it back?

His throat choked with rage. Then he heard again the thunder of the river, and was afraid. He tried to remember what had brought him peace; he walked to the door and looked out, and came back to his chair. He saw that his mother was watching him; she wept no more; her eyes seemed to glow like the flaming dome; he looked at her with awe; he could almost have thrown himself at her feet and begged for mercy. He feared her, his weak mother, who had punished him so cruelly, who would not tell him that he was free until he was willing to give himself up.

He stared at her curiously. How little she was, how thin, how old! For him, life waited; for her, it was past. Suddenly, with torturing clearness, he saw what her life had been. She might have been happy when she was a girl, but after her marriage grief had been her portion, and then almost twenty years of disgrace, and then these years of bitter exile. And still she could love him and punish him and pray for him! He went across the room and put his arm round her.

"Mother," he stammered. "Mother—"

For a long minute Ellie stared at him. Then she laid her head upon his breast.

"Ach, I have such homesick for Millers-town, Callie," she whispered. "I want to go back."

A Soldier of Delhi

THE STORY OF THE GREAT SIEGE, AS TOLD BY
JAMES ERVINE, A SURVIVOR, IN ENGLAND, TO

ROBERT SHACKLETON

The "Indian Mutiny"—the mutiny of the native army in India against the government of Great Britain—broke out without warning early in 1857. In May, Delhi was seized and became the headquarters of the insurgents. Many other places were also seized, so wide-spread was the native organization and so completely were the British taken by surprise. The war was carried on with atrocious cruelty by the natives and retributive severity by the British. The British recaptured Delhi after an heroic siege of several months, and this was the death-blow to the rebellion, although Lucknow was not relieved till March, 1858, and even after that there was some scattered resistance.

"IT was many and many a year that I served as a soldier in India, and yet I don't think I ever came rightly to a full understanding of it. There was always, by way of speaking, a sort of what you'd perhaps call mystery about it—about the land itself, and the men there, and the strange women; and you came to like it all.

"A queer folk, the Indians, and they'd look and look and look at us, all silent, and then go to talking in their lingo, and the men would jabber, jabber, jabber, and the women chatter, chatter, chatter, and sometimes let out screechy screams that you couldn't tell was laughing or crying.

"And it was just like that, everything sounding fast and high and loud, that they used to make war music and come a-charging and a-yelling at us: '*Bum, bum, bum! ram, ram, ram!*'—something like that, but, Lord bless you! we couldn't make it out: all the men screeching and their drums going like mad. And it's often I've heard them, night and day, for I served through the siege of Delhi, in '57."

Thus James Ervine, long-time private in the English army. He enlisted in 1855, was sent to India, fought through-

out the Indian Mutiny, and served many a year thereafter; a loyal, literal-minded soldier. And it may be mentioned that, like all other soldiers of India, he pronounces Delhi as if it were spelled "Delly," with the accent on the first syllable and the "y" short.

"And I came to love India; it took hold o' me, India did, and I served many a year there, and I wanted to serve more.

"It was a voyage of over four months to get there in those days. We sailed from Gravesend in July and landed in Calcutta in December. I was mustered into the Bengal Horse Artillery—the first troop, first brigade—and settled down to garrison duty at Meirut and then at a little station in the Punjaub. And we wore uniforms with five rows of buttons," he went on, moved to sartorial reminiscence, "and there were two red stripes down our trousers, and when we were on active service we generally wore wicker helmets for the heat, but at other times we wore brass helmets with red plumes.

"Not that I'd altogether call it settling down, either, for everything was so strange and new that it was long before I could get over the wonder of it all. More than anything else it was the

heat: and then it was the mosques and the jungle and the queer-dressed men and the color of the clothes and the brown women that passed you by with just a glance out o' the corner o' their eyes. And the trees! Big palms they was, like I used to see in Bible pictures, home in England as a boy, and banyans and fig trees and flowers. And the dust was something terrible when it wasn't mud. It was always wet season or dry season, one or t'other. But I liked it all.

"Well, after more than twenty years' service in different parts of the world, I was mustered out—twenty-one years and two months it was. It was in '76, and I wasn't old. I worked twenty year for a railroad after that, and I might just as well have been a-serving Her Majesty. And I wanted to be with the army in India again. But they said they wanted younger men. Why, I don't feel old even yet!"

And the thought came to me irresistibly, as I looked at this soldier and listened to his tale, that here was one who would have delighted the heart of Napoleon; not only because of the single-hearted simplicity of the man and his sense of obedience and duty and discipline, but because he needs but the tall cap of the French grenadiers to make him the very picture of one of Napoleon's Guardsmen; for he is tall and straight, and his mustache is long and drooping, and his eyes sparkle out from under thick and grizzled eyebrows, and his nose is long and his chest is broad and his arms are long. Yes; curiously a replica of an Old Guardsman.

"Fighting? It's all just your day's work, in a manner of speakin'. You see a man knocked down in a battle, and you take no notice. You hit a man, and you don't bother about him once you get him down. You think nothing of it. For there's your orders and your officers. It won't ever worry you, for there's your orders and your officers.

"If there's a lot of men charging at you—and often and often they came at us at Delhi, out of the walled gardens and from behind houses, with their yappin' yells and their white eyeballs a-showing—all you know is that you must just fire as quick as you can and as often as you can and don't miss. Just fire quick and often and don't miss"; epitomizing thus, this old veteran, the whole duty of the soldier!

"The big Mutiny happened so unexpected. There we was in India, a little army holding down hundreds o' millions o' people. Including the native regiments it was a big army, but it was them native regiments, that we'd drilled and armed,

that made the Mutiny. And so we could only count the native regiments as enemies; and of ourselves we were just a little army.

"There were so many people there in India that they was dying all the time, even in time of peace, and we used to say, talking it over, as men will, that it was p'r'aps because they was so used to death that our own killing so many of them didn't seem to make 'em want to quit fightin' so long as they had more men to put forward. For we thought nothing of killing ten or twenty to one—



JAMES ERVINE

I'm not boasting, you understand, but just telling you how it was. Ten or twenty of our men would often attack two or three hundred and think nothing of it.

"Well, I was in the Punjaub when the Mutiny—that's what they called it, the Indian Mutiny—began. And it was all a surprise. We would just as soon 'a' thought of our battery horses making a mutiny. There we was, a few white men and a lot of enlisted Indians, at our post, and one day the Indians just marched away. It left us looking rather silly-like, in a manner o' speaking; but not that I mean that any of the officers ever looked silly, you understand. We heard afterward that in other garrisons the native soldiers murdered all they could of the English officers, but with us they just went off quiet like.

"Well, we was took by surprise, and all we could do at first was to safeguard our barracks and arms, and that first night our regiment slept out-of-doors around the guns, ready for any attack. But the natives, they wasn't thinking of any attack. They was off for Delhi.

"Delhi, we soon found out, was to be the centre of it all, and natives went there from all over India to fight, and we was joined with other troops and sent to Delhi to besiege it.

"You see, they had a King o' Delhi that they set great store by, but for a long time we—I mean the government, you understand—had pensioned him and kep' him quiet, and give him a lot o' palaces and women. That was some of the civilians in government as did that; our generals wouldn't 'a' done it, but would 'a' sent him right about face. And I don't think her Majesty ever could 'a' knowed, for nobody couldn't 'a' told a lady, let alone a queen, about the doings they told about in some o' them palaces.

"Well, the mutineers, they took this King of Delhi, and they set him on a real throne, and they called him Emperor of India, and they put a gold crown on his head.

"Delhi was a big city in its size, and the natives, they held it a good deal of a sacred place: something to do with their religion. And before the Mutiny we had a garrison there, and more arms and ammunition in the arsenal than

anywhere else in India—oh, a lot of guns, and tons and tons o' powder!—but at the beginning of the Mutiny the native soldiers up and killed all they could of the British, and the few they didn't kill was glad enough to get away. And so there was Delhi, with its King and its arsenal and ammunition, and a big native army to hold it all. One of the British officers, before he got away, managed to blow up some of the ammunition, but there was still an awful lot left.

"We marched to Delhi, through villages where the brown folk glowered at us, all silent, and then jabbered after we passed. It was over fifty years ago, but it all comes back to me; the sights and the smells and the feelings of it. We went along narrow roads, through the strange trees and flowers I was telling you about, and past fields all cut up with little canals for irrigation; and it would 'a' been a pretty march, spite o' the dust, if we hadn't all felt so mad about the stories of killing that kept coming to us—not only killing men, but killing women and children—and worse than killing. All we wanted, then, was to get at them. But it's a fine country, a fine country. One of my comrades was reading, the other day, some verses about hearin' the East a-calling. It's that difference and mystery, you understand, an' it's being a sort o' fairy-land. And it calls; yes, it calls and calls, once you get it fair in your blood; like a tropic fever, belike. But the insecks are certainly a bit o' trouble now and then," he added, struck by a sudden afterthought.

"What caused the Mutiny we never really knew. They tell me that different reasons is given. And here is a queer thing that we used to talk about during the siege. We had had intelligence men, spies and secret service and all that, drawing pay for telling all about what the natives were thinking and doing. They knew it all, to hear them! But here was the big Mutiny coming on, and there wasn't one of them knew it!—not one! And when it was all over they couldn't say for sure what had caused it. Many came to think it was the catridges, giving them cow's and pig's grease to chew—the pig bein' hated by one set of 'em and the cow bein' worshipped by another. But it wasn't just

that, although that was used as the first pretext'. They was thinking of it long before, and getting ready, and it wasn't because of grease, but because they just wanted to be shut of us, and run the country theirselves.

"As to the rights of it, there didn't seem to be two sides. There we was in India, and we had taken the whole country, and then the Indians wanted to take it away, and of course we couldn't let them take a country that was all ours.

"There was tens o' thousands of native soldiers in the city of Delhi, fighting us, and we often saw them in their yellows and browns and reds and whites and greens and with their strange banners, and we were always glad to fight them, except that they'd come up so often at night that we couldn't never be sure of sleep; not that that mattered much. We couldn't get after them, though we always wanted to, for they were behind a great stone wall that went round the city for miles; a big gray wall, high and thick, like a fort, and along one side of the city was the big river Jumna.

"We couldn't get at them for a long time, for we had so few men. There we were, on a ridge, at one side of the city, just a little higher than the city wall. And we were too far away for the artillery, all light as it was, horse artillery, to make a breach. More than three months we stayed there, watching them, and looking at the city with its domes and minnyrets, before we could attack; and it was more as if we were besieged ourselves, for every day more natives kept joining the garrison, and pretty nearly every day or night they'd attack us. But we stayed there, waiting for the siege guns, for if we'd gone away from Delhi, with its King, we'd 'a' lost India.

"An old race, those kings, they told us, and an old city that he was set on a throne in. And that's a queer thing about it all—the age of everything. You look at a building, and they tell you it's older than the Tower o' London! And their kings and things—well, we go back, they tell me, in English history, to Queen Elizabeth and William and Mary and Charles that had his head cut off and William Conqueror; but mere children, by way of speaking, by the side of those old Indians!

"Our officers were all brave. They never seemed to mind the bullets. They just walked about and looked unconscious like, and so of course the men wasn't afraid, either, though there was plenty to be afraid of if we'd stopped to think. And there was officers with us they called 'refugees'; British officers of native regiments that had gone off. And these officers was always anxious to fight, and always seemed sort of lost like.

"And discipline was kept up sharp. Inspection every morning, and guns and catridges and uniforms seen to. And the native soldiers that stayed with us, as some did, were often treated pretty severe—afraid they'd go away too, perhaps. They said that one day a loyal sepoy, a subofficer, came hurrying with big news to a general, and the sentinel let him in, but the general ordered him back to take his shoes off before he'd listen to a word.

"A bad lot; not but what they were pleasant enough, too, with their funny ways and their rice and their gongs and cymbals and their chattering like their own monkeys when they wasn't as silent as their own images, and their ploughing with sharp sticks—ploughing with sharp sticks! Good comrades, some of them, and the little Ghoorkas and the long-bearded Sikhs could fight.

"And here was a queer thing. We lost three commanders right in those months before Delhi, but it never made any difference, for we were going to stay right there till we got the city. As long as the rebels had a King and had Delhi there wouldn't be an end of it, and we all knew it.

"And for all the time we were besieging Delhi we were never idle for want of things to occupy our minds. Always fighting. Never any real rest. Now and then we had a bit of a thought of home, but we were too busy even for that. And best so, for thinking about home couldn't help us. A soldier must just lay his mind to what he's at, for that's the way with work. And when the natives didn't come yelling at us, and make us forget home, there'd like enough be camels setting up a squealing or elephants trumpeting. Yes; always something to occupy our minds.

"And of course in the fighting there

wasn't any quarter given. No prisoners were taken on either side. We just killed all we met. And if the Indians took any it was only to torture them before killing. They often cut off toes and such. From the beginning they killed everybody, and we just shot and bayoneted. We had no place for prisoners and no men to guard them. It seems pretty awful, now, looking back at it, but the devils deserved it, and our officers expected it, and so we were glad to just shoot them or jab them with a bayonet.

"And those Indians, they killed all the women and children they could, too. But we never followed them in that, except when there was women fighting in the ranks alongside the men, screaming like mad, and we couldn't help it, and they had no business there.

"I suppose you think it odd, but I can hardly tell you what it was like when we'd be right in one of those fierce fights we had so many of during the siege. It was just kill, kill, kill—just get them down—we never thought of it as killing human beings; a soldier can't think of its being any more than fighting and killing a lot of snakes or wolves that's getting after you. You just smash a man wherever you can, and you don't care if his face is knocked in or his legs are blown off, or anything else. You're in a sort of excitement, and such things don't bother you; or if you're not in an excitement, at any rate you're in a big hurry to get those fellows down. And after they'd lost a lot of men and killed and wounded some of us, the Indians would always draw off, and we wouldn't follow them far.

"Often and often we were hungry and thirsty, but if we were fighting we'd just forget it, and then it was just the same as if we'd had rations. And if there isn't any fight, a pebble in your mouth will keep off thirst pretty well.

"And there's lots of queer things you hear. I've heard soldiers say they charge better for hearing drums. I suppose they must, because they say so, but it's proper strange. For I never heard a drum in any fight I ever was in! I suppose they was beating (though at Delhi most of the bandsmen were put right in for soldier work, you know, for there weren't men

to spare for music); but I never heard a drum. All I ever heard in a fight was the officers' 'On, men! On!' or words like that, and we just went on.

"And I never had any feelings about dead men. When the gun-wheels go over a man's head it just goes crack like squashing a turnip, but you never notice it if you're at work. Now, if I was to drive over a man out in the road there I'd feel terrible bad. But in a battle you never think of it. I suppose maybe it's because you're doing what the officers tell you, and you know it's your proper work.

"And if your comrade is shot down beside you, you don't think of that, either. You just go right ahead. Of course if he's surrounded and needs help, you go and help him; but if he's down there's nothing to do but go right ahead. Unless it's one of them men that wants an excuse to get out of the fighting-line.

"We had to watch the India devils close. After we had beat 'em and killed 'em we had to look sharp and see that they were really dead or they'd be sticking a crooked knife in us as we walked over them.

"Treacherous men they was. I remember one night, there at Delhi, we were camped in a graveyard on the ridge, and a troop of native cavalry comes riding out quiet—quiet and like shadows. We were about to fire, for it was the safest way, those days, if you didn't know, to fire first when natives came near. But our colonel called out sharp: 'Don't shoot; they're our own men!' But they was the enemy, after all, and in a minute they was right in among us, cutting and slashing, and all we could do, took by surprise in close quarters, was to draw our long swords (we wore long swords then) and back up against our cannon and fight till we drove them off.

"And that was another thing. We always felt sure we'd drive them off; always sure we'd beat them when we came to fight.

"And though we knew that always some of us would be killed and hurt, it didn't worry us much, for I suppose we always thought of it as if 'twas to be somebody else.

"Queer, the way a man takes such things. And I never was even wounded

—but it was just chance, just good luck. I fought in forty engagements for her Majesty—over forty engagements in over twenty years, in different parts of the world. Queer chance, never to be hit. And once they made me a corporal, but they set me back again, and—well, when the chance came a second time I wouldn't have it." And I noticed that though there was the rankling memory of an ancient injustice, he was too thorough a soldier to complain of his officers even after all these years.

"But I mustn't get away from Delhi. Over fifty years ago it was that I fought there. And I would never 'a' thought, those days on the Jumna, that I was to end my days on the banks of the Thames.

"It was early in September that the great guns came. We knew they'd come, though the whole country had risen against us and all our soldiers could do for a long time was to hold a post here and there and try to keep communications open. We knew the big guns would be pushed through somehow, and so we just held on for those months of fighting on our ridge while we kept up the siege of Delhi.

"It was a September day that the great guns came; drawn by elephants they was, and in a long line just like elephants dragging things in a show, only so much more of it. A grand good show it was for us, too!

"And the big guns were set up and the high gray walls were smashed in, and one day came the great assault on the city.

"A terrible time it was. We went at several places at once, dividing our attack, and got into the city at last and there was nothing but shooting and smoke and yells and charges with the bayonet. A wild time. Bitter fighting it was, in the streets, for the natives didn't seem to care for their lives, and went back slow, shooting and stabbing and screeching to the last.

"Did you ever try to force your way through a crowd?—pushing against men to get them out of the way? Well, just fancy every one of those men with a gun or a knife, crowding up against you, every one yelling and every one hacking at you or blazing away right in your face—then you'll know what the attack on Delhi was like.

"There was nothing to do but push right along against them and hack and fire quicker and truer than they did. There was days of it—several days of that last attack, fighting through the streets after our army was actually in the city; days of gasping and struggling and killing; and many was the officer and many the man who went down—but not one of us went down without accounting for a lot of those Indians. Their dead was so thick in the streets that they just piled up there.

"But at last the fighting was over, and Delhi was ours again.

"And it was queer, the end of it. For the King of Delhi—they called him Emperor of India, but among ourselves we always called him King of Delhi—the King, he ran away, with his women and sons and things, and hid in what they called a tomb, though it was as big as a palace and had a top like St. Paul's dome. And Captain Hodson, a dare-devil of an officer, went with his troop of native cavalry (natives who had stayed loyal to us), and he rides up to the tomb and says to the Emperor, says he, 'Surrender.' And the Emperor he surrenders, and the captain puts him in a sort of palanquin and starts back for Delhi. And the officer of the guard at the gate calls out—I didn't see it, but all the army was talking about it—he calls out, careless, 'What you got there, Hodson?'—and Hodson, just as quiet as if he was going to church, says, 'Only the King o' Delhi,' says he—yes, he says, all the army says he says, 'Only the King o' Delhi,' says he."



The Second Chance

BY JAMES BRANCH CABELL

IT was in the May of 1681 that the Earl of Pevensey went into the country to marry the famed heiress Mistress Araminta Vining, as he had previously settled with her father, and found her, to his vast relief, a very personable girl. She had in consequence a host of admirers, pre-eminent among whom was young William Minifie of Milanor. Lord Pevensey, a noted stickler for etiquette, decorously made bold to question Mr. Minifie's taste in a dispute concerning waistcoats. A duel was decorously arranged, and these two met upon the narrow beach of Teviot Bay.

Theirs was a spirited encounter, sustained through some ten energetic minutes. Then Pevensey pinked Mr. Minifie in the shoulder, precisely as the Earl, a favorite pupil of Gérard's, had planned to do; and these four gentlemen parted with every imaginable courtesy.

More lately Pevensey walked in the direction of Ouseley Manor, whistling *Love's a Toy*. Honor was satisfied, and happily, as he reflected, at no expense of life. He was a kindly-hearted fop, and more than once had killed his man with perfectly sincere regret.

But in putting on his coat he had overlooked his sleeve-links; and he did not recognize, for twenty-four eventful hours, the full importance of his carelessness.

For in the heart of Figgis Wood the incomparable Lady Ormerod, aunt to Lord Pevensey's betrothed, and a noted leader of fashion, had presently paused at sight of him—laughing a little—and with one tiny hand had made as though to thrust back the staghound which accompanied her.

"Your humble servant, Mr. Swashbuckler," she said; and then, "But, oh, you have not hurt the lad?" she demanded, with a tincture of anxiety.

"Nay, after a short but brilliant engagement," the Earl returned, "Mr. Minifie was very harmlessly perforated; and

in consequence I look to be married on Thursday, after all."

"Let me die, but Cupid never meets with anything save inhospitality in this gross world!" cried Lady Ormerod. "For the boy is heels over head in love with Araminta—oh, a second Almanzor! And my niece does not precisely hate him, either, let me tell you, Robin, for all your month's assault of essences and perfumed gloves and apricot paste and other small artillery of courtship. La, my dear, was it only a month ago we settled your future over a couple of Naples biscuit and a bottle of Rhenish?"

"Egad, it is a month and three days over," Lord Pevensey retorted, "since you suggested your respected brother-in-law was ready to pay my debts in full, upon condition I retaliated by making your adorable niece Lady Pevensey. Well, I stand to-day indebted to him for an advance of fifteen hundred pounds, and am no more afraid of bailiffs. We have performed a very creditable stroke of business; and the day after to-morrow, Clarinda, you will have fairly earned your five hundred pounds for arranging the marriage. Faith, I already begin to view you as undoubtedly the most desirable aunt in the universe."

Nor was there any unconscionable stretching of the phrase. Through the quiet forest, untouched as yet by any fidgeting culture and much as it was when John Lackland wooed Hawisa under its venerable oaks, old even then, the little widow moved like a light flame. She was clothed throughout in scarlet, after her high-hearted style of dress, and carried a tall staff of ebony; and the gold head of it was farther from the dead leaves than was her mischievous countenance. The staghound lounged beside her; and to the last detail Pevensey found her, as he phrased it, "mignonne et piquante."

Lady Ormerod observed, "Fiddle-dee!" Lady Ormerod continued, "Yes,

I am a fool, of course, but then I still remember Bessington, and the boy that went mad there—"

"Because of a surfeit of those dreams 'such as the poets know when they are young.' Sweet chuck, beat not the bones of the buried; for when he breathed he was a likely lad," Lord Pevensey declared, and with a singular gravity.

"Oh, la, la!" she flouted him. "Well, in any event you were the first gentleman in England to wear a neck-cloth of Flanders lace."

"And you the first person of quality to eat cheese-cakes in Spring Garden," he not half so mirthfully retorted. "So we have not entirely failed in life, it may be, after all."

She made of him a quite irrelevant demand. "D'ye fancy Esau was contented, Robin?"

"I fancy he was fond of pottage, madam; and that, as I remember, he got his pottage. Come, now, a tangible bowl of pottage, piping hot, is not to be despised in such a hazardous world as ours is."

She was silent for a lengthy while. "Lord, Lord! how musty all that brave, sweet nonsense seems!" she said, and almost sighed. "Eh, well! le vin est tiré, et il faut le boire."

"My adorable aunt! Let us put it a thought less dumpishly; and render thanks because our pottage smokes upon the table and we are blessed with excellent appetites."

"So that in a month we will be back again in the playhouses and Hyde Park and Mulberry Gardens, or nodding to each other in the New Exchange—you with your debts paid, and I with my five hundred pounds—?" She paused to pat the staghound's head. "Lord Remon came this afternoon," said Lady Ormerod, and with averted eyes.

"I don't approve of Remon," he announced. "Nay, madam, even a siren ought to spare her kin and show a certain cousinly consideration toward the more stagnant-blooded fish."

And Lady Ormerod shrugged. "He is very wealthy, and I am lamentably poor. One must not seek noon at fourteen o'clock or clamor for better bread than was ever made from wheat."

Lord Pevensey laughed, after a pregnant silence.

"By heavens, madam, you are in the right! So I shall walk no more in Figgis Wood, for its old magic breeds too many day-dreams. Besides, we have been serious for half an hour. Now, then, let us discuss theology, dear aunt, or rope-dancing, or, if you will, the last Spring Garden scandal."

She was a woman of eloquent silences when there was any need of them; and thus the fop and the coquette traversed the remainder of that solemn wood without any further speech. Modish people would have esteemed them unwontedly glum.

Pevensey discovered in a while the absence of his sleeve-links, and was properly vexed by the loss of these not unhandsome trinkets. But he knew the tide filled Teviot Bay and wondering fishes were at liberty to muzzle the toys, by this, and merely shrugged at his mishap, mid-course in toilet.

Lord Pevensey, upon mature deliberation, wore the green suit with yellow ribbons, and both his orders as well, since there was a ball that night in honor of his nearing marriage, and a confluence of gentry to attend it. Miss Vining and he walked through a minuet to some applause; the two were heartily acclaimed a striking couple, and congratulations beat about their ears as thick as sugar-plums in a carnival. And at nine you might have found the handsome Earl alone upon the East Terrace of Ouseley, pacing to and fro in the moonlight, and complacently reflecting upon his quite indisputable and unmerited good fortune.

There never was any night in June which nature planned the more adroitly. Soft and warm and windless, lit by a vainglorious moon and every star that ever shone, the beauty of this world caressed and heartened its beholder like a gallant music. Our universe, Lord Pevensey conceded willingly, was excellent and kindly, and the Arbiter of it too generous; for here was he, the wastrel, like the third prince at the end of a fairy-tale, the master of a handsome wife and a fine house and fortune. Somewhere, he knew, young Minifie, with his arm in a sling, was pleading with Mistress Araminta for the last time; and this reflection did not greatly trouble Lord Peven-

sey, since incommunicably it tickled his vanity. He was chuckling when he came to the open window.

Within a woman was singing, to the tinkling accompaniment of a spinet, for the delectation of Lord Remon. She was not uncomely, and the hard, lean, stingy countenance of the attendant nobleman was almost genial. Pevensey understood with a great rending shock, as though the thought were novel, that Clarinda Ormerod designed to marry this man, who grinned within fingers' reach—or rather to ally herself with Remon's inordinate wealth—and without any heralding a brutal rage and hatred of all created things possessed the involuntary eavesdropper, and shook and tore at every fibre of his being.

She looked up into Remon's face and, laughing with such bright and elfin mirth as never any other woman showed (thought Pevensey), she broke into another song. She would have spared Lord Pevensey that had she but known him to be within ear-shot. . . . Oh, it was only Lady Ormerod who sang, he knew—the seasoned gamester and coquette, the veteran of London and of Cheltenham—but the woman had no right to charm this haggler with a voice that was not hers. For it was the voice of another Clarinda, who this fine and urban lady had once been, and was not any longer; it was the voice of a soft-handed, tender, jeering girl, whom he alone remembered: and a sick, illimitable rage grilled in each vein of him, as liltingly the woman sang, for Remon, the old and foolish song that Pevensey alone remembered likewise, and of which he might not ever forget the most trivial word.

Men, even beaux, are strangely constituted; and so it needed only this—the sudden stark brute jealousy of one male animal for another. That was the clumsy hand which now unlocked the dyke; and like a flood, tall and resistless, came the recollection of their common past and of its least dear trifle, of all the aspirations and absurdities and splendors of their common youth, and found him in its path, a painted fellow, a spend-thrift king of the mode, a most notable authority upon the set of a peruke, a peniless spent connoisseur of stockings, essences, and new cosmetics.

He got but little sleep this night. There were too many plaintive memories which tediously plucked him back, with feeble and innumerable hands, so often as he trod upon the threshold of sleep. Then, too, there were so many dreams, half-waking, and not only of Clarinda Chichele, naïve and frank in divers rural circumstances, but rather of Clarinda Ormerod, that perfect piece of artifice: of how exquisite she was! how swift and volatile and elvish in every movement! how airily indomitable, and how mendacious to the tips of her polished finger-nails! and how she always seemed to flit about this world as joyously, alertly, and as colorfully as some ornate and tiny bird of the tropics.

But presently parochial birds were wrangling underneath my lord's window, while he tossed and assured himself that he was sleepier than any saint who ever snored in Ephesus; and presently one hand of Moncrieff was drawing the bed-curtains, while the other carefully balanced a mug of shaving-water.

Pevensey did not see her all that morning, for Lady Ormerod was fatigued, or so a lackey informed his lordship, and as yet kept her chamber. His Araminta he found deplorably sullen. So the Earl devoted the better part of this day to a refitting of his wedding-suit, just come from London, for Moncrieff, an invaluable man, had adjudged the pockets to be placed too high.

Thus it was as late as five in the afternoon that, wearing the peach-colored suit trimmed with scarlet ribbon, and a new French beaver, the exquisite came upon Lady Ormerod walking in the gardens with only an appropriate peacock for company.

She was so beautiful and brilliant—so like a famous gem too suddenly disclosed—that his decorous, pleasant voice might quite permissibly have shaken a trifle when the Earl implored Clarinda Ormerod to walk with him to Teviot Bay, on the off-chance of recovering his sleeve-links.

And there they did find one of the trinkets, but the tide had swept away the other, or else the sand had buried it. So they rested there upon the rocks, after an unavailing search, and talked of

many trifles, amid surroundings oddly *maladroit*.

For this Teviot Bay is a primeval place, a deep-cut, narrow notch in the tip of Carnrick, and is walled by cliffs so high and so precipitous that they exclude a view of anything except the ocean. The bay opens due west; and its white barriers were now developing a violet tinge, for this was on a sullen afternoon, and the sea was ruffled by spiteful gusts. Everywhere was a gigantic peace vexed only when high overhead a sea-fowl jeered at these modish persons as he flapped toward an impregnable nest.

"And by this hour to-morrow," thought Lord Pevensey, "I shall be chained to that good, strapping, wholesome Juno of a girl!"

So he fell presently into a silence, staring at the vacant west, not thinking of anything at all, but longing poignantly for something which was very beautiful and strange and quite unattainable, with precisely that exquisite anguish he had sometimes known in awaking from a dream of which he could remember nothing save its piercing beauty.

"And thus ends the last day of our bachelorhood!" said Lady Ormerod upon a sudden. "You have played long enough—la, Robin, you have led the fashion for ten years, you have laughed as much as any man alive, but you have pulled down all that nature raised in you, I think. Was it worth while?"

"Why, look you," Pevensey philosophized, "have you never thought what a vast deal of loving and painstaking labor must have gone to make the world we inhabit so beautiful and so complete? For it was not enough to evolve and set a glaring sun in heaven, to marshal the big stars about the summer sky, but even in the least frequented meadow every butterfly must have his pinions jewelled, very carefully, and every lovely blade of grass be fashioned separately. The hand that yesterday arranged the Himalayas found time to glaze the wings of a midge! Now, most of us could design a striking Flood, or even a Last Judgment, since the canvas is so big and the colors so virulent; but to paint a snuff-box perfectly you must love the labor for its own sake, and not with even an under-thought of the performance's ulti-

mate appraisal. People do not often consider the simple fact that it is enough to bait, and quite superfluous to veneer, a trap; indeed, those generally acclaimed the best of persons insist this world is but an antechamber, full of gins and pitfalls, which must be scurried through with shut eyes. And the more fools they! For to enjoy a sunset, or a glass of wine, or even to admire the charms of a handsome woman, is to render the Artificer of all at least the tribute of appreciation."

But she said, in a sharp voice, "Robin, Robin—!" And he saw that there was no beach now in Teviot Bay, except the dwindling crescent at its farthest indentation upon which they sat.

His watch showed five o'clock; and presently Lord Pevensey laughed, not very loudly.

"Look now," said Pevensey, "upon what trifles our lives hinge! Last night I heard you singing, and the song brought back so many things done long ago and made me so unhappy that—ridiculous conclusion!—I forgot to wind my watch. Well! the tide is buffeting at either side of Carnrick; within the hour this place will be submerged; and, in a phrase, we are as dead as Hannibal or Hector."

She said, very quiet, "Could you not gain the mainland if you stripped and swam for it?"

"Why, possibly," he conceded. "Meanwhile, you would have drowned. Faith, we had as well make the best of it."

Little Lady Ormerod touched his sleeve, and her hand (as the man noted) did not shake at all, nor did her delicious piping voice declare her will uncertainly. "You cannot save me. I know it. I am not frightened. I bid you save yourself."

"Permit me to assist you to that ledge of rock," Lord Pevensey answered, "which is a trifle higher than the beach; and I pray you do not mar the dignity of these last passages by talking nonsense."

For he had spied a ledge, not inaccessible, some four feet higher than the sands, and it offered them at least a respite. And within the moment they had secured this niggardly concession, intent to die, as Pevensey observed, like hurt mice upon a pantry shelf. The business smacked of disproportion, he considered, for here was a big ruthless league 'twixt



Painting by Howard Pyle

"WHO ARE WE THAT HEAVEN SHOULD MAKE OF THE OLD SEA A FOWLING NET?"

earth and sea; and with no loftier end than to crush a fop and a coquette, whose speedier extinction had been dear at the expense of a shilling's worth of arsenic!

Even the sun came out to peep at these trapped comely people, and doubtless to get appropriate mirth of the spectacle. He hung low against the misty sky; and for the rest, the rocks, and all these treacherous and lapping waves, were very like a crude draught of the world, dashed off conceivably upon the day before creation.

These arbiters of social London did not speak at all; and the bleak waters crowded toward them as in a fretful dispute of precedence.

Then the woman said: "Last night Lord Remon asked me to marry him, and I declined the honor. For this place is too like Bessington—and, I think, the past month has changed everything—"

"I thought you had forgotten Bessington," he said, "and long ago."

"I did not ever quite forget— Oh, the garish years," she wailed, "since then! And how I hated you, Robin—and yet liked you, too—because you were never the boy that I remembered, and people would not let you be! And how I hated them—the huzzies! For I had to see you almost every day, and it was never you I saw— Ah, Robin, come back for just a little, little while, and be an honest boy for just the moment that we are dying, and not an elegant fine gentleman!"

"Nay, my dear," the Earl composedly answered, "an hour of naked candor is at hand. Life is a masquerade where Death, it would appear, is master of the ceremonies. Now he sounds his whistle; and we who went about the world so long as harlequins must unmask, and for all time put aside our abhorrence of the dishevelled. For this is Death who comes, Clarinda—though I had thought that at his advent one would be afraid."

Yet apprehension of this gross and unavoidable adventure, so soon to be endured, thrilled him, and none too lightly. It was grotesque, unfair, that it draw near thus sensibly, with never a twinge or ache to herald its arrival. Why, there were fifty years of life in this fine, nimble body, but for any contretemps like that of a deplorable present!

"Oh, Robin," Lady Ormerod bewailed, "it is all so big—the incurious west, and

the sea, and these rocks that were old in Noah's youth—and we are so little—!"

"Yes," he returned, and took her hand, because their feet were wetted now; "the trap and its small prey are not commensurate. The stage is set for a Homeric death-scene, and we two profane an over-ambitious background. For who are we that Heaven should have rived the world before time was, to trap us, and should make of the old sea a fowling-net?"

Their eyes encountered, and he said, with a strange gush of manliness: "Yet Heaven is kind. I am bound even in honor now to marry Mistress Araminta; and you would marry Remon in the end, Clarinda— Ah yes! for we are merely moths, my dear, and luxury is a disastrously brilliant lamp. But here are only you and I and the master of all ceremony. And yet—I would we were a little worthier, Clarinda!"

"You were the first gentleman in England to wear a neck-cloth of Flanders lace," she answered, and her smile was sadder than weeping.

"And you the first person of quality to eat cheese-cakes in Spring Garden. There you have our epitaphs, if we in truth have earned an epitaph, who have not ever lived."

"No, we have only laughed—Laugh now, for the last time, and hearten me, my handsome Robin! And yet could I but come to God," the woman said, with a new voice, "and make it clear to Him just how it all fell out, and beg for one more chance! How heartily I would pray then!"

"And I would cry Amen to all that prayer must of necessity contain," he answered. "Oh!" Pevensey said, "just for applause and bodily comfort and the envy of innumerable other fools we two have bartered a great heritage! I think our corner of the world will lament us for as much as a week, but I fear lest Heaven may not condescend to set apart the needful time wherein to frame a suitable chastisement for such poor imbeciles. Clarinda, I have loved you all my life, and I have been faithful neither to you nor to myself! I love you so that I am not afraid even now, since you are here, and so entirely that I have forgotten how to plead my cause con-

vincingly. And I have had practice, let me tell you. . . ."

He showed her where his finger-nails had torn his velvet palms. "See, now, to what outmoded and bucolic frenzies nature brings even us at last!"

She answered only, as she motioned seaward, "Look—!"

And what Lord Pevensey saw was a substantial boat rowed by four of Mr. Minifie's attendants; and in the bow of the vessel sat that wounded gentleman himself, regarding Pevensey and Lady Ormerod with some disfavor; and beside the younger man was Mistress Araminta Vining.

It was a perturbed Minifie who broke the silence. "This is very awkward," he said, "because Araminta and I are eloping. We mean to be married this same night at Milanor. And deuce take it, Lord Pevensey, I can't leave you there to drown, any more than in the circumstances I can ask you to make one of the party."

"Lord Pevensey," said his companion, with far more asperity, "the vanity and obduracy of a cruel father have forced me to the adoption of this desperate measure. Toward yourself I entertain no ill feeling, nor indeed any sentiment at all except the most profound contempt. My aunt will, of course, accompany us; for yourself you will do as you please; but in any event I solemnly protest that I spurn your odious pretensions, release myself hereby from an enforced and hideous obligation, and, in a phrase, would not marry you in order to be Queen of England."

"Miss Vining, I had hitherto admired you," the Earl replied, with fervor, "and I now adore you." Then he turned to his Clarinda. "Madam, you will pardon the awkward but unavoidable publicity of my proceeding. I am a ruined man. I owe your brother-in-law some fifteen hundred pounds, and, oddly enough, I mean to pay him. I must sell Jephcot and Skene Minor, but while life lasts I shall keep Bessington and all its memories. Meanwhile there is a clergyman waiting at Milanor. So marry me to-night, Clarinda; and we will go back to Bessington to-morrow."

"To Bessington—!" It was as though she spoke of something very sacred.

Then, very musically, Lady Ormerod laughed, and to the eye she was all flippancy. "La, Robin, I can't bury myself in the country until the end of time," she said, "and make interminable custards," she added, "and superintend the poultry," she said, "and for recreation, play short whist with the vicar."

And it seemed to Lord Pevensey that he had gone divinely mad. "Don't lie to me, Clarinda. You are thinking there are yet a host of heiresses who would be glad to be a countess at however dear a cost. But don't lie to me! Don't even try to seem the airy and bedizened woman I have known so long. All that is over now. Death tapped us on the shoulder, and, if only for a moment, the masks were dropped. And life is changed now, —oh, everything is changed! Then come, my dear! let us be wise and very honest. Let us concede it is still possible for me to find another heiress, and for you to marry Remon; let us grant it the only outcome of our common sense! and for all that, laugh, and fling away the potage, and be more wise than reason."

She irresolutely said: "Matters are altered now. It would be madness—"

"It would undoubtedly be madness," the Earl assented. "But then I am so tired of being rational! Oh, Clarinda!" this former arbiter of taste absurdly babbled, "if I lose you now it is forever; and there is no health in me, save when I am with you. Then alone I wish to do praiseworthy things, to be all which the boy we know of should have grown to. . . . See how profoundly shameless I am become when, with such an audience, I take refuge in the pitiful base argument of my own weakness! But, my dear, I want you so that nothing else in the world means anything to me. I want you; and all my life I have wanted you!"

"Boy, boy—!" she answered, and her fine hands had come to Pevensey, as white birds flutter homeward. But even then she had to deliberate the matter—since the habits of many years are not put aside like outworn gloves—and for innumerable centuries her foot tapped on that wetted ledge.

Presently her lashes lifted. "I suppose it would be lacking in reverence to keep a clergyman waiting longer than was absolutely necessary?" she hazarded.

How Animals Find Their Way Home

BY JOHN B. WATSON

Professor of Comparative and Experimental Psychology, Johns Hopkins University

NATURALISTS and animal-lovers generally have interested themselves from time immemorial in the question as to whether animals have a special sense which enables them to find their way home after having been forced to leave it through accident or by the caprice of the scientist or the sportsman. The fact that animals do get back from long distances is beyond question, but whether the pathway over which they return must be familiar to them in all cases is the question which the scientist is trying to solve.

The average man who is interested in the doings of animals thinks there is little question that birds at least can return from long distances through a wholly unknown territory, and that consequently they must possess a special homing sense. The scientist, however, with his usual distaste for calling upon unknown and mysterious instincts, is not willing to admit that there is any need at present for supposing that animals have such a faculty. He would explain all the wonderful returns of animals by maintaining that they in all save exceptional cases were not carried out of a territory which was familiar to them. To explain the exceptional cases he holds that since the number of animals returning from very great distances is so small compared with the large number of animals released which do not return, the law of chance will account for the cases of successful return.

The term "distant orientation" is one now in common use to express the fact that animals, especially homing pigeons, do return to the nest or cote from long distances. The use of the term does not compel us to take sides on the question as to whether the homeward route is known or unknown to the animals.

What animals are known to find the way home from long distances—leaving

aside for a moment the question of how any of them accomplish it? Several animals are able to accomplish the feat. The homing pigeon has been supposed to possess this ability in the highest degree. No other species of bird has been studied with the same degree of care as has this one. It has been employed in war, in sport, and in many scientific experiments. The reason why this animal has been so largely used as a homer is due to the fact that it dwells happily under conditions of domestication. After having been reared in a certain spot, the pigeon seems desirous always of returning to the same spot as quickly as possible. If it has constructed a nest and has eggs or young, it seems still more anxious to return. Probably many other birds would make just as fit subjects for experiment if we could get them to live under conditions similar to those of the pigeon. All migrating birds, such as the robin, wild goose, bluebird, etc., certainly must possess the homing instinct, yet it is hard to make experiments upon them for the reason that such birds, if kept in captivity for a long time, have little or no desire to return to the scene of captivity after having been taken to a distance and put at liberty. The enormous man-o'-war bird has been used probably for centuries for carrying messages between certain oceanic tribes. From my knowledge of this bird, I venture to guess that experiments in the future will show that it can eclipse all others in its homing powers. This bird is extremely strong, has an enormous wing surface, flies very high, and can thus take advantage of the higher and steadier air currents, and in addition can go for days without food. I have little doubt of this bird's ability to get back to its nest in the Bahamas from Greenland or from any other point provided the pathway which the bird had to take were

partly over the ocean and partly over the land, thus affording food on the one hand and sleeping-places on the other. Notwithstanding the large number of migrating birds and the amount of time naturalists have spent in studying their habits, our knowledge of the causes of migration and the way in which the birds accomplish it is strangely inexact. Even the multitude of observations which the United States government has made upon the migration of birds gives us but little insight into the hidden way in which distant orientation is effected.

In the case of mammals there seem to be several well-authenticated cases of returns of dogs and cats from distances which vary from three to fifty miles. It is said by Fabre, the great French naturalist, that the adult male cat cannot be made to dwell in a new home. He cites two instances where the male cat, after having been carried three miles to a house in a strange neighborhood and shut up there and petted for two weeks, when released went back to his former home immediately and in a straight line. One animal, in order to return by the most direct route, had to swim a stream, whereas a short *détour* either to the right or to the left would have brought him to a bridge.

It is a real question whether man possesses or ever has possessed any such function. It is a well-known fact that savages and primitive men generally are able to return to camp from long distances through a country which is but little known. It is possible here, though, that the moss on the trees and other slight visual cues may be sufficient to guide them in unknown territory. I am free to confess, however, that I am not wholly satisfied that there is not some vestigial trace of this function even in civilized races. Human beings certainly differ from one another greatly as regards their ability to keep from getting "lost" when far from home, nor can those who do not get lost account very well for the manner in which they maintain their orientation. A little care and patience on the part of the psychologist might reveal traces of this function in man which seems to be so all-important in the life of the bird.

That fishes, toads, etc., migrate from

place to place, depending upon the season of the year, is also a well-known fact.

Probably next to the birds come the insects. It is now pretty generally admitted that the ant smells its way home. It may leave the nest and go long distances by a circuitous route in search of food, but its return is in all but exceptional cases along the same route. It does not necessarily slavishly follow back the outgoing trail, since it is possible to remove small portions of the path without seriously confusing the ant, yet it rarely diverges far from the trail laid in the outgoing journey. Bees and wasps, however, can lay no trail in the air. Experiments seem to show that bees can return from a distance of three to six miles, but that if carried much beyond this, they cannot return. There is some evidence also which seems to point to the fact that if the bee is carried away in a direction in which he is not wont to travel in search of pollen, he cannot return. Many other insects, such as the social and solitary wasps, have been studied, but few facts of importance have been brought out. What facts there are seem to give support to the view that insects at least cannot return over a pathway which is wholly unfamiliar to them.

Let us look for a moment a little more closely into the training and the homing records of the homing pigeon. How necessary is training to make a good flier? From how great a distance can he return over a land pathway? and from how great a distance over a water pathway? Most men who engage in the sport—and what we know of the homing pigeon comes largely from the sporting man—select their stock very carefully; that is, they take the young birds which come from parents that have made good long-distance records. Only a few of the birds even of this selected stock turn out to be long-distance fliers. The young birds are carefully reared, and when strong enough to fly they are carried to distances of one-half, one, two, three, four, thirty-five, fifty, seventy-five, one hundred, miles successively and released. The distance is gradually increased until finally the bird seems strong enough and experienced enough to try the prize distance of one thousand miles. The more often a bird flies between any two points, the

more quickly can he make the trip, other conditions being equal. The enormous rapidity of fifty to ninety miles per hour which we so often hear of in the homing pigeon is for distances which can be covered in a few hours. As soon as we take distances which cannot be covered in one day, the average rate of speed is very low—about two and a half days being necessary to cover a distance of six hundred and fifty miles. The rate of flight even for short distances depends upon a number of things, such as the brightness of the day, favorableness of winds and weather, and the health and hardiness of the bird. When the maximum distance of one thousand miles is called for, the average rate of flight is extremely low: from nine to fourteen days is a splendid record. It is not uncommon for the birds to take fifteen, sixteen, and twenty days for such a journey. They sometimes return from such a distance after months or even years. Only a few of the birds released one thousand miles from home ever get back, but the percentage of "returns" cannot be definitely stated. Pigeon-fanciers are so much interested in the few which do return that they rarely say much about the birds which fail.

Few records exist which are at all trustworthy of the distance from which birds can return over an ocean pathway. There is one authentic case on record where one pigeon was carried from Havre (France) to the Scilly Isles and there released. This bird found its way back. The distance is approximately two hundred and fifty miles.

How do we know that the pathway over which the bird returns is unknown? This is the crux of the whole matter. The homing pigeon is extremely keen-sighted. The very methods by which we train him to "home" make it possible for him to become familiar with an enormous territory. Simply because he cannot see his cote or even the town in which the cote is situated is no proof that he is not returning by the aid of visual landmarks. If the bird is five hundred miles from his home, and there is a mountain range between him and his home, it would serve the same purpose for him to perceive this mountain range and direct his flight toward it as if he could directly perceive his nest and young. With the methods

of training homing pigeons which we have at present we can never be sure that the territory through which the bird directs his flight is ever wholly unknown to him. Furthermore, until we have more accurate records both of the number of birds which return and of those which do not, we can never be sure that the exceptional bird which does get home has not accomplished it by accidentally flying into a familiar territory.

For these reasons I have been hardy enough to say that the question as to whether animals have a special homing sense can never be answered by experiments upon the homing pigeon. It was this thought which led me to make a study of distant orientation in two species of tropical birds which are found upon Bird Key—a little deserted mound of sand about three hundred yards in diameter lying in the middle of the Gulf of Mexico. This key is a member of the Dry Tortugas group (sixty-five miles due west from Key West). The birds in question are the noddy and sooty terns, belonging to the gull family, and not differing much in general size from the homing pigeon. In the fall and winter months they are to be found distributed generally over the tropical waters of the Caribbean Sea. On the first day of May, almost to the day, about twenty-five to thirty thousand of them migrate to Bird Key, and remain there for the nesting season. Bird Key is thus the northern limit of migration. A study of their habits shows that they do not go out over the water in their search for food for distances greater than fifteen to eighteen miles, consequently any distance north of Bird Key greater than this would take the birds into an unknown territory. Here if anywhere, then, we have material at hand for carrying out experiments upon distant orientation. We can send birds out over an ocean pathway or we can send them inland. My experiments have not been carried very far at the present time, but they have already progressed far enough to give some really astonishing results.

After the egg is laid, the male and female birds take turns at brooding, and one bird is always to be found at the nest. At this time the birds are bold and can be captured easily. After being captured they are marked individ-

ually with large streaks of different-colored oil paints. These markings can be so varied that each bird sent out has a different marking. The nest is then tagged, showing the time of the bird's removal. A record is kept of the weather and the number of days it takes the bird to return. I began my experiments by sending them out in pairs to distances respectively of twenty, forty-five, sixty-six, and one hundred and eight miles, different birds being used in each test. In all cases the birds returned from these trips in good condition. The average rate of flight could not be determined accurately by reason of the fact that the birds stopped to feed upon the schools of small minnows which jump out over the surface of the water. These distances were all to the east and to the south of Bird Key. I then determined, since my time was short, to give the birds a severe trial by sending them almost due north. On the early morning of June 13th (1907) five birds were put into a large insect-cage and given into the charge of Dr. H. E. Jordan, who was returning to New York. He carried the birds *viâ* the government tug to Key West. There food was purchased for them (small minnows). At three in the morning of Friday, the 14th, Doctor Jordan boarded the Mallory boat *Denver*, which was leaving Key West at that time for New York. On board the boat the birds (which were carried in the hold of the vessel) were both watered and fed. On Sunday, the 16th, at nine in the morning, the birds were released at latitude 35° , longitude $75^{\circ} 10'$ (approximately twelve miles east of Cape Hatteras). The wind was fair and fresh for several days after the birds were released. I kept their nests under constant observation, but had almost given up hope of their return, when, to my surprise, on June 21st, at half past eight in the morning, I found two of the marked birds upon their respective nests. The nest mates of the other three birds had taken new nest companions; consequently had the marked birds returned they would have been unable to obtain possession of the nest. A few days later I by chance observed one of the marked birds attempting to alight at its own nest. It was immediately driven away. Three of the five birds are thus known

to have returned. I have little doubt that the other two birds also returned. The distance in a straight line from Hatteras to Bird Key is approximately eight hundred and fifty miles. The alongshore route is about one thousand and eighty-one miles. The latter is the route in all probability chosen by the birds, since by studying their habits I found that they do not fly at night, nor swim nor rest upon the water, and yet are dependent upon the ocean for their food and water. This distance was covered in a little less than six days.

For comparison's sake, I give here a record of the homing pigeon Hobo on his trip from Houston, Texas, to Milwaukee, a distance of one thousand miles. I am indebted to Mr. A. E. Wiedering, sometime race secretary of the Milwaukee district of National Federated Homing Pigeon Fanciers, for the record of this bird. He was one of Mr. Wiedering's prize birds.

Hobo was released at Houston on July 24th at noon, and reached Milwaukee on August 3d at a quarter past eight in the morning, taking nine days, twenty hours, and fifteen minutes for the trip (very close to the world's record). The one other bird released with Hobo which made good time was Little Hen. Her record was fourteen days, one hour, and nineteen minutes. These birds had been flying for five years, in large part over the territory lying between Houston and Milwaukee.

There can be no doubt that my birds were carried into a wholly unknown territory, and since they returned, the question as to how they did it is the one which it is hoped future experiment will answer. The generally accepted theory up to the present time has been that the birds return by means of visual landmarks, but here there are no familiar visual landmarks. It seems to me that the "visual landmark" theory of distant orientation is forever exploded by these tests. What we shall put in place of it is difficult to decide. Birds may have an extremely sensitive temperature sense, or a very fine sense of touch, which may aid them in detecting warm or cold, wet or dry, violent or gentle air currents, but such a supposition is doubly precarious for the reason that we do not at present

know anything about the perfection of their senses of touch and of temperature; and secondly, granted that they have such senses finely enough developed, are the air currents constant enough and distinctive enough to afford a basis for getting back from any point of the compass?

Shall we, then, assume a special homing sense and forthwith call our problem solved? This might satisfy the dilettant, but not the scientist. If the facts demand it, he is willing to assume a special sense, but the moment the assumption is made it becomes his duty to locate the sense organ responsible for it and to tell how the organ works, and what its relation is to the other sense organs. That such a special sense, if it exists, is intimately related to vision in some way is shown by the fact that birds, as a rule, do not fly at night and that blind birds cannot find the way home. This may be due to the fact that light is necessary for any kind of general bodily activity. Blind

birds or birds kept in a photographic dark room are at first almost incapable of taking care of themselves. They behave much like birds whose cerebral hemispheres (the two largest portions of the brain) have been removed. The fact that birds are helpless in the dark is thus no proof that there is no special homing sense. All that we can say at present is that light would be as necessary for the operation of such a supposed sense as it is for the other senses. Popular interest in distant orientation would be more or less satisfied if a special homing sense were to be brought in to explain the facts in the case, but the real work on the problem would then have only seriously begun for the scientist. It is probably too early yet to say that the case is made out for a special homing sense. The evidence, however, is too strong for us to deny that some sense other than vision is employed by animals in finding the way home.

Playmates

BY JOSEPH RUSSELL TAYLOR

THE pewee cried his pretty word—
 Look and listen! There's the bird!—
 Perched in reach, and out afloat
 He wove a circle round your throat,
 You were in his roundabout.
 Look out! look out!
 'The squirrel in the pear tree shook
 The rustling leafage—listen, look!—
 And dropped the green soft-thudding pears
 To rap a child's head unawares,
 A gift, a game, beyond a doubt.
 Look out! look out!
 The child that seemed alone with me
 Played, and there were playmates three,
 Under the green summer tree.
 Look out!

Crapy Cornelia

BY HENRY JAMES

THREE times within a quarter of an hour—shifting the while his posture on his chair of contemplation—had he looked at his watch as for its final sharp hint that he should decide, that he should get up. His seat was one of a group fairly sequestered, unoccupied save for his own presence, and from where he lingered he looked off at a stretch of lawn freshened by recent April showers and on which sundry small children were at play. The trees, the shrubs, the plants, every stem and twig just ruffled as by the first touch of the light finger of the relenting year, struck him as standing still in the blest hope of more of the same caress; the quarter about him held its breath after the fashion of the child who waits with the rigor of an open mouth and shut eyes for the promised sensible effect of his having been good. So, in the windless, sun-warmed air of the beautiful afternoon, the Park of the winter's end had struck White-Mason as waiting; even New York, under such an impression, was "good," good enough—for *him*; its very sounds were faint, were almost sweet, as they reached him from so seemingly far beyond the wooded horizon that formed the remoter limit of his large shallow glade. The tones of the frolic infants ceased to be nondescript and harsh—were in fact almost as fresh and decent as the frilled and puckered and ribboned garb of the little girls, which had always a way, in those parts, of so portentously flaunting the daughters of the strange native—that is of the overwhelmingly alien—populace at him.

Not that these things in particular were his matter of meditation now; he had wanted, at the end of his walk, to sit apart a little and think—and had been doing that for twenty minutes, even though as yet to no break in the charm of procrastination. But he had looked without seeing and listened without

hearing: all that had been positive for him was that he hadn't failed vaguely to feel. He had felt in the first place, and he continued to feel—yes, at forty-eight quite as much as at any point of the supposed reign of younger intensities—the great spirit of the air, the fine sense of the season, the supreme appeal of Nature, he might have said, to his time of life; quite as if she, easy, indulgent, indifferent, cynical Power, were offering him the last chance it would rest with his wit or his blood to embrace. Then with that he had been entertaining, to the point and with the prolonged consequence of accepted immobilization, the certitude that if he did call on Mrs. Worthingham and find her at home he couldn't in justice to himself not put to her the question that had lapsed the other time, the last time, through the irritating and persistent, even if accidental, presence of others. What friends she had—the people who so stupidly, so wantonly stuck! If they *should*, he and she, come to an understanding, that would presumably have to include certain members of her singularly ill-composed circle, in whom it was incredible to him that he should ever take an interest. This defeat, to do himself justice—he was bent rather predominantly on *that*, you see; ideal justice to *her*, with her possible conception of what it should consist of, being another and quite a different matter—he had had the fact of the Sunday afternoon to thank for; she didn't "keep" that day for him, since they hadn't, up to now, quite begun to cultivate the appointment or assignation founded on explicit sacrifices. He might at any rate look to find this pleasant practical Wednesday—should he indeed, at his actual rate, stay it before it ebbed—more liberally and intendingly given him.

The sound he at last most wittingly distinguished in his nook was the single deep note of half past five borne to him

from some high-perched public clock. He finally got up with the sense that the time from then on *ought* at least to be felt as sacred to him. At this juncture it was—while he stood there shaking his garments, settling his hat, his neck-tie, his shirt-cuffs, fixing the high polish of his fine shoes as if for some reflection in it of his straight and spare and grizzled, his refined and trimmed and dressed, his altogether distinguished person, that of a gentleman abundantly settled, but of a bachelor markedly nervous—at this crisis it was, doubtless, that he at once most measured and least resented his predicament. If he should go he'd almost to a certainty find her, and if he should find her he'd almost to a certainty come to the point. He wouldn't put it off again—there was that high consideration for him of justice at least to himself. He had never yet denied himself anything so apparently fraught with possibilities as the idea of proposing to Mrs. Worthingham—never yet, in other words, denied himself anything he had so distinctly wanted to do; and the results of that wisdom had remained for him precisely the precious parts of experience. Counting only the offers of his honorable hand, these had been on three remembered occasions at least the consequence of an impulse as sharp and a self-respect as reasoned; a self-respect that hadn't in the least suffered, moreover, from the failure of each appeal. He had been met in the three cases—the only ones he at all compared with his present case—by the frank confession that he didn't somehow, charming as he was, cause himself to be superstitiously believed in; and the lapse of life, afterwards, had cleared up many doubts.

It *wouldn't* have done, he eventually, he lucidly saw, each time he had been refused; and the candor of his nature was such that he could live to think of these very passages as a proof of how right he had been—right, that is, to have put himself forward always, by the happiest instinct, only in impossible conditions. He had the happy consciousness of having exposed the important question to the crucial test, and of having escaped, by that persistent logic, a grave mistake. What better proof of his escape than the fact that he was now free to renew the all-

interesting inquiry, and should be, exactly, about to do so in different and better conditions? The conditions were better by as much more—as much more of his career and character, of his situation, his reputation he could even have called it, of his knowledge of life, of his somewhat extended means, of his possibly augmented charm, of his certainly improved mind and temper—as was involved in the actual impending settlement. Once he had got into motion, once he had crossed the Park and passed out of it, entering, with very little space to traverse, one of the short new streets that abutted on its east side, his step became that of a man young enough to find confidence, quite to find felicity, in the sense, in almost any sense, of action. He could still enjoy almost anything, absolutely an unpleasant thing, in default of a better, that might still remind him he wasn't so old. The standing newness of everything about him would, it was true, have weakened this cheer by too much presuming on it; Mrs. Worthingham's house, before which he stopped, had that gloss of new money, that glare of a piece fresh from the mint and ringing for the first time on any counter, which seems to claim for it, in any transaction, something more than the "face" value.

This could but be yet more the case for the impression of the observer introduced and committed; on our friend's part I mean, after his admission and while still in the hall, the sense of the general shining immediacy, of the still unhushed clamor of the shock, was perhaps stronger than he had ever known it. That broke out from every corner as the high pitch of interest, and with a candor that—no, certainly—he had never seen equalled; every particular expensive object shrieking at him in its artless pride that it had just "come home." He met the whole vision with something of the grimace produced on persons without goggles by the passage from a shelter to a blinding light; and if he had—by a perfectly possible chance—been "snap-shotted" on the spot, would have struck you as showing for his first tribute to the temple of Mrs. Worthingham's charming presence a scowl almost of anguish. He wasn't constitutionally,

it may at once be explained for him, a goggled person; and he was condemned, in New York, to this frequent violence of transition—having to reckon with it whenever he went out, as who should say, from himself. The high pitch of interest, to his taste, was the pitch of history, the pitch of acquired and earned suggestion, the pitch of association, in a word; so that he lived by preference, incontestably, if not in a rich gloom, which would have been beyond his means and spirits, at least amid objects and images that confessed to the tone of time.

He had ever felt that an indispensable presence—with a need of it moreover that interfered at no point with his gentle habit, not to say his subtle art, of drawing out what was left him of his youth, of thinly and thriftily spreading the rest of that choicest jam-pot of the cupboard of consciousness over the remainder of a slice of life still possibly thick enough to bear it; or in other words of moving the melancholy limits, the significant signs, constantly a little further on, very much as property-marks or staked boundaries are sometimes stealthily shifted at night. He positively cherished in fact, as against the too inveterate gesture of distressfully guarding his eyeballs—so many New York aspects seemed to keep him at it—an ideal of adjusted appreciation, of courageous curiosity, of fairly letting the world about him, a world of constant breathless renewals and merciless substitutions, make its flaring assault on its own inordinate terms. Newness *was* value in the piece—for the acquirer, or at least sometimes might be, even though the act of “blowing” hard, the act marking a heated freshness of arrival, or other form of irruption, could never minister to the peace of those already and long on the field; and his if only because maturer tone was after all most appreciable and most consoling when one staggered back to it, wounded, bleeding, blinded, from the riot of the raw—or, to put the whole experience more prettily, no doubt, from excesses of light.

If he went in, however, with something of his more or less inevitable scowl, there were really, at the moment, two rather valid reasons for screened observation;

the first of these being that the whole place seemed to reflect as never before the lustre of Mrs. Worthingham's own polished and prosperous little person—to smile, it struck him, with her smile, to twinkle not only with the gleam of her lovely teeth, but with that of all her rings and brooches and bangles and other gewgaws, to curl and spasmodically cluster as in emulation of her charming complicated yellow tresses, to surround the most animated of pink-and-white, of ruffled and ribboned, of frilled and festooned Dresden china shepherdesses with exactly the right system of rococo curves and convolutions and other flourishes, a perfect bower of painted and gilded and moulded conceits. The second ground of this immediate impression of scenic extravagance, almost as if the curtain rose for him to the first act of some small, expensively mounted comic opera, was that she hadn't, after all, awaited him in fond singleness, but had again just a trifle inconsiderately exposed him to the drawback of having to reckon, for whatever design he might amiably entertain, with the presence of a third and quite superfluous person, a small black insignificant but none the less oppressive stranger. It was odd how, on the instant, the little lady engaged with her did affect him as comparatively black—very much as if that had absolutely, in such a medium, to be the graceless appearance of any item not positively of some fresh shade of a light color or of some pretty pretension to a charming twist. Any witness of their meeting, his hostess should surely have felt, would have been a false note in the whole rosy glow; but what note so false as that of the dingy little presence that she might actually, by a refinement of her perhaps always too visible study of effect, have provided as a positive contrast or foil? whose name and intervention, moreover, she appeared to be no more moved to mention and account for than she might have been to “present”—whether as stretched at her feet or erect upon disciplined haunches—some shaggy old domesticated terrier or poodle.

Extraordinarily, after he had been in the room five minutes—a space of time during which his fellow visitor had neither budged nor uttered a sound—he had

made Mrs. Worthingham out as all at once perfectly pleased to see him, completely aware of what he had most in mind, and singularly serene in face of his sense of their impediment. It was as if for all the world she didn't take it for one, the immobility, to say nothing of the seeming equanimity, of their tactless companion; at whom meanwhile indeed our friend himself, after his first ruffled perception, no more adventured a look than if advised by his constitutional kindness that to notice her in any degree would perforce be ungraciously to glower. He talked after a fashion with the woman as to whose power to please and amuse and serve him, as to whose really quite organized and indicated fitness for lighting up his autumn afternoon of life his conviction had lately strained itself so clear; but he was all the while carrying on an intenser exchange with his own spirit and trying to read into the charming creature's behavior, as he could only call it, some confirmation of his theory that she also had her inward flutter and anxiously counted on him. He found support, happily for the conviction just named, in the idea, at no moment as yet really repugnant to him, the idea bound up in fact with the finer essence of her appeal, that she had her own vision too of her quality and her price, and that the last appearance she would have liked to bristle with was that of being forewarned and eager.

He had, if he came to think of it, scarce definitely warned her, and he probably wouldn't have taken to her so consciously in the first instance without an appreciative sense that, as she was a little person of twenty superficial graces, so she was also a little person with her secret of pride. She might just have planted her mangy lion—not to say her muzzled house-dog—there in his path as a symbol that she wasn't cheap and easy; which would be a thing he couldn't possibly wish his future wife to have shown herself in advance, even if to him alone. That she could make him put himself such questions was precisely part of the attaching play of her iridescent surface, the shimmering interfusion of her various aspects; that of her youth with her independence—her pecuniary perhaps in particular, that of her vivacity with her

beauty, that of her facility above all with her odd novelty; the high modernity, as people appeared to have come to call it, that made her so much more "knowing" in some directions than even he, man of the world as he certainly was, could pretend to be, though all on a basis of the most unconscious and instinctive and luxurious assumption. She was "up" to everything, aware of everything—if one counted from a short enough time back (from week before last, say, and as if quantities of history had burst upon the world within the fortnight); she was likewise surprised at nothing, and in that direction one might reckon as far ahead as the rest of her lifetime, or at any rate as the rest of his, which was all that would concern him: it was as if the suitability of the future to her personal and rather pampered tastes was what she most took for granted, so that he could see her, for all her Dresden-china shoes and her flutter of wondrous befrilled contemporary skirts, skip by the side of the coming age as over the floor of a ball-room, keeping step with its monstrous stride and prepared for every figure of the dance.

Her outlook took form to him suddenly as a great square sunny window that hung in assured fashion over the immensity of life. There rose toward it as from a vast swarming *plaza* a high tide of motion and sound; yet it was at the same time as if even while he looked her light gemmed hand, flashing on him in addition to those other things the perfect polish of the prettiest pink fingernails in the world, had touched a spring, the most ingenious of recent devices for instant ease, which dropped half across the scene a soft-colored mechanical blind, a fluttered, fringed awning of charmingly toned silk, such as would make a bath of cool shade for the favored friend leaning with her there—that is for the happy couple itself—on the balcony. The great view would be the prospect and privilege of the very state he coveted—since didn't he covet it?—the state of being so securely at her side; while the wash of privacy, as one might count it, the broad fine brush dipped into clear umber and passed, full and wet, straight across the strong scheme of color, would represent the security itself,

all the uplifted inner elegance, the condition, so ideal, of being shut out from nothing and yet of having, so gayly and breezily aloft, none of the burden or worry of anything. Thus, as I say, for our friend, the place itself, while his vivid impression lasted, portentously opened and spread, and what was before him took, to his vision, though indeed at so other a crisis, the form of the "glimmering square" of the poet; yet, for a still more remarkable fact, with an incongruous object usurping at a given instant the privilege of the frame and seeming, even as he looked, to block the view.

The incongruous object was a woman's head, crowned with a little sparsely feathered black hat, an ornament quite unlike those the women mostly noticed by White-Mason were now "wearing," and that grew and grew, that came nearer and nearer, while it met his eyes, after the manner of images in the cinematograph. It had presently loomed so large that he saw nothing else—not only among the things at a considerable distance, the things Mrs. Worthingham would eventually, yet unmistakably, introduce him to, but among those of this lady's various attributes and appurtenances as to which he had been in the very act of cultivating his consciousness. It was in the course of another minute the most extraordinary thing in the world: everything had altered, dropped, darkened, disappeared; his imagination had spread its wings only to feel them flop all grotesquely at its sides as he recognized in his hostess's quiet companion, the oppressive alien who hadn't indeed interfered with his fanciful flight, though she had prevented his immediate declaration and brought about the thud, not to say the felt violent shock, of his fall to earth, the perfectly plain identity of Cornelia Rasch. It was she who had remained there at attention; it was she their companion hadn't introduced; it was she he had forborne to face with his fear of incivility. He stared at her—everything else went.

"Why it has been *you* all this time?"

Miss Rasch fairly turned pale. "I was waiting to see if you'd know me."

"Ah, my dear Cornelia"—he came straight out with it—"rather!"

"Well it isn't," she returned with a

quick change to red now, "from having taken much time to look at me!"

She smiled, she even laughed, but he could see how she had felt his unconsciousness, poor thing; the acquaintance, quite the friend of his youth, as she had been, the associate of his childhood, of his early manhood, of his middle age in fact, up to a few years back, not more than ten at the most; the associate too of so many of his associates and of almost all of his relations, those of the other time, those who had mainly gone forever; the person in short whose noted disappearance, though it might have seemed final, had been only of recent seasons. She was present again now, all unexpectedly—he had heard of her having at last, left alone after successive deaths and with scant resources, sought economic salvation in Europe, the promised land of American thrift—she was present as this almost ancient and this oddly unassertive little rotund figure whom one seemed no more obliged to address than if she had been a black satin ottoman "treated" with buttons and gimp; a class of object as to which the policy of blindness was imperative. He felt the need of some explanatory plea, and before he could think had uttered one at Mrs. Worthingham's expense. "Why, you see we weren't introduced—!"

"No—but I didn't suppose I should have to be named to you."

"Well, my dear woman, you haven't—do me that justice!" He could at least make this point. "I felt all the while—!" However it would have taken him long to say what he had been feeling; and he was aware now of the pretty projected light of Mrs. Worthingham's wonder. She looked as if, out for a walk with her, he had put her to the inconvenience of his stopping to speak to a strange woman in the street.

"I never supposed you knew her!"—it was to him his hostess excused herself.

This made Miss Rasch spring up, distinctly flushed, distinctly strange to behold, but not vulgarly nettled—Cornelia was incapable of that; only rather funnily bridling and laughing, only showing that this was all she had waited for, only saying just the right thing, the thing she could make so clearly a jest. "Of course if you *had* you'd have presented him."

Mrs. Worthingham looked while answering at White-Mason. "I didn't want you to go—which you see you do as soon as he speaks to you. But I never dreamed—!"

"That there was anything between us? Ah, there are no end of things!" He, on his side, though addressing the younger and prettier woman, looked at his fellow guest; to whom he even continued: "When did you get back? May I come and see you the very first thing?"

Cornelia gasped and wriggled—she practically giggled; she had lost every atom of her little old, her little young, though always unaccountable prettiness, which used to peep so, on the bare chance of a shot, from behind indefensible features, that it almost made watching her a form of sport. He had heard vaguely of her, it came back to him (for there had been no letters; their later acquaintance, thank goodness, hadn't involved that) as experimenting, for economy, and then as settling, to the same rather dismal end, somewhere in England, at one of those intensely English places, St. Leonards, Cheltenham, Bognor, Dawlish—which, awfully, *was it?*—and she now affected him for all the world as some small squirming, exclaiming, genteelly conversing old maid of a type vaguely associated with the three-volume novels he used to feed on (besides his so often encountering it in "real life,") during a far-away stay of his own at Brighton. Odder than any element of his ex-gossip's identity itself, however, was the fact that she somehow, with it all, rejoiced his sight. Indeed the supreme oddity was that the manner of her reply to his request for leave to call should have absolutely charmed his attention. She didn't look at him; she only, from under her frumpy, crapy, curiously exotic hat, and with her good little near-sighted insinuating glare, expressed to Mrs. Worthingham, while she answered him, wonderful arch things, the overdone things of a shy woman. "Yes, you may call—but only when this dear lovely lady has done with you!" The moment after which she was gone.

Forty minutes later he was taking his way back from the queer miscarriage of his adventure; taking it, with no con-

scious positive felicity, through the very spaces that had witnessed shortly before the considerable serenity of his assurance. He had said to himself then, or had as good as said it, that, since he might do perfectly as he liked, it couldn't fail for him that he must soon retrace those steps, humming, to all intents, the first bars of a wedding-march; so beautifully had it cleared up for him that he was "going to like" letting Mrs. Worthingham accept him. He was to have hummed no wedding-march, as it seemed to be turning out—he had none, up to now, to hum; and yet, extraordinarily, it wasn't in the least because she had refused him. Why then hadn't he liked as much as he had intended to like it putting the pleasant act, the act of not refusing him, in her power? Could it all have come from the awkward minute of his failure to decide sharply, on Cornelia's departure, whether or no he would attend her to the door? He hadn't decided at all—what the deuce had been in him?—but had danced to and fro in the room, thinking better of each impulse and then thinking worse. He had hesitated like an ass, erect on absurd hind-legs, between two bundles of hay; the upshot of which must have been his giving the falsest impression. In what way that was to be for an instant considered had their common past committed him to crapy Cornelia? He repudiated with a whack on the gravel any ghost of an obligation.

What he could get rid of with scant success, unfortunately, was the peculiar sharpness of his sense that, though mystified by his visible flurry—and yet not mystified enough for a sympathetic question either—his hostess had been, on the whole, even more frankly diverted: which was precisely an example of that newest, freshest, finest freedom in her, the air and the candor of assuming, not "heartlessly," not viciously, not even very consciously, but with a bright pampered confidence which would probably end by affecting one's nerves as the most impertinent stroke in the world, that every blest thing coming up for her in any connection was somehow matter for her general recreation. There she was again with the innocent egotism, the gilded and overflowing anarchism, really, of her

doubtless quite unwitting but none the less rabid modern note. Her grace of ease was perfect, but it was all grace of ease, not a single shred of it grace of uncertainty or of difficulty—which meant, when you came to see, that, for its happy working, not a grain of provision was left by it to mere manners. This was clearly going to be the music of the future—that if people were but rich enough and furnished enough and fed enough, exercised and sanitated and manicured, and generally advised and advertised and made “knowing” enough, *advertis* enough, as the term appeared to be nowadays in Paris, all they had to do for civility was to take the amused ironic view of those who might be less initiated. In *his* time, when he was young or even when he was only but a little less middle-aged, the best manners had been the best kindness, and the best kindness had mostly been some art of not insisting on one’s luxurious differences, of concealing rather, for common humanity, if not for common decency, a part at least of the intensity or the ferocity with which one might be “in the know.”

Oh, the “know”—Mrs. Worthingham was in it, all instinctively, inevitably, and as a matter of course, up to her eyes; which didn’t, however, the least little bit prevent her being as ignorant as a fish of everything that really and intimately and fundamentally concerned *him*, poor dear old White-Mason. She didn’t, in the first place, so much as know who he was—by which he meant know who and what it was to *be* a White-Mason, even a poor and a dear and old one, “anyway.” That indeed—he did her perfect justice—was of the very essence of the newness and freshness and beautiful, brave, social irresponsibility by which she had originally dazzled him: just exactly that circumstance of her having no instinct for any old quality or quantity or identity, a single historic or social value, as he might say, of the New York of his already almost legendary past; and that additional one of his, on his side, having, so far as this went, cultivated blankness, cultivated positive prudence, as to her own personal background—the vagueness, at the best, with which all honest gentlefolk, the New-Yorkers of his approved stock and conservative genera-

tion, were content, as for the most part they were indubitably wise, to surround the origins and antecedents and queer unimaginable early influences of persons swimming into their ken from those parts of the country that quite necessarily and naturally figured to their view as “God-forsaken” and generally impossible.

The few scattered surviving representatives of a society once “good”—*rari nantes in gurgite vasto*—were liable, at the pass things had come to, to meet, and even amid old shades once sacred, or what was left of such, every form of social impossibility, and, more irresistibly still, to find these apparitions often carry themselves (often at least in the case of the women) with a wondrous wild gallantry, equally imperturbable and inimitable, the sort of thing that reached its maximum in Mrs. Worthingham. Beyond that who ever wanted to look up their annals, to reconstruct their steps and stages, to dot their i’s in fine, or to “go behind” anything that was theirs? One wouldn’t do that for the world—a rudimentary discretion forbade it; and yet this check from elementary undiscussable taste quite consorted with a due respect for them, or at any rate with a due respect for one’s self in connection with them; as was just exemplified in what would be his own, what would be poor dear old White-Mason’s, insurmountable aversion to having, on any pretext, the doubtless very queer spectre of the late Mr. Worthingham presented to him. No question had he asked, or would he ever ask, should his life—that is should the success of his courtship—even intimately depend on it, either about that obscure agent of his mistress’s actual affluence or about the happy head-spring itself, and the apparently copious tributaries, of the golden stream.

From all which marked anomalies, at any rate, what was the moral to draw? He dropped into a Park chair again with that question, he lost himself in the wonder of why he had come away with his homage so very much unpaid. Yet it didn’t seem at all, actually, as if he could say or conclude, as if he could do anything but keep on worrying—just in conformity with his being a person who, whether or no familiar with the need to make his conduct square with his con-

science and his taste was never wholly exempt from that of making his taste and his conscience square with his conduct. To this latter occupation he further abandoned himself, and it didn't release him from his second brooding session till the sweet spring sunset had begun to gather and he had more or less cleared up, in the deepening dusk, the effective relation between the various parts of his ridiculously agitating experience. There were vital facts he seemed thus to catch, to seize, with a nervous hand, and the twilight helping, by their vaguely-whisked tails; unquiet truths that swarmed out after the fashion of creatures bold only at eventide, creatures that hovered and circled, that verily brushed his nose, in spite of their shyness. Yes, he had practically just sat on with his "mistress"—heaven save the mark!—as if *not* to come to the point; as if it had absolutely come up that there would be something rather vulgar and awful in doing so. The whole stretch of his stay after Cornelia's withdrawal had been consumed by his almost ostentatiously treating himself to the opportunity of which he was to make nothing. It was as if he had sat and watched himself—that came back to him: Shall I now or sha'n't I? Will I now or won't I? Say within the next three minutes, say by a quarter past six, or by twenty minutes past, at the furthest—always if nothing more comes up to prevent.

What had already come up to prevent was, in the strangest and drollest, or at least in the most preposterous, way in the world, that not Cornelia's presence, but her very absence, with its distraction of his thoughts, the thoughts that lumbered after her, had made the difference; and without his being the least able to tell why and how. He put it to himself after a fashion by the image that, this distraction once created, his working round to his hostess again, his reverting to the matter of his errand, began suddenly to represent a return from so far. That was simply all—or rather a little less than all; for something else had contributed. "I never dreamed you knew her," and "I never dreamed *you* did," was inevitably what had been exchanged between them—supplemented by Mrs. Worthingham's mere scrap of an expla-

nation: "Oh yes—to the small extent you see. Two years ago in Switzerland when I was at a high place for an 'after-cure,' during twenty days of incessant rain, she was the only person in an hotel full of roaring, gorging, smoking Germans with whom I could have a word of talk. She and I were the only speakers of English, and were thrown together like castaways on a desert island and in a raging storm. She was ill besides, and she had no maid, and mine looked after her, and she was very grateful—writing to me later on and saying she should certainly come to see me if she ever returned to New York. She *has* returned, you see—and there she was, poor little creature!" Such was Mrs. Worthingham's tribute—to which even his asking her if Miss Rasch had ever happened to speak of him caused her practically to add nothing. Visibly she had never thought again of any one Miss Rasch had spoken of or anything Miss Rasch had said; right as she was, naturally, about her being a little clever queer creature. This was perfectly true, and yet it was probably—by being *all* she could dream of about her—what had paralyzed his proper gallantry. Its effect had been not in what it simply stated, but in what, under his secretly disintegrating criticism, it almost luridly symbolized.

He had quitted his seat in the Louis Quinze drawing-room without having, as he would have described it, done anything but give the lady of the scene a superior chance not to betray a defeated hope—not, that is, to fail of the famous "pride" mostly supposed to prop even the most infatuated women at such junctures; by which chance, to do her justice, she had thoroughly seemed to profit. But he finally rose from his later station with a feeling of better success. He had by a happy turn of his hand got hold of the most precious, the least obscure of the flitting, circling things that brushed his ears. What he wanted—as justifying for him a little further consideration—was there before him from the moment he could put it that Mrs. Worthingham had no data. He almost hugged that word—it suddenly came to mean so much to him. No data, he felt, for a conception of the sort of thing the New York of "his time" had been in his

personal life—the New York so unexpectedly, so vividly and, as he might say, so perversely called back to all his senses by its identity with that of poor Cornelia's time: since even she had had a time, small show as it was likely to make now, and his time and hers had been the same. Cornelia figured to him while he walked away as, by contrast and opposition, a massive little bundle of data; his impatience to go to see her sharpened as he thought of this: so certainly should he find out that wherever he might touch her, with a gentle though firm pressure, he would, as the fond visitor of old houses taps and fingers a disfeatured, overpapered wall with the conviction of a wainscot-edge beneath, recognize some small extrusion of history.

There would have been a wonder for us meanwhile in his continued use, as it were, of his happy formula—brought out to Cornelia Rasch within ten minutes, or perhaps only within twenty, of his having settled into the quite comfortable chair that, two days later, she indicated to him by her fireside. He had arrived at her address through the fortunate chance of his having noticed her card, as he went out, deposited, in the good old New York fashion, on one of the rococo tables of Mrs. Worthingham's hall. His eye had been caught by the pencilled indication that was to affect him, the next instant, as fairly placed there for his sake. This had really been his luck, for he shouldn't have liked to write to Mrs. Worthingham for guidance—that he felt, though too impatient just now to analyze the reluctance. There was nobody else he could have approached for a clue, and with this reflection he was already aware of how it testified to their rare little position, his and Cornelia's—position as conscious, ironic, pathetic survivors together of a dead and buried society—that there would have been, in all the town, under such stress, not a member of their old circle left to turn to. Mrs. Worthingham had practically, even if accidentally, helped him to knowledge; the last nail in the coffin of the poor dear extinct past had been planted for him by his having thus to reach his antique contemporary through perforation of the newest newness. The note of this

particular recognition was in fact the more prescribed to him that the ground of Cornelia's return to a scene swept so bare of the associational charm was certainly inconspicuous. What had she then come back for?—he had asked himself that; with the effect of deciding that it probably would have been, a little, to “look after” her remnant of property. Perhaps she had come to save what little might still remain of that shrivelled interest; perhaps she had been, by those who took care of it for her, further swindled and despoiled, so that she wished to get at the facts. Perhaps on the other hand—it was a more cheerful chance—her investments, decently administered, were making larger returns, so that the rigorous thrift of Bognor could be finally relaxed.

He had little to learn about the attraction of Europe, and rather expected that in the event of his union with Mrs. Worthingham he should find himself pleading for it with the competence of one more in the “know” about Paris and Rome, about Venice and Florence, than even she could be. He could have lived on in *his* New York, that is in the sentimental, the spiritual, the more or less romantic visitation of it; but had it been positive for him that he could live on in hers?—unless indeed the possibility of this had been just (like the famous *vertige de l'abîme*, like the solicitation of danger, or otherwise of the dreadful) the very hinge of his whole dream. However that might be, his curiosity was occupied rather with the conceivable hinge of poor Cornelia's: it was perhaps thinkable that even Mrs. Worthingham's New York, once it should have become possible again at all, might have put forth to this lone exile a plea that wouldn't be in the chords of Bognor. For himself, after all, too, the attraction had been much more of the Europe over which one might move at one's ease, and which therefore could but cost, and cost much, right and left, than of the Europe adapted to scrimping. He saw himself on the whole scrimping with more zest even in Mrs. Worthingham's New York than under the inspiration of Bognor. Apart from which it was yet again odd, not to say perceptibly pleasing to him, to note where the emphasis of his interest

fell in this fumble of fancy over such felt oppositions as the new, the latest, the luridest power of money and the ancient reserves and moderations and mediocrities. These last struck him as showing by contrast the old brown surface and tone as of velvet rubbed and worn, shabby, and even a bit dingy, but all soft and subtle and still velvety—which meant still dignified; whereas the angular facts of current finance were as harsh and metallic and bewildering as some stacked “exhibit” of ugly patented inventions, things his mediæval mind forbade his taking in. He had for instance the sense of knowing the pleasant little old Rasch fortune—pleasant as far as it went; blurred memories and impressions of what it had been and what it hadn’t, of how it had grown and how languished and how melted; they came back to him and put on such vividness that he could almost have figured himself testify for them before a bland and encouraging Board. The idea of taking the field in any manner on the subject of Mrs. Worthingham’s resources would have affected him on the other hand as an odious ordeal, some glare of embarrassment and exposure in a circle of hard unhelpful attention, of converging, derisive, unsuggestive eyes.

In Cornelia’s small and quite cynically modern flat—the house had a grotesque name. “The Gainsborough,” but at least wasn’t an awful boarding-house, as he had feared, and she could receive him quite honorably, which was so much to the good—he would have been ready to use at once to her the greatest freedom of friendly allusion: “Have you still your old ‘family interest’ in those two houses in Seventh Avenue?—one of which was next to a corner grocery, don’t you know? and was occupied as to its lower part by a candy-shop where the proportion of the stock of suspectedly stale popcorn to that of rarer and stickier joys betrayed perhaps a modest capital on the part of your father’s, your grandfather’s or whoever’s tenant, but out of which I nevertheless remember once to have come as out of a bath of sweets, with my very garments, and even the separate hairs of my head, glued together. The other of the pair, a tobacconist’s, further down, had before it a

wonderful huge Indian who thrust out wooden cigars at an indifferent world (you could buy candy cigars too, at the popcorn shop, and I greatly preferred them to the wooden); I remember well, how I used to gape in fascination at the Indian and wonder if the last of the Mohicans was like him—besides admiring so the resources of a family whose ‘property’ was in such forms. I haven’t been round there lately—we must go round together; but don’t tell me the forms have utterly perished!” It was after *that* fashion he might easily have been moved, and with almost no transition, to break out to Cornelia—quite as if taking up some old talk, some old community of gossip, just where they had left it; and even with the consciousness perhaps of overdoing a little, of putting at its maximum, for the present harmony, recovery, recapture (what should he call it?) the pitch and quantity of what the past had held for them.

He didn’t in fact, no doubt, dart straight off to Seventh Avenue, there being too many other old things and much nearer and long subsequent; the point was only that for everything they spoke of after he had fairly begun to lean back and stretch his legs, and after she had let him, above all, light the first of a succession of cigarettes—for everything they spoke of he positively cultivated extravagance and excess, piling up the crackling twigs as on the very altar of memory; and that by the end of half an hour she had lent herself, all gallantly, to their game. It was the game of feeding the beautiful iridescent flame, ruddy and green and gold, blue and pink and amber and silver, with anything they could pick up, anything that would burn and flicker. Thick-strown with such gleanings the occasion seemed indeed, in spite of the truth that they perhaps wouldn’t have proved, under cross-examination, to have rubbed shoulders in the other life so very hard. Casual contacts, qualified communities enough, there had doubtless been, but not particular “passages,” nothing that counted, as he might think of it, for their “very own” together, for nobody’s else at all. These shades of historic exactitude didn’t signify; the more and the less that there had been made perfect terms—and just

by his being there and by her rejoicing in it—with their present need to have *had* all their past could be made to appear to have given them. It was to this tune they proceeded, the least little bit as if they knowingly pretended—he giving her the example and setting her the pace of it, and she, poor dear, after a first inevitable shyness, an uncertainty of wonder, a breathlessness of courage, falling into step and going whatever length he would.

She showed herself ready for it, grasping gladly at the perception of what he must mean; and if she didn't immediately and completely fall in—not in the first half-hour, not even in the three or four others that his visit, even whenever he consulted his watch, still made nothing of—she yet understood enough as soon as she understood that, if their finer economy hadn't so beautifully served, he might have been conveying this, that and the other incoherent and easy thing by the comparatively clumsy method of sound and statement. "No, I never made love to you; it would in fact have been absurd, and I don't care—though I almost know, in the sense of almost remembering!—who did and who didn't; but you were always about, and so was I, and, little as you may yourself care who *I* did it to, I dare say you remember (in the sense of having known of it!) any old appearances that told. But we can't afford at this time of day not to help each other to have had—well, everything there was, since there's no more of it now, nor any way of coming by it *except so*; and therefore let us *make* together, let us make over and recreate, our lost world: for which we have after all and at the worst such a lot of material. You were in particular my poor dear sisters' friend—they thought you the funniest little brown thing possible; so isn't that again to the good? You were mine only to the extent that you were so much in and out of the house—as how much, if we come to that, wasn't one in and out, south of Thirtieth Street and north of Washington Square, in those days, those spacious, sociable, Arcadian days, that we flattered ourselves we filled with the modern fever, but that were so different from any of *these* arrangements of pretended

hourly Time that dash themselves forever to pieces as from the fiftieth floors of sky-scrapers."

This was the kind of thing that was in the air, whether he said it or not, and that could hang there even with such quite other things as more crudely came out; came in spite of its being perhaps calculated to strike us that these last would have been rather and most the unspoken and the indirect. They were Cornelia's contribution, and as soon as she had begun to talk of Mrs. Worthingham—he didn't begin it!—they had taken their place bravely in the centre of the circle. There they made, the while, their considerable little figure, but all within the ring formed by fifty other allusions, fitful but really intenser interruptions that hovered and wavered and came and went, joining hands at moments and whirling round as in chorus, only then again to dash at the slightly huddled centre with a free twitch or peck or push or other taken liberty, after the fashion of irregular frolic motions in a country dance or a Christmas game.

"You're so in love with her and want to marry her!"—she said it all sympathetically and yearningly, poor crapy Cornelia; as if it were to be quite taken for granted that she knew all about it. And then when he had asked how she knew—why she took so informed a tone about it; all on the wonder of her seeming so much more "in" it just at that hour than he himself quite felt he could figure for: "Ah, how but from the dear lovely thing herself? Don't you suppose *she* knows it?"

"Oh, she absolutely 'knows' it, does she?"—he fairly heard himself ask that; and with the oddest sense at once of sharply wanting the certitude and yet of seeing the question, of hearing himself say the words, through several thick-nesses of some wrong medium. He came back to it from a distance; as he would have had to come back (this was again vivid to him) should he have got round again to his ripe intention three days before—after his now present but then absent friend, that is, had left him planted before his now absent but then present one for the purpose. "Do you mean she—at all confidently!—expects?" he went

on, not much minding if it couldn't but sound foolish; the time being given it for him meanwhile by the sigh, the wondering gasp, all charged with the unutterable, that the tone of his appeal set in motion. He saw his companion look at him, but it might have been with the eyes of thirty years ago; when—very likely!—he had put her some such question about some girl long since dead. Dimly at first, then more distinctly, didn't it surge back on him for the very strangeness that there had been some such passage as this between them—yes, about Mary Cardew!—in the autumn of '68?

"Why, don't you realize your situation?" Miss Rasch struck him as quite beautifully wailing—above all to such an effect of deep interest, that is, on her own part and in him.

"My situation?"—he echoed, he considered; but reminded afresh, by the note of the detached, the far-projected in it, of what he had last remembered of his sentient state on his once taking ether at the dentist's.

"Yours and hers—the situation of her adoring you. I suppose you at least know it," Cornelia smiled.

Yes, it was like the other time and yet it wasn't. *She* was like—poor Cornelia was—everything that used to be; that somehow was most definite to him. Still he could quite reply "Do you call it—her adoring me—*my* situation?"

"Well, it's a part of yours, surely—if you're in love with her."

"Am I, ridiculous old person! in love with her?" White-Mason asked.

"I may be a ridiculous old person," Cornelia returned—"and, for that matter of course I *am*! But she's young and lovely and rich and clever: so what could be more natural?"

"Oh, I was applying that opprobrious epithet—!" He didn't finish, though he meant he had applied it to himself. He had got up from his seat; he turned about and, taking in, as his eyes also roamed, several objects in the room, serene and sturdy, not a bit cheap-looking, little old New York objects of '68, he made, with an inner art, as if to recognize them—made so, that is, for himself; had quite the sense for the moment of asking them, of imploring them, to recognize *him*, to be for him things of his

own past. Which they truly were, he could have the next instant cried out; for it meant that if three or four of them, small sallow carte-de-visite photographs, faithfully framed but spectrally faded, hadn't in every particular, frames and balloon skirts and false "property" balustrades of unimaginable terraces and all, the tone of time, the secret for warding and easing off the perpetual imminent ache of one's protective scowl, one would verily but have to let the scowl stiffen, or to take up seriously the question of blue goggles, during what might remain of life.

What he actually took up from a little old Twelfth-Street table that piously preserved the plain mahogany circle, with never a curl nor a crook nor a hint of a brazen flourish, what he paused there a moment for commerce with, his back presented to crapy Cornelia, who sat taking that view of him, during this opportunity, very protrusively and frankly and fondly, was one of the wasted mementos just mentioned, over which he both uttered and suppressed a small comprehensive cry. He stood there another minute to look at it, and when he turned about still kept it in his hand, only holding it now a little behind him. "You *must* have come back to stay—with all your beautiful things. What else does it mean?"

"'Beautiful'?" his old friend commented with her brow all wrinkled and her lips thrust out in expressive dispraise. They might at that rate have been scarce more beautiful than she herself. "Oh, don't talk so—after Mrs. Worthingham's! *They're* wonderful, if you will: such things, such things! But one's own poor relics and odds and ends are one's own at least; and one *has*—yes—come back to them. They're all I have in the world to come back to. They were stored, and what I was paying—!" Miss Rasch wofully added.

He had possession of the small old picture; he hovered there; he put his eyes again to it intently; then again held it a little behind him as if it might have been snatched away or the very feel of it, pressed against him, was good to his palm. "Mrs. Worthingham's things? You think them beautiful?"

Cornelia did now, if ever, show an odd face. "Why certainly prodigious, or whatever. Isn't that conceded?"

"No doubt every horror, at the pass we've come to, is conceded. That's just what I complain of."

"Do you *complain*?"—she drew it out as for surprise: she couldn't have imagined such a thing.

"To me her things are awful. They're the newest of the new."

"Ah, but the old forms!"

"Those are the most blatant. I mean the swaggering reproductions."

"Oh but," she pleaded, "we can't all be *really* old."

"No, we can't, Cornelia. But *you* can—!" said White-Mason with the frankest appreciation.

She looked up at him from where she sat as he could imagine her looking up at the curate at Bognor. "Thank you, sir! If that's all you want—!"

"It is," he said, "all I want—or almost."

"Then no wonder such a creature as that," she lightly moralized, "won't suit you!"

He bent upon her, for all the weight of his question, his smoothest stare. "You hold she certainly won't suit me?"

"Why, what can I tell about it? Haven't you by this time found out?"

"No, but I think I'm finding." With which he began again to explore.

Miss Rasch immensely wondered. "You mean you don't expect to come to an understanding with her?" And then as even to this straight challenge he made at first no answer: "Do you mean you give it up?"

He waited some instants more, but not meeting her eyes—only looking again about the room. "What do you think of my chance?"

"Oh," his companion cried, "what has what I think to do with it? How can I think anything but that she must like you?"

"Yes—of course. But how much?"

"Then don't you really know?" Cornelia asked.

He kept up his walk, oddly preoccupied and still not looking at her. "Do you, my dear?"

She waited a little. "If you haven't really put it to her I don't suppose she knows."

This at last pulled him up again. "My dear Cornelia, she doesn't know—!"

He had paused as for the desperate tone, or at least the large emphasis of it, so that she took him up. "The more reason then to help her to find it out."

"I mean," he explained, "that she doesn't know anything."

"Anything?"

"Anything else, I mean—even if she does know *that*."

Cornelia considered of it. "But what else need she—in particular—know? Isn't that the principal thing?"

"Well"—and he resumed his circuit—"she doesn't know anything that *we* know. But nothing," he re-emphasized—"nothing whatever!"

"Well, can't she do without that?"

"Evidently she can—and evidently she does, beautifully. But the question is whether *I* can!"

He had paused once more with his point—but she glared, poor Cornelia, with her wonder. "Surely if you know for yourself—!"

"Ah, it doesn't seem enough for me to know for myself! One wants a woman," he argued—but still, in his prolonged tour, quite without his scowl—"to know *for* one, to know *with* one. That's what you do now," he candidly put to her.

It made her again gape. "Do you mean you want to marry *me*?"

He was so full of what he did mean, however, that he failed even to notice it. "She doesn't in the least know, for instance, how old I am."

"That's because you're so young!"

"Ah, there you are!"—and he turned off afresh and as if almost in disgust. It left her visibly perplexed—though even the perplexed Cornelia was still the exceedingly pointed; but he had come to her aid after another turn. "Remember, please, that I'm pretty well as old as you."

She had all her point at least, while she bridled and blinked, for this. "You're exactly a year and ten months older."

It checked him there for delight. "You remember my birthday?"

She twinkled indeed like some far-off light of home. "I remember every one's. It's a little way I've always had—and that I've never lost."

He looked at her accomplishment,

across the room, as at some striking, some charming phenomenon. "Well, *that's* the sort of thing I want!" All the ripe candor of his eyes confirmed it.

What could she do therefore, she seemed to ask him, but repeat her question of a moment before?—which indeed, presently she made up her mind to. "Do you want to marry *me*?"

It had this time better success—if the term may be felt in any degree to apply. All his candor, or more of it at least, was in his slow, mild, kind, considering head-shake. "No, Cornelia—not to *marry* you."

His discrimination was a wonder; but since she was clearly treating him now as if everything about him was, so she could as exquisitely meet it. "Not at least," she convulsively smiled, "until you've honorably tried Mrs. Worthingham. Don't you really *mean* to?" she gallantly insisted.

He waited again a little; then he brought out: "I'll tell you presently." He came back, and as by still another mere glance over the room, to what seemed to him so much nearer. "That table *was* old Twelfth-Street?"

"Everything here was."

"Oh, the pure blessings! With you, ah, with you, I haven't to wear a green shade." And he had retained meanwhile his small photograph which he again showed himself. "Didn't we talk of Mary Cardew?"

"Why, do you remember it?"—she marvelled to extravagance.

"You make me. You connect me with it. You connect it with *me*." He liked to display to her this excellent use she thus had, the service she rendered. "There are so many connections—there will *be* so many. I feel how, with you, they must all come up again for me: in fact you're bringing them out already, just while I look at you, as fast as ever you can. The fact that you knew every one—!" he went on; yet as if there were more in that too than he could quite trust himself about.

"Yes, I knew every one," said Cornelia Rasch; but this time with perfect simplicity. "I knew, I imagine, more than you do—or more than you did."

It kept him there, it made him wonder with his eyes on her. "Things about *them*—our people?"

"Our people. Ours only now."

Ah, such an interest as he felt in this—taking from her while, so far from scowling, he almost gaped, all it might mean! "Ours indeed—and it's awfully good they are; or that we're still here for them! Nobody else is—nobody but you: not a cat!"

"Well, I *am* a cat!" Cornelia grinned.

"Do you mean you can tell me things—?" It was too beautiful to believe.

"About what really *was*?" she artfully considered, holding him immensely now. "Well, unless they've come to you with time; unless you've learned—or found out."

"Oh," he reassuringly cried—reassuringly, it most seemed, for himself—"nothing has come to me with time, everything has gone from me. How I find out now? What creature has an idea—?"

She threw up her hands with the shrug of old days—the sharp little shrug his sisters used to imitate and that she hadn't had to go to Europe for. The only thing was that he blessed her for bringing it back. "Ah, the ideas of people now—!"

"Yes, their ideas are certainly not about *us*." But he ruefully faced it. "We've none the less, however, to live with them."

"With their ideas—?" Cornelia questioned.

"With *them*—these modern wonders; such as they are!" Then he went on: "It must have been to help me you've got back."

She said nothing for an instant about that, only nodding instead at his photograph. "What has become of yours? I mean of *her*."

This time it made him turn pale. "You remember I *have* one?"

She kept her eyes on him. "In a 'pork-pie' hat, with her hair in a long net. That was so 'smart' then; especially with one's skirt looped up, over one's hooped magenta petticoat, in little festoons, and a row of very big onyx beads over one's braided velveteen sack—braided quite plain and very broad, don't you know?"

He smiled for her extraordinary possession of these things—she was as prompt as if she had had them before her.

"Oh, rather—'don't I know?' You wore brown velveteen, and, on those remarkably small hands, funny gauntlets—like mine."

"Oh, do *you* remember? But like yours?" she wondered.

"I mean like hers in my photograph." But he came back to the present picture. "This is better, however, for really showing her lovely head."

"Mary's head was a perfection!" Cornelia testified.

"Yes—it was better than her heart."

"Ah, don't say that!" she pleaded. "You weren't fair."

"Don't you think I was fair?" It interested him immensely—and the more that he indeed mightn't have been; which he seemed somehow almost to hope.

"She didn't think so—to the very end."

"She didn't?"—ah the right things Cornelia said to him! But before she could answer he was studying again closely the small faded face. "No, she doesn't, she doesn't. Oh, her charming sad eyes and the way they *say* that, across the years, straight into mine! But I don't know, I don't know!" White-Mason quite comfortably sighed.

His companion appeared to appreciate this effect. "That's just the way you used to flirt with her, poor thing. Wouldn't you like to have it?" she asked.

"This—for my very own?" He looked up delighted. "I really may?"

"Well, if you'll give me yours. We'll exchange."

"That's a charming idea. We'll exchange. But you must come and get it at my rooms—where you'll see my things."

For a little she made no answer—as if for some feeling. Then she said: "You asked me just now why I've come back."

He stared as for the connection; after which with a smile: "Not to do *that*—?"

She waited briefly again, but with a queer little look. "I can do those things now; and—yes!—that's in a manner why. I came," she then said, "because I knew of a sudden one day—knew as never before—that I was old."

"I see. I see." He quite understood—she had notes that so struck him. "And how did you like it?"

She hesitated—she decided. "Well, if

I liked it, it was on the principle perhaps on which some people like high game!"

"High game—that's good!" he laughed. "Ah, my dear, we're 'high'!"

She shook her head. "No, not you—yet. I at any rate didn't want any more adventures," Cornelia said.

He showed their small relic again with assurance. "You wanted *us*. Then here we are. Oh how we can talk!—with all those things you know! You *are* an invention. And you'll see there are things I know. I shall turn up here—well, daily."

She took it in, but after a moment only answered. "There was something you said just now you'd tell me. Don't you mean to try—?"

"Mrs. Worthingham?" He drew from within his coat his pocketbook and carefully found a place in it for Mary Cardew's carte-de-visite, over which, folding it together with deliberation, he put it back. Finally he spoke. "No—I've decided. I can't—I don't want to."

Cornelia marvelled—or looked as if she did. "Not for all she has?"

"Yes—I know all she has. But I also know all she hasn't. And, as I told you, she herself doesn't—hasn't a glimmer of a suspicion of it; and never will have."

Cornelia magnanimously thought. "No—but she knows other things."

He shook his head as at the portentous heap of them. "Too many—too many. And other indeed—so other! Do you know," he went on, "that it's as if *you*—by turning up for me—had brought that home to me?"

"'For you'?" she candidly considered. "But what—since you can't marry me!—can you do with me?"

Well, he seemed to have it all. "Everything. I can live with you—just this way." To illustrate which he dropped into the other chair by her fire; where, leaning back, he gazed at the flame. "I can't give you up. It's very curious. It has come over me as it did over you when you renounced Bognor. That's it—I know it at last, and I see one can like it. I'm 'high.' You needn't deny it. That's my taste. I'm old." And in spite of the considerable glow there of her little household altar he said it without the scowl.

Old Edinburgh

BY ARCHIBALD HENDERSON

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALVIN L COBURN

TO the antiquary, the historian, the legend-fancier, the archæologist, the romancer, Old Edinburgh is equally complacent, equally lavish in beneficence. This ensnaring city may seem very wonderful even to one who mounts to the top of a "double-decker" and follows the restricted itinerary of the street railway. Perhaps you fancy that Edinburgh has surrendered its most romantic secrets, revealed its most hallowed mysteries, after you have followed a garrulous guide who plausibly points out the spot where Rizzio was murdered—marked by a dark stain carefully recolored from time to time with fresh paint; or the quaint manse where the indomitable, indissuadable hero of the Scottish Reformation, John Knox, did (not) live; or the famous White Horse Close where Doctor Johnson did (not) fly into a violent passion at the waiter "for having sweetened his lemonade without the ceremony of a pair of sugar-tongs"! It has been well said that Boston is not a city: it is a state of mind. With equal truth it may be said that Edinburgh is not a city: it is an *état d'âme*. And if you would rightly know Edinburgh, not from end to end and from garret to cellar, but in life and spirit, heart and soul, is there a way so good as to wander lovingly at your own sweet will, guiding your errant footsteps at times with the magic commentary of Robert Louis Stevenson? As a lover of the supreme artistic grace of beauty, I would invite your company in some wanderings through Edinburgh in search of its true *genius loci*, the heart of its poetic mystery, and the soul of its romantic life.

Perhaps the most fitting entry of the Old Town is neither up the Canongate from Holyrood Palace nor across the North Bridge which marks the historic transit from Old to New, nor yet up the

ascending curve of Cockburn Street and on through Warriston Close, that steepest of all the close-ascents of the Old Town. The "darkling and ill-savored" West Bow, which in ancient times was the chief entrance to the walled city from the west, seems more in keeping with the state of the present inhabitants of the Old Town. Entering here, we can make our leisurely way up the Grassmarket, wander aside to invite our souls in the hallowed confines of Greyfriars Churchyard, dip into the murky depths of the Cowgate, linger fascinated in the sanctuary of St. Giles and Parliament Square, meander in and out of the twilight *closes* on either side of the High Street and the Canongate, past the reputed John Knox's House and the Canongate Tolbooth to the very steps of Holyrood Palace.

Opening close by the foot of the Vennel at the southwestern extremity of the Grassmarket, the West Port marks the point in the ancient fortifications which furnished the key to the city.

One day my companion and I climbed up a precipitous incline, the narrow and ancient thoroughfare named the Vennel—a heavy iron railing bisecting the passage for the aid of breathless aspirants. This narrow lane ascends from the Grassmarket and bounds the grounds of Heriot's Hospital; and here are still to be seen some remains of the Town Wall—a fragment of the fortified *enceinte* broken by a quadrangular battlemented tower. I was bidden with solemn threat not to look around until a point some distance up the ascent was reached; then, at the word, I turned to thrill with the most wonderful view of the Castle in all Edinburgh. At my back Edinburgh's ancient fortification and at my feet the historic Grassmarket, scene of many a skirmish and sally; and just be-

fore me the Castle, in all its grim and solemn majesty, pushed into the far distance by the dark and irregular frame of buildings in the immediate front, struck upon my gaze as the great Island Rock of Scottish history, around which dashed the stormy waves of English invasion and Cromwellian siege, and over which broke the dark, dour storms of the Scottish Reformation. Caught in one gray and mystic instant, it stands as both a tower of strength and a Mount of Vision, dominant, impregnable—the splendid conjunction of Man and Nature in the creation of an indestructible and eternally enduring monument to Edinburgh's feudal grandeur. People who have been born, who have lived and died on this spot, have never seen the Castle as we saw it that day. Perhaps in childhood they wondered at its dignity, and spent idle hours in watching the clouds soar above it and the birds flutter about its massive towers. But "life's concerns," as the world is wont to call them, soon absorbed their attention to the exclusion of art and beauty and mystery; and they saw the Castle no more.

In ancient times the West Bow was the only thoroughfare between the Low and the High Town. This Z-shaped old street, bordered by tall *lands* lurching drunkenly above the pavements, their tottering gables marked by odd sculpturings and well-nigh indecipherable inscriptions, was once one of the quaintest alleys of Western Europe. The community of Wester Portsburgh just without the Port was the head-centre of the extramural crafts; and the Grassmarket itself, a great open space within the Port and lying in the shadow of the Castle Rock, gave ample room for all merchandise in bulk, which was carried thence, piecemeal, to the Lawnmarket, the great central bargain-counter of the town.

Climb the winding ascent from the Grassmarket southward to Greyfriars, and you have discovered the one spot in Edinburgh which, above all others, lays its hold upon the fancy and the imagination. Oddly enough, this is true not solely for the sake of its strangely unique situation; not solely for the sake of its memorable associations, varied and countless as they are; nor even solely for the sake of its mysteriously baffling charm

and entrancing beauty. And yet what more beautiful or pleasant spot could these old "Grey Friars" have chosen for their habitation and asylum! I can picture them in fancy now wandering at even-tide across the curving green slopes of this fair *plaisance*, their gray cowls toning to a note with the gray surroundings in the distance. Perhaps now and then one stopped to gaze away to the north, through the irregular vista formed by the tall gray *lands*, at the Castle, a shimmering haze in the gloom of gathering dusk. And as the shades of evening fell and the dew lay light upon the eager grass, there to ponder over the mystery of life, the symbol of death, the vision of immortality.

The very atmosphere of the place is caught as you enter the gateway opposite Bristo Port—for a grim skeleton Death of human proportions grotesquely greets you from the eastern gable of Old Greyfriars Church. Nowhere else in the world is the line so lightly drawn between vitality and mortality; nowhere does life so callously encroach upon the confines of the dead. Squalid tenement-houses rudely press their unsightly backs against the ornately carved mausoleums that border a large portion of the churchyard, and some rude rectangular chimney of rough stone with plebeian intrusiveness seems to support some splendid vertical carved head-piece of a tomb. From a window above some martyr's grave the washings of the slummers flutter in the breeze; and rude boxes of flowers and vegetables almost mingle their dust with that of the departed. "Here a window is partly blocked up by the pediment of a tomb . . ." says Stevenson, in that sympathetic description which the artist has perfectly transported into another medium. "A damp smell of the graveyard finds its way into houses where workmen sit at meat. Domestic life on a small scale goes forward visibly at the windows. The very solitude and stillness of the enclosure, which lies apart from the town's traffic, serves to accentuate the contrast. As you walk upon the graves, you see children scattering crumbs to feed the sparrows; you hear people singing, or washing dishes, or the sound of tears and castigation. . . . And as there is nothing else astir,



EDINBURGH CASTLE

these incongruous sights and noises take hold on the attention and exaggerate the sadness of the place." And as you stand before some almost grotesque emblem of mortality, wondering at the weird commentary upon immortality displayed in a headless figure languorously rising from the dead, two cats of sphinx-like eyes and funereal hues mysteriously creep down from some low window above and ensconce themselves upon the low lintel of the tomb.

The quality of Greyfriars Churchyard which ineffaceably stamps its impression upon the memory, or rather upon the imagination, is the quality of distinction. To be sure, there is beauty here in lavish profusion; the hand of man has deftly fashioned the most elaborate memorials of long-vanished greatness; and the *milieu* is startling in the contrast of medieval grandeur and solemnity with modern garishness and squalor. But, after all else is said, the spirit of this



GREYFRIARS AT DUSK

place is a high aloofness, and a grave distinction utterly indescribable. Greyfriars is a personage among churchyards.

With what a sense of joy must William Morris have feasted his eyes upon these strangely picturesque memorials! For despite an infrequent touch of the *macabre*, an occasional awkward failure to evoke *le beau dans l'horrible*, one's general impression is that the Scottish craftsmen who joyously designed these stern memorials of mortality were indeed master craftsmen. Under the

magic of their deft chisel and careful hammer was somehow, in some oddly real sense, evoked the worth, the dignity and the greatness of the lives thus memorialized. We are left mute in the memory of the accomplished facts of their lives. For the eyes of the pilgrims who in this and future ages journey to this rare and magic spot, these chiselled figures, emblazoned scrolls, and storied urns do truly summon and awake the figures of a seething and tumultuous past dimmed with blood and tears. Martyrs,

prophets, divines, prelates, commoners, all—emerge from out the pathos of distance and, in very truth, do live again.

Greyfriars at dusk! What more appropriate setting than twilight; and where else in *Auld Reekie* can be found so perfect an adaptation of smoke and haze, cloud and fog and reek, as in Greyfriars? Soft plumes of smoke curling up from the chimneys roundabout herald the approach of the evening meal; there is no sound or sign of life, save only the faint tinkle of a distant church bell. The gray buildings and distant

spires seem almost like phantasmagoric creations of the brain; the near spire with its proximate gray-looming buildings seems repeated as by a mirage in a magnified and hazy replica in the dim distance. Slowly the shadows of night begin to appear, first crouching back in the hollows of the old tombs; and then, growing bolder, creeping forward into the open. The monuments arise solemnly from the graves and seem as if suddenly endowed with personality and life.

With reluctant feet we leave behind us this *infelix campus*, as it is appro-



COWGATE

priately designated in an inscription upon one of its ornamented monuments of Dürer-like melancholy, and turn our faces once more toward the life and bustle of the Old Town itself. Climb the steep ascent from the Cowgate to the High Street, and you enter at once the scene of the storm and stress of Edinburgh's most active life in the past. Here we stand in the very cockpit of old Scotland—the scene of the “great slaughters and tulzies” so frequent in its turbulent history. Up from the Cowgate by many a devious lane thronged the Hamiltons to rout the haughty Douglasses with great

slaughter and to “cleanse the causey”—a slogan used in many another “bruilzie” in the High Street in later times; the readers of *The Abbot* will recall the incident of Roland Graeme becoming embroiled in a street encounter between hostile factions while he was on his way to Lord Setoun's lodging in the Canongate. In the High Street occurred many of those collisions between Crown, Plebs, and Kirk which seemed to stamp Edinburgh so definitively as the city of mobs, broils, feuds, and popular uprisings. Under that half-mythical standard of the Blue Blanket, granted by King



THE CANONGATE AND TOLBOOTH

POCATELLO PUBLIC LIBRARY.



BAKEHOUSE CLOSE

James III. to the artisan guilds "with power to display the same in defence of their king, country, and their own rights," was fought many a hot encounter. Indeed, so jealous of "their own rights" did these democratic burghers become that James VI., in his *Basilicon Doron*, wrote: "They think we should be content with their work, how bad and dear soever it may be; and if they be in anything controuled, up goeth the *Blue Blanket!*" Even St. Giles Ca-

thedral itself was, on occasion, turned into a fortress and, with cannons set upon its walls, hurled at that rude, rough citadel, the Castle, the martial defiance of the city.

Nowhere have the ravages of time been so pitiless and so transforming as in the neighborhood of St. Giles Cathedral. Few vestiges remain of the St. Giles of the twelfth century; time has totally destroyed all trace of "the parish church of the straw-thatched Anglican hamlet." Gone are the

luckenbooths, or close shops, those towering buildings inconsiderately set down in the middle of the High Street. Gone are the *krames*, or tiny open shops, often not wider than a church pew, plastered like swallows' nests against the sheltering buttresses of St. Giles. Gone are the tallest of the *lands*, fifteen and sixteen stories high; nevertheless the High Street can still offer a brave front six or seven stories in height, with tall backlands of as many as ten stories. Here and there one rarely encounters ancient *forestairs*, projecting impudently into the street; and a few *laigh* shops still serve as reminders of the times not so very long ago when "dry-goods and notions" were craftily displayed in the deceptive light of a dark cellar. And yet, in all the devastating transformations of the centuries—devastations by fire, accident, and decrees of town council—this old High Street still holds high its head and seems proudly to defy the ravages of time, the decrees of man, and even the dispositions of God.

The ideal spot for day-dreams is the Parliament Close, the most memory-haunted retreat in all of Old Edinburgh. The ancient cemetery stretching



WHITE HORSE CLOSE



WEIR'S CLOSE

from St. Giles southward to the Cowgate, which in the passage of the centuries was totally overrun by the crowds that successively witnessed assemblies of courts, councils, and Parliaments in adjacent buildings, bears only one memento of its former character, the small flat stone inscribed "I. K. 1572"—marking the reputed resting-place of Scot-

land's stern reformer, John Knox. "Hard by the reformer," says Stevenson, "a bandy-legged and garlanded Charles Second, made of lead, bestrides a tun-bellied charger. The King has his back turned, and, as you look, seems to be trotting clumsily away from such a dangerous neighbor. Often for hours together, these two will be alone in the Close. . . ."



THE BACK OF GREENSIDE

In the background rises the aerial mural crown of St. Giles, the chief ornament of the Old Town. Yonder stood the narrow *Krame* of Jingling Geordie, where King James loved to crack a bottle of wine with his gossip old crony, George Heriot, before a fire of perfumed wood which gave forth a pungent yet pleasing aroma. Opposite is the High Court of Judiciary, where even now a man may be on trial for his life; and the number of the judges—unlucky thirteen—may well cause a shiver of apprehension to seize the luckless criminal.

Yonder, in the southwest corner, is the entrance to the Great Hall of Parliament, the “hall of lost footsteps” of the Scottish bar. Perhaps the most characteristic spectacle of the Edinburgh of to-day is to be seen in the oaken anteroom while court is in session—a cloud of advocates in black gowns and powdered wigs mingling freely with the “brotherhood of the briefless” with whom Stevenson served his apprenticeship, while crimson-robed judges are ponderously in session within the courts.

I once saw a bright pageant, in gay

costume and with flying banners, upon a sunshiny day in August, surround the "Mercat Croce," Edinburgh's ancient Cross, to hear the heralds and pour-suivants make some sort of royal proclamation. I could not but compare this shallow and meaningless ceremonial with that of the memorable day in 1633 when Charles I., of gracious and kingly presence, opened the first Parliament held in the New Parliament House. "In the bowels of the High Cross fountain there circulates, impatiently demanding egress, a lake of claret. Judge," Carlyle naïvely appeals, "if this decoration is a popular one!" What memories pack in upon us here—of Montrose, spat upon by the Marchioness of Argyle with a contemptuous ferocity worthy of the Parisian *canaille*, as he was driven, bound in a cart, to the cross for execution; of that mysterious, nocturnal tocsin on the eve of Flodden, when men saw strange wild

"Figures that seemed to rise and die,
Gibber and sign, advance and fly;"

and of that epoch-making day in 1682 when, in the presence of a vast concourse of men and women ravaged by emotions indescribable, the "Solemn League and Covenant" was burned.

As we cross the imaginary line separating the High Street from the Canongate, we enter upon that far-famed thoroughfare which "has borne upon its pavement the burden of all that was beautiful, all that was gallant, all that has become historically interesting in Scotland, for the last six or seven hundred years." The most notable sight that first greets the wayfarer as he enters the Canongate is the Old Canongate Tolbooth, once the pretorium of the burgh, in the ornate Scoto-French style of architecture of 1591—a date which with appropriate insignia and inscriptions is imprinted on the front. Prominent also are the Canongate arms—the stag's head with the "cross crosslet" between the antlers.

Opposite the Canongate Tolbooth stands Huntly House, the inner court of which is now prosaically known as Bakehouse Close—a locality of rich historic and traditionary interest, picturesque

architecture, and wealth of quaint memorials of vanished greatness and distinction. Here of all places along the Canongate I love to linger, continually spying out new beauties and new secrets. It is, to me, one of the strangest of facts that this locality has been so little noticed; and yet I know no other spot so eminently deserving of preservation at the hands of the municipality or of those scions of the nobility who once had their seats here. The annals of this great family, once popularly known as the "Gordons of the North," are well-nigh as packed with commingled tragedy and romance as that of the ill-starred Stewarts themselves.

At the eastern extremity of "The Speaking House," so called for its numerous frontal inscriptions, an arched entrance gives access to the inner court, formerly Cordiner's, now Bakehouse Close. On the right as you enter, you note a number of picturesque buildings (of stone foundation) with projecting flanks wooden and even wainscoted above, up which climb steep stone forestairs with heavy iron railings. It is interesting to observe that these quaint timbered gables abutting into the court are reminders of English rather than Scottish domestic architecture. And probably the mansion played the rôle of a castle of defence, as well as that of dwelling-house—evidenced by the steep roof, storm-windows, and flanking wing. Doubtless these quaint buildings, acquiring additional picturesqueness from their unusual blending of ancient with more modern elements, were under the sway of the noble family of Huntly at the time of its greatest power and influence.

Some twenty yards down the close on the eastern side stands the remarkable house of Sir Archibald Acheson, built about a half-century later than the Huntly House. The transverse southern wing with the roof at a very acute angle is a noteworthy section of this ancient structure, over which the Salisbury Crags of Holyrood Park keep guard. The mansion itself stands within a small forecourt bounded on the west by a massive wall; the entrance to the court, bounded by the three sides of the house, is gained by a boldly moulded doorway of dignified simplicity. While we were standing at

this entrance a crowd of ragged urchins surrounded us, and one of them, from the iterations in his speech, seemed to be repeating something over and over again for our delectation. After many recitals—for I was resolved to make him earn his penny—the words at last came to me:

The cock upon the trumpet stood;
When the cock crew, the trumpet blew
To waken the servants in the m-o-r-n-i-n-g.

And there, to be sure, surmounting the stately inner doorway, was an entablature bearing the date 1633 and the monogram of Sir Archibald Acheson and his second wife, a daughter of the house of Abercorn, Dame Margaret Hamilton, whom he married in 1622—the whole surmounted by the Acheson crest—a cock perched on a trumpet, with the motto “Vigilantibus.” Probably the doggerel, which has brought many a penny to this persistent *gamin*, was a verse composed in comparatively recent times by some servant of the house before it actually became a *domus servorum*. Not the least interesting feature of the Acheson House is the room with western exposure on the second floor in which Lady Jane Grey once slept for nine nights; and the two finely modelled gable windows of this historic room are surmounted respectively by beautiful mouldings of the “Rose” and the “Thistle.” Looking northward from the middle of the court, we see on the right the tall doorway in the wall of the courtyard leading to the Acheson House; and we may summon in fancy Sir Archibald and the fair Lady Margaret standing on either side of the doorway, expectant to receive the gay pageant in laces, silks, and satins surrounding Lady Jane Grey as they sweep through yonder vaulted archway. It gives one a sad wrench to have to *imagine* that the washings flapping from Lady Jane’s window are really the silken banners of England and Scotland which doubtless gayly fluttered there!

Facing southward, one notes the modern buildings and chimney stalks of one of the breweries which now give “character” to much of this portion of the town. What a commentary upon modern civilization, this! The beer which made

Edinburgh famous owes its fine quality to the sparkling water drawn from the stream flowing along the geologic fault extending westward from Holyrood in rear of the Canongate; and breweries overrun the sites of the fair and pleasant gardens which used to extend from the rear of the mansions along the Canongate far down the gentle slope to the ancient thoroughfare known as the South Back of the Canongate. Everywhere, indeed, are these signs of the evil days upon which the Canongate has fallen. Behind a pile of brooms hanging above the entrance to St. John’s Close is a sign irreverently entitled “Stable or yard brooms, only 1/”; next door is St. John’s Bar (God save the mark!), and a step farther down the street St. John’s Hair-dressing Saloon! Leave the bright sunlight of the Canongate with all its *clangor strepitusque* and dive into some of these murky closes, and you will find yourself in the company of twilight, silence, a broken bottle, and a woman’s shoe. You pass under a noble vaulted archway, only to discover that the beautiful courtyard is put to base use as a slater’s yard; while some quaint recess, long ago designated, with magnificent civic insularity, World’s End Close, is now a barber’s *purlieu*. Again you may find yourself surrounded by dirty, uncouth children; a frowsy old harridan with bedraggled skirt and faded plaid shawl stands phlegmatically by; while some splendid dormer-window crowned by finials or some great arching doorway surmounted by a cunningly carved baronial escutcheon looks on with silent and reproving dignity. The Goths are encamped in the palace of the Cæsars; and the Vandals make free with forum, arch, and monument.

Now and then a breath of youth and freshness comes to dispel the shades of gloom which becloud the mind. On the north side of the Canongate and eastward from Huntly House, the odd name of White Horse Close is an invitation to enter. Just as in Huntly House and the Acheson House one learns how lords and ladies lived and moved and had their being in earlier days, so in White Horse Close one discovers the sort of public entertainment travellers were accustomed to receive at the inns of their own time.

There before you at the north end of the close, seated upon the balustraded stone steps, is a dirty but beautiful little girl—shall I say the good genius of this spot?—showing the brighter side of the Old Town of to-day; for she is far more interested in the pressing daily concerns of her kitten and her meals, or the sudden appearance of an intruding vender of fagots with his odd cry, “Are ye cauld?” than in all the memorials that lie scattered in such rich profusion about her. She is supremely indifferent to the fact that upon the gabled window above her head is an embossed inscription, “1523”; no thrill of curiously interested recollection comes to her in the thought that here Fergus McIvor and his tartaned comrades, if the author of *Waverley* knew his history accurately, made their headquarters when the Young Pretender stabled his horses in Holyrood Palace; upon deaf ears falls your commentary that in yon tenement, at the northeast corner of the quadrangle, lodged the last two Episcopal bishops of Edinburgh before the revolution in 1688-9. Perhaps she might like to hear that a fight took place here once when the Scottish nobles were headed back from answering the summons of Charles I. to a conference at Berwick in 1639; and her eyes would doubtless dance should you tell her that the very name of her dwelling-place is unwaveringly associated with a beautiful white palfrey, once belonging to Mary Queen of Scots. To the left of the stairway upon which our little fairy reigns as upon a throne a vaulted basement perhaps once provided accommodation for that famous White Horse, as it certainly did for the horses of travellers sojourning at the Inn. The world owes a debt of gratitude to the Social Union for restoring this unique picture in Old Edinburgh—the goodly inn, the two curiously arranged outside stairs, the entrance reminding one of a *porte-cochère*, the vaulted basement stables, and the whole strongly redolent of a scene in the Netherlands. In the days of strolling players it was in just such surroundings as these that a Shakespeare and a Molière were wont to give their outdoor performances—upon a platform thrust expeditiously forward into the open courtyard of an inn.

The present Canongate is a haunting reminder of what our grandfathers were oddly wont to call a “decayed gentleman”—a person of aristocratic birth who has gradually sunk lower and lower, until at last his costume and even his manners are frayed and deplorable evidence of his former state and pedigree. If this is true of the external setting of the street, it has no bearing upon those who dwell within its confines. No stretch of the imagination can throw about them any spell of that contemporaneous ancestry so potent in certain spots in the British Isles. In its early days the Canongate was the aristocratic quarter of Edinburgh; and so freezing was the *hau-teur* of these Canongate ladies toward aspirants of the other sex that in his *Satire on Court Ladies* the poet Fergusson declares:

“The lasses o’ the Canongate,
Oh, they are wondrous nice;
They winna gi’e a single kiss
But for a double price.”

After the Union in 1707 the Canongate gradually ceased to be the domicile of the Scottish nobility, who moved in great numbers to London, driving Allan Ramsay to say:

“Oh, Canigate, puir eldrich hole,
What losses, what crosses dost thou thole!
London and death gars thee look droll
And hing thy head.”

Even up to the early part of the last century the Canongate continued to be the abode of quite a number of people of distinction; and perhaps a few old aristocrats can still point to some handsome house on the Canongate and say with a not unnatural pride, “That is the house in which I was born.” After the road along the Calton Hill was opened in 1817, the Canongate ceased to be the avenue of approach to the city from the east; and so lowered its noble head to the immutable decrees of travel, traffic, and commerce.

And yet the air of old-world dignity and distinction still clings about the Canongate and confers upon it a personality all its own. Old Edinburgh, I like to call the City of Staircases; and in one’s peregrinations over its steep

slopes one is always ascending or descending long flights of stairs. Perhaps the most signal quality of the Old Town, well exemplified by the Canongate, is the impression it gives of an immense rock-hewn fortress or chain of fortresses set upon a great crag, with deep cavernous passages and subterranean labyrinths cut into the walls, from which one emerges now and then into the staring sunlight of an open courtyard or a bustling street thronged with venders hawking their wares. At places the walls of the houses lean so affectionately toward one another that from some upper story neighbors might almost shake hands across the gorge of the street, or a lover kiss his sweetheart leaning from the window opposite. The diligent may succeed in finding many traces of a long-vanished age and life, though change, replacement, and demolition are taking place to-day with deplorable rapidity. Who is not stirred to inexpressible emotion in reading in the Canongate Register, begun during the year when Queen Mary came to her Scottish capital, the entries of the proclamation of banns of Mary and Darnley, of the murder of Rizzio, and of the tragedy at Kirk of Field! What enterprises of tragedy and blood are epitomized in these quaintly phrased lines: "Monsr. Signior David was slain in Halyruid hous ye 9 day o' Merche, anno 1566;" "Ye King's Grace blawn up wi' pudr, in ye Kirk o' Field, ye 10 o' February, 1567." Yonder a whole row of tall *lands* rich in historic associations has been razed to the ground for the opening of a new street; from Greyfriars we groaned over the disappearance of one of our beloved church spires; and when my companion found the beautiful antique wall-light of Weir's Close replaced by a hideous modern "decorative fixture," he wailed openly and heart-brokenly: "They've taken my lantern! Oh, they've taken my dear, precious lantern!" In some spacious old court, Chessel's Court, for example, may still be found that predecessor of the knocker, the old "tirling-pin"—the ring and corrugated bar by means of which the visitor, in token of his desire to be admitted, was wont to make that hideous noise like the cawing of a crow. Upon some doorway there is sculptured the ancient crafts-

men's emblem—a Bible open at the 133rd psalm, which he who runs may read:

"Behold how good a thing it is
And how becoming well
Together such as brethren are
In unity to dwell."

—solemn reminder to the passer-by that "it is an honor for men to cease from strife" (No. 191 Canongate). And just opposite stands the historic Moray House, with its stone balcony overhanging the pavements and its gateway uniquely flanked by slender conical pyramids, a fine illustration of the Old Town's archæological *embarras de richesse*. Yonder is one of the very few entries in the Canongate—Haddington's Entry, perhaps named for some descendant of Tom o' the Coogait, First Earl of Haddington—a characteristic image of the Old Town. A long walled passage, a tall overtopping *land* at the end, chimney-pots galore, and perchance a little Haddington to give the scale of the picture. And almost by accident one may stumble into that grimy dust-bin called Weir's Close, sublimated and immortalized by the etherealizing camera. I like to fancy—although I am not supported by facts, I believe—that old Major Weir, intent upon his nocturnal wizardry, would enter this gloomy *close* on wintry nights, slinking hurriedly through the splash of light, and then on into the obscurity beyond; and that it was here, and not in the Bow, that a gentleman once "perceived the close full of flaming torches . . . and as if it had been a great number of people stentoriously laughing and gaping with tahees of laughter"!

As we descend lower and lower along the Canongate, the height of the buildings grows less, and there is something almost suburban about the scene. In the Upper Town, story is piled upon story as if, in the contest for living room, the inhabitants had precipitated an irrepressible contest between lessor and lessee. In the lower part of the Canongate, the Court Quarter of the ancient capital, the buildings were once quite unlike these early tenement-houses; and older plans of Edinburgh show very many open spaces occupied as forecourts or laid out in gardens flinging

their lengths southward across the gently sloping, sun-kissed ridge. As we journey down to Holyrood Palace, reluctantly ending our loving pilgrimage, two picturesque images greet the eye and leave with us appropriate memories of the Old Town. There is a miniature lodge with peaked roof, the Queen's Bath, where the fair Mary in baths of white wine found the secret of preserving her beauty, and where the murderers of Rizzio momentarily cowered in fear and trembling, while making their escape over the walls of the city. And as we stand gazing at the palace—haunt of folly, house of pain, theatre of ill-starred ambition, fateful passion, and murderous treachery—there

is heard the tramp of soldiers; the funereal gray monotone of Old Edinburgh is irradiated with the scarlet symphony of the Castle Guards tramping buoyantly up the street, with shouldered muskets and fixed bayonets—a brilliant martial memento of the gallant days that are no more.

And here, at our journey's end, we pause, looking back lingeringly over Old Edinburgh with the words of Sir David Lindsay of the Mount upon the lips:

“Adew Edinburgh, thou heich triumphand
toun,
Within quhose boundis, richt blythful
have I bene.”

The Hills of Rest

BY ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

BEYOND the last horizon's rim,
Beyond adventure's farthest quest,
Somewhere they rise, serene and dim,
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

Upon their sunlit slopes uplift
The castles we have built in Spain—
While fair amid the summer drift
Our faded gardens flower again.

Sweet hours we did not live go by
To soothing note, on scented wing;
In golden-lettered volumes lie
The songs we tried in vain to sing.

They all are there: the days of dream
That build the inner lives of men;
The silent, sacred years we deem
The might be, and the might have been.

Some evening when the sky is gold
I'll follow day into the west;
Nor pause, nor heed, till I behold
The happy, happy Hills of Rest.

The House Surgeon*

BY RUDYARD KIPLING

A STORY IN TWO PARTS—PART II.

BEFORE I joined Baxter at Burry Mills Hydro, I spent a night at Holmescroft. Miss McLeod had returned from her Hydro, and at first we made very merry on the open lawn in the sunshine over the manners and customs of the English resorting to such places. She knew dozens of hydros, and warned me how to behave in them, while Mr. and Mrs. McLeod stood aside and adored her.

"Ah! That's the way she always comes back to us," he said. "Pity it wears off so soon, ain't it? You ought to hear her sing, *With mirth thou pretty bird.*"

We had the house to face through the evening, and there we neither laughed nor sang. The gloom fell on us as we entered, and did not shift till ten o'clock, when we crawled out, as it were, from beneath it.

"It has been bad this summer," said Mrs. McLeod, in a whisper, after we realized that we were freed. "Sometimes I think that the house will get up and cry out—it is so bad."

"How?"

"Have you forgotten what comes after—the—the depression?"

So then we waited about the small fire, and the dead air in the room presently filled and pressed down upon us with the sensation (but words are useless here), as though some dumb and bound power were striving against gag and bond to deliver its soul of an articulate word. It passed in a few minutes, and I fell to thinking about Mr. Baxter's conscience, and Agnes Moultrie, gone mad in the well-lit bedroom that waited me. These reflections secured me a night during which I rediscovered how, from purely mental causes, a man can be physically sick; but the sickness was bliss compared to my dreams when the birds

waked. On my departure McLeod gave me a beautiful narwhal's horn, much as a nurse gives a child sweets for being brave at a dentist's.

"There's no duplicate to it in the world," he said, "else it would have come to old Max McLeod," and he tucked it into the motor. Miss McLeod, on the far side of the car, whispered, "Have you found anything, Mr. Perseus?"

I shook my head.

"Then I shall be chained to my rock all my life," she went on. "Only don't tell papa."

I supposed she was thinking of the young gentleman who specialized in South-American railways, for I noticed a ring on the third finger of her left hand.

I went straight from that house to Burry Mills Hydro, keen, for the first time in my life, on playing golf, which is guaranteed to occupy the mind. Baxter had taken me a room communicating with his own, and, after lunch, introduced me to a tall, horse-headed elderly lady of decided manners, whom a white-haired maid pushed along in a Bath chair through the park-like grounds of the Hydro. She was Miss Mary Moultrie, and she coughed and cleared her throat just like Baxter. She suffered—she told me it was the Moultrie caste-mark—from some obscure form of chronic bronchitis, complicated with spasm of the glottis; and, in a dead flat voice, with a sunken eye that looked and saw not, told me what washes, gargles, pastilles, and inhalations she had proved most beneficial. From her I was passed on to her younger sister—Miss Elizabeth—a small and withered thing with twitching lips, victim, she told me, to very much the same sort of throat, but secretly devoted to another set of medicines. When she went away with Baxter and the Bath chair, I fell across a Major of the Indian Army

with gout in his glassy eyes, and a stomach which he had taken all round the Continent. He laid everything before me; and him I escaped only to be ravished by a matron with a tendency to follicular tonsilitis and eczema. Baxter waited hand and foot on his cousins till five o'clock, trying, I saw, to atone for his treatment of the dead sister. Miss Mary ordered him about like a dog.

"I warned you it would be dull," he said, when we met in the smoking-room.

"It's tremendously interesting," I said. "But how about a look round the links?"

"Unluckily damp always affects my eldest cousin. I've got to get her a fresh bronchitis-kettle. Arthurs broke her old one yesterday."

We slipped out to the chemist's shop in the town, and he bought a large glittering tin thing whose workings he explained.

"I'm used to this sort of work. I come up here pretty often," he said. "I've the family throat too."

"You're a good man," I said. "A very good man."

He turned towards me in the evening light among the beeches, and his face was changed to what it might have been a generation before.

"You see," he said, huskily, "there was the youngest—Agnes. Before she fell ill, you know. But she didn't like leaving her sisters."

He hurried on with his odd-shaped load, and left me among the ruins of my black theories. The man with that face had done Agnes Moultrie no wrong.

We never played our game. I was waked between two and three in the morning from my hygienic bed by Baxter in an ulster over orange and white pajamas, which I should not have suspected from his character.

"My cousin has had some sort of a seizure," he said. "Will you come? I don't want to wake the doctor. Don't want to make a scandal. Quick!"

So I came quickly, and led by the white-haired Arthurs in a jacket and petticoat, entered a double-bedded room reeking with steam and Friar's Balsam. The electrics were all on. Miss Mary—I knew her by her height—was at the open window, wrestling with Miss Eliz-

abeth, who had her by the knees. Her hand was at her throat, which was streaked with blood.

"She's done it. She's done it too!" Miss Elizabeth panted. "Hold her! Help me!"

"Oh, I say! Women don't cut their throats," Baxter whispered.

"My God! Has she cut her throat?" the maid cried, and with no warning rolled over in a faint. Baxter pushed her under the wash-basins, and leaped to hold the gaunt woman who crowed and whistled as she struggled toward the window. He took her by the throat, and she struck out wildly.

"All right! She's only cut her hand," he said. "Wet towel—quick!"

While I got that, he pushed her backward. Her strength seemed almost as great as his. I swabbed at her throat when I could, and found no mark; then helped him to control her a little. Miss Elizabeth leaped back to bed, wailing like a child.

"Tie up her hand somehow," said Baxter. "Don't let it drip all over the place. She"—he stepped on broken glass in his slippers—"she must have broken a pane."

Miss Mary lurched toward the open window once more, dropped on her knees, her head on the ledge, and lay quiet, surrendering her cut hand to me.

"What did she do?" Baxter turned toward Miss Elizabeth in the far bed.

"She was going to throw herself out of the window," was the answer. "I stopped her and sent Arthurs for you. Oh, we can never hold up our heads again!"

Miss Mary writhed and fought for breath. Baxter found a shawl, which he threw over her shoulders. "Nonsense!" said he. "That isn't like Mary," but his face worked while he said it.

"You wouldn't believe about Aggie, John. Perhaps you will now!" said Miss Elizabeth. "I saw her do it! And she's cut her throat too!"

"She hasn't," I said. "It's only her hand."

Miss Mary suddenly broke from us with an indescribable grunt, flew, rather than ran, to her sister's bed, and there shook her as one furious schoolgirl would shake another.

"No such thing!" she croaked. "How dare you think so, you wicked little fool?"

"Get into bed, Mary," said Baxter. "You'll catch a chill."

She obeyed, but sat with the gray shawl round her lean shoulders, glaring at her sister. "I'm better now," she crowed. "Arthurs let me sit out too long. Where's Arthurs? The kettle."

"Never mind Arthurs," said Baxter. "You get the kettle." I hastened to bring it from the side table. "Now, Mary, as God sees you, tell us what you've done."

His lips were dry, and he could not moisten them with his tongue.

Miss Mary applied herself to the mouth of the kettle, and between indraws of steam said: "The spasm came on just now, while I was asleep. I was nearly choking to death. So I went to the window. I've often done it before, without waking any one. Bessie's such an old maid about draughts. I tell you I was choking to death. I couldn't manage the catch, and I nearly fell out. That window opens too low. I cut my hand trying to save myself. Who has tied it up in this filthy handkerchief? I wish you had had my throat, Bessie. I never was nearer dying!" She scowled on us all impartially, while her sister sobbed.

From the bottom of the bed we heard a quivering voice: "Is she dead? Have they took her away? Oh, I never could bear the sight o' blood!"

"Arthurs," said Miss Mary, "you are an hireling. Go away!"

It is my belief that Arthurs crawled out on all fours, but I was busy picking up broken glass from the carpet.

Then Baxter, seated on the foot of the bed, began to cross-examine in a voice I scarcely recognized. No one could for an instant have doubted the genuine rage of Miss Mary against her sister, her cousin, or her maid; and that the doctor should have been called in—for she did me the honor of calling me doctor—was the last drop. She was choking with her throat; had rushed to the window for air; had nearly pitched out, and in catching at the window-bars, had cut her hand. Over and over she made this clear to the intent Baxter. Then she turned to her sister and tongue-lashed her savagely.

"You mustn't blame me," Miss Bessie

faltered, at last. "You know what we think of, night and day."

"I'm coming to that," said Baxter. "Listen to me. What *you* did, Mary, misled four people into thinking you—you meant to make away with yourself."

"Isn't one suicide in the family enough? O God, help and pity us! You couldn't have believed that!" she cried.

"The evidence was complete. Now, don't you think"—Baxter's finger wagged under her nose—"can't you think that poor Aggie did the same thing at Holmescroft when she fell out of the window?"

"She had the same throat," said Miss Elizabeth. "Exactly the same symptoms. Don't you remember, Mary?"

"Which was her bedroom?" I asked of Baxter, in an undertone.

"Over the south veranda, looking on to the tennis lawns."

"I nearly fell out of that very window when I was at Holmescroft—opening it to get some air. The sill doesn't come much above your knees," I said.

"You hear that, Mary? Mary, do you hear what this gentleman says? Won't you believe that what nearly happened to you—must have happened to poor Aggie that night? For God's sake—for her sake—Mary, *won't* you believe?"

There was a long silence while the steam-kettle puffed.

"If I could have proof—if I could have proof," said she, and broke into most horrible tears.

Baxter motioned to me, and I crept away to my room, and lay awake till morning, thinking more specially of the dumb grief at Holmescroft which wished to explain itself. I hated Miss Mary as perfectly as though I had known her for twenty years, but I felt that, alive or dead, I should not like her to condemn me.

Yet at midday, when I saw her in her Bath chair, Arthurs behind, and Baxter and Miss Elizabeth on either side, in the park-like grounds of the Hydro, I found it difficult to arrange my facts.

"Now that you know all about it," said Baxter, aside, after the first strangeness of our meeting was over, "it's only fair to tell you that my poor cousin did not die *in* Holmescroft at all. She was dead when they found her in the morning—just dead."



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

Half tone plate engraved by H. Lemoine

"COME DOWN TO HOLMESCROFT AND SATISFY YOURSELF"

"Under that laburnum outside the window?" I asked, for I suddenly remembered the crooked, evil thing.

"Exactly. She broke the tree in falling. But no death has ever taken place in the house—as far as we were concerned. Never has. You can make yourself quite easy on that point. Mr. McLeod's extra thousand for what you called the 'clean bill of health' was something toward my cousins' estate when we sold. It was my duty as their lawyer to get it for them—at any cost to my own feelings."

I know better than to argue when the English talk about their duty. So I agreed with my solicitor.

"Their sister's death must have been a great blow to your cousins," I went on. The Bath chair was behind me.

"Unspeakable," Baxter whispered. "They brooded on it day and night. No wonder! If their theory of poor Aggie making away with herself was correct, she was eternally lost!"

"Do you believe that she made away with herself?"

"No, thank God! Never have! And after what happened to Mary last night, I see perfectly what happened to poor Aggie. She had the family throat too. By the way, Mary thinks you are a doctor, otherwise she wouldn't like your having been in her room."

"Very good. Is she convinced now about her sister's death?"

"She'd give anything to be able to believe it, but she's a hard woman, and brooding along certain lines makes one groovy. I have sometimes been afraid for her reason—on the religious side, don't you know. Elizabeth doesn't matter. Brain of a hen. Always had."

Here Arthurs summoned me to the Bath chair, and the ravaged face, beneath its knitted Shetland-wool hood, of Miss Mary Moultrie.

"I need not remind you, I hope, of the seal of secrecy—absolute secrecy—in your profession," she began. "Thanks to my cousin's and my sister's stupidity, you have found out—" she blew her nose.

"Please don't excite her, sir," said Arthurs, at the back.

"But, my dear Miss Moultrie, I only know what I've seen, of course, it seems to me that what you thought was

a tragedy in your sister's case turns out, on your own evidence, so to speak, to have been an accident. A dreadfully sad one—but absolutely an accident."

"Do you believe that too?" she cried. "Or are you only saying it to comfort me?"

"I believe it from the bottom of my heart. Come down to Holmescroft for an hour—for half an hour—and satisfy yourself."

"Of what? You don't understand. I see the house every day—every night. I am always there in spirit—waking or sleeping. I couldn't face it in reality!"

"But you must," I said. "If you go there in the spirit, the greater need for you to come there in the flesh. Go to your sister's room once more, and see the window—I nearly fell out of it myself. It's—it's awfully low and dangerous. That would convince you," I pleaded.

"Yet Aggie had slept in that room for years," she interrupted.

"You've slept in your room here for a long time, haven't you? But you nearly fell out of the window when you were choking."

"That is true. That is one thing true," she nodded. "And I might have been killed as—perhaps—Aggie was killed."

"In that case your own sister and cousin and maid would have said you had committed suicide, Miss Moultrie. Come down to Holmescroft, and go over the place just once."

"You are lying," she said, quite quietly. "You don't want me to come down to see a window. It is something else. I warn you we are Evangelicals. We don't believe in prayers for the dead. 'As the tree falls'—"

"Yes. I dare say. But you persist in thinking that your sister committed suicide—"

"No! No! I have always prayed that I might have misjudged her."

Arthurs at the Bath chair spoke up: "Oh, Miss Mary! You would 'ave it from the first that poor Miss Aggie 'ad made away with herself; an' of course Miss Bessie took the notion from you. Only Master—Mister John stood out, and—and I'd 'ave taken my Bible oath you was making away with yourself last night."

Miss Mary leaned toward me, one finger on my sleeve.

"If going to Holmescroft kills me," she said, "you will have the murder of a fellow creature on your conscience for all eternity."

"I'll risk it," I answered. Remembering what torment the mere reflection of her torments had cast on Holmescroft, and remembering, above all, the dumb Thing that filled the house with its desire to speak, I felt that it might be a good riddance.

Baxter was amazed at the proposed visit, but at a nod from that terrible woman went off to make arrangements. Then I sent a telegram to McLeod, bidding him and his vacate Holmescroft for that afternoon. Miss Mary should be alone with her dead, as I had been alone.

I expected untold trouble in transporting her, but to do her justice, the promise given for the journey, she underwent it without murmur, spasm, or unnecessary word. Miss Bessie, pressed in a corner by the window, wept behind her veil, and from time to time tried to take hold of her sister's hand. Baxter wrapped himself in his newly found happiness as selfishly as a bridegroom, for he sat still, and smiled.

"So long as I know that Aggie didn't make away with herself," he explained. "I tell you frankly I don't care what happened. She's as hard as a rock—Mary. Always was. *She* won't die."

We led her out on to the platform like a blind woman, and so got her into the cab. The half-hour crawl to Holmescroft was the most racking experience of the day. McLeod had obeyed my instructions. There was no one visible in the house or the gardens; and the front door stood open.

Miss Mary rose from beside her sister, stepped forth first, and entered the hall.

"Come, Bessie," she cried.

"I daren't. Oh, I daren't."

"Come!" Her voice had altered. I felt Baxter start. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Good heavens!" said Baxter. "She's running up the stairs. We'd better follow."

"Let's wait below. She's going to the room."

We heard the door of the bedroom I

knew open and shut, and we waited in the lemon-colored hall, heavy with the scent of flowers.

"I've never been into it since it was sold," Baxter sighed. "What a lovely, restful place it is! Poor Aggie used to arrange the flowers."

"Restful!" I began, but stopped of a sudden, for I felt all over my bruised soul that Baxter was speaking truth. It was a light, spacious, airy house, full of the sense of well-being and peace—above all things, peace. I ventured into the dining-room, where the thoughtful McLeods had left a small fire. There was no terror there, present or lurking; and in the drawing-room, which for good reasons we had never cared to enter, the sun and the peace and the scent of the flowers worked together, as is fit in an inhabited house. When I returned to the hall, Baxter was sweetly asleep on a couch, looking most unlike a middle-aged solicitor who had spent a broken night with an exacting cousin.

There was ample time for me to review it all—to felicitate myself upon my magnificent acumen (barring some error about Baxter as a thief, and, possibly, a murderer), before the door above opened, and Baxter, evidently a light sleeper, sprang awake.

"I've had a heavenly nap," he said, rubbing his eyes. "Good Lord! That's not *their* step!"

But it was. I had never before been privileged to see the Shadow turned backward on the dial—the years ripped bodily off poor human shoulders—old sunken eyes filled and alight—harsh lips moistened and human.

"John," Miss Mary called, "I know now. Aggie didn't do it!" and, "She didn't do it!" echoed Miss Bessie, and giggled.

"I did not think it wrong to say a prayer," Miss Mary continued. "Not for her soul, of course, but for our peace. Then I was convinced."

"Then we got conviction," the younger sister piped.

"We've misjudged poor Aggie, John. But I feel she knows now. Wherever she is, she knows that we know she is guiltless."

"Yes, she knows. I felt it too," said Miss Elizabeth.



Drawn by F. Walter Taylor

THEA SANG AN OLD ENGLISH SONG

"I never doubted," said John Baxter, whose face was beautiful at that hour. "Not from the first. Never have!"

"You never offered me proof, John. Now, thank God, it will not be the same any more. I can henceforward think of Aggie without sorrow." Miss Mary tripped, absolutely tripped, across the hall. "What ideas these Jews have of arranging furniture!" She spied me behind a big cloisonné vase.

"I've seen the window," she said, remotely. "You took a great risk in advising me to undertake such a journey. However, as it turns out, I forgive you; and I pray you may never know what mental anguish means. Bessie! Look at this atrocious piano! Do you suppose, doctor, these people would offer one tea? I miss mine."

"I will go and see," I said, and explored McLeod's new-built servants' wing. It was in the servants' hall that I unearthed the McLeod family, bursting with anxiety.

"Tea for three, quick," I said. "If you ask me any questions now, I shall have a fit!" So Mrs. McLeod got it, and I was butler, amid murmured apologies from Baxter, still smiling to himself, and the cold disapproval of Miss Mary, who thought the pattern of the china vulgar. However, she ate well, and sent me to get her a napkin. Happiness may lighten people's souls, but it does not in the least soften their manners.

They went away in the twilight—the twilight that I had once dreaded. They were going to an hotel in London, to rest after the fatigues of the day, and as their cab turned down the drive, I capered on the door-step, with the all-darkened house behind me.

Then I heard the uncertain feet of the McLeods, and bade them not turn on the lights, but to feel—to feel what I had done; for the Shadow was gone, with the dumb desire in the air. They drew short, but afterwards deeper breaths, like bathers entering chill water; separated one from the other; moved about the hall; tiptoed up-stairs; raced down; and then Miss McLeod, and I believe her mother, though she denies this, embraced me. I know McLeod did.

It was a disgraceful evening. To say we rioted through the house is to put it

mildly. We played a sort of Blind-Man's Buff along the darkest passages, in the unlighted drawing-room and little dining-room, calling cheerily to one another after each exploration that here, and here, and here, the trouble had removed itself. We came up to *the* bedroom—mine for the night again—and sat, the women on the bed, and we men on chairs, drinking in blessed draughts of peace and comfort and cleanliness of soul, while I told them my tale again, and received fresh praise, thanks, and blessings.

When the servants, returned from their day's outing, gave us a supper of cold fried fish, McLeod had sense enough to offer no wine. We had been practically drunk since nightfall, and grew incoherent on milk and water.

"I like that Baxter," said McLeod. "He's a sharp man. The death wasn't *in* the house, but he ran it pretty close, ain't it?"

"And the joke of it is that he supposes I want to buy the place from you," I said. "Are you selling?"

"Not for twice what I paid for it—now," said McLeod. "I'll keep you in furs all your life, but not our Holmescroft."

"No—never our Holmescroft," said Miss McLeod. "We'll ask *him* here on Tuesday, mamma." They squeezed each other's hands.

"Now tell me," said Mrs. McLeod. "That tall one I saw out of the scullery window—did she tell you she was always here in the spirit? I hate her. She made all this bother. It was not her house after she had sold it. What do you think?"

"I suppose," I answered, "she brooded over what she thought was her sister's suicide night and day—she confessed she did—and her thoughts being concentrated on this place, they felt like a—like a burning-glass."

"Burning-glass is good," said McLeod.

"I said it was like a light of blackness turned on us," cried the girl, twiddling her ring. "That must have been when she thought about her sister and the house."

"Ah, the poor Aggie!" said Mrs. McLeod. "The poor Aggie, trying to tell every one it was not so! No wonder we felt Something wished to say Some-

thing. Thea, Max, do you remember that night—"

"We need not remember any more," McLeod interrupted. "It is not our trouble. They have told each other now."

"Do you think, then," said Miss McLeod, "that those two, the living ones, were actually told something—up-stairs—in your—in the room?"

"I can't say. At any rate they were made happy, and they ate a big tea afterward. As your father says, it is not our trouble any longer—thank God!"

"Amen!" said McLeod. "Now, Thea, let us have some music after all these months. *With mirth, thou pretty bird*, ain't it? You ought to hear that."

Thea sang an old English song which I had never heard before:

"With mirth thou pretty bird rejoice
Thy Maker's praise enhanced,
Lift up thy shrill and pleasant voice
Thy God is high advanced!
Thy food before He did provide
And gives it in a fitting side
Wherewith be thou sufficed!
Why shouldst thou now unpleasant be
Thy wrath against God venting,
That He a little bird made thee,
Thy silly head tormenting
Because He made thee not a man.
Oh, Peace! He hath well thought thereon,
Therewith be thou sufficed!"

THE END.

All in the Bud and Bloom o' the Year

BY SARAH PIATT

ALL in the bud and bloom o' the year,
When the heart is sad as the first green leaf—
(Love comes not back with the rose, I fear).
Ah, the time of joy is the time of grief—
All in the bud and bloom o' the year.

All in the bud and bloom o' the year,
When the grass comes back, to cover the dead—
(Love comes not back with the grass, I fear;
Does he sleep below, with a stone at his head?)—
All in the bud and bloom o' the year.

All in the bud and bloom o' the year,
The wind keeps singing a lover's rhyme—
(Love comes not back on the wind, I fear),
And the sweetest time is the saddest time—
All in the bud and bloom o' the year.

All in the bud and bloom o' the year,
Heavy with honey, the bee blows by—
(Love comes not back with the bee, I fear;
Love's sweet is bitter, Love's laugh is a cry)—
All in the bud and bloom o' the year.

All in the bud and bloom o' the year,
When wings grow weary of alien skies—
(Love comes not back with the bird, I fear:
Love builds no nest, save in Paradise!)—
All in the bud and bloom o' the year.

The State Insurance of Germany

BY MADGE C. JENISON

THE state insurance is the big fact in Germany. Six out of nine of all those who work for wages are sure by law of an income and doctor's care if they are ill; three out of four when they are old or unable to work; and every man, woman, and child, except in a few isolated classes of workers, in cases of accidents met with in their trades. The Germans are a thinking people; they think for the world, and all of us go to school to them, and this great social project they have thought into existence, and made it a fact which we have come to uphold in the world—that it is the function of the state to guard against want in its members, as well as against ignorance and attack. It used to be enough for a man that the state kept him from being killed; now education, it is our brag and boast, that we have come to assume; and Germany has made the beginning of this new socializing of life, ten years before Finland and Norway, seventeen years before France, nineteen before England, and no one knows how long before America.

The insurance project is chilling as Germany carries it out. It is part of the bureaucratic system of Prussia, too much a thing of salaries and officials, of files of papers laid in rows by office-boys morning by morning, a principle meditated by statesmen, hundreds of handsome bureaus. But the idea, Germany has resolved into a fact, and made a part of state polity. A revolution is accomplished, not when performance is adequate, but when, as Lassalle says, an entirely new principle is made to take the place of the existing order of things.

Nobody looks upon the laws as otherwise than in a state of solution, certainly not the men who are trying by their scholarly investigation of conditions, their experiments, and international congresses, to make of a conviction a working system. The project is less than

thirty years old; it had no precedents. Step by step it has been extended and adapted to the lives of working-people. Many changes have been made in the measures since they were passed. Old-age pensions begin now at seventy instead of seventy-five, and the age may soon be reduced five years more. Very detailed regulations as to the treatment of patients in hospitals have been incorporated in the accident law. Sickness insurance can be drawn for twenty-six weeks a year instead of thirteen as in the original measure. Many classes of workers have been added to those originally required to insure. Some are still unreached. Only part of the agricultural class comes under the present statute, and house servants only for invalidity, though most house servants have sickness insurance, taken out by employers voluntarily. The two further laws which will complete the chain, are under debate in the Reichstag year by year, one to provide annuities for widows and orphans, under some such conditions as the accident law now provides for the families of victims of accidents, and a second for insurance against want of work. In the years when the laws were under debate Germany was entering upon new conditions of life. It was believed that the expected development of industry would take care of the workless. The aim was only to protect invalids. But the question of the unemployed has continued to press upon Germany, as it does upon every industrial country for at least a third of the year. Every year the Socialist wing in the Reichstag brings forward the bills for the workless and for widows and orphans, and it is known that the government waits only a further tariff income before undertaking these new measures. It is interesting to observe the cordial attitude of Germany toward this present legislation, and to consider what would have been the latter's reception thirty years ago.

The insurance is now for accident, for sickness, and for old age and invalidism. The laws for accident are perhaps the most radical of the group, because they provide that pensions shall be maintained by employers alone, upon the principle, still strange to our thoughts, that accidents are an inherent feature of industry and must be considered part of the cost of production. Trade associations of employers, therefore, pay all accident pensions, each member being assessed *pro rata*, according to the amount of wages and salaries paid during the year, and in proportion to the risk of his enterprise, which is much greater of course in partly patriarchal industries like agriculture and forestry than in mining and manufacturing, where precautions are more carefully taken, apprenticeship is more guarded, and organization of labor more powerful. This liability, placed not upon one single employer, but upon the total number of employers belonging to an association, has brought about a great increase of precautionary machinery in Germany, especially in the smaller shops. It being to the interest of trades associations to reduce as far as possible the number of accidents, employers are compelled under high assessments from their own body to adopt measures of safety and to enforce the fines against recklessness of workmen. In the year-books of such great trades associations as that of the chemical industry one sees discussion and illustrations, of every piece of machinery for protection, which has appeared during the current year.

The accident insurance, like that for sickness and old age, was forced upon the state as a political measure. By the old Roman law a working-man or his family had got indemnity in Germany, if he were hurt or killed in the chances of his trade, only from the person through whose carelessness or malice he had suffered. The injured person had always to prove the fault; the immediate author of the disaster, often an overseer or fellow workman, was the only person who could be held, so that a man came away more often than not with empty hands, even if he won his suit, because of the poverty of the responsible party. An employer could be held only if neglect

could be laid directly to his charge, and it was not established what was neglect and discharge of duty in an employer. A first law, intended to meet the cases of railway employees, held the employer for all neglect of his overseers; another, over thirty years later (1871), held him unless he could prove that the fault had been the workman's, the burden of proof being thus transferred to him. Both laws were evaded; in the Reichstag handbook one reads of a debate in 1879 in which a great mine-owner admitted that of 7,373 accidents which had come to his notice, only 1,251—about one-sixth—had received redress. The chief problem with which the young empire was face to face in those first years of its life was the friction between the laboring and employing class. It must have a kind of unity if it was to live, and in this cause the government intervened, and passed in 1883 the first of the present laws, under which inquiry is excluded—indemnity being granted irrespective of the culpability or innocence of either party. Though a man has himself dropped upon the floor the oil upon which he slips into a machine, his compensation is assured.

The pension is, in amount, two-thirds of wages if a man is completely disabled, the loss of one-third being appraised as the expenses he would have to meet in pursuit of his work if able-bodied, and against his chances of being workless. Partial accidents have partial indemnity; and in case of death a family may receive as much as sixty per cent. of wages, a wife until she remarries, children until they are fifteen, and all others dependent upon his labor for maintenance, with the reservations which belong to measures of law. It is a comment upon the temper of the German mind that in England the trades-unions oppose the passage of such regulations, since they have the process of suit so perfected that they often get as indemnity the whole of wages, whereas in Germany the pension, though assured, is never more than part.

The sickness and old-age insurance is borne by employer and employed together. Employers pay one-third of the premium for sickness; the contribution for old age and invalidity is charged half to each, the state adding, moreover \$12.50

yearly to every pension for old age or invalidism. It has been estimated that the contribution made by employers to the three classes of insurance amounts to a two per cent. increase of wages; that made by working-people to a one and a half per cent. to three per cent. deduction of earnings. The employer is responsible for the full payment of premium, which he takes from the amount of wages and enters in the insurance-book in the form of stamps. The post-office is the medium of payment for both premiums and pensions—an expedient which was the occasion of much throwing about of wit when the "Sticker Acts" were under debate. Every housemaid in Germany puts a stamp in her book every week and her mistress puts another, and she goes to the hospital if she is ill, not as a recipient of charity, but with the same legal right to its benefits that she had to those of the public school.

The sickness insurance is that which one sees "in the largest way of practice." In the year 1907 five million people drew it, being paid for an average of nineteen days for each case. The pension means a doctor's care or care in a hospital, medicines, and an income of from fifty cents to a dollar and a half a week for the family of the incumbent, according as the class in which he is insured provides. No case is too inconsequent for payment. A man or woman who must be fitted with spectacles draws the allowance for a day and has glasses free of charge. The law makes no distinction of persons, since it is a public social measure, and the young apprentice with tuberculosis, who may be invalided within a few months, begins his insurance under the universal conditions. The project commands the best hospitals and associations for the furtherance of public health. The finest tuberculosis hospital perhaps in the world has been built from the insurance fund, and many smaller ones, as well as barracks in pine forests and in the mountains, wage the war of civilization against consumption. Even the question of housing has been made to come within the province of the measures. To prevent illness and invalidism, loans are made at a low interest to co-operative building associations for model dwellings, and the sickness clubs in some

cities bring out exhaustive yearly reports of tenement-house conditions.

Like the accident insurance, sickness insurance has been a delicate instrument of leverage to better labor conditions. The sickness law makes no stipulations as to the means of insurance. Groups of allied industries have, therefore, formed themselves voluntarily into clubs acting in most cities very little in concert, but in a few—Leipzig, Dresden, and in Vienna—since Austria has followed the example of Germany closely—the Krankenkassen have a highly centralized organization, which has in one city its own physician to inspect factories under its jurisdiction and keep them to a certain standard. When a superintendent in a blacklisted factory asks, "What is wrong with us? The government inspector was here last month and reported us favorably," the answer is: "There were eight more accidents here last month than at the Zacher works, eighteen more cases of sickness. You had better look into the Zacher plants."

Old-age and invalidity insurance is one, old age being regarded as an extension of invalidism, except in this regard, that while an invalidity pension is conditional upon incapacity to work, old-age pensions are intended as subsidies for all old workmen, to supplement reduced earning power. Both are about the same in amount as sickness pensions, and a man begins to draw his old-age allowance when he is seventy years old, and that for invalids when he is unable to earn one-third of his former income, always after a certain number of years of contribution. The administration of all classes of insurance is co-operative, being conducted by co-operative boards of working-men and employers.

Such in brief is the imperial insurance of Germany, made compulsory by law upon every one working for wages of under five hundred dollars a year and over one hundred dollars—the latter wage really sometimes found in Saxony, the most highly industrialized part of the empire, probably in the textile industry, which has become almost femininized. There are the infinite qualifications and reservations of codes of law. The German tongue in a German law becomes an intellectual exercise which makes any

ordinary piece of German text appear exhilarating. The insurance laws are obscure as well as complicated, and this obscurity was one of the reasons for that "open and uncompromising dislike" with which they were at first regarded by the industrial class. The German working-man always distrusts a new law. A new law means to him a new tax. To the younger and more ignorant, the new project for his amelioration presented itself only as a deduction every week from his wages, with dubious and distant prospects of return. Little trouble was taken by the government to explain the benefits of the measure, compulsion being so uppermost in German official action; and it has been one of the important concerns of the trades-unions and working-men's secretariates to explain the conditions of the insurance to those upon whom it bears.

It is but savorless reading and not for a summer's day, this mass of equivocation and figures, and yet a law has the blood of men in it, and these for state insurance are as much the expression of the thoughts and visions of a great modern nation and of the new ideals that press upon us all, as the Cologne Cathedral and the Ninth Symphony are of something that has gone before. A great people stirs, and sighs, and speaks over the fire at evening of that which is upon the air; and great men have worked in their libraries, for the most part in foreign lands because Germany had exiled them, and so at last this vast relief of human despair and waste is begun. We have come to believe that the world dictates to a man what he shall say, and perhaps we shall not see this better shown than in the imperial figure of the Iron Chancellor of monarchy undertaking state socialism and acknowledging this new ideal in the state—not liberty, not that freedom which the ancients worshipped—a conviction rather than an ideal, becoming more and more defined and commonplace, forced upon us all whether we recognize it consciously or not, that human life grows more socialized, and is coming to hang together in a structure which forces us to take account of every portion of it. The "amelioration of the working class" was to Bismarck certainly only a means to

make an end in which the working classes were something quite aside; and the statue in Hamburg of a working-man presenting him a wreath of grateful tribute is symbolism of somewhat sorry point. It is said in Germany that the Emperor took the plans of the great imperialist for social reform far more seriously than Bismarck intended them to be taken.

There is great drama in sociology, where millions of men act out the play instead of the inevitable three; and a race is the hero; and the world the stage, or at least the map of a continent. The act of the German state insurance opens with a war and a falsified telegram. Lassalle flashes across it with his brilliant Berlin years, his defence of injured woman, the theft of the jewel-casket, the bitter years of struggle to organize his party, the duel. Men execrated and honored appear in it and pass away—Marx and Engels, Liebknecht and Bëbel—the overmastering figure of Bismarck, or of the gentle-eyed Emperor he served; and then by millions, hordes upon hordes, the German working-man, who "is not much that he should talk" or even perhaps act, but who has yet accomplished some of his own ends after his own method and fashion.

The gold of the French war indemnity flowed into a land which had tasted poverty in its mouth for generations. This stream of French milliards made it delirious with joy. Every shoemaker became a prince, and "proudly bore his lance." Germany laved herself in gold in the days of her young unity and vigor. She became modern industrially in a sudden convulsion of new life. The end came quickly enough. In the "great crack" of the 70's thousands of factories were closed down; crowds of workmen moved upon the cities from the small industries which had gone to the wall in the towns; the work which they had hoped to find in the great industrial centres was not to be had. The immediate reason for the execution of the insurance laws was undoubtedly to lighten the burden of poor-relief in the towns, which, increased by the crisis, was weighing upon them too heavily to be borne; and secondarily, it was a new move of the government for the repression of socialism, the greatest threaten-

ing force with which the empire had to reckon within itself. The anti-socialist law had glorified and vitalized the movement with the masses, as persecution will often do; the power of the socialist propaganda had been greatly increased by the suffering of the working-people during the crisis. In all classes there was probably a growing social emotion which demanded some constructive measure to be placed beside the repressive law. A new policy, to increase the loyalty of the working class to the state by such measures as the socialists had themselves advocated, was introduced by imperial message in the Reichstag in 1881. There is a humor, at which one cannot choose but smile, in the stately words with which the beloved old Emperor expresses as simply as a child the mingling of necessity and emotion which, when they work together, always raise the world a little up, and calls upon the name of Christ as princes have for so many ages.

"One must acknowledge," the message says, "that in the whole situation of the working-man there are misfortunes that cannot be combated by measures of law, but they can be ameliorated by laws which consider the condition of the laborer, and these laws must be earnestly begun. To help in a high measure those who need our help is not only the duty of humanity and Christianity with which the institutions of the state should be penetrated, but also a task of state-conserving policy; to give to those who are the most numerous and the least cultivated the idea that the state is not only a necessary but a benevolent institution. It is the conviction of the Emperor that the healing of social evils must not be sought exclusively by suppression of social excesses, but also by positive furthering of the benefit of the working class. One must give to the Fatherland new and lasting guarantees for internal peace, and to those who need our help a greater measure of prosperity than they have had hitherto. The thought that there may be in the law a socialistic element may not prevent us to go that way; inasmuch as this is really so, it is nothing new, but only the idea of a modern state which has grown up out of modern culture. To find the

means of this enormous task is very difficult, but these are the highest tasks of a Christian people."

And so revolution becomes a matter of "state-conserving policy" and is accomplished after the unsanguinary German fashion, which does not carry the heads of weak men upon pikes, but forces the most autocratic statesman of modern times to say what it desires him to say, the almost mechanical implement of his imperial plan, and yet in some deeper way his master. The first bill for sickness was two years in passing. The socialists opposed it on the ground of insufficiency and because they thought it likely to undermine the efforts of the working class for action which they held to be more fundamental. The Liberals, being the party of manufacturers, opposed it. It was supported by the throne. The accident bill came the year after the sickness bill (1884), and that for old age and invalidity five years later (1889), Bismarck always speaking for them, since they were government measures.

The insurance has become in less than thirty years part of the warp of German life. It affects the life of the masses like common-school education with endless meaning and issue. Twelve million people have sickness insurance; fourteen millions are insured against invalidism and old age; nineteen million against accident. When a boy begins his apprenticeship at sixteen, he begins his insurance. Even children under age who work for wages out of school hours are required to insure for invalidism and old age. The men in labor colonies must be insured, and prisoners hired out by the state. In every factory one meets it; in every tenement. It has been estimated that, counting with the insured their families, who are also protected by the insurance, one-half the population of the empire is reached by this vast imperial backing of peace. It seems the beginning of a new order, so elaborated, so scientific, but it is dreary as the Germans have done it, dreary and insentient—the Germans would say "sad." Perhaps any other nation could have undertaken this human adventure with more hot fervor. It seems sometimes as if all official Germany were dressed in

the latest mode of social legislation and theory, but with that beneath which has no heat, as if it were a fashionable woman with vacant eyes. The whole system of the insurance is tied up with red tape in a way that even the patient workman of Germany cannot bear. The administration employs an army of clerks and officials. The statistical year-book of the empire shows that only about six per cent. of the income goes into administration, but the proportion is undoubtedly much greater: some careful authorities set it at perhaps one-half. It is part of the cumbersome bureaucracy of Prussian rule. Everything is made from the green table, less in Saxony and Bavaria, most in Prussia. The wage scales in the remodelled sickness law of 1897 were taken from figures already twenty years old.

Germany is developing very fast industrially. The average wage of a laborer was thirty cents a day twenty years ago; it is now sixty or seventy-five cents, and the cost of living has risen correspondingly—in reality far more. Sickness pensions are reckoned in general at one-half the wages of the class of labor under consideration, and the pension in the lowest class is thus set under the present law at fifteen cents a day—an income upon which to live in any industrial town in modern Germany, however small, is only words, words, words. One could laugh sometimes at the involutions of this vast official comedy; one could laugh if that were not so near which chills laughter. The acts are promptly and surely executed when a pensioner's claim is established, but the official supposition in Germany is always that you are wrong; you must prove that you are right; innumerable precautions are taken to guard against the practice of fraud; a sick man may spend months completing the formalities of his claim.

A young working-girl from the General Electric Company in Berlin came every day to Pension von Versen to speak German with a dejected American pupil. She was drawing a sickness pension of one dollar a week. She had developed tuberculosis the June before; it was January before she had secured her papers, could begin to draw her pension

and leave the factory. There had been no room for her in any of the sanatoriums or barracks, so she had remained at home. To prevent the insured from drawing pensions under false pretences while still at work, the sick-clubs require that pensioners must be in their rooms at certain hours each day; a corps of visitors enforces this phase of the administration; and so through the dark Berlin winter a tubercular girl hurried home each day, to be indoors between the hours of twelve and three. It was her own fault; she might have had better hours. An insurance pensioner may consult any one from among six or seven hundred of the best physicians of Berlin; but a man who is consulted by perhaps twenty such cases a day, and is paid a nominal sum for this department of his practice, sometimes twenty pfennigs (five cents) a case, gives to it such attention as he can under these conditions. What does such a girl as Kathe Ziegler know of hygiene?—and so it all gets back to education, as the American thinks, meditating darkly on this German system of compulsion.

Sick-pay is set under the present amended law at a maximum of thirty-nine weeks. Many of the clubs pay overtime voluntarily, but two months and a half is the average stay at one of the tuberculosis hospitals; the patient must almost always come back home too soon, to such homes as tenements are. I saw a visiting-officer find a girl away from home one day during her hours. A languid child slipped out in the court and ran to tell her as we climbed the stairs. The girl went white when she saw the visitor; she gave a cry almost like the fear of death, and sank into a chair gasping, her eyes upon his face with that look which makes a new streak in one's mind. It was a moment before she could speak. The street was of the sun, she said then, and this room to her horrible. It was indeed horrible upon that fetid court. She had worked in a department store as long as she could stay. Her insurance was for twenty-six weeks; she would not need it for half that time, the visitor told me as we went away. "Is human cunning, then, so poor a thing that it cannot govern the outcome of its contrivances to the second and

third degree"—that because she wanted to go into the sunshine, out of that room, horrible to her, the very reservations of a law made for her, were now to deprive her of a quiet heart during these last weeks?

One sees in the laws so many examples of detachment from the real circumstances of working-people's lives that they come to have a curious discount in the mind. A typical case is that of the working-girl who marries and leaves the factory. This is one of the recognized claims for restitution of pensions. A working-girl may in this case, if she has paid two hundred weekly contributions (about four years), recover half her contribution for old age, though without interest. She could continue her insurance voluntarily, but only at twice her former premium, since she has now no employer and must pay the employer's premium as well as her own. Such a course is impossible in the family of the ordinary German working-man, even though she were provident enough to recognize the wisdom of it. Ordinarily the working-girl who marries and leaves the factory believes that she is through with it forever. She draws out the half of her fund which she can recover, and when she returns to her place at the machine, three or five or eight years later, she must begin anew, under much less favorable probabilities this time, since thirty years' payment is required for full old-age or invalid pension.

These are minor defects of working which affect in each case but a single class of workers. The most manifest and constant defect of the system at large, is that of insufficiency in amount of pensions. A man cannot live upon the largest of them. The minimum of fifty cents a week is in the large cities a fair sum with which to rent a cellar where he may perish. Any one drawing either sickness or invalidity insurance cannot supplement his pension by any light labor, since he holds it upon the assumption that he is unable to do any work. Sickness insurance means to the working-man of Berlin, except as it is seconded by his trades-union allowance, that he draws upon his capital if he has any, borrows money, sells his furniture, or starves. Even the old-age pension loses its

edge when one has calculated that a man must live five years after he is seventy only to recover what he has put in. Accident pensions are the only ones that are at all sufficient in amount, for on two-thirds of his normal wages a man may go to a small town where rent and food are cheap and live in a kind of comfort.

No one who sees the laws at work in Germany to-day can regard them as more than in a state of evolution. Germany has had to try out the plan; and it is but melancholy work to endeavor to realize an ideal. The laws are still only twenty-five years old. The chain is not even complete without the two new measures. It is true that the execution is categorical and doctrinaire. The bureaucratic administration devitalizes the project in some states. Some parts of the laws work better than others; they work better in some countries, best in those where the people and the government are nearer together than they are in Prussia. If the pensions are so insufficient as to be only phantoms of relief, it must be remembered how great was the enterprise, how poor a country Germany when she undertook it, how delicate a compromise of conflicting prejudices and claims is every revolutionary measure. If the old-age insurance seems to make brief returns, it must be recognized that a man might be invalided at thirty-five and draw his pension for fifty years. The married woman is a new factor in industry and is only beginning to be taken into consideration.

It is true that the laws are the source of endless lawsuits and frictions, 16,000 cases a year before the main Berlin office in accident matters alone. But the frictions and processes are for the most part those of something that is new. A large proportion of the accident claims are in regard to modification in amount of pensions, since the law provides for a change in amount of pension in case of change in condition of patient. If there has been a large increase in cases of accidents seeking redress, it has been in the number of those seeking redress, not in the number of accidents occurring, and the increase is of small accidents, with a startling decrease of serious cases.

Perhaps the laws are indeed not fundamental social reform, but only "a more

dignified provision for poor relief—a police law for the regulation of a part of the poor-law system,” as Liebknecht arraigns them in such fiery torrents of hot eloquence. Perhaps the issue of such paternalism is questionable—imperial compulsion upon the working class to provide for the chances of working-class life, help which makes such provision possible to it, and imperial assurance of benefit. It is all debatable, unfinished, unconfirmed. Yet flat figures show how the measures have already acted upon human life in their brief beginning. They show the decrease in the death rate and number of suicides; in the number of orphans dependent on the state;

the falling off of emigration; how savings-bank deposits have tripled since the laws have been in force, and the number of persons in receipt of poor relief actually diminished in one city since 1892, though the population is half as large again, as Ashley explains in his *Progress of the German Working Classes in the Last Quarter of a Century*. It is significant that the attitude everywhere in Germany now is favorable to the laws. The Socialist party supports all amended acts. The old-age and invalidity bill, which passed the Reichstag originally with a majority of only twenty votes, had almost unanimous support upon its revision ten years later.

The Pool

BY MARY NORSWORTHY SHEPARD

IN the far west, where her dusk garden glows,
 With the young Winds about her feet at play,
 Paces the Evening. Purple, gold, and rose
 Bloom down her path at dying of the day.

Softly she steps, and breathes a little song;
 He who has ears may hear her lullabies;
 Her shining hair floats the wide sky along,
 And firstlings of the stars are her clear eyes.

The sodden fields are bright for many a mile
 With the warm radiance from that streaming hair;
 Yonder forsaken pool has caught her smile,
 And from its dark and miserable lair
 Rounds to a splendid, burnished bowl of gold,
 The fallen roses from her hand to hold.

The Gout

BY MARGARITA SPALDING GERRY

THE first case I had when I was out of training was disappointing in some ways. You always feel, in the beginning, a special pride in working hard. A complicated surgical case, with all sorts of post-operative developments, is your preference. Later on, of course, it's different. But at Senator Oglethorpe's I was never sure that I worked at all. And yet—often I feel that I accomplished something rather important. The next moment I may be of another opinion.

It was Doctor Graham who phoned for me to take the case. I tried to be cool and professional when I asked Doctor Adams what the case was.

"Arthritis podagra," came over the phone. He must have realized from my little gasp of silence that I didn't know—just at that moment—what he meant; for he explained instantly: "Gout, you know, of the foot."

"Is—is it dangerous?" I asked.

This time his voice sounded amused.

"Not necessarily." Then he added, as an afterthought: "Although I am keeping him in bed because there is some danger of its attacking the heart. There is considerable tumefaction and redness. And it is exceedingly painful." His voice became louder and more impressive. "The patient is irritable, as is quite common in such cases. You will find that he has a morbid terror of your touching the affected foot. I have protected it with raw cotton, and the dressing is not to be disturbed. On no account is it to be disturbed," he repeated, impressively.

"But what am I to do?" I asked.

He must have been amused at my disappointment, for he laughed. There really isn't anything unpleasant about Doctor Graham's laugh. It is big and hearty and resounding—but I never liked to hear it at the hospital. And now it boomed into the receiver and hurt my

ear, and made me indignant without knowing the reason why.

"You will find enough to do to keep the patient from moving," he said, pleasantly. "He must be amused and kept quiet. And above all"—his voice got louder and more impressive again—"he must be kept from worrying. He is impatient to be out and in his place at the Senate—by the way, it is Senator Oglethorpe; you know his place on Massachusetts Avenue, don't you? A bill is coming up on the 25th that his constituents are interested in, and he is fretting himself into a fever for fear he won't be able to be there; he is particularly anxious to vote, doesn't want to arrange a pair, wants his State people to know where he stands. But I'm afraid—I'm afraid—That former attack looks bad. Well, I'm keeping him down now. It's too soon to say as yet."

"We—we never had a case of Arthritis at Densmore. What are my instructions, doctor?" I asked professionally, wondering why he was so conversational.

"Oh—he is to be kept quiet, as I said." His voice began to get indistinct, as though he were in a hurry to get through. "The treatment of gout is antiphlogistic, as you know; we interfere very little with the local disorder. He is to have a careful diet—I have left some medicines; you will find full directions about giving them—Mrs. Oglethorpe has been in charge. And—anything further I can tell you to-morrow." And he rang off.

The Oglethorpes' was one of those small and perfect establishments that make you comfortable the moment you enter. But everything in it seemed in temporary eclipse. The man who admitted me, his professional noiselessness made more complete by anxiety to keep the slightest sound from ascending the redwood staircase, had a shade of concern over his ruddy cheerfulness; in the

distant vista of the dining-room a maid waxed the mahogany, the starchy rustle of her morning gingham carefully subdued; Mrs. Oglethorpe came down to meet me as quietly as the conjunction of stout lady and silk linings would permit.

The Senator's wife was a somewhat more than middle-aged woman, with the faded fairness and indeterminate features that are so often the unwelcome goal of delicate, blond youth. Her proportions, meekly offered up before the distorting exactions of the prevailing mode, were of a portentousness! But her smile was child-like in its lovely simplicity, and she won me instantly with the charm of her voice.

"Mr. Oglethorpe is not suffering just now," she said, in answer to my inquiry. "But we are all alarmed. He has had two of these attacks before, and the second one came very near his heart." She fluttered her handkerchief nervously, and the tears were near her eyes. But she made an effort to grasp her composure, and succeeded fairly well. "That is why he must be kept so quiet—the doctor has insisted on quiet."

"I suppose he has left directions for a strict diet," I said.

"Not so very strict." She smiled indulgently. "Mr. Oglethorpe doesn't submit very well to a diet. I think he likes Doctor Graham better than the physician who attended him before, on that account. Doctor Graham says he will control the disease largely through the medicines. He has given him several kinds. Doctor Graham certainly is a careful physician, and attentive—very attentive." There was affectionate gratification in her dear old face. "He told Mr. Oglethorpe that he must avoid heat-producing foods, but he didn't say what foods were heat-producing—so I give Mr. Oglethorpe very much what he likes." Again she smiled, her grandmotherly smile.

I opened my mouth to speak; but remembered, and shut it in time. It would have been a dreadful thing if I had expressed an opinion—and one contrary to the doctor's. And, perhaps, after all, the things the patient liked to eat were not rich, heat-producing things.

"It is hard to have to go out and

leave him." Mrs. Oglethorpe looked distressed again. "But people get vexed at you if you don't return their calls, and one of our State delegation is giving a luncheon to-day. And I am so relieved to have you come. You can amuse him nicely, and my husband likes young girls so much. If my baby—" Her face grew tremulous, but she checked herself. But you knew by the effort that she would have just loved to sit down and hold your hands and have a nice, weepy, comfortable talk. "I told the doctor he must send a young nurse and a pretty one with a nice, fresh color—and you certainly are just what I asked for. You don't mind my saying that, do you, my dear? I really am almost an old lady. Javins will take you to the Senator after the maid has shown you your room." And she sailed out quite gayly, after all.

I had almost a shock when Javins announced me at the Senator's door—the scene was so exactly what any one who had been trained on Thackeray and Trollope would have expected to find where the patient was suffering with the gout. There was a pleasant wood fire in the room, but the Senator's couch was drawn up under the windows, a respectable distance away from it. The warm light flickered over book and picture-lined walls, over a big, convenient, untidy desk, huge leather-covered easy chairs, over a reading-table that was of delightful design and workmanship. The walls were a mosaic of pictures—some of them of the kind of French technical studies that you don't altogether like, but jewel-like where meeting day and firelight brought forth tones that even the painter had not foreseen.

The figure of the sufferer was the right centre for such a scene. His dressing-gown was of the shade of deep red that suggests luxury. He was propped up at just the angle to read; at his elbow was a little stand bearing a cigar-box, some books, two glasses, and a decanter. The hand that groped absently in the cigar-box was long and shapely, and the fingers were delicate. It was one of those hands that suggest inevitably lace ruffles. Before Javins spoke he gave a pleased chuckle over the page on which his eyes were fixed,



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

HE GAVE A PLEASED CHUCKLE OVER THE PAGE ON WHICH HIS EYES WERE FIXED

and the hand with the cigar in it gave a suave flourish in echo of what he read.

"Miss Alyson, sir," announced Javins. And, as the man in the dressing-gown looked up with startled inquiry, "The nurse, sir."

The Senator altered his start of surprise to a start of welcome, and the reminiscent smile upon his face changed to a grimace of pain as the slight change of position evidently brought a twinge from the affected foot. He frowned irritably. But that was not until he had greeted me as gallantly as is permitted to a gentleman who may not move more than his head and hands without danger of deadly things. Then he closed his eyes and sighed fretfully.

"Javins, I wish you would clear away some of these books," he said. "The pain left me for a moment, and I really forgot it. But it's coming back again. I'm afraid you'll have a sad time of it, Miss Alyson." And he opened his eyes to smile at me delightfully.

Senator Oglethorpe was a handsome man. If there were ever any use in having an opinion about the age of a certain type of clear-featured, clean-shaven man, I would have said he looked to be no more than fifty-five. But, unless he was much younger than his wife, he must have been over sixty. His dark hair had just the becoming little dashes of flour-barrel white at the temples that the leading man in an up-to-date play puts on when he has to represent a reverend personage and doesn't want to sacrifice his looks. The Senator's face was attractively florid; the softness of the lines under the deep cleft of his chin suggested to the pessimistic a later flabbiness. But I imagine very few women would have been of the pessimistic—at least when his eyes were upon them. For in those eyes, even more than in the other features of his comely face, there lurked a pleasant little laughing devil that years, nor statesmanship, nor, apparently, even the gout, had been able to subdue.

I might just as well say right here that I fell in love with him on the spot. I told Mrs. Oglethorpe I had, the next time I saw her, and she laughed until her fat, comfortable features weren't much more than slits.

"Bless you, my child, I'm so used to that that I feel as if something had been left out when it doesn't happen. When I was a young wife all the old ladies used to ask me if I were sure I knew what a treasure I had, and now that I'm an old one the young girls ask me if I know how terribly fascinating he is. The ones in between say nothing, now just as they did then. But I think you'll find," she went on, proudly—and I liked her so much for it—"that no man, young or old, needs to remain silent about him. And that's why we're so honorably and uncomfortably poor."

And what she said must be true, for Mr. Kent has always been enthusiastic about Senator Oglethorpe. And when Mr. Kent admires a man it means something. So this is one reason I felt as I did about things that happened later.

But now, as Javins swept away the books that were pitched about on the couch and on the stand, the ugly dark cloth cover of one of them caught my eye. It was so different from the charming bindings of the others. It looked like the medical tomes that we had studied in training. And so it was—a medical dictionary. The page at which it was open met my eye. There were the various classes of gout—Arthritis podagra, Arthritis cardiac, and the rest, with the symptoms and methods of treatment.

"How strange!" I thought. "Mr. Oglethorpe looks like too sensible a man to make himself feel worse by reading up about the possible complications of his disease. And the doctor said the Senator was anxious to get well so as to vote about some bill."

Senator Oglethorpe threw the half-calf-bound Byron that he held in his hand on to the couch beside him. The maid was bringing in his lunch tray. She looked as if she had been made up for the part. No gingham, evidently, for the Senator's service. Black silk, no less, and the sheerest muslin, and most of our skill expended on cap and apron-strings! A glance at her cheeks showed that the gentleman's preference in the matter of complexion had been there observed by the dutiful wife. English as were the roses, no Japanese could have made a more careful study of still life than the tray had become under her

hands—and her effort had the additional advantage of looking edible. The china had the lightest and most restful conventional design in green. The silver service was almost fragile in its delicacy. Beside it lay the palest of pink roses and a spray of fern.

But there fragility ended! Mrs. Oglethorpe had spoken truly. The Senator had not submitted to a too rigid diet. A dry cocktail showed amber lights in a tall bell-glass of old English cutting; roast duck showed appetizingly brown with a rich and steaming dressing; there was the freshest of green and pink lobster salad with the yellowest of mayonnaise; a miniature coffee-machine bubbled ingratiatingly. And if the decanter on the bed stand revealed Bourbon, the bottle on the tray proclaimed port.

I looked inquiringly at the patient. I had received no definite instructions from the doctor, but I couldn't help feeling some moral responsibility. The Senator smiled blandly back. He looked exactly as if he were enjoying the situation.

I opened my lips to speak. And closed them. It is sometimes a hard thing to observe professional lines. The Senator twinkled approvingly.

"Self-control is an admirable thing," he observed, mischievously. "Not that I care for too much of it—in Lovely Woman—"

I wish I could describe the way he said "Lovely Woman." It was exactly as if he had waved a florist's box with dozens of American Beauty roses right before you. But instead of that, he had lifted the cocktail to his lips.

"Too much self-control is suggestive of higher education and Unitarianism, and professions for women. It smacks of shirt-waists and straight lines and character, instead of soft draperies and curves and—charm. Won't you cut this duck for me, Miss Alyson?" he begged, plaintively. "It wrenches my bad foot if I try." And as I came around the couch to help him he shrank pronouncedly for fear I might graze the enthroned foot.

The cocktail despatched—"You will pour the coffee?" he asked, in the tone of a man who is never gainsaid. "A woman never looks as charming as when she is gracing some household cere-

monial. If I had been a Roman, I should have built my temple to Hebe; as it is, I drink to her—" with a gallant nod as he raised himself on his elbow to tilt the glass of port to his lips. "I suppose I should characterize you as Hygeia—" he spoke with great gravity. "But, personally, I prefer Hebe."

I suppose it would be impossible to make any one who wasn't there understand that all this was not either grotesque or offensive. I think the reason that it was not was the atmosphere with which the Senator surrounded himself. He might have been any one of the beaux that took the waters at Bath. He might have been Brummel or Sheridan or anything eighteenth century. It would be worth the while of any one to give a colonial ball for the sake of seeing him in satin coat, powdered peruque, silk stockings, and paste buckles. I fancied even that he tossed his hand as if to throw back an impeding fall of lace as he brought the port between his eye and the light to enjoy the glow of it.

When he poured himself the second glass of port I almost said something again. But I might just as well have shouted, "Hasn't the doctor left directions for a low diet?" for he understood me perfectly. He is one of those men to whom women have liked to tell so many things that he sees through them too well for comfort. And he seemed to get a great deal of entertainment out of my silence.

"I don't enjoy dieting particularly," he said, with a sort of wilfulness that made you want to indulge him all the more. "And so we have interpreted the doctor's rather vague directions somewhat liberally. May I ask you to add to the charm of that salad by confiding to me as large a portion as you think my gouty condition will allow?" And while I was dividing it he leaned back and watched me, quoting:

"Oh, Woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain or sickness wrings the brow,
A ministering angel, thou."

And the air with which he said it made me realize that he really did belong to an older generation.

"You will have to read a great deal of poetry to me," he said, while the salad was still before him. "I used to be very fond of poems in my—youth." He hesitated before the last word, and then attacked it firmly. "I am employing my leisure—forced leisure," he amended, "by renewing acquaintance with old favorites. Are you fond of reading out loud?" He looked at me with a flattering anxiety. When I had said that I was—"Mrs. Oglethorpe reads delightfully—you have noticed what a lovely voice she has?" He spoke his wife's name with the most delightful old-fashioned flourish. "I always, when she reads to me, think of our own poet's words:

'—And lend to the rhyme of the poet
The beauty of thy voice.'

Did you ever read those lines, Miss Alyson?"

"I have, Senator Oglethorpe," I assented.

"They are particularly appropriate to my wife. But she is, of course, overwhelmed at this time with her social duties, and can give me little of her day. Now let us have some poetry," he went on, with a lighter air, as one who had paid punctiliously his tribute. And he sat up and bent forward to search for the books he wanted.

"Oh, you mustn't do that," I said, anxiously. I don't see how the jerk could have failed to be agonizing to the affected foot; I saw it move. But he had a great deal of self-control, for he didn't wince. "You must let me get things for you after this, Senator Oglethorpe. Any sudden exertion might be bad for your heart."

He laughed with great recklessness.

"Oh, you know the gout is freakish, very freakish. You wouldn't believe that I had every one in the house frightened about me this morning—and now I'm not suffering a bit; on my honor I'm not." He laughed a little more, and then he added, with gravity, "If it will only let up so I can get back to the Senate on the 25th" (this was in February) "in time to kill that confounded Improved Electric item when the District Appropriation bill comes

up!" I knew this must be the bill Doctor Adams said he was not to be allowed to worry about, so I asked him what he wanted me to read.

"Have you Stephen Phillips here?" I asked. Then I remembered his Longfellow quotation and realized that I must go farther back. "Do you care for Tennyson or—Browning?"

"No, no; none of those wild-eyed fellows—and I don't want to be preached at—either in gurgles or gulps. There hasn't been any one since Byron. He doesn't bother you about your soul or your duties or anything else. You hear music and see beauty and bask in the smiles of *Lovely Woman*—'lovely woman' that makes me think—what is that thing of Goldsmith's—'When lovely woman stoops—'" He interrupted himself abruptly. "Ah—suppose we find something else." He took the book from my hand and gave a hurried glance at the page at which I had opened it. "No; hardly the thing"—he turned the sheets quickly—"this, now, is something more suited to you."

Wasn't that dear of him? So many persons seem to think that, because we happen to have nursed surgical cases and know something about medicine, there is nothing in the whole underworld of crime and horror that we are not familiar with. It was lovely to have him realize that, after all, I was only a girl, and guard me as carefully as he would have done his own daughter. That was one of the things that made me like him.

So I read a long, rambling thing about how the poet missed his school friends—what an amount of time people did use to have! And when we finished that we had something, "in numbers warmly pure and sweetly strong," which the Senator said was what he considered good taste in poetry. It was by a man who lived in the eighteenth century, named Collins—I remembered having heard of him when I studied the history of literature in Miss Ambleton's school:

"Thou who with hermit heart,
Disdainst the wealth of art,
And gauds, and pageant weeds, and trailing
pall,
But com'st, a decent maid
In Attic robe arrayed—"

There the Senator chimed in, waving his shapely right hand in suave emphasis:

"O chaste, unboastful Nymph, to thee I call!"

We were still reciting in concert, the patient beating time, when Javins, with the alacrity that every one in the house displayed in the Senator's service, brought in the mail.

"Just put the things that look like invitations in Mrs. Oglethorpe's pile. And the bills, too—then she will pay them out of her allowance." He laughed with a schoolboy enjoyment of his own wickedness. "But these personal letters," selecting negligently a number of notes, "and these business things—" And he was deep in the mail for a time.

It was interesting to see him sort the letters; he was so certain what he wanted to read and what he didn't. One letter with the White House crest he read through, every word, although he frowned a good deal over it. One square, business-looking letter with a typewritten address he put hastily away under a cushion as if he wanted it out of his sight. When I went down to get my own lunch he was surrounded by a collection of torn envelopes and scattered sheets.

He had evidently come back to the letter that he had put away, for he was absently reaching for the envelope when I came back into the room again. I was vexed at myself for having let him tire himself; he seemed so flushed and unhappy and uncomfortable when he looked up and saw me.

"I think you have been working long enough." I spoke in as calmly decisive manner as I could. You have to exercise a great deal of firmness with a patient that has been spoiled as much as this one had. And I began to gather up the untidy litter.

"I'll keep this one." And the Senator hastily replaced the letter he had in his hand. I couldn't help seeing the words, "Improved Electric," in a clear, business-like hand.

When I left my patient that afternoon I happened to meet Mr. Kent in his run-about. I thought I would rather walk than ride that afternoon, so we left it at the garage to have the battery stored, and had a really brisk spin around Rock

Creek Park. He knew about my being at the Oglethorpes', of course, because mother had told him about it when he phoned the house to see if I would be home. I thought he would be pleased to know how interested the Senator was in poetry and what nice manners he had—Mr. Kent admired Senator Ogelthorpe so much. But Mr. Kent wasn't. He couldn't say anything, of course, but he acted as if he didn't like my having joined the toiling masses—that's the exaggerated way I used to talk of nursing when I was a young girl. He was silent for a time and dug his heels into the gravel walk, and I felt vain and comfortable. I wonder why it is that the more you believe in having principles the gladder you are when they are not there.

But when I told Mr. Kent how impatient the Senator was to get to the Capitol to vote against the Improved Electric item in the Appropriation bill he brightened up and was enthusiastic.

"He's one of the very best men we have," he said. "Oglethorpe has been in Congress thirty years, and he's a poor man to-day." I didn't say anything, but I might have told him that I didn't believe the Senator was a man who would like being poor very much, and also that I should think it would be expensive being poor on Massachusetts Avenue.

"But you and the doctor will have to get him up by the 25th." He turned and smiled at me. "The vote is close; they say the Improved Electric lobby have all they need but one vote. So if Oglethorpe were not there—and wasn't paired—" He stopped and pulled his hat down emphatically. "Why, one more steal would go through, that's all, and a pretty big one, too. You know the I. E. people want to put their typewriter into all the government offices—it would be the biggest kind of a graft. And the Senator's home town would feel it pretty severely, for the old Standard is made there, and the government is their chief market."

"That would be dreadful," I said, thinking of Mrs. Oglethorpe and her admiration for the Senator, and the Senator himself, and that letter he seemed so troubled over.

"But from what you say"—Mr. Kent began to walk faster—"and if I know

anything of Oglethorpe, he'd vote if he had to be carried there."

"But the doctor says the gout might go to his heart—" I decided I wouldn't say anything about the letter; it might trouble Mr. Kent. "He has been threatened once."

"Who is the doctor?"

"Ellery Graham—"

"*Graham!*" He looked at me blankly, and then he whistled. "Well, if it isn't the—most—humorous thing how information gets round!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I just heard to-day—in a casual sort of way—that several of the physicians here had made a nice little pool to buy a block of I. E. stock—and that Graham was the largest holder—"

"Oh—you don't suppose he would—I don't like Doctor Graham. But, oh, surely, you don't think he would try to make the Senator think he would have to stay home—?"

We looked at each other in an "Oh!—Hist!" manner, and then Mr. Kent shook his shoulders.

We just walked after that, and went through the Zoo, and fed the bears when the guards weren't looking. And one time Mr. Kent had to cram cakes and peanuts into his pocket in a hurry so we wouldn't get caught.

When I got back I found that the doctor had made his visit during my absence, and I *was* annoyed. I called him up to find out what to do about the Senator's diet. I had to be politic, of course, and not imply that I considered that he hadn't been careful enough, but just put what meaning I could into the way I asked the questions. But I could not get one definite thing from him. The moment that he seemed to be telling me what the Senator could eat and what he could not his voice would get indistinct. And at last some one seemed to have called him, for he said, quite distinctly,

"I believe you understand everything now, Miss Alyson," and rang off. And he hadn't told me one thing except that we were to have a careful diet and avoid heat-producing food. While I distinctly asked him if the patient ought to have duck, and lobster salad, and cocktails, and whiskey straight, and port.

At that very moment Javins was

bringing in the soup for the Senator's dinner, one of those rich, highly seasoned compounds that all self-respecting cooks love to get up. It was before the patient when I returned. And that was followed by baked fish, a steak two inches thick, a nut-and-cheese salad, and other things. I thought I would make the most of Dr. Graham's directions.

"Senator, the doctor expressly said you were to have a careful diet—"

He looked up with an expression of virtuous calm.

"But this is most carefully chosen—I had the cook in and told her myself what I wanted. And she knows she has to do her best for me—"

"But the doctor said you were to avoid heating foods—"

"I'm not conscious that these are heating—I was never cooler. Moreover, Doctor Graham said that I could have broths and fish and an occasional piece of steak—"

"But surely not all at once—and I shall have to find out just what he means by 'occasional.'"

"I assure you, this steak is not only 'occasional'—it is exceptional." And you never saw a truant schoolboy going fishing look happier than Senator Oglethorpe did when he cut into that large and juicy porterhouse.

Now what could any one do? I might have looked disapproving—I tried it. But, really, if you have any sense of humor, you can't look disapproving very long when your patient is forty years older than you are and a leader in his country's councils. Besides that, all he had to do was to look dignified and abstracted for a few minutes to make me feel that I was the truant—and that the fish had slipped the hook. But it all made me certain that Doctor Graham was trying to keep the poor Senator sick and at home so he couldn't kill that bill. And I began to wonder if there wasn't something I could do to save the Senator's honor and save Mr. Kent from being disappointed. As I said before, I never had liked Doctor Graham.

The next morning I did something that would have got me into a great deal of trouble if it had been known, for nothing is so bad for a nurse as to get the reputation of interfering with the

physician's special province. It is unprofessional. But I couldn't help it.

I told Mrs. Oglethorpe that I wasn't satisfied with the Senator's progress—that I didn't believe Doctor Graham understood the case; and, if there was as much danger as he said there was, the very worst thing was to allow the patient to eat the things that he was having. I said I had tried to get some instructions from Doctor Graham and had failed. And I showed her the place in the Medical Dictionary where it said that the treatment was antiphlogistic and explained what that meant.

"Don't you think he is getting better?" She turned white and sat down as if all the strength had gone from her.

"I believe that he will get better if he has the proper treatment," I said, diplomatically.

"It will almost kill him if he is not out by the 25th." She looked at me helplessly. "His vote is needed to prevent a great wrong to our neighbors at home—and Senator Oglethorpe has never yet failed in a trust." The honest pride in her heart went far to drive away her fears. "I will call up Doctor Graham." And she walked away more briskly than one would have expected.

It was but a minute before she was back. "Doctor Graham has gone away for two days," she said, indignantly. "And without leaving any instructions about the Senator's case!"

My heart was beating *hard*. It did seem as if it were *meant* that I should interfere.

"Is there any one you could suggest?" she asked, desperately.

"Doctor Dietrich is a fine physician," I replied. "He is not as popular as Doctor Graham. But I have nursed for him and like him—"

Before I had had time to finish the sentence she was phoning to Doctor Graham's office that she had decided on a change of treatment in the Senator's case. Then, still in great excitement, she sent for Doctor Dietrich.

I think we were both afraid to tell the Senator about Doctor Dietrich; but he took it very quietly. He looked at me pretty sharply and then at his wife. And the hard look that had come into his face softened when he saw her reddened eyes.

But when Doctor Dietrich was announced, Senator Oglethorpe's eyes were bright and combative. I was afraid he might refuse to see the doctor, but he looked as if he rather enjoyed the idea of an encounter. The doctor asked a few questions, and then told me to remove the bandages so he could examine the affected foot.

"Don't touch it!" commanded the patient, drawing it away. "I can't bear having it touched. I won't have it touched!"

"How can I tell anything about the case, then?" asked Doctor Dietrich, bluntly.

"Sorry to deny you the pleasure, doctor"—the Senator spoke with an odd mixture of courtesy and mischief—"but I really can't have it unwrapped."

There was silence for a moment as the two men looked at each other.

"Mrs. Oglethorpe wishes to have the patient's heart examined," I put in. "She asked me to speak to you about it. The Senator's heart was threatened in an attack he had two years ago. They both are anxious that he should be able to go out on the 25th. But she wishes you to assure yourself that there is no danger before the Senator should be allowed to move. Doctor Graham—"

"Has Graham had the case?" the doctor asked, quickly. "Why—?"

"Mrs. Oglethorpe wished to try a change of treatment. The patient did not seem to be improving."

"May I examine your heart, Senator?" asked Doctor Dietrich, with his most wooden expression. "Or are you afraid to have me touch that?"

The Senator scrutinized him closely. But he waved a gracious permission.

"I find no indication of trouble here," announced the doctor, after a minute's tapping and sounding. "I think I can relieve your mind about getting out. Evidently the trouble is stationary in the foot—"

"There is sometimes an uneasy sensation as though it were progressing," said the Senator.

"I think we can control the disorder," the doctor proceeded, undisturbed. "I will leave a dietary with the nurse"—the Senator groaned—"and you can have these prescriptions filled."

"I sincerely hope you may be able to control it—but I remember so well the other attack. Necessary as it is that I should be out, if there is a risk—"

This time the doctor turned and scrutinized the Senator.

"You don't look like a man who would be nervous about his condition," he said, brusquely. "However, I can but leave directions which, if you follow them, will be good for you—in general—" with a glance at the Senator's full and florid face. "As for the diagnosis—" He paused and a slight smile came to his lips.

The Senator lay looking at him, the lines of his large frame in relief against the couch, his flushed, handsome face and bright eyes, the delicate hands, the suggestion of race, in contrast to the square serviceable form of Doctor Dietrich and his bluff, blunt features. They exchanged glances, with no courteous reserve, but with no antagonism. It was man pitted against man, humorous, discerning, unembarrassed.

"I should diagnose the case—always admitting that I have not had the opportunity of verifying my opinion by an examination of the affected foot—as *Arthritis senatoria*, sometimes known as *Arthritis officia*—"

The Senator laughed outright.

"*'Arthritis senatoria—senatorial gout—official gout.'*" I thought. "Then Doctor Dietrich believes that the Senator really has nothing the matter with him—that he is shamming—oh, how can he?—that must have been what I was afraid of. Then that would mean that he is to profit by the Improved Electric *steal*—at the expense of his home town—after all these honorable years! Oh, *poor* Mrs. Oglethorpe! And Mr. Kent—"

Doctor Dietrich, smiling tolerantly, was preparing to leave. Those things distress men so little. He himself preferred the clean and straight course—any one could see that; but he was not going to waste any emotion over a man who preferred the contrary. He could even laugh heartily over the Senator's parting jest.

"It was the fear of poverty," I thought. "That was it. It must have ground into his soul. *How* it must have ground for him to be tempted— But I don't believe it is so—"

"Doctor Dietrich," I burst out, desperately, "Senator Oglethorpe is anxious to be out on the 25th. He told me he was!" Then I realized that I was looking at him defiantly, and that they would both think I was interfering. And I stammered something about "directions" and couldn't go on. But Doctor Dietrich looked at me so kindly that I felt as if he had patted me on the shoulder. On the threshold he paused to say:

"If there should be any alarming developments, you may call me up. Otherwise I think you will not require my services further."

I had the most dreadful sensation of being left alone with something that was too big for me when he closed the door. I looked at the Senator. He had taken a book and had his eyes upon it. But his face was a dark and painful red.

When I went to my room that evening I sat down by the table a long time and thought. It was certainly a difficult situation. Doctor Graham might be right or Doctor Dietrich. The Senator might have the gout—certainly he had had an attack two years back, and he couldn't have begun to plan for the I. E. then—or he might not. In any case I had to act as if he did have it. But there was Mrs. Oglethorpe's trust in him! There was the Senator's long and honorable public career! There was what Mr. Kent thought of him!

I got out the Record Sheet that I had begun to keep. It certainly did seem foolish to go on taking temperature and all that when neither doctor was in the least interested in it. But as I looked absently at the words "Medicine," "Food," "Stimulants," "Remarks," a regular plan of action came to me. I rang for Emily.

"Please go to the Senator's study and get these books if he is through with them." And I gave her a list. While she was away I copied down Doctor Dietrich's dietary, and had satisfaction in putting down under "Stimulants," "Nothing Alcoholic." Then I made notes and went to bed.

The next day was the 17th. The Senator was taciturn and extremely dignified. There was no difficulty over his breakfast tray. I made it look as attractive as I

could—and then, he didn't seem hungry. The first collision came later when he told Javins to fill his decanter.

"The doctor left directions that you were to have nothing alcoholic, Senator Ogleshorpe," I said, after Javins had left the room.

"Oh, doctors always say that," he replied, easily.

"But I will have to obey his directions."

"But I said you were Hebe, not Hygeia," he coaxed, in a careless, assured sort of way.

I knew that was the time to settle it. "This is the dietary the doctor left"—I read the list. "And you notice that he expressly says, 'Nothing alcoholic.' As long as I am nursing the case under him I am bound to follow his directions. Of course, if you wish to call in another physician and he changes my orders, or if you are well enough to dismiss the nurse, there will be no necessity of my interfering."

I had managed my voice beautifully. Although the Senator was looking at me from under lowering brows, it was steady. But the wretched paper in my hands shook. And that let him know how frightened I really was.

The frown vanished, and the tenderest, most fatherly, softness came into his eyes. But when he spoke, it was lightly, with the gracious wave of his hand,

"Fair jailer, I yield, I yield."

On the 18th I went to work to get a different sort of atmosphere into the study. As it was, it would make any one think how indispensable was money. I asked the Senator if he would object if I made some changes, and he said he wouldn't, and seemed rather relieved that my energies were bent in that direction.

So I had ever so much fun. It was like setting the stage for theatricals. I put away the pictures I didn't like, and some of the bronzes with twisty drapery. Then I put Byron back on the shelves with some of the other books. In a little while, with the restful green of the walls showing here and there, the decanter and glasses out of the way and half of the artistic litter removed, the room began to look quiet and hygienic. I couldn't take down the hangings; but I pushed them back as far as I could, and, after

I had covered up the patient, let in the air. All that day the Senator was quiet, and lay watching me, with an amused, puzzled line between his bright eyes.

The 19th wasn't so good a day. In the morning's mail another letter came from the I. E. people—I knew it because it looked just like the other. The Senator was gloomy all day long; didn't want me to read to him; said his foot was troubling him more; bit his lips when he looked at his lunch tray. The I. E. letter had made me feel that he ought to have an especially low diet; and, when I got it to him, I realized that the broth was perhaps unnecessarily thin, and one does get tired of properly cooked eggs—and these were coddled.

The 20th was mild, with a flavor of spring in the air. I opened the windows wide so the breeze could puff the curtains enticingly, put a big bowl of jonquils in a Gruby jar where the sun would strike it and the Senator's eyes must rest upon it, and sat down to read. After several of the poems about "lovely woman," I turned to one of Gray's:

"How the golden morn aloft
Waves her dew-bespangled wing—"

What I really meant for him was the last verse:

"See the wretch that long has tost
On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigor lost
And breathe and walk again;
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise."

After I had finished he deliberately turned his head and looked at me piercingly. I don't know what he found out—it couldn't have been anything unkind, for I didn't feel it. When he had finished he lay staring out of the window to where, through gaps in the houses, he could see the purple treetops hiding Rock Creek. His face was non-committal—as he could make it when he would. When he did speak, it was in a tone of bitter reverie, and more to himself than to me:

"And what if the 'thorny bed' be not of 'pain,' but of age? What if each day does not 'repair his vigor lost,' but steals



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

I FELT THAT IT HAD BEEN A SUCCESSFUL DAY

from it? What then, little nurse? Have you poems and incantations, charms and believing looks, to cure your patient of—that—the paralysis and the—chill?"

It was dreadfully sad to hear him talk that way. But there didn't seem to be anything that it wouldn't be impertinent to say. So I just put the cigar-box where he could reach it and pleased him by lighting a cigar. Then I went down and saw the cook, and brought him a supper that was more nearly what he liked. And I poured him out a glass of port—there are times when you have to adapt orders to the case in hand. And he forgot all about age, and called me Hebe, and waved his hand at me, and quoted Byron. So the day ended pleasantly, after all.

There isn't much to say about the 21st. He was silent and gloomy and locked up in himself all day.

On the 22d I began to feel panicky. So I did several things all together. First I got him to talking about famous Kentucky belles that I had heard my mother tell about. He said that he had never admired thin women or very clever ones.

"Nature intended women to be soft and rounded and loving," he said. And he had a way of saying "woman" that was a poem in itself, while his beautiful hands described wavering, graceful curves. At last he got out a miniature of his wife as she was when he met her. He always carried it, he said. The picture really was of the loveliest, most fragile, dewy sort of a girl. I didn't blame Senator Oglethorpe for looking dreamy and sentimental when he looked at it. It was rather unfortunate that Mrs. Oglethorpe rustled in just after he had put the picture away. She was going out to dinner, and the new kind of figure made her look bigger than ever in an evening gown. The Senator closed his eyes in a tired sort of way, and lay with them shut all the time she was in the room. That wasn't the way I wanted things to go, so I found one of the poems I had selected and made her read it. Her lovely voice made me cry as she read:

"And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!"

The Senator caught her hand and lay with it against his cheek. After she had gone I got in a few really subtle remarks about how much she admired the Senator, and how she had said to me, "No man needs to remain silent about him." I don't know now how I ever could have done it—it seems so presuming. But when you have to tuck a napkin about your patient's neck nobody seems awe-inspiring; and I never knew what he thought, for he kept his eyes shut, and his forehead was contracted in a frown between them. On the whole, I felt that it had been a successful day.

I kept the most important poem to read on the 23d. It was by Pope, and began:

"Happy the man, whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound."

It was all about living in the country on your own flocks and herds and garden. It did seem incongruous when you thought of Senator Oglethorpe; but it was the idea I wanted to convey. It made him laugh outright at first. Then he lay silent for a time, his face a mask. Suddenly he turned on me fiercely.

"Do you know anything about poverty?" he demanded.

That was a queer question to ask, since—I was there nursing him. He must have noticed that I flushed, for he looked distressed.

"Oh, I beg your pardon—you see, you seem to me so rich." Then he raised himself on his elbow and shook his hand at me with a terrible energy. "And it's true. Youth knows nothing of poverty—or the fear of it. It is age that knows its face, age with its sudden terrors, its languor, its loneliness, its deadly chill!"

My heart was pounding. My face was burning. There was nothing that I could read that would answer *that*. But I did so want him to do the right thing! My voice was very shaky as I said—I couldn't help its shaking—but I couldn't help speaking, either.

"And it's because age sees these things and dares that we—that youth—looks up, and is helped—"

I went right out of the room without looking at him, so I don't know what he thought.

The next day, the 24th, I was completely discouraged. He was in just the

sort of mood that he was in the day I came. He said he didn't know when he could get up. His foot was worse. He rebelled against the diet, and sent directions to the cook through Javins for a *terrible* dinner. He read Byron and chuckled to himself. He teased me. He wouldn't have Mrs. Oglethorpe read to him. He kissed her hand gallantly when she came in to see him, but wouldn't look at her. He had a cocktail before his dinner and port with it. He lay in the centre of a cloud of tobacco smoke and laughed at everything. I went to bed tired out.

The next morning, when I came downstairs to give the patient his breakfast, he had not yet been brought into the study. Through the open door I caught sight of Javins laying out clothes. From the dressing-room came the greatest sound of splashing that ever was heard. Then came a thump, thump against the wall that must have been chest-weights or a punching-bag. After a very long time the Senator came into the room where I was.

He was walking! And he frightened me. I hadn't realized how tall he was, and he had chosen to wear a frock coat that made him look like the older statesmen whose portraits we have about the public buildings. The flesh had dropped away from his frame in the last week, and the high color had faded from his face. The long lines of his body, the severe strength of his face, the dauntless poise of the head, the slender, sinewy hands, made me think of one of the old Indian-fighters that were his ancestors in days when men had to hunt and fight to live in Kentucky. He was so busy that he had time only to tell me casually, over his shoulder, while he waited for Central to get some one for him on the phone, that his foot was much better, and that he was going to the Senate.

When I came down in my street clothes I looked for my patient to say good-by. He had not yet gone, but was just gathering up some papers on his desk, an absorbed frown on his face. I had on a new hat I had bought the afternoon before—I didn't really need one, but the midwinter sales are too tempting, and the wings were set at a good angle, and the colors suited me. I felt happy,

too, with the Senator going to the Capitol to vote, after all, and realizing that Mr. Kent wouldn't have to be disappointed in him. Then, too, I had said that I couldn't go to the opera, and I could.

The Senator raised his eyes from the papers, and the straight lines about his mouth relaxed.

"'Youth on the prow and Pleasure at the helm,'" he quoted, softly. Then he rose and took my hand in his.

"Good-by, little nurse," he said, and his hand held mine as if he had forgotten it.

And I never have forgotten what was in his face—although I could not make any one else understand. There was a fire in his eyes, as if he had not left off being a lover and never would; there was something wistful and remembering that made me want to cry; there was even a little amusement, it seemed to me; there was the expression that he would have worn had his own little daughter lived—I knew it, for I had seen it in my own father—but here it was thwarted, longing. But, more than all else, there was a hurt, lonely dignity, the aloofness of age, as if I, a child, had dared to judge him who was on the brink of strange and solemn things. My eyes fell before his and my face burned.

The next instant he had raised my hand to his lips and was saying, with gay lightness, and with his funny air of having discovered the lines:

"Oh, woman, in our hours of ease,
Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
When pain or sickness wrings the brow,
A Ministering Angel Thou."

And he put the most indescribable emphasis on "Ministering Angel."

That's why I never have known whether I really did do anything with my first case or not. For he may really have had Arthritis and got well in time. Or it may have been due to Mrs. Oglethorpe or Doctor Dietrich that he decided to kill the Improved Electric Item—for it was killed—Mr. Kent told me it was, at the opera that evening. Or it may have been the diet, or the medicine, or the fresh air, or the eighteenth-century poets. But, anyway, I am glad he did it.

“Titus Andronicus”

BY WILLIAM SHARP

TITUS ANDRONICUS was first published as the work of Shakespeare in the Great Folio of 1623, and is there included among his plays by Heminge and Condell, the printer-editors, as an authentic work. Its inclusion in that book—only seven years after the great poet's death, and without, so far as we know, any contemporary protest—is, of course, a powerful argument in favor of its genuineness. What is known as the Second Quarto (and anonymous) edition of this play had already been published in 1611—that is, about five years before Shakespeare died, at Stratford-on-Avon, at the relatively early age of fifty-two. The titular script runs thus:

The | most lamen-|table Tragedie | of
Titus Andronicus.| As it hath sundry |
times beene plaide by the Kings | Maiesties
seruants. | LONDON, | Printed for Eedward
White, and are to be solde | at his shoppe,
nere the little North dore of | Pauls, at the
signe of the | Gun. 1611.

The original publication, known as the First Quarto, was issued in 1600. It also was anonymous.

In 1598, Francis Meres put together his now famous list of representative plays by Shakespeare, in a book entitled *Palladis Tamia, or Wit's Treasury*. Here occurs the explicit statement: “Shakespeare among ye English is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his *Gentlemen of Verona*, his *Errors*, his *Loue Labours Lost*, his *Loue Labours Wonne* (*All's Well*), his *Midsummer's Night Dreame*, and his *Merchant of Venice*; for tragedy, his *Richard the 2*, *Richard the 3*, *Henry the 4*, *King John*, *Titus Andronicus*, and his *Romeo and Juliet*.”

In this year, 1598, it must be remembered that Shakespeare was in the splendid maturity of his first period. He lived

eighteen years after the publication of Meres's book, and (again so far as we know) neither he nor any of his contemporaries appears to have corrected or protested against the inclusion of another's drama among his own authentic works. The fact that Francis Meres does specify it in his Shakespearian list is not of itself conclusive, for he might have accepted current rumor, or allowed prejudicial hearsay or his own remembrance to play him false. But even in the absence of any proof of protest or correction, even in the often-insisted-on apparent heedlessness of Shakespeare as to what became of his dramatic offspring, his apparent indifference to all or any tricks that mischance might inflict upon these—even allowing for all this, it is difficult to credit that no evidence has survived, no whisper has reached the intent ears of later generations, of his own or any contemporary protest, if the play was not his.

On the 31st October, 1614, some three years after the close of Shakespeare's career as a dramatist and about a year and a half before his death, his old friend and comrade Ben Jonson produced on the stage *Bartholomew Fair*. In the Induction he has some light and harmless raillery at “the servant monster” (Caliban) in *The Tempest*. That play had been recently acted, and was written probably late in 1610 or early in 1611 . . . to judge from convincing points of similitude between it and Sylvester Jourdan's narrative of the wreck of the *Sea-Venture* in the Bermudas, published in London in October, 1610. There is also a laughing hit at the humours of the watch in *Much Ado About Nothing*. Further, in the humorous “Articles of the Fair” occurs the often-quoted passage, “He that will swear that *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shall pass unexcepted

at here as a man whose judgment shows it is constant, and has stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years."

Again, in the year 1687, Ravenscroft, a playwright of the reign of James II.—*i. e.*, over ninety years after Shakespeare's death,—altered this play the better to suit current stage exigencies, and produced it: we do not know with what measure of success or failure. In his preface to the 1687 edition, Ravenscroft states he had "been told by some anciently concerned with the stage that it was not originally his [that is, Shakespeare's], but brought by a private author to be acted, and he only gave some master-touches to one or two of the principal characters."

Once more, in Philip Henslowe's *Diary* (*vide* the *Shakespeare Society's Publications*: Collier, 1845) there is a triple record of his having officially noted *Titus Andronicus* (*titus and ondronicos*, as the slipshod script records) on the 28th of January, 1593. In the *Stationers' Register* for 6th February of the same year is "entred . . . under t' handes of bothe the wardens a book intituled a Noble Romane History of Titus Andronicus." In 1600, as already stated, the First Quarto edition of the play (anonymous) was printed, and stands for us as the earliest extant. But, in 1691, Gerard Langbaine, in his *Account of the English Dramatick Poets*, specifically records of *Titus Andronicus* his *Lamentable Tragedy*, "This Play was first printed 4o London 1594, and acted by the Earls of Derby, Pembroke, and Essex, their servants."

Here now we stand with the chief facts of external evidence in favor of the Shakespearian authorship of, or at least revisional responsibility for, the disputed play. Other points have been adduced, such as that no contemporary allusion implicates Marlowe or Greene or Jonson or Peele in actual or partial authorship: that there is at least a possibility of there having been two, perhaps three, revisions of the *Andronicus* stage-plot: and that though neither of the two known quartos, both issued in Shakespeare's lifetime, bears his name on the title-page, we know that the first quartos of *Richard II.* and *Richard III.* and *Romeo and Juliet* (all printed in 1597), and the first part of *Henry IV.* (1598)

and *Henry V.* (1600), were also titularly void of any mention or hint of Shakespeare's authorship. *Romeo and Juliet*, indeed, went thus anonymously through three editions.

To recur now *seriatim*, as succinctly as possible, to this striking, and to so many Shakespearian critics, English and foreign, conclusive evidence.

The inclusion of *Andronicus* by Heminge and Condell among Shakespeare's acknowledged plays in the Great Folio of 1623 (printed surely from reprints unmistakably revised by Shakespeare) does not carry the weight that so many critics allow. Let the ordinary reader consult the more easily accessible books, such as Mr. Frederick Boas's *Shakespeare and his Predecessors*, Addington Symonds's *Predecessors of Shakespeare*, Swinburne's *Study of Shakespeare* (which with its admirable companion volumes, *A Study of Ben Jonson* and *George Chapman: a Critical Essay*, should be known to every student of the Elizabethan drama), and he will understand how, in that day of loose attributions, perplexing collaborations, and confusing part-revisional, part-actorial redishings of old or collapsed plays, actor-editors, such as the two compilers of the folio, might readily have included a play (probably popular) associated with the already renowned name of Master William Shakespeare as adapter or forth-sender, and so to be accounted, from the theatrical standpoint of that day, the responsible author. Each of the well-known dramatists apparently served his apprenticeship as adapter of the outworn or unfit to the assumed liking or actual demand of the hour; and Shakespeare is known to have been of the company. Indeed, as the "Johannes Fac-totum" of contemporary satire he had to endure more than one vicious buffet from Robert Greene and other lesser men jealous of the young Warwickshire countryman's swift move from obscurity to growing repute.

It is possible that he *had* adapted or revised or in some way supervised an earlier *Titus Andronicus*, and so shrugged his shoulders when he saw this bantling among the fine fowl of his own rearing. Possibly he maintained here, as in so much else, that studious silence which

has so bewildered his commentators. It could not, for example, have been other than exasperating to him, at a time between the publication of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *The Merchant of Venice*, and when (it may be) he was cogitating *Othello*,* to have the commonplace and dull *True and Honourable History of Sir John Oldcastle* foisted upon the public as a new play of his own—as was done in 1600. Yet, so far as we know, he made no protest—though the significant fact remains that the fraudulent attribution (and doubtless perforce) was discontinued after it had served its first practical use.

In no respect conclusive, again, is the specific mention by Francis Meres. It is merely strong presumptive evidence. It may be admitted at once, of course, that if *Andronicus* carried the internal evidence which distinguishes each of the plays named by Meres, even the dubious Second and Third Parts of *Henry VI.*, his testimony might be accepted as conclusive, or as nearly as conclusive as possible for any testimony of the kind (all the circumstances considered). In all matters of ordinary judgment, common sense concurring with explicit and reasonably trustworthy evidence may be accepted in the final estimate. If the problem of *Titus Andronicus* were a matter of ordinary judgment, there would, perhaps, be no more to say. It would simply be admitted that (as with the immature and sometimes grotesquely crude *Annettes* and the like which "H. de Saint-Aubin" or "Lord R'Hoone" produced before Balzac put his own name to what he considered work worthier of his unfolding powers) Shakespeare had in this play tried his prentice hand at the then popular melodrama of murder and massed horrors.

Of the allusion of Ben Jonson, in the Induction to his *Bartholomew Fair* of 1614, far too much has been made. "Any man who will swear *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* are the best plays yet, shows that his judgment hath stood still these five-and-twenty or thirty years." What is there here to prove that Shakespeare is even alluded to? Ulrici and the chief German critics appear to take it for

granted: as gratuitously, surely, as certain English critics when they assume that Ben Jonson was venting his spite on his great comrade. If Jonson did mean the allusion for Shakespeare, what then? There is no hint of spite in it. Of all people, Shakespeare would be the last to disturb himself about a friendly gibe, even if spiced with a touch of mockery or professional malice. But surely, if really meant, it was a laughing compliment, not a sneer. Obviously, there were playgoers who still lamented the ousting of the old sanguinary dramas of Greene and Marlowe and Kyd: who wagged ale-befogged heads and muttered, "In granfer's day a' loved well to watch the fine doin's o't *Spanish Tragedy*," or, "Nuncle told me oft o' *The Misfortunes of Arthur*, an' of *Lust's Dominion*, by'r Lady a mighty show that!" or, "Afore the ale-house an' Mistress Moll kept me foot-tied, I'd liefer see the *Jew of Malta* or that mighty fine *Selimus* than any o' these milk-an'-water dainties they're now dangling at us." It was these and such as these that Jonson mocked when he spoke of any who will swear *Jeronimo* or *Andronicus* to be a better play than anything produced in a quarter-century or more. If his statement be taken literally, it would place the vogue of *Andronicus* about 1585-1589—that is, at a time when we knew nothing certain of Shakespeare's doings except that he was in London, and making a living either by acting or play-adapting or both. The play is known to have been acted at the Rose Theatre in 1592.

Jeronimo (or *Hieronimo*) is the very type of the stilted and impossible play, where even murder and grief are never tragic, but only repugnant: and when Jonson classed it and *Andronicus* in the same satirical condemnation it was probably on no other ground than its outworn bombast and general repugnancy. On the other hand, if it were then known to be Shakespeare's, or that Shakespeare had worked on it to that extent of adaptation (as in the instance of *The True Tragedie of Richard Duke of York*, for example) that, for theatrical purposes, it passed as his, then Ben Jonson was simply having a friendly gibe at a production that the mature Shakespeare might be expected to regard much

* Produced at Harefield in 1602.

as, say, the mature author of *The Cenci* and *Prometheus Unbound* might be expected to regard such resurrected stuff as *Saint Irvyne* or *Zastrozzi*.

When we come to Ravenscroft's traditional statement we see at once how invalid any argument based upon it must appear. That Jacobean playwright had the Folio to go upon: it is obvious from his allusion; and for the rest, a theatrical legend to the effect that "Mr. Shakespeare" was not the original author, but "Master-toucher." That the present writer holds this belief does not obscure his recognition of the fact that Ravenscroft's evidence, as such, is mere hearsay. Likelihood (for all Dr. Grosart's argument to the contrary) is obviously against the survival in Ravenscroft's day of any aged actor or other contemporary of Shakespeare. Granting that one such (Ravenscroft speaks loosely of "some") had survived, his memories of a matter obviously receded out of first-hand evidence could not be accepted as more than the testimony of iteration.

Against all this evidence what is there to adduce?

Hallam, one of the most judicial if not always the most judicious of literary experts, averred that "in criticism of all kinds we must acquire a dogged habit of resisting testimony, when *res ipsa per se vociferatur* to the contrary."

Here we come at once to the core of the matter. A volume might be devoted to the adequate consideration of all manner of evidence from Shakespeare's authentic text, from his youthful *Venus and Adonis* to *The Tempest*; of the sometimes illuminative but often illusory testimony of parallel lines and passages occurring in his own plays and in the plays of Greene, Marlowe, and others; of the whole external order of his mind and the continuous internal habit of his spirit; of his relations to his contemporaries, and of the circumstances which conditioned his early literary work; of the work of his predecessors, and of the sources whence each and all drew in varying measure. Obviously, any such attempt is out of the question in a brief article. At this stage one can but fall back upon the personal note, and state conviction based upon honest study and slow consideration.

Let me say at once that I think the certainly puzzling, and occasionally staggering, testimony of parallelism to be of secondary account here.

I have little faith in parallelism, when the likeness is merely verbal or has the color of convention. Thus even so extraordinary an instance as (in *Andronicus*) Demetrius's words to the loathsome Aaron — who, surely, is rather a stage "bogeyman" than a human villain or even a homicidal maniac, and as remote from that later Moor, Othello, as Tamora from Imogen — even so marked an instance as

Why makst thou it so strange?
She is a woman, therefore may be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore may be won;
She is Lavinia, therefore must be lov'd,

does not appear convincingly Shakespeare's because that in *Henry VI.* occurs (and possibly before Shakespeare retouched the original play),

She's beautiful, and therefore to be woo'd;
She is a woman, therefore to be won,

—or that in *Richard III.* Gloster says of Lady Anne,

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

—or that in the forty-first of the Sonnets is the lovely line,

Gentle thou art and therefore to be won.

The very fact of this iterance suggests either an audacious lifting of a delightful idea and its musical setting, from the *Andronicus* of Greene or some other, or that in "master-touching" *Andronicus* Shakespeare himself interpolated these lines, and loved them so well, as Tennyson is said to have so loved the word "moan" that it took all his will "to keep the thing at bay,"—or that, and perhaps this is likeliest, the phrase in some sort was already a current saying or familiar distich. The lines certainly afford no proof that Shakespeare is the author of the play wherein they first appear.

A hundred instances could be adduced to "prove" that Shakespeare either "touched up" plays to which we are cer-



Drawn by Edwin A. Abbey, R.A.

AARON

Copyright, 1900, by Harper & Brothers

tain he never put pen, or had lifted from plays with which he may or may not have been familiar. If *The Tragical Reign of Selimus* were not now commonly accepted as by Robert Greene, the Shakespearian free-lance would pounce upon many a line "conclusively by the Master," either from similarity of phrase or likeness in imagery or thought. A single instance must suffice. After Bajazet has been horrified by the bringing before him of the mutilated corpses of his niece and nephew, Mahomet and Zonara, he exclaims against heaven:

O! you dispensers of our hapless breath,
Why do ye glut your eyes, and take delight
To see sad pageants of men's miseries!*

When I came recently upon this passage in *Selimus* (which I read again, after many years, with the more admiration in that I had just re-read *Titus Andronicus*), I knew that, somewhere, I had encountered the like idea in Shakespeare. But where? Suddenly I remembered Gloucester's bitter plaint in *Lear*,

As flies to wanton boys, are we to the gods;
They kill us for their sport.

To associate Greene and Marlowe and Shakespeare in a common confusion, because of Greene-like or Marlowe-like or Shakespeare-like lines in plays attributed to one or the other, is to chase the will-o'-the-wisp. If, in *Titus Andronicus*, the lines,

The birds chaunt melody on every bush;
The snake lies rollèd in the cheerful sun;
The green leaves quiver with the cooling
wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground
(*Act II., Sc. 3*),

or,

Come hither, boy .

Thy grandsire loved thee well:
Many a time he danc'd thee on his knee,
Sung thee asleep, his loving breast thy
pillow;
Many a matter hath he told to thee,

* Note, again, the line spoken later by Marcus Antonicus the Tribune, in Act IV., Sc. 1,

Unless the gods delight in tragedies—

Meet, and agreeing with thine infancy;
In that respect then, like a loving child,
Shed yet some small drops from thy tender
spring,
Because kind nature doth require it so
(*Act V., Sc. 3*),

suggest the accent of the poet of the Forest of Arden and the poet-father of the winsome boy-page Mamillius in *A Winter's Tale*, equally do

Like stinging bees in hottest summer's day
Led by their master to the flowered fields,

or,

I will enchant the old Andronicus
With words more sweet, and yet more
dangerous,
Than baits to fish, or honey-stalks to sheep.

For I can smooth, and fill his aged ears
With golden promises . . .

suggest the mellifluous muse of Robert Greene at his best and when content to lay aside college classicisms and remember his own first-hand poet-food: or resonant lines, such as,

Lord of my life, commander of my thoughts,
or the superb,

Ravish'd and wrong'd, as Philomela was,
Fore'd in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy
woods . . .

suggest the opulent and resplendent rhetoric of Marlowe.

The multiplied and, above all, the gratuitous and offensive horrors, the artificial bombast of so much of *Titus Andronicus*—in both respects so foreign to the general tenor of Shakespeare's mind and art—make his original authorship almost incredible. If this could be proved, then one could but add that here we have the Shakespeare who, like Othello's Florentine lieutenant, Cassio, had

. . . never set a squadron in the field,
Nor the division of a battle knows
More than a spinster . . . mere prattle,
without practice,
Is all his soldiership.

The immense gulf between the repugnant horrors of *Titus Andronicus* (com-

mon to other and earlier plays of its kind) and the most poignant passages in *Macbeth* or *Othello* or *Hamlet* or *Lear* must surely be obvious to the most cursory student. There need be no overlooking the fact that even in so great a play as *Hamlet* we have almost as many "carnal, bloody, and unnatural acts" as in *Andronicus* or *Selimus* or the *Jew of Malta*, and the like. The King is stabbed by Hamlet, the Prince himself is mortally wounded by the envenom'd foil with which Laertes obtains death, the Queen dies of poison, Ophelia is drowned, Guildenstern and Rosencrantz go to a swift end, Polonius is spitted on a rapier behind the arras. *But*—the essential distinction! In the older plays alluded to all is illogical, gratuitous, repulsive in offensive detail. Here all is in the terrible logical sequence of a Nemesis involving great and small, by the same law as in *Lear* involves the innocent Gloucester in the doom of the central figure: the Aeschylean, the Sophoclean, the Euripidean law of that terrible Adrasteia who has but to sweep away all in the path of vengeance, as the wind of equinox sweeps before it both the fallen and the unfallen leaves of the forest. The intervention of the spiritual mandate of the spirit of Hamlet's father is, so to speak, the psychological axle round which this perfect dramatic wheel of destiny revolves. Nothing of this organic unity is in *Titus Andronicus*. It has not even the approximate unity of design of *Selimus*—one reason why the present writer, for one, doubts if it be the work of Greene, as the main drift of probabilities suggests.

There are now, as of old, two aspects of grandiloquence. It can appear bombast, as when, in the *Frogs* of Aristophanes, Euripides ridicules the speech of Aeschylos as absurd if to be taken as the speech of mortals; and it can appear heroic and convincing when rhetoric becomes impassioned either by grief or exultation, as when *Lear* breaks out,

O how this mother swells up to my breast!
Hysterica passio! down, thou climbing
 sorrow,
 Thy element's below! . . .

—or when in *Othello* the Moor suddenly

(at that "parting of the ways" in the third act) cries,

Excellent wretch! Perdition catch my soul,
 But I do love thee! and when I love thee
 not,
 Chaos is come again

—or when in *Macbeth* the Thane calls on "seeling night to scarf up the eye of pitiful day," and drags in Hecate and Tarquin in that great, terrible, and convincing premonitory murder scene where Macbeth's soul is seen like a gibbet wavering in the wind in sudden moonlight. In these passages neither *Lear* nor *Othello* nor *Macbeth* speaks as an aged English king, nor as a Moor, nor as a Scottish thane would speak in "real" life. But the answer that Aeschylos gives, in the *Frogs*, comes to mind: that his chief personages, being sons of gods, were likely to speak grandly. For, with all their outstanding greatness, these three giants of Shakespeare's creation are sons of Tradition—the histrionic tradition that the mean is unconvincing in art, that the oral extreme must cap the emotion, that a daring and superb exaggeration is necessary to enthrall the already shaken imaginations of those who hear and see. A French writer (M. George Bousquet, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August, 1874) relates that when he was in Japan he asked the famous actor Sodjaro why in his tragical rôles he made such strange and strident cries and such exaggerated gestures—adding, in effect, that no one ever heard or saw a daïmio or a soldier so speak or act. "Even so," replied Sodjaro; "but if this great daïmio or that heroic soldier in a tragic play were to speak and act as in every-day life, who would for a moment recognize either as heroic?"

No one more adequately than Shakespeare understood this law of emphasis within truth, of excess within the limitations of nature.

The play we are discussing has been declared "unmistakably a youthful work of Shakespeare." But a "youthful work" must obviously reveal intellectual youthfulness in another sense than that of immaturity in style or crudeness in formative conception. This quality is lacking in *Titus Andronicus*. It is a patchwork of old and outworn material

shot with here a vivid dye, here a shining hand's-breadth. It is the work of a more or less mechanical maker, not of one pulsating with young life and rebellious individuality and new ideals. One may search the whole five acts in vain for any such revelation of intellectual youthfulness (in the sense of jubilant delight in the pageant of life) as the account of Prince Hal and his comrades setting out against Hotspur and Douglas:

. . . All furnish'd, all in arms,
All plum'd like estridges, that wing the
wind;
Bated like eagles having lately bath'd;
Glittering in golden coats, like images;
As full of spirit as the month of May,
And gorgeous as the sun at midsummer.

Titus Andronicus, whether (as I do not believe) the original work of Shakespeare; or the adaptation by Shakespeare of a play by Greene (which external evidence, particularly parallelistic evidence, goes so far to prove; but that other considerations, such as the fact that Greene was living when—according to Fleay—*Titus Andronicus* was "given out," and died either soon before or soon after its production at the Rose Theatre, as forcibly invalidate); or the work of an unknown author of Shakespeare's youthful period; or a stage-property, like *Jeronimo* anonymously in the line of the popular *Spanish Tragedy* or *Lust's Dominion* or the earlier *Misfortunes of Arthur* or Marlowe's later *Tamburlaine* or *Jew of Malta*—in any eventuality *Titus Andronicus* stands aloof from the rest of the acknowledged work of Shakespeare.

It does not owe this aloofness solely to the fact that it is a crude and for the most part uninspired sequence of sensational crime and revolting horrors. It owes this aloofness to the fact that it reveals nothing of that organic unity of great genius which we discover in Aeschylus, in Pindar, in Virgil, in Dante, in Milton, in Shakespeare: that organic unity wherein the innate genius is from the first distinguishable and unique, howsoever the theme persuade to this treatment or that, or the untrained intellect stumble in method of approach or manner of expression. There is no break in spiritual continuity between the youthful

Venus and Adonis or the "Sonnets" and the final sunset loveliness of *The Tempest*. The only ultimate way for the conscientious student of *Titus Andronicus* is to ask himself, after the most intimate dwelling with Shakespeare himself throughout the twenty years of his creative life—not, did he or did he not write this play, but *could* he have written it?

It is, it is time to add explicitly, the conviction of one such student that Shakespeare could not have been the original author of *Titus Andronicus*. In a few lines here and there it has the trumpet-blare or clarion-call or pastoral-pipe of his own universal music, and there are passages such as the noble

King, be thy thoughts imperious, like thy
name.

Is the sun dimm'd, that gnats do fly in it?
The eagle suffers little birds to sing,
And is not careful what they mean thereby,
Knowing that with the shadow of his wings
He can at pleasure stint their melody—

or, again, in

Wilt thou draw near the nature of the gods?
Draw near them, then, in being merciful:
Sweet mercy is nobility's true badge . . .

in which we hear the authentic voice, or an echo so amazing that we stand confounded.

Nor do I see sufficient evidence, despite the imposing marshalling of parallel or kindred passages, lines, epithets, and (dubious) mannerisms by Dr. Grosart and others, to accept Greene's authorship of *Titus Andronicus* as now indisputable. Of all known to us, he seems the likeliest author. That, certainly, can be admitted. Nor, for all its occasional beauty, its rarer excellence, is it possible to believe that the play came, in however poverty-stricken a state, from the pen of Marlowe. That impetuous and genius-shaken dramatist has sins manifold, but he wrote nothing wherein the wandering fire of his soon-quenched torch does not convincingly reveal itself. Could one truly say that any single line in *Andronicus* is convincingly "Marlowesque" except that already quoted—

Forced in the ruthless, vast, and gloomy
woods—

and has even that the real accent of Marlowe?

As for the fact that technically the play is built upon the Marlowe blank-verse system, that goes for little. The same argument would involve his authorship of a dozen plays written shortly before or after Marlowe's tragical end.

Who can tell us the name of the obscure playwright who also worked on *The Taming of the Shrew*? What feebler hand than Shakespeare's worked at the stage version of *Timon of Athens*? Who was the first worker at or the later collaborator in *Pericles*? Peele worked at *Richard III.* before "Johannes Fac-tum" of Greene's malice took up the dead journeyman-work and left it alive if still malformed. Is Peele the lost author? I doubt it. Perhaps when the other queries can be solved, that of *Titus Andronicus* may be solved also. Meanwhile the likeliest of all theories seems to me that rumor which Ravenscroft, writing in 1687, perpetuated. In other words, that this play is neither Greene's nor Shakespeare's (though, in much, liker Greene's than Shakespeare's movement of mind and art), but the work of "a private author," who, in striving to emulate the still extant vogue of the old blood-

and-horrors melodrama of Kyd and his successors, had signally failed, and so either took his work to Shakespeare, as a known skilled artificer in adaptation for the stage—or else that work somehow came to Shakespeare, or just possibly was a derelict voluntarily taken up by him as an afterthought when the English players who had gone to Germany in 1600, and acted in a loosely akin "Roman drama," returned and spoke of their success. If so, we can understand more clearly how his death-strewn and blood-curdling play passed through a rough-hewn reshaping at the hands of the young and inexperienced playwright, who perhaps saw in it a chance of popular favor and financial return—a stepping-stone to his own dramatic career he was the last to despise or overlook:—or, at least, how it was master-touched out of the limbo of the impossible. Personally, I think Shakespeare did no more than this—if, in truth, the play be his at all, even in this sense: namely, that his imagination flew over the original, as a nightingale over a festering swamp, and once in a way alighted and sent a clear note across the morass, and once and again broke out in sustained if but too briefly sustained master-song.

Detachment

BY ELLEN M. H. GATES

BE silent! Let them rest;
Why make an endless quest
For all they said and did?
Why drag into the light
Their moods of black and white,
These, with their faces hid?

Bind, if you will, in gold,
The tales their fancies told;
In wonder breathe their names;
But always, from their art,
Leave them in peace, apart,
As from the ash the flames.

The Alternative

BY GWENDOLEN OVERTON

“SURELY there must be some way.”

It was without the note of conviction, mere speech having little significance. Her powers of sensation, of suffering, had been at the highest point of endurance, until there had come a reaction of insensibility that was almost indifference. Her mind was faint from its pain. She was not actually feeling. Some vaguely related portion of her being knew what had happened, comprehended it impersonally. Yet, for the rest, there was only a dull, instinctive conviction that a shame hidden was more than half effaced—and that there ought to be found some manner of avoiding disgrace.

Her husband made no answer. He sat upon the opposite side of the hearth, leaning back in the large leathern chair, snapping open and shut with nervous regularity the top of a little metal match-box. For the first time she became aware of the sound—aware that she had already been hearing it for a long while, and that it tried her. She threw out an impatient hand. “Please,” she said, “please do keep that still.” His fingers closed about it. Then she reverted to her contention. “It certainly seems to me that Mr. Oswald might do something—if only for my sake. He has known me and been fond of me since I was a little girl.”

“No; you must not blame Oswald,” her husband remonstrated, his voice as lifeless as her own, implying almost as great an exhaustion of will and effort. “He has already promised to do more than I could have dared hope for—more than one in thousands would have agreed to. When he offers to make himself responsible that I will return the amount eventually, he is carrying leniency to the furthest point. Any one else would have let me take my punishment.”

She shrank visibly at the words, spoken as a commonplace of his calculations, the expression of a possibility to be faced

and met. Throughout it all, indeed, there had been this casual note, this very nearly calm recognition of a fact which regret and repentance would not alter. It was in contrast to his face, so pallid and visibly shrunken as to look unfamiliar; the temples and beneath the eyes hollow and blue-shadowed. But he had gone through the story itself without anything that seemed to her an adequate show of emotion, betraying himself only very slightly by the persistent opening and shutting of the match-box. And he had employed no euphemisms, had sought no terms that would palliate his conduct. It was as if he took a certain satisfaction in setting forth the whole matter in the crudest possible light, with no softening whatsoever.

The perception of it gave her now a sense of resentment. “It would almost seem that you get pleasure out of making me suffer,” she said, in reproach.

“Pleasure!” He threw down the heavy little box, threw it down so hard that she had a quick thought, inconsequential and disproportionate, for the polish of the table. Then, with another sharp movement, he stood up and walked across the room, his back toward her, looking out of the window at the pouring rain. She watched him dully. But feeling was returning to her again; and it took the form of acute self-pity. She pressed her hands together, finger between finger, palm against palm. Her throat and her eyes ached intolerably, with tears which, for very excess of misery, would not come. It was more than she could bear, the disillusion, the disgrace, the dread of the future. She would not have supposed that one could live through such a morning as this had been. The mental anguish had reacted upon her physically. She might well have had a long illness. Indeed she considered if she would not perhaps die—not at once, but gradually, of a broken heart. For her heart was

indeed broken, since she knew now, beyond hope of a doubt, that her husband did not love her—else how could he have wronged her so terribly, have sacrificed her so irretrievably, have brought her to this close-pending future of hardship, perhaps of want?

She began to dwell upon what he had been to her; but with a sudden resolution to spare herself needless pain she put away the thought of their past together. Why should she recall it? Had it not been based upon reality, upon what had never existed? All that remained for her to do was to meet the present as best she might. She must recover herself, show some courage and resource.

Already they had let a good part of the day go by; and time was of the utmost value. If anything were to be done, it must be done at once, within the next few hours. Her husband had waited until the last moment to make his confession—that he might spare himself, she supposed, as well as her. He had not come to it until he had found that the best arrangement he could by any possibility make must involve her, and require her understanding of its cause.

But even yet she could not accept as final that there was not some other way, some manner of averting at least the open shame.

She herself had no knowledge of the conditions surrounding these things. How could she have? Her lip curled in contempt of them, in pride of her own unblemished life and that of her parents. Yet probably there were many men who—stole. And probably it was covered up. She was hardening more and more toward the man who, apart from any question of his own wrong-doing, had betrayed her, and sacrificed her with such entire heartlessness. And with the severity was coming the renewed power of thinking. Her brain was growing clearer.

When she spoke again it was no longer inertly. "You have not answered me," she reminded. "And surely there must be some way to keep it from being known."

Her husband left the window as abruptly as he had gone there, and returned to stand in front of her.

"For of course every one will know,"

she went on, "or surmise. When you leave your position so suddenly and we are obliged to change our entire manner of life, there will be speculations."

"Yes," he agreed to it coldly. "And when I begin to hunt for other work"—his lips contracted—"then there will be questions asked and inquiries set on foot. Sooner or later the truth will get about."

"And you have thought of no possible way of avoiding it?" Her eyes searched his without softening, for he still gave no sign of feeling the sympathy she was sure she deserved.

He answered the look with one which impressed her, even through her preoccupation, as being unlike the shifty expression commonly attributed to the dishonest man. But there had been no experience to teach her that it lacked also the much more usual fixity of gaze. For some inexplicable reason her own eyes were the ones which tended to waver.

It was some seconds before he spoke. Then he said, "There is no way that I would take to save *myself*."

"Would it not be well," she suggested, with a tinge of irony, "to think of me?"

"I am thinking of you. No doubt it is hard for you to credit. It is, of course, too much to hope that you will ever again have faith in me. Yet possibly you can believe that I had many times rather face a criminal charge than propose for my own sake what I will propose for yours."

"And that is—!" She knew the answer before it came.

"That we try to get your father's help."

At the first instant she made no sound or sign. Then she turned very slowly in her chair, and putting her arm out upon the table, bowed her head. It was beyond further stern endurance.

She did not see her husband's movement to come closer and lay his hand upon her hair. Nor was she aware of his quick self-repression. She was only conscious that he was standing there near her, seemingly unperturbed, dispassionate. Presently he was speaking again.

"Of course I quite appreciate how you feel, about this and about me."

She made no reply. For back in her consciousness had all the while been forming the knowledge that this would be his proposal, that it was the perfectly obvious and inevitable one. Yet, above all else,

she had not wished to hear it. To put it into effect would be the crowning blow for her pride. Did he not realize what it would mean to her? She had married him in the face of her parents' objections—objections which she had disregarded because she had believed them to be based upon nothing more solid than that both her father and mother were unduly ambitious for her. But now she was ready to credit them with a presentiment to which love had made her insensible.

Presently she lifted her head. "Is there absolutely no other way?"

"Absolutely none that I have been able to think of—and you may perhaps imagine that I have given the subject some consideration. I have no friend to whom it would be of the least use to apply. The two or three who really care for me are men of means as limited as my own. You know them. And I have no security except a word which is of worse than no value—which no one but Oswald would accept for a moment now."

She felt a slight, involuntary sting of reproach that he should have to turn toward a man who was nothing to him, for the trust which she herself could not give. Yet surely, she excused, the fault was not her own. And she still resented it that he set forth his facts and suggestions with so little indirectness, clothed in no tentative or supposititious terms. Then, too, he had no fine scruples about escaping the consequences of his own actions. He was ready to trade upon the possibility of their being avoided precisely because they involved her.

This was the man whom she had insisted upon marrying! And the father whose objections she had ignored was now to be called upon to save her from the results of her own wilfulness. No—not that—whatever he might do, the punishment was still upon her; and nothing could ever lighten it. Her life was quite ruined.

Again her hands locked and strained together. She fought for control of her will and courage. And after a time she mastered herself. "Very well," she accepted the inevitable. "If it is the only way, I dare say I must go to father."

"No," he contradicted, and there was now in his manner something coldly critical, almost accusing. "No. You will

not have to go to your father. I will go myself."

She protested at once. It would be worse than useless. It would do harm. "Father is not a lenient man, you know," she argued it. "He cannot make allowances. And he is relentless—perhaps a little narrow—more especially in matters of financial honesty."

Her husband's teeth shut until the bones of his cheeks showed prominent. It was as if he were holding in check, by force of a will so strong as to manifest itself physically, words which strove for utterance against him.

"Nevertheless," he returned, "I will go to your father. I have no idea of allowing you to bear more of the consequences of my actions than is inevitable."

Since first he had sought to prepare her—and he had manifested then more than a little gentleness—these were the only words which had had the accent of real consideration. She had a revulsion of sentiment toward him, which was almost the old on sweep of her love. But reason bade her restrain it at once. "Perhaps I had better go with you," she sought to compromise.

"No, I will go alone." It told of decision; and she yielded. "But I want you to believe, if you can," he again made his plea—oddly enough without self-abasement, even indeed with something which was almost pride—"I want you to believe that, for myself alone, I should never do it. I will carry it through for your sake—to make you any slight amends in my power. If you prefer to let matters take their course, you have only to say so."

He walked away from her, as if the action were symbolical of his intention to withdraw, pending her decision.

"Of course father must be applied to," she adjudged it. The note of finality was meant to preclude further discussion. She inwardly commended her own calmness and self-command. She had been cruelly wronged, yet she had shed no tears, uttered no reproaches. She was only considering the best thing to be done, and the best method of doing it.

"Then I will go at once," he said. "It has already been put off too long."

He stood waiting, and once or twice the muscles of his tense and colorless face twitched spasmodically.

"I am *very* sorry for you," he said. And he turned and left her.

She had an impulse to follow him out into the hall, and start him upon his hard errand with a word of encouragement, or perhaps with a kiss. But her voice would ring false; and a kiss would evoke the memory of all those others which had betrayed her.

The morning wore on to noon while she waited for his return. She had moved to the large chair upon the other side of the hearth, the one which he had left. And she sat there in a sick misery, staring sometimes into the fire, sometimes out to the street, where the Sunday quiet was broken only by an occasional carriage, or by a pedestrian going past in the rain. But all the while she was picturing the interview between her husband and her father. She could see the library of her girlhood home. It was there that her father would be upon a morning so stormy that his precarious health would not allow him to accompany his more hardy wife to the church among whose congregation he was a leader. She could see his clear-cut features, which usually expressed an almost purposeful benignity, but could change, upon occasions, so surprisingly that more than once she had found herself asking what it might indicate. The change would come now. He would make it hard for her husband. She became aware that she was feeling pity—was resenting what she felt sure would be the older man's behavior. Yet why should he not be severe toward one who had wrecked his daughter's life? All the rest of her days she would feel the shame.

And they had been so happy! They had been so happy together! She had had such faith in her husband, had loved him so. The crime she could have forgiven perhaps—but not the want of affection for her which it implied. His greed had outweighed his love. It did not lessen the offence appreciably that he had expected the returns to be sufficiently prompt for him to put back the money without injury to any one. As he himself had said—the excuse held nothing new or distinctive. It was the usual plea. He had taken the usual risks—the less forgivable that they inevitably involved her.

The first tears that had come to relieve her inner tension quivered now upon her lids. She brushed them away, and bending over, busied herself with shaking down the ashes in the grate and putting fresh coals upon the embers. Then she sank back into her chair, and sat without thought, conscious only of a dreary, aching hopelessness.

But finally she began again to wonder what could be keeping her husband. A new fear shot quickly through her—one which until the instant had not even suggested itself. Was it possible that her father would refuse to help them? It seemed hardly conceivable that he would carry prejudice so far; yet she knew that at times he could hold a determination to the point of vindictiveness. She grew too nervous to keep her place, and moving toward the window, she strained her eyes in the direction of the subway station. He was not in sight, and she went back to wander about, changing the position of things in the room aimlessly, opening books without purpose and at random.

And while she was not watching for him her husband returned. "I did not hear you. I was wondering what kept you," she spoke the inadequate words while she searched his face for a sign.

He walked over to the hearth without speaking. She followed him. "Well?" The sound was forced from between her lips. "Tell me. What is it?"

"Your father dislikes me even more than I had supposed." There was a hard and vengeful set to his mouth. Her anxiety reached the point where, if it were not ended, something must give way within her. She put her hand upon his shoulder—the first touch since the moment when he had begun his confession.

"Father has not *refused*?"

"No. He has not refused," came the slow reply. "He has not refused. He will give me the money—conditionally."

"Conditionally?" There was an inflection of great relief. "But any conditions would have to be accepted."

He nodded curtly. "That is as you may think. The decision rests with you."

"What is it?" she repeated. "Tell me." He did not at once obey what was half entreaty, half command.



Drawn by Will Foster

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

SHE WAS PICTURING THE INTERVIEW BETWEEN THEM

"I will tell you directly. But there are one or two things which I want you to understand very definitely. The first is—what I hope there may be no real necessity for my saying—that the proposal came entirely from your father and found me, to say the least of it, rather more than—unprepared. The other is that you must not let yourself be too severe upon your father. He has taken it all very hard. He is overwhelmed by the disgrace. It has aged and broken him perceptibly. And it is impossible for him to credit that there can be any good in me, or that there can ever again be a chance for your happiness, if we are together." A premonition caught at her heart, but she put it away swiftly, as impossible. "I believe he is sincerely anxious for what he feels to be your welfare," her husband was going on; and she could not restrain a sense of admiration for the magnanimity of a man who must so recently have been accorded altogether the reverse. "Or if he is actuated by any less commendable motives, he himself is not aware of them. He is so sure of being in the right that he will face severe criticism himself rather than offer any other alternative."

"But what does he offer? What is the alternative?" she demanded. A silence fell heavy between them, fraught with a sense of greater trouble to come. Then her husband spoke again.

"Your father will let me have the money—if you will agree to give me up."

He had said it deliberately, watching her closely the while with eyes which were hard and sombre. But now a light passed quickly behind them—passed and was gone. She stood before him, her face gray as stone, her muscles tense.

"Oh!" she breathed slowly, through shut teeth.

Returning to the room from which, several hours before, she had gone forth upon a difficult and doubtful mission, she glanced instinctively toward the spot where her husband had been standing as last she had seen him—his whole attitude so resolutely expressionless as to express more than any accepted posture of grief and abasement.

This time he had not attempted to dissuade her from going to her father. "It

will be of no use, however," he had given his opinion. "He is convinced of the righteousness of his position. And he is not a flexible character," the tone was of unwelcome recollection. "I may be able to affect something," she had adhered to her resolution, albeit with slight accent of conviction. "You will not mind lunching alone?" she had asked, the old solicitude and speech of companionship coming unawares.

"Yes, I shall mind," he had answered. "I will go out—somewhere."

So he had gone, and the maid was away for the afternoon. She had the house to herself. The fire was still burning. She was wet and chilled. The heavy veil she had worn was damp and clinging limply about her face. She unpinned it and threw it back over her hat. Then she sank down into a chair, and mechanically held out her hands to the warmth. She was almost unbearably disappointed that her husband was not here, waiting for her. Yet, after all, it was better that she should be alone. She must think, and she would do better to make her decision uninfluenced by his presence.

For the necessity still confronted her. Her own interview with her father had obtained nothing. After pleading and arguments and protestations, he had only reiterated his intention of allowing her to choose between leaving her husband, or sharing a disgrace and hardship which he would not mitigate. "I will give you every chance to save yourself, but I will not help you to further folly and misery. If you had heeded your mother and myself in the beginning, this would never have come upon you." And she could not refuse him a certain credit. It was not merely that he had always borne a dislike—now an hundredfold increased—toward her husband. Indubitably he was acting as he believed to be right—though it were with the vindictiveness of Old Testament sanction. If he were a hard man, at least, by his own lights, he was just. She could believe that he held it as his duty to save his daughter from further companionship with a criminal; from being, perhaps, the mother of a criminal's children. His nature was not of a liberality which could view wrongdoings as relative and transitory. It was

permanent, absolute. A man who had been dishonest was a dishonest man. And his own integrity was the touchstone of conduct. As for his wife—she upheld him as always, weeping and bemoaning the while. Both were very really suffering, grieved over her grief. Their dominant purpose was to rescue her from infamy and future misery—though it might be against her will. That they were displaying the utmost kindness within reason, in offering her husband immunity from open shame, they did not for a moment doubt.

When first she had gone into her father's presence she herself had had little real sympathy for her husband. It had been only an instinctive prompting of unconsidered love which was bringing her here to urge against separation. Yet gradually, as the afternoon had passed by, there had come about a reaction against hearing any one—howsoever he might be an offender—blamed repeatedly, unqualifiedly, without hint of leniency. She had begun to pity her husband, then to excuse him even to herself, then to speak somewhat hotly in his defence. And she maintained that if Oswald, the man most affected by the loss of the money, could still trust him, still accept his word, there must be something to inspire reliance and faith. The sense of reproach which she had harbored toward him shifted little by little to the stern old man who could condone no misstep. And she had been indignant under his quite obvious assumption that she would accept his terms in the end. "You have been too tenderly reared, have been brought up too much in ease, ever to endure what a man like that will sooner or later bring you to," he had told her. And there was a humiliation keener than any she had yet felt in having it thus taken for granted that the prospect of discomfort and deprivation could force her to terms. She guessed something of how her husband had been made to bite the dust. And the mistake he had been guilty of began to seem already expiated.

So she had come away still undetermined as to the course she must take. But now, as she sat here by herself, she faced the decision which pressed urgently upon her. It was at once the easier and the more cruelly difficult that she had

ceased to feel any resentment against her husband. But at least it enabled her to put away all consideration for herself, all self-pity, and to think only to the end of *his* ultimate welfare. And the more she dwelt upon it in her aching brain, the more clear it became that to accept her father's terms would save her husband from what was almost the certainty of humiliation and poverty.

As for herself—but she must not let that thought have any weight. Yet she could not put it wholly from her mind. And presently she dropped her face into her hands and gave way to uncontrollable tears.

When at last she raised her head she realized that it was already evening. There were lights in the street and in other windows. She had a sharp twinge of uneasiness. What could be keeping her husband this time? He had said that he would probably be here upon her return. It was well after the hour when he might have expected her. And men had disappeared at such times as this—had disappeared forever.

Perhaps he had been hurt by her evident attitude toward him. She had commended herself because she had shed no tears, uttered no reproaches. But neither had she shown any kindness or compassion. And she flinched at the remembrance now. She had thought only of herself, of how she had been and was yet to be affected. And she had accused him of being callous, of taking pleasure in her suffering. But perhaps his very semblance of indifference, of hardness, had been designed to spare her; or at any rate that he might not seem to bid for pity. If only he would come, that she might give evidence of her own repentance and contrition, and might show the full measure of a love strong enough to renounce him—if need were.

Her strained face and tear-swollen eyes were turned toward the door as she sat in frightened waiting. Then she heard his key in the lock, and heard him come into the house.

"You are very late," she said, with a break in her voice.

"Yes," he answered. "I came back once and you were not here. So I went out again. And I did not realize how far I had walked." She saw that his clothing

was wet and mud-stained, and she set about putting coals on the fire.

"You saw your father," he said. It was not a question. He had divined the interview and its outcome.

"Yes, I saw him."

"I knew it would be of no use."

She did not answer.

After a time he spoke again. "Have you come to believe that it will be best for you to do as he wishes? He is quite right," he went on, as she hesitated. "He is justified in saying that such conduct as mine absolves a woman from further fidelity. I am not worth bearing disgrace for—disgrace and perhaps poverty. And you must have no illusions as to what it will be. We shall be poor—in a way that you have known nothing of in your carefully guarded life. You may be obliged to work, to work hard, at the daily drudgery of a sorry sort of home. There will be few pleasures. All our friends will probably fall away from us. It is even possible that I may not be able to find anything to do. But that is not a contingency to be seriously counted upon—for long. I have no doubt that I can command work of some sort."

There was a certain pride in his saying it, and she felt it reflected within herself, as she looked at his strong, clean-limbed body, there in the big chair. He would stop at no form of labor. And his features—haggard and drawn though they were—did not bespeak weakness.

She threw out both hands in a gesture of angry disclaiming. "I am not so afraid of poverty and work and hardship. You and my father and mother seem to think it the only thing that will influence me. You must have a very unflattering estimate of me. I suppose I can meet what other women have met. I might prove to be less contemptibly the creature of ease than you all imagine. But what of *you*?—if you can believe that it is the thing I am considering. What if you are given another chance, are allowed to go on, unhindered by anything from the past? Other men have—have made your mistake, and have taken a new start, have retrieved it."

"Yes," he agreed, "quite possibly."

The words were indifferent, devoid of interest. He had taken up the match-box again and was snapping it abstract-

edly. She did not repeat her former objection. Bending toward him, she continued earnestly:

"I want you to believe, dear, that I am trying to think, not of myself, but of you."

"Yes," he told her. "I do believe it."

"And because of that there are two questions I have to ask you. If you care to help me do what is best, you must answer them truthfully, without reservation—and, above all, without regard for any pain you may cause me. I have the right to that, in order to act intelligently. Will you give me your promise?"

He weighed the probabilities for a time. Then he assented. "I dare say I do owe you the truth—at any cost."

"Yes," she agreed, though with a sharp dread of what it might be. "I think you do. And so, in the first place, I want you to tell me what your object was in—in taking the money."

"I have already told you that," he reminded. "I expected to get large and quick returns from the investment. It is the invariable story."

"No," she refused to accept this as the primary motive. "No, that is not enough. Why did you *wish* to make large returns?" She could see that he was debating whether or no he would consent to this probing of his ultimate intent. And she waited in keen suspense. "You promised," she reminded, at length.

"Very well," he yielded with an evident reluctance that made her fear his next words. "I have purposely refrained from speaking of that, either to you or to your father. I did not care to make a weak plea for sympathy. And it is really no excuse whatsoever. You must not let it influence you in the slightest degree. It in no way alters the fact of what I have done. And I only tell you because you have the right to the fullest possible knowledge. My reason for making the investment was that I wanted to provide for you better than I have thus far been able to—I wanted to give you more the life to which you have been accustomed, and which you have had to forego in marrying me against your father's wishes."

The tears rose in her eyes. "Might you not better have told me this before?"



Drawn by Will Foster

"I AM NOT WORTH BEARING DISGRACE FOR"

He shook his head. "I did not care to play upon you, to make a whining excuse. And, as I say, it in no sense alters what I have done. There is always some perfectly good justification in these cases."

She sought his unrevealing face for that which speech would not have disclosed, even had he tried to make it other than the barest statement of facts. But she had yet to carry out the purpose by whose result she was to be guided. "And now," she spoke again, "there is one thing more. You will remember that you have promised me the truth. I must know it—whatever the blow, whatever it may mean to either of us. And even if it seems cruel now, it will be the truest kindness in the end."

He bowed his head in recognition of the equitable claim and in renewal of the promise he had made. She gathered courage.

"Would you be glad to have me—accept my father's terms?"

"Do you mean, should I be glad to have you save me at the cost of leaving me?"

She signified her assent by an almost imperceptible gesture. And through the brief space during which she waited for his reply it seemed as if life itself were going from her.

"No," he said, "I should not."

The breath quivered back upon her lips.

And now there remained no pretext, real or ostensible, for further temporiz-

ing. So far as possible she was in possession of all the facts necessary for shaping her course. All that was left was the decision as to how best she might act—not for herself, but for her husband. She repeated inwardly that she must be governed only by consideration for his welfare.

Yet try as she would, the promptings of emotion forced themselves upon her in the guise of reason. Throughout a few instants of crowding thought she resisted. Then in answer to the prayer of her intense desire a new gift of spiritual vision came upon her. And she perceived that it might be reason indeed, reason beyond and above the close-sighted groping for cause and effect, of man's calculations. Her heart was quickened with new knowledge—that there could be a better manner of beginning life anew than to hide away the past, going on in false semblance of an unblemished name. And above all—there was no obligation which could replace the personal one, the unreserved giving of oneself, one's help, one's companionship, and one's—love.

In an impulse which refused control she reached out her hands toward her husband. And feeling them held in his, feeling herself drawn into his arms, she clung to him as if there were yet some power which strove to take her away.

"Perhaps it is a mistake," she breathed, tremblingly. "Perhaps for your sake I should go away—should leave you free. But, my dear, my dear! I have tried to resolve it. And I cannot, I cannot."

The Greatest of These

BY GEORGIA DAVIES

THE world applauded his success,
Scholars esteemed his depth of mind;
But one, who neared the Shadowland,
Said, "*Ah, his eyes are kind!*"

The Burning of Babel

BY UNA L. SILBERRAD

BABEL was a house in a field, not at all a beautiful house, but well loved, as some of the unbeautiful happily are. At one period of its history it had been a large, square summer-house with many unglazed windows, all of which were now blocked up with old sacks and other odds and ends, so that it was decidedly dark within. On the outside there were two ornaments, the name cut on the door-post—I cut it myself at the owner's request, though why they chose it I never knew—and the padlock, which, though easier to pull off than to unlock, was none the less regarded as a protection. The furniture of the house consisted first of all of the stove, a small, closed thing of foreign origin, used in its far-off youth for some domestic purpose, but now in its old age discarded by the kitchen and fallen by right of annexation to the owners of Babel. To them it, though perhaps scarcely safe, was a treasure; it could be heated quickly to a red heat, it wanted unlimited stoking, it burned anything, and, under their manipulation, cooked anything—enterprising youth asked no more. Besides the stove there was only a big case turned bottom upward, which served as a table when there was a plank put upon it, and as a chair when there was none. For other seats there was a bench which ran round the walls, with a bunker beneath one part of it with a lid which had the peculiarity of arising and smiting the unwary if the unwary happened to sit on it near the hinge. High up there were shelves on which stood the personal property of the male owners of Babel—three bull's-eye lanterns, a chopper, some candle ends, nails, gunpowder, shot, and other contraband articles in tins. From hooks on the walls hung an old frying-pan, a big saucepan with a weak bottom, a little saucepan without a handle, and a few other domestic treasures, the property of

the youthful lady owner who was mistress of the establishment and most situations in which she found herself.

The house of Babel belonged to the four children of my friend Maitland; it was virtually their own; in the summer they spent long days there, their elders seldom inquiring what they did and never entering without invitation. When I visited Maitland I was honored with a good many invitations to Babel; I was looked upon as a harmless eccentric—and a handy carpenter—by the boys; and of Marjory—Maria we always called her—I am proud to say I have ever been close friend and confidant.

It befell on a certain September day I well remember that I received one of these invitations to Babel. It was an invitation to lunch; it was given without explanation or visible reason, and it was for the next day, which was unusually long notice for Maria and her brothers, who generally gave a party when they had come into some unexpected food, and always gave it at once for fear the food should get eaten up before the guest arrived. At another time I might have felt a little suspicious of this invitation; at this I did not. I was preoccupied and had reasons of my own for being glad of an engagement for to-morrow's lunch.

"I s'pose," the astute Maria remarked when I had accepted without question—"I s'pose somebody's coming to lunch with mother who you don't want to see. Is it Mrs. Armitage? I don't like her myself, she's got such a nose."

"Certainly not," I said—and it was quite true; it was not so much Mrs. Armitage I did not want to see.

Maria nodded. "She's coming," she said, "and Constance too. Perhaps you didn't know? But you can't get out of coming to us; you've promised."

I told her somewhat haughtily that I had no idea of getting out of coming to them. And she not only believed me,

but also decided that her first notion was right, and for some reason my engagement to Babel was not to be mentioned in the house. This annoyed me almost as much as that she should have imagined I would naturally wish to be in if Constance Armitage were coming.

It was because Miss Armitage was coming that I did not wish to be in. Though of course it did not really matter whether or not I met Constance that day; I should meet her plenty of times in the future, I should have to get used to doing so, to thinking of her as some other man's wife. Not that I had been in the habit of thinking of her as my own wife; I all along realized the absurdity of that; I am a poor man, one who lives—more or less—by his pen, and she—she is Constance Armitage. But she had been very sweet to me, very kind and sweet, and I had dreams—who has not? But last night I woke from them. I met Mrs. Armitage, dining somewhere with the Maitlands; an imposing lady she is, not always very gracious to me. She was very gracious then, and took me quite into her confidence; she told me how relieved she was about dear Constance, she had been uneasy some time, the dear child had seemed unhappy, but it was all settled at last. It was not to be generally known yet, but would be announced shortly. "It" was an understanding between Constance and a certain Ten-thousand-a-year who had for some time been paying her marked attention. There was no engagement yet; I was not to think that and congratulate the parties or say anything publicly. Not a word had been breathed to any one except me, but I was such an old friend, I always showed such an interest in Constance, such an elder brother's—almost a father's interest, might she say? She might, of course, though I might not necessarily be pleased to remember I was nearly forty—a youthful estimate, by the way, for Constance's father, especially when you came to look at her mother. But I did not say anything so rude to Mrs. Armitage; I was most polite and very congratulatory. I said all the things I ought to have said to her, and afterward said all the things I ought not to have said, but in the solitude of my own room.

I had some thought of leaving the Maitlands' the next morning, but having only that day agreed to stay for some partridge driving next week, I could not very well do it, especially as I received no letter or telegram which might serve as an excuse. Fate decided I was to stay; after all, why not? Why give up the partridges because the sweetest girl in the world was going to do the wisest thing and marry a man suitable to her in age and income? So I stayed; it was much easier than answering questions or fabricating excuses. But seeing that Constance and Ten-thousand-a-year and Mrs. Armitage were lunching with the Maitlands, I decided that it would be preferable to lunch elsewhere, and when Babel offered I closed. But, thinking that the Maitlands, who underestimated the importance of child-engagements, might not think it adequate, I omitted to tell them to whom I had promised to go.

The next day I left the house early, but I did not present myself at the hut in the field till one o'clock. I knew I should not be wanted before; when the hosts and hostess do the cooking an early guest is sometimes an inconvenience. When I arrived the feast—in Babel every meal was a feast and some of the snacks too—the feast was in active preparation. The interior of the house was as hot as an oven, the proprietors all very busy, and the glowing stove showing to great advantage in the semi-darkness.

"You're late," Tim, the youngest, said, severely: Tim's face was dirtier than I ever remembered to have seen it; he looked as if he had been embracing the fuel with which he was feeding the omnivorous stove.

"I'm sorry," I answered, meekly. "I hope I haven't kept you waiting; you don't seem quite ready now."

"If you'd come earlier, you could have helped cook," he retorted.

"Gentlemen, especially visitors, don't cook," Maria observed from the frying-pan, where she was cooking potatoes with the assistance of Francis.

"We're just ready," she went on, as she deftly turned a slice with a pointed stick. "You and Ted can lay the cloth while you're waiting; you will find the things in the basket."

We set the table, having first made

sure that the plank top was not liable to tip up by reason of improper balance. The setting did not take long; there were a very limited number of utensils to set upon the newspaper which served for a table-cloth—newspapers played a large part in the plenishing of Babel. Before we had quite done, Francis, who had gone outside, ordered us out of the way.

"I'm coming with the beans," he shouted, and he came with them in the big saucepan which had been boiling on a fire made outside in an enormous flower-pot.

"There's no dish for them," Tim announced, without moving.

"Well, look sharp and find something," Francis ordered, shifting the saucepan from one hand to the other. "They're jolly hot, I tell you, and the bottom will be out if you don't be quick."

They would have been quick had they been able to agree as to whether to have the beans in the saucepan lid or on the ever-useful newspaper. But they never could agree about anything quickly, and Maria being otherwise engaged, the point was not settled before the threatened catastrophe happened, and the bottom, and the beans with it, fell to the floor.

"There now! That's your fault!" Francis said.

"Mine!" Tim cried, indignantly. "I like that! It's Ted's!"

"It's nothing of the sort!" Ted vowed.

I think he thought it Francis', but I am not sure. Maria intervened here. Maria is always business-like, nothing non-plusses her; if she were older, I sometimes think it would be worth while making love to her with a view to matrimony; she would be the kind of wife to have when the pipes burst or the servants leave in haste. She wastes no time in superfluous language, but turns to and does what is most expedient. Now she was not troubled by the question of who was to blame, nor did she suffer from the uncertainty I did—as to whether the accident would be judged to render the beans unfit for anything but guinea-pigs. She simply set to work to gather them off the floor into her pinafore. Seeing what she did, I, knowing I could not be wrong to follow her lead in this company, helped. By the time we had collected them the boys had settled their

differences and lent a hand in washing the recovered vegetables in a kettle of water which was simmering on the stove.

After that we had lunch; I don't remember much about the menu except that it was mixed and finished off with pancakes, which, by Maria's orders, every one cooked for himself. With not unvarying success, although, owing to that wise arrangement of hers, the cooks ate their own failures and pretended they liked them, which saved both grumbling and waste. After the pancakes we cleared and washed up, and put away the guinea-pigs which had been let out to eat up any beans which were left.

"We've not finished everything," Maria observed, as she dried her hands on the useful pinafore. "There's a little tongue, a whole potato not cooked, as well as the one the pigs ate part of. I have some cake and a few pear-drops, big ones, besides a lot of sherbet—we can have afternoon tea by-and-by."

Francis assented, then said, "Now we'll make the whitewash. You're going to help us whitewash, you know," he added to me.

I was outside the house at the time smoking a peaceful pipe and sitting on a big flower-pot turned wrong way up, the brother flower-pot to the one in which the second fire had been made. They had both been lately moved from Maria's garden, where they usually stood and where she and I sat to discuss what she called "interesting things"—how to grow primroses, the probability of a future life, why guinea-pigs' hair comes off, why people love other people, and many other matters. Now from my flower-pot I heard the first news of the whitewashing and perceived the object of my invitation and the price of my lunch.

"I can't whitewash," I said. "I don't know how."

"Oh yes, you can!" they cried, in chorus. "You can do it as well as we."

I thought that likely. "That wouldn't be much good," I observed.

"It's good enough for us," they assured me.

"Not for me," I said. "It hurts my artistic soul to do 'that'll-do' work; also, I don't particularly want to dress in whitewash to-day."

"It won't hurt; you can pick it off



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

MARIA

when it is dry," Tim said, and Ted cast some aspersions on my clothes, also on people in general who come to lunch and then try to back out of the work afterward. Francis said nothing, but having by this time replaced—more or less—the bottom of the big saucepan, he proceeded to put it on the stove and pour size into it.

"Isn't there any other job you want done?" I asked.

"No," Maria said, and I felt my case was hopeless with her against me. "You must help us whitewash; we should get into such a row for doing it if we were found out—that is, we should be if we did it alone; but if you helped us, nurse couldn't say anything, and father wouldn't say much."

The ingenuity of this idea showed its origin with Maria.

"Maria," I said, "I am ashamed of you; there is a dodgyness in your proceedings which pains me; if you continue in such courses, you will come to a bad end."

"Well, anyhow, you must help us whitewash," was all she said.

"And if I don't?" I asked.

"I shall go indoors and tell them where you are," Maria answered. "I know you came to us because you didn't want to see some one who was coming."

"Maria," I said, "you are a little beast. I have long thought it; now I know. It is quite time you went to boarding-school; I shall tell your mother I think so."

I do not know if she believed the threat; she did not seem troubled by it, only tried another line of attack. The house wanted whitewashing, she pleaded; it was very black. It certainly was, and always would be so long as the stove existed. It was the last chance of getting it done, the holidays were nearly over, the boys were soon going back to school, and she would be alone. It must be done somehow—I don't quite remember why, but it sounded an essential when she urged it with pathetic eyes. Their father would not spare one of the men to do it for them, and of course no man was to be trusted in Babel. They would not be able to get permission to do it themselves, but, blessed by my company and assistance, the thing could

be carried through. I always helped them; I was their friend—Maria has a little plaintive droop in her voice which, taken with her eyes, is irresistible.

"Maria," I said, "I still think you are a little beast, but, as I remember that I have not got on my best clothes, I will help you."

So the whitewash was made, I believe quite incorrectly; Francis and Ted each had a receipt, and, after a heated discussion, Maria declared for a nice blend of the two. It was applied hot; Tim insisted that it must be, I think because he would then have an excuse for stoking the stove. We whitewashed walls, ceiling, ourselves, and each other. I was given the best (and stolen) brush, less because I was guest than because it was thought I should use it to the greatest advantage. The others used various things. Maria, I remember, had a good handful of hay tied up in a cloth and fastened to a stick; with this her execution was wonderful and somewhat dangerous for her neighboring workmen.

We were all busily at work, and the inside of the house was very hot and somewhat evil-smelling, when, above the conversation of the workers, I caught the distant sound of voices.

"Maria," I said, "I believe some one is coming."

"Shut the door, Tim!" the lady ordered. "P'raps I had better get up and see who it is."

Francis was for doing this, but she would not let him. "You're so dirty if you're caught," she said, and slipped off her pinafore, rubbed face and hands on the inner side of it, and climbed out through the hole in the roof which was kept for this purpose, presenting—marvellous feminine!—a comparatively tidy and quaint little figure.

The way to reconnoitre from Babel is to get out through the useful hole, lie flat on the roof, and work your way up to the highest point. From thence you can see, without much chance of being seen, not only the paddock and orchard at hand, but also the kitchen-garden and the shrubbery path beyond the wall. Maria followed this course now; then her voice came down to us.

"It's father," she said. "I believe he's coming here. Clean your faces and



Drawn by J. A. Williams

HE WAS CAUGHT UP IN A CLOUD OF RAPT IMAGININGS

bring in the pail. Yes, he's coming. And Mrs. Armitage and Constance and some one else! Sim, quick, the board at the back! You can get out!"

One forgives Maria much; in a pinch she does not fail. She had declared that she wanted my assistance with the whitewashing to give legality to the proceeding; but now, when discovery by the persons I had not admitted to wanting to avoid threatened, she put my escape before everything. There is an extraordinary generous justice inherent in the young. I had done my best to fulfil my part of the contract; she would fulfil hers and keep my presence hidden from the guests I did not want to meet.

"The board at the back!" she said, as she let herself drop through the roof among the débris the boys were hastily clearing away.

The house had a convenient back way; not only was a piece of the planking loose, but a corresponding exit had been made in the fence behind; one could easily escape to a rough pasture-field at the back. Maria and the boys did sometimes find it necessary to so escape. That day they did not; the whitewash would be less likely to be discovered if they stood by the house and trusted to their wits and Maria's innocent face. It was not they but I who escaped that day; and I felt no compunction in doing it; if trouble befell the whitewashers, I could make it all right for them at tea-time. On the spur of the moment I fled from before Mrs. Armitage as the prophet before Jezebel; I felt I could not face her and Ten-thousand-a-year and Constance from among the whitewash—or anywhere else just then. So, coatless and hatless, I slipped out and went a little way down the pasture-field, keeping close under the fence for cover.

From the other side came voices; Maria was right; they were approaching Babel, I wondered at whose instigation. From scraps of talk that reached me it almost seemed as if it might be Constance. I could hear her clear voice quite plainly, and the sound of it—fool that I was—made my middle-aged pulses quicken.

"Look here, my friend," I told myself, "if you are this kind of ass, you would be better on the other side of the field."

But I could not very well get there without crossing the open, and though I might not be seen doing it, I might. So I did not try. I went quietly back on my steps till I came to where there was a knot-hole in the fence. I had an interest in Constance, a fatherly interest in seeing how happy she looked now it was all settled satisfactorily with Ten-thousand-a-year. I put my eye to the hole and saw her. She did not look so very happy; indeed, I must own she looked both tired and pale, not at all at her best. And when Ten-thousand-a-year (who was showing signs of being bored by the visit to Babel) interrupted her conversation with Maria, she betrayed what might almost be called petulance. I caught my own name in the conversation with Maria, which he interrupted but did not stop.

"Mr. Fenton sometimes comes here and helps you with your carpentering and things, doesn't he?" Constance was asking. It was imbecile of me to feel any satisfaction in it, but I did, though I might have remembered the sympathy and ready interest she always showed in the trivial concerns of children—and some silly grown-ups too. She showed that interest now when Maria told of what I did at Babel and when I came there—with the present occasion omitted.

If I wanted a testimonial, I think I should apply to Maria. I blushed in my retreat behind the fence as I heard the picture she presented of me. But I am ashamed to say I did not go away. I kept my eye to the knot-hole and on Constance's face.

"But are you not going to show us the inside of your house?" Mrs. Armitage's voice interrupted—I never knew before that she had great enthusiasm for places neither clean nor picturesque.

The owners had no particular enthusiasm to show her this one now; the boys would have betrayed the inconvenience of such a request, but Maria assented—just as if there was no contraband whitewash all over the interior.

"If you would like to see it," she said. "It is in rather a muddle; we're spring cleaning; we generally do before the boys go back to school."

She even went a step toward the house as if to open the door. The largest ves-

sel of whitewash was behind it, so that it could not be opened wide enough to admit any one much bigger than Maria. If I know my friend, she did not seriously contemplate trying to open it to admit Mrs. Armitage, unless pressed a good deal more. But Tim had less nerve; he clutched at Constance's dress—and left a white handprint on the light fabric.

"Don't let 'em go!" he whispered, in a loud aside. "Make father clear out!"

And Constance, dear girl, made them clear out. "If you are spring cleaning," she said, "we won't bother you; show us your gardens instead."

The whole party moved off toward the gardens. But not before Constance came quite close to the knot-hole; she had looked in that direction once or twice before; for one paralyzing moment I thought she had seen me. But I was mistaken; when in a casual manner she approached, her attention was on something else. The saucepan of partly used size, which stood on a box by the fence, had been forgotten, and Maria had just in time thrown my coat over it to cover it. The coat concealed the pot and its contents completely and told no tales; it was huddled together and might have been any one's coat; I should hardly have known it as my own. Constance certainly would not when she, by accident, put her hand on it as she passed close by—a bare left hand, where there were no rings at all. But the touch of the hand and its ringlessness set my pulses going again.

I was a fool! I was a hundred times a fool! Of course she wore no ring yet; Ten-thousand-a-year and she were not formally engaged. Of course she might touch the coat by chance; she would think it Francis' coat, a gardener's, any one's. I was an old fool, a million times one. I went down the pasture-field to a little coppice beyond, where I spent a bad hour with myself.

The party on the other side of the fence, I afterward heard, divided. Mrs. Armitage and Maitland went back to the house. The Armitages were staying on after the rest of the guests departed; Ten-thousand-a-year, of course, remained too. He and Constance went together to see the gardens, and the children went with them, the whole lot. Constance

was always fond of children, and Ten-thousand-a-year does not seem to have been able to get rid of them, although there is reason to think that he tried.

This I did not know till afterward. At the time I knew nothing except that I was a middle-aged fool, and that the only woman in the world was going to marry an eligible young Ten-thousand-a-year—which was very sensible of her.

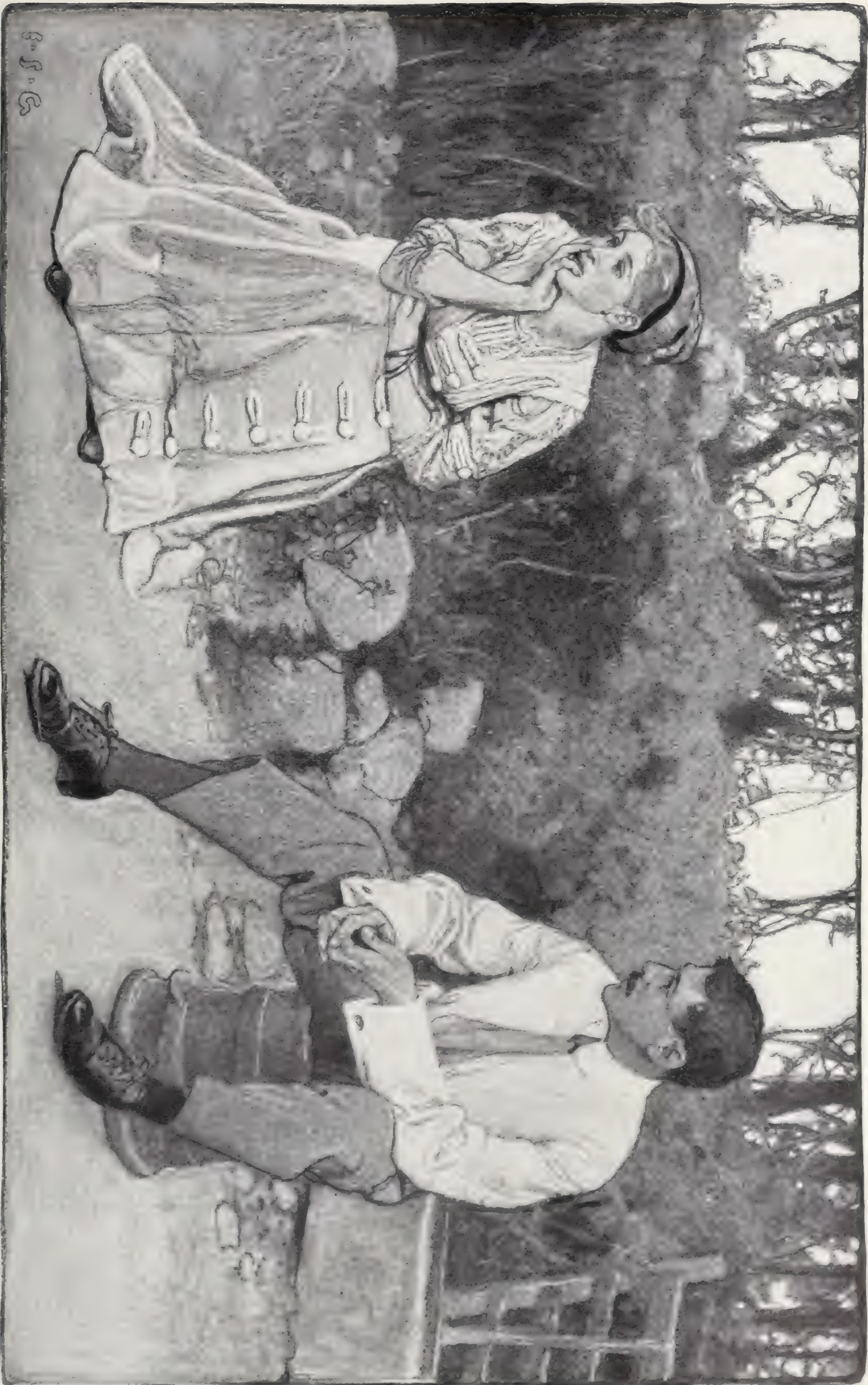
The coppice at the bottom of the pasture-field was small; but as I could not well leave its shelter and strike across country hatless, coatless, and adorned with whitewash, I put up with its confines. It was also very thick, one could really see nothing from it; owing to this and to my own preoccupation I did not see a cloud of smoke which rose from Babel so early as I otherwise might. Indeed, I did not see it till well on in the afternoon, when, my mind somewhat re-adjusted, I left its shelter. My intention was to go to Babel, recover hat and coat, and return to the house, from which in my ignorance I judged the guests would be gone by now.

Babel lay in a hollow with several trees screening it; one could not see the building itself till one was well up the pasture-field. But no sooner had I left the shelter of the coppice than I perceived smoke coming from where it lay—a great deal of smoke even for Babel—and, owing to the owners' stoking, they did have good smokes there. "They must be stoking to some purpose," I thought, and concluded that for reasons of their own they had decided to apply the whitewash boiling. Just then I topped the rise and saw the explanation. Below, beyond the boundary fence, was the old place, and from one side of it, the side where the stove was, a tongue of flame was shooting upward. Smoke poured from the hole in the roof, and I could now see that the whole place was on fire.

The children! The boys; Maria! For an instant the thought gripped me; next instant I laughed at myself. Nothing could have befallen them, to escape from Babel was so ridiculously easy; in fact, not to escape was practically impossible. The fire must have broken out after they left, which was no doubt as well, else they would have been here

Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

B. J. C.



"I DON'T SEE THAT IT MUCH MATTERS SAYING THAT I LOVE YOU"

trying to save some of their property and getting themselves burned in the process. Still, in spite of this assurance I hastened to the building, calling them as I went. But no one answered; there was no one there.

Nothing on earth could save it now, I saw that before I had vaulted the fence; even if water and help had been handy, which they were not, the old building must inevitably have burned itself out. For a minute I stood in front of it, looking at it. There would be real grief for the going of Babel; no new building which might be given in its stead would quite replace this; the owners themselves could never put into another what had been in the old. The new might be a carpenter's shed, a workshop, a garden parlor, a superior place; there might be a bench or a lathe or a dark room, the amusements and occupations of eager youth, but the old play would be ended; the children would not play here again. I somehow felt old and lonely as I stood before the poor old place, an old and lonely man.

"Oh!" a voice behind me gasped. "Oh! It's on fire!"

A particularly obvious remark when you come to think of it, but it did not strike me that way, for the voice that uttered it was that of Constance Armitage. I turned sharply, and for a moment we stood looking at each other.

I do not know for what reason she had come back here, nor on what excuse, though my acquaintance with Maria leads me to imagine the last trifle would present no difficulty to her sex. I only know that she was there and I was there, and she did not say that she found that fact surprising. After her exclamation anent the fire we stood and looked at each other for an appreciable length of time and, speaking for myself, to the complete forgetting of the fire. I cannot say how long we should have done this; we were saved from the difficulty of ending it by a queer little sound which came from within the burning building.

Constance's eyes dilated. "What is it?" she said, moving a step nearer.

"The guinea-pigs!" I exclaimed, as a recognition of it flashed across me. "Maria has left the guinea-pigs there!"

"Oh, poor little things!" Constance

cried, clasping her hands pitifully; but the pity very quickly left her face. "You are not going for them!" she exclaimed. "You shall not! Oh, you must not! You shall not do it!"

We could not let the poor little beasts be roasted alive; I told her so, and she, being very tender-hearted, did not contradict. But she caught me by the sleeve and repeated, "You cannot go!"

I think I advised her not to be silly, and explained that the guinea-pigs were Maria's. "They used to belong to her cousin," I said, "the boy that died, you know; it would break her heart to have this happen to them. Let go. There's not a scrap of danger!"

She held the faster. "The roof might fall in," she said, rather breathlessly. "It must fall soon; it might fall any minute. If it did—"

She did not say what would happen then; she broke off. But I know something that very nearly happened when she said it—when her face was close to mine in a smother of smoke, when her two hands held me and her breath was on me. But it did not; I pulled myself free in time and went into Babel. I remember thinking that it would be better for Ten-thousand-a-year if she went away before I came out again. I may even have been idiot enough to think it would be no great matter to me, if she did go away, if the roof fell in before I came out.

It did not, at least not with inconvenient completeness. A bit over the stove, where the fire had begun, collapsed before I was quite clear of the place, but it did not touch me. The only thing that did was an unpleasantly hot frying-pan, which fell on my hand. I cursed Maria's orderliness, which had hung it on the nail from which it had fallen, and felt around in the smoke for the guinea-pigs' hutch. It was on the seat just under the shelf where the gunpowder-tin stood. Poor pigs! their end might have been dramatic, but as it was, I picked up the hutch and carried them, still shrieking, into the air.

Constance was still there.

Her face was white and strained—as if this were some heroic deed and that behind were almost certain death. "Are you hurt?" she asked; she breathed it, I

think; I don't remember to have heard her voice.

"No," I said, and I clasped the hutch tight—otherwise undoubtedly I should have clasped her.

"Thank God!" she muttered. "I thought the roof—"

Her voice tailed away and she swayed on her feet. I dropped the hutch precipitously—I was bound to prevent her from falling.

The guinea-pigs—their nerves had evidently gone to pieces—shrieked aloud in fright.

"Oh, you've hurt them!" she said, making a wonderful recovery without help from me.

"No, I haven't," I retorted, and I squatted on the ground and took the little beasts out of their hutch. On the whole, it seemed the best thing for a middle-aged fool to do in the circumstances. I did not hurry over it. I thought: "Now is your time to go, young woman, or to make polite conversation, or do something. If you do not—"

She did not.

"Won't you sit down?" I said. I indicated one of the two flower-pots, and turned the other over and sat on it myself—a good way off; it seemed safer.

There followed a pause, in which one might presume she was recovering from her recent shock; but which had some suggestion of waiting for what was going to be said. I defy any one to say nothing in such circumstances.

"I fear that I shall behave like a cad," I remarked, impersonally, at last. "Yes, obviously I shall do it. Will you let me without interruption?"

"If you like," she answered, in a small, tired voice.

"Well," I said, impersonally, "as you probably knew all about it long ago, I don't see that it much matters saying that I love you. Don't think I pretend to conclude you love me. There is no earthly reason why you should do anything so foolish. And, anyhow," I went on, more quickly, for she made a sound almost as if she were going to interrupt—"anyhow, marriage not being a matter of to-day and to-morrow and the honeymoon only, but for ever and ever, it

is no doubt a very good thing you shouldn't love me. Love's got to go a long way, out beyond romance and even beyond the big troubles, into the trivial every-day of existence—a deuce of a long way it would have to go, and there wouldn't be much income to help it. But—"

I was guilty of turning toward her here. "I'm awfully sorry," I blurted out, as I looked away again quickly. "I ought not have said it. I know about the other man. I'm glad you've accepted him if it'll make you happy—"

"But I haven't!" she cried.

"You haven't? But your mother—"

"I know," she said, rather confusedly; "at least I think—I mean she wanted—Oh, you are stupid!"

Undoubtedly I was, but then the age of miracles is past, and she had youth and beauty and wealth, everything, and there was no sane or sound reason why she should marry such a man as me. Moreover, had not her mother confidentially told me about the other man? Still, undoubtedly I was stupid, I own it; but I made up for it. Yes, on the whole, I think I made up for it then.

When Maria and the boys, from some distant spot, discovered the burning Babel and came helter-skelter to the scene, the flower-pots had gravitated a good deal nearer together, and the forgotten guinea-pigs were eating to repletion of fallen fruit under distant apple trees. The boys were much disgusted with my remissness in not notifying them of the fire, also with the want of interest in it which they considered my position indicated. But Maria forgave me.

"He saved my guinea-pigs," she declared, again and again, as if that wiped out all scores. "He saved my guinea-pigs," we heard her high young voice telling Mrs. Armitage. "He rushed into the fire and saved them! It must have been awful dangerous; his hands got burnt and his shirt got burnt, and he was all covered in smoke and black. Constance was rather black too, her frock and her face both, but I don't think she went in; perhaps it came off Sim—"

Perhaps it did.

In The Earth Beneath

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

THERE were no thrills. As we strolled up the inclined bridge into the tipple I felt for a moment that I should be looking back at the sunlit hills and the poplar trees swaying in the wind, at the dome of the sky and the thin, pale little clouds that were pasted to it; I felt that I ought to hear a bird-song, and that somewhere about the edge of the shaft mouth there should be a little blue flower that I would glimpse as we descended into "the bowels of the earth." And I was to look at all these things and think solemnly that perhaps it was for the last time, because I was going down into a coal mine, where black damp and back draught and fire-damp, slate falls and "explosions," made it just possible that I would never see any of those open-air things again. I know now that I must have read somewhere of some one who had had such gloomy thoughts, and I had instantly felt that I too would feel so, if ever I was in the same place. I never thought of them except for a momentary disappointment to find that I could not.

The tipple, a crude shed perched upon a multitude of stilts, swayed and clattered with the shunted, switched-about cars; we stood in a twilight of coal dust that was banded and barred from side to side by mote-filled sunbeams from wall cracks and dust-encrusted window-panes. All about us eddied small cars, ponderous in their weight and thickness, clumsy, awkward little cars, with their four wheels set close together under their big-bellied bodies—oddly suggestive of dirty baby elephants with their feet bunched under them. Cars everywhere. Outside the tipple, a score of them, crippled and convalescent, all being patched or having been patched with conspicuously clean planks or a bright new wheel or two. At the farther end, glaringly bright in the morning sunlight, like a high-keyed painting in a black frame,

was a vision of a distant slate dump, along whose sharp crest a ridiculous silhouette mule was dragging a silhouette procession of cars. Within the tipple swarms of cars that seemed never still; cars that charged down grades and up-ended suddenly to violently spill their contents, clattering, down a chute; that switched themselves on to other tracks and came rattling back to bump roughly into a row of their waiting fellows. Cars coming up and cars going down; all noise, all motion, all life that caught our attention was instantly seen to be—cars. And with every move they shook out little clouds of coal dust that thickened the air into a murky gloom, through which the bright sky between the interlacing beams overhead looked dingy and brown.

The mouth of the shaft, which I had in some way preconceived to be a square hole level with the ground, at whose black edge I might stand and peer down eerily, was no more a mouth than is an elevator entrance; and the cage, instead of the diving-bell affair of my fancy, was half-brother to any staid freight hoist. The shaft mouth was a double-barrelled concern; up one side came loaded cars, down the other descended the cars to be refilled.

There was a pause in the succession of cars that had been coming to the surface four to the minute, and we took the place of the last one on the platform of the cage. The guide nodded; a young man grinned maliciously at us, and then blew viciously into a speaking-tube; I had heard him told to signal "easy"; had I not seen the grin I might be willing to believe that he just forgot. For an instant we hung poised, then—there was no jar, no gliding start gradually increasing in velocity; there was an instantaneous drop. There was light, then darkness, and there was the bottom—on which we landed with the lightness of the proverbial thistle-down.

I was immensely surprised—I felt cheated; I should have been told that we were to start and stop so quickly, then I would have felt emotions, sensations—gained impressions to tell about now. We “fell” three hundred and sixty-five feet in eight seconds, and that is falling fast. The motion was not in any respect that of an elevator: it was a fall—without fear. I was half exasperated to find that I was as unimpressed as though I had just come down the cellar stairs.

All about us were more cars, monotonous rows upon rows of them stretching up and down the four tracks in dim-seen perspective vanishing away into utter dark. Where we stood it was like a big damp warehouse, at night, disappointingly prosaic with its electric lights, and its width and height. A strong, steady, damp-smelling breeze, that sucked past us and up the shaft, bore the only promise of better things. A couple of men who were giving helpful shoves to too heavily loaded cars eyed us with curiosity; one man was constantly writing figures on a black-board like a stock-broker’s: the white chalk-marks almost glared by contrast with the gloom; it was all very monotonous and methodical. We walked away, and after a short distance the four tracks became two, the roof lowered sharply, the electric lights spaced to rarities, and then, abruptly, we came to a whitewashed partition, set edge on, that made of the passageway two diverging tunnels, and I felt that I had come to the mine at last. There was a bench at one side of the track, and we sat down and waited. The sound of the contact of the shunted cars at the foot of the shaft came to us faintly, exhausted by its effort to stem the tide of the outflowing air. There was something immutable about the steady sweep of the current that filled the entry from side to side, from roof to bottom. Its constant passing made of it a presence as of a spirit that was going by us in the dark: it was the ghost of the summer wind on the hills outside.

And now there came a new sound, a rumbling, bumping, clattering sound. We walked back a few yards to the branching off of the entry. A train of mine cars came trundling by—a seemingly endless procession of them; at the

last, propelling the whole train, a motor, a heavy, low-browed, powerful motor without grace or comeliness, but with an immense amount of push; it had an air of having its head down, shoving with its shoulders and getting no fun out of it. A man sat perched on the end of the motor and twisted at its steering-gear; from a tin lamp like a miniature coffee-pot that he wore on the front of his cap there floated back a small streamer of flame and greasy smoke.

“Comin’ in soon with another trip, Bill?” the guide called. The man nodded and went by without looking back. We turned to the bench again and waited. Presently the train came back, a train of “empties” this time; and when the motor was even with us it stopped and we climbed aboard. It had a small cockpit at the back, in which we put our feet as we sat on the fifteen-inch-thick sides. We bowed our heads forward uncomfortably, the motor started with a great buzzing and humming and much sputtering of bright blue sparks; then, gaining momentum on the down grade, we went rumbling into the endlessness of winding tunnels and a great gloom.

I became as two men. I was the man who had lived in the world of every day, with the commonplace sights and sounds of the life you know and live. I was the Stranger who had stolen upon him in the dark at the tunnel’s diverging ways, and had linked himself to the other man of me and forced him to see with *his* soul and with his strange, staring eyes. Coal mine, coal mine, coal mine. I am riding on a grimy, greasy motor, which is pushing empty cars into a mine to be reloaded by men who work in this place day after day; there is nothing unusual in this—twenty times a day do these men do this thing; this is a mere commonplace, a view of other men earning a livelihood by working in a mine. What a dreamer is this Stranger—this fool!

I am the Stranger to whom this is the Underground—the world of fancy and imagery, of mystery and wonder—and fear; to whom this never-changing dark is as water pressing on him, palpable as to a diver in the depths of the sea; whose ears hear only the thick silence, or the whispers of the steady, gliding wind

that has in it words and meaning: a story of wrongs and of wanderings; of how it was snatched out of the sunshine and forced down into these endless ways, and how it was driven on and on through the dark, turned by impenetrable doors, poisoned by gases, devoured by men and beasts; and how it struggled on and at last found the outlet and now was rushing, irresistible, back to the light and the open under the sky.

The motor grinds and hums, and the cars up forward in the dark clatter and clash together and rattle over the switches and crunch the spilled blocks of coal. The guide is shouting, "Bad slate fall here—those are pit-posts or 'shores'." The roof had given way at the intersection of another heading; countless posts bracing up the roof were on both sides; it seemed vast after the tunnel-like entry.

I am the Stranger, who stares at a cavern, roofed only by wavering shadows, aisled and niched and naved into a crude cathedral by a forest of gaunt, naked tree trunks, peopled by imagined spirits of the men who might have died there under the fall.

But a moment, and then the close-pressing walls and the low uneven roof of the tunnel again, where the flare of the lamps surrounds us with a pale fog of light that catches in dull sparkles on rough-hewn walls. Long, unbroken reaches of this same dingy wall; spaces where I, the Stranger, seem to feel bound in the black net of these miles of lonely workings—each heading a strand, each room a knot.

Spaces where the roof comes so low that it seems to be giving up the weary task of upbearing the tons of rock and earth, sod and trees, and the homes of men outside. Here and there facings turn sharply off, their square openings hung with a velvet curtain of empty dark; men, waiting for us to pass, stand in some of them, each crowned with a halo of misty light, each with a strangely black face from which the eyeballs gleam unnaturally white. Once, a mule with a grim, long face and slowly waving ears; he looked a pantomime mule, all head and fore legs—cut off oddly behind by the dark; somewhere back of him there was the clanking of an unseen chain.

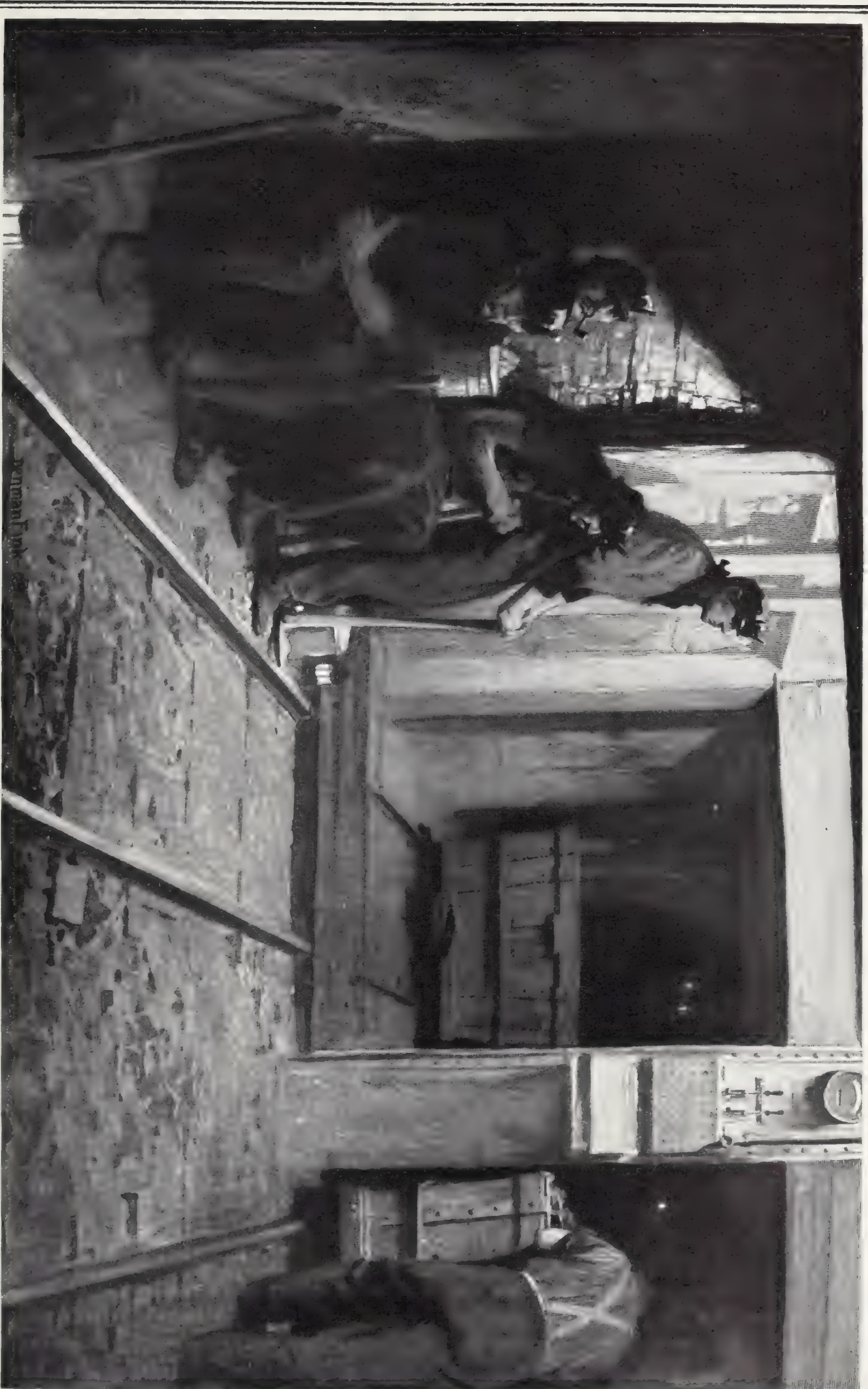
On and on, and ever and ever downward through the riven earth, past safeties—small cells cut into the solid walls, in which a man might stand during the passing of a train. They were white-washed to make them discernible in the dark; shallow, open-sepulchres they seemed. In one stood a miner; he had set his lamp on the floor, and he looked like an ebony saint in a niche, at whose feet a candle had been lighted by the devout. On and on past great oak doors placed across the way to turn the air at right angles down some facing; they shut behind us, ponderously, with a deep solemn bo-o-om; there was a note of finality about the shutting of these doors—it was a slightly chilling sound.

And so, on and on, past the same sort of thing time after time, until familiarity crept in and drew a gauzy film of forgetfulness over the memory of the sunlight and the green earth outside. It seemed not so strange to ride thus through the dark. And at last we stopped, and got down, and trudged away on a cross-track where the motor could not go.

All things inanimate seemed banded together to force us to recognize that they were real, not part of a scene at which we might point and look, and go away well pleased. This was reality, this now was the life.

As we stumbled along in the gloom over the ties, as we slipped into the hoof-trodden mire between, as we tripped against blocks of coal—bent almost double to avoid the low roof—small voices called insistently to us, "This way the men of the mine must go—day after day, day after day." And we heard, and began at last to know.

The light of the safety-lamps, after the genial flaring of the open torch that we had left behind, was a pale dispassionate thing—no longer than the flame of a match. The darkness encroached; it seemed a thing alive—alive and very real; it dogged our heels, it stole in between us and the walls, and followed close at either hand. Now we knew how loudly had hummed the motor; with its sound taken away the silence leaped out and became almost a visual thing, broken only by our shuffling footfalls, the slip-



Drawn by Dennan Fink

LIKE A BIG DAMP WAREHOUSE, DISAPPOINTINGLY PROSAIC WITH ITS ELECTRIC LIGHTS

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

ping of dislodged fragments from the walls, and the slow, solemn plash of dripping water in the pools on either side. A turn to the right—was it north or west?—then a turn to the left—east or south? where had we made the last turn, where—which way? Confusion! It was the helplessness of the blind in a pushing, heedless throng.

We plodded on; I felt I could never straighten my back again.

"Eight butt; they are working here."

Men again—human beings, good to see after the lonely chambers of the dark. There seemed a colony of them; the air was full of the sounds that meant action, life, men. There were lights here and there down the length of the butt, shadowy figures moving back and forth. The butt was like a long corridor with

pings, as from a small army of woodpeckers overtaken by the dark and still hungry—it was the picks of the miners digging against the face of the coal.

We went into one room—No. 5—from which there came a wild, unholy noise like a theatrical wind-machine in reckless hands; it howled with one wavering, sorrowful note, and with a steady, deep voice it ground and ground. We hurried forward to see what this thing called a cutting-machine might be. At the far end of the room, whose twenty-one-foot width seemed wide indeed, we came upon two men and the machine. We had come to one of the fountain-heads, a source, of the steady stream of coal that had been flowing past us all the day. The machine that was tapping this spring attained its greatest propor-

tions in its voice; it was moderately long, quite narrow, and very low. On top of a framework an electric motor ran forward and back; underneath was a chain, set horizontal, but an inch or two clear of the floor level; on the outer edge of this chain were bits, or teeth of steel, shaped like tiger claws. The chain revolved on two sprockets, the larger in front; the claws ground into the surface of the coal, with a cutting edge three and a half feet wide. The motor advanced the claws until the coal had been undercut six feet, then backed out, the machine was stopped, the

noise ceased, and the two men slid it over a few feet and continued to cut. We sat down to watch.

The air was dense with fine sifting coal-dust; it tasted of coal when we breathed. The lamps and torches dif-



THIS WAY THE MEN OF THE MINE MUST GO DAY AFTER DAY

rooms on only one side; of some the doors seemed shut—it was but the darkness of an untenanted room; in others could be seen men, far back, working in a soft haze of light. From up and down the line came the sound of tiny tap-

fused their light as though under water; the whole effect reminded me of a diver that I had once seen "exhibiting" in a glass-fronted tank: there were a few high lights, a few pale patches of lighter tone, and all the rest was gray-green shadow, vague and strange. Presently the men nodded to us, and dragged the machine away; they had completed their work in this room.

Two other men came in. One carried a moderate-sized brace on which there was a prodigious auger eight feet long; he began to drill at the side of the face, half-way to the roof, and with an upward slant. It was very hard work, but at last done—drilled back as far as the cut extended. In the hole they placed three sticks of carbonite, tamped it in with clay, lighted the fuse, and we all ran. Out in the butt, around the corners from the entrance we waited. There was a blast of hot wind that flung against us the noise of the explosion—not the muffled, colorless sound followed by the falling, sliding coal—the sound that I had been braced for—but an angry, snappy bang, very short, very sharp: then deathly silence. It made me jump with surprise. We all ran in again, through the pungent smoke and the dry, brown dust. A third of the face was down,

down in big blocks that glistened in the light. One corner was dented in. That was all. The Hungarian miners were very pleased; they all but capered with delight, crying, "Gooda sho-o-ot," again and again, the purport being that more had fallen than they had hoped—that there would not be need for much pick-work.

It was the "tight shot" that we had seen fired; the "butt shot"—a slighter charge—would be set in the other corner, and would bring down the loosened balance of the undercut coal. This meant that for each cut there would fall some seven hundred and twenty cubic feet of coal—twelve of the little cars—twenty or twenty-two tons. Miner's ethics demand that each cut shall be cleared away, quite, within the next twenty-four hours—truly a man's work. As we turned out into the butt again we heard the first shovelfuls of the twenty-two tons fall clattering into the empty car.

Then more of the rough uneven ties; more mire; more of the back-breaking forward bend at the hips; gloom; labyrinthal turnings; the same monotonous plodding that becomes mental as well as muscular—more of the miner's mine. And then we come to a sign, plainly lettered, "Beyond here, no open lights allowed."



HE LOOKED LIKE AN EBONY SAINT IN A NICHE

It brought the same faint catch at the heart that marks the passing of the first lonely cross at the side of an unsafe trail.

"Gas?" I ask.

"Maybe."

There came upon me a tenseness, a mental sharpness that had not been there before—as though I had drawn from its scabbard a keen polished blade. I walked with a new step, alert, to repel an adversary who might leap upon me in the dark. There was the animal instinct to sniff, to get scent of the danger.

"You can't smell it or taste it: watch the flame of the lamp—if it draws up toward the top there is gas." I watched it narrowly; there was not a quiver, it burned with an unwavering, confident air.

It was all one long, straight, unbroken tunnel now, but downward, always downward. We heard the steady tap-tapping of a pick, and we hurried, unconsciously, as though to see something new and

strange. There was the same pale fog of light, the same tiny yellow point of flame, and there was one man, patiently chipping away at the face of the coal. This, then, was the outpost; here was "farthest north." With each pick-stroke we were advancing into the untried earth—strange country, in which we felt the nearer presence of God.

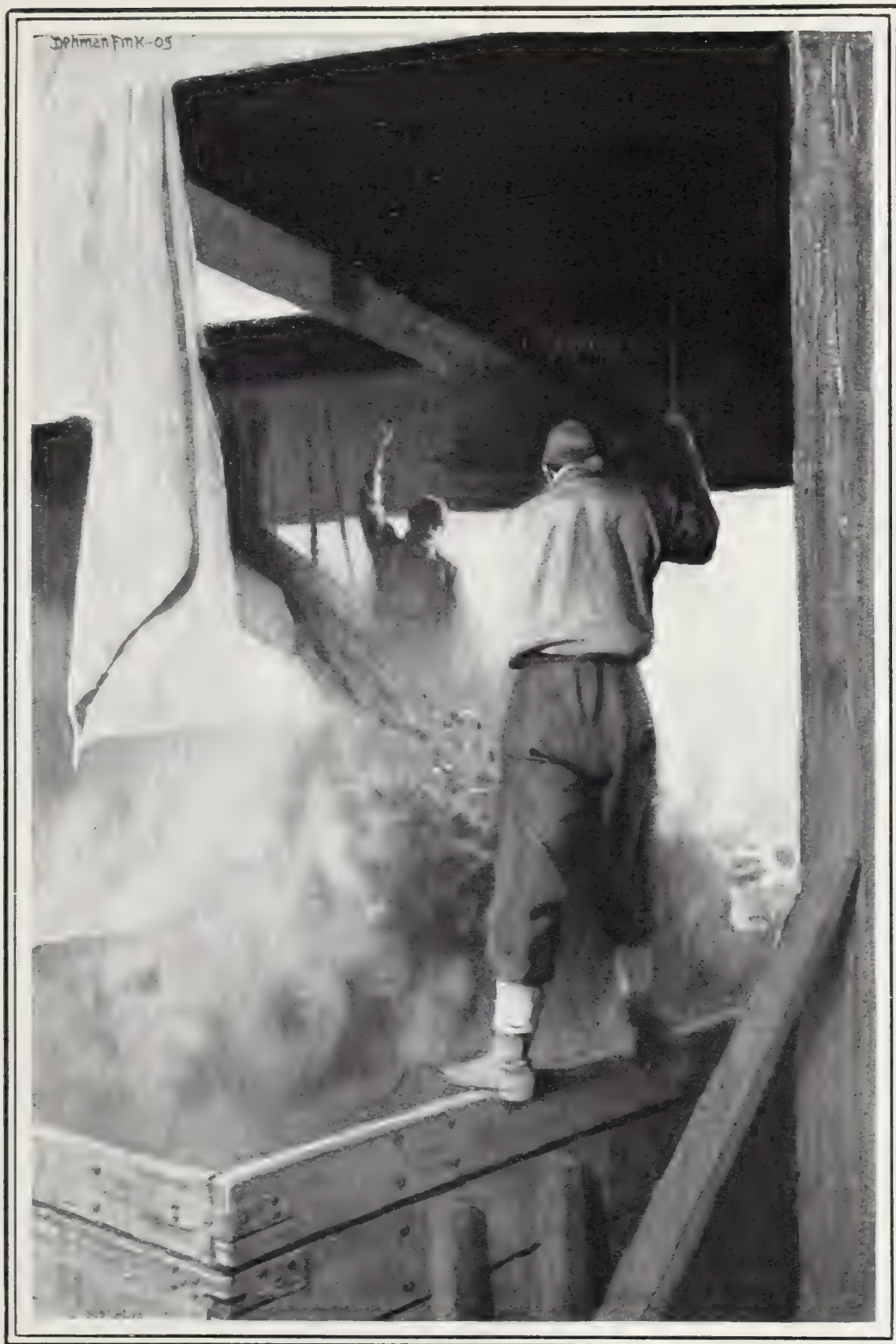
Small hissings came from here and there within the walls. I have read in some book of snakes in the bottom of an old well hissing warnings to one another of the presence of an intruder—it was like that, as though preparing to strike. And yet there was no gas out in the mine; I ceaselessly watched the lamp flame; no change.

After a time the man laid down his pick and began drilling with one of the long augers; after he had drilled in two or three feet he began to whistle through his teeth—tunelessly, I thought.

"There's gas," the guide laughed, "and water!"



A FEW HIGH LIGHTS, AND ALL THE REST SHADOW, VAGUE AND STRANGE



BENEATH THE TIPPLE, THE ROAR AND CLATTER OF THE CHUTES

I think I wondered if we would not all run; I wished we would. A trickle of water oozed out around the drill and ran down over the face of the coal; the miner began to swear in his soft native tongue—he was annoyed, angry, not at all afraid; his work was being interfered with, that was all. He pushed harder against the drill, and grunted louder, grinding fast at the handle to get the task over with. When he withdrew the tool a little stream of water gushed out and plashed down on the floor; the gas bubbled and hissed. I thought of subterranean rivers that flooded whole mines, of pockets of gas that roared out unexpectedly from just such tiny beginnings as this

auger-hole. The water was a mere spurt, the gas died down to a faint wheezing. We watched the man place his shot, and tramp it in; watched him uncoil and lay his battery wire down the track to an old car, behind which we crouched with him while he exploded the charge by an electric spark. Then we all ran forward, watching the lamps narrowly. They burned as before, except where, in some of the shallow cavities of the uneven roof, sufficient gas had collected to bring to the tip of the flame a small, translucent, blue cap. If the flame drew up and ended in a twisting ribbon of blue smoke-like gas, then we would have to leave—that would indicate an explosive amount of fire-damp—two or three per cent.—I was told.

“To get it out?

Brattice it. Make a long partition of brattice cloth—thick canvas—a few feet from the wall; the good air flowing in the wider hallway forces the gas out between the wall and the brattice, diffuses the gas into the purer air—cleanses the mine quickly.”

It made it all seem commonplace, easy—I had wanted to come away feeling that I had looked Death in the eye: I had only seen a mischievous boy attempting to interfere with the work of grown men.

The smoke was clearing away; from far back in the earth came sleepy, peevish voices, the voices of ponderous masses of coal readjusting themselves, crushing out minute fissures, creaking and

crackling, settling down again, thinking to resume their æon-long sleep that had not been disturbed since the world was young—until this Slav miner kindled a sputtering blue spark.

We left him there industriously shovelling coal into the car, left him to the company of the seeping water, the fire-damp, and the grumbling protests of the Black Vein.

It is a long hard walk back to the point where we can catch an outgoing motor train; but at last we sit on a pile of ties and wait.

"Were you ever in a mine disaster?" I idly ask.

"I was foreman of the mine where twenty-nine lives were lost one day last year."

Then I remembered, remembered that this man was a hero—I had not thought of the similarity of names—and that the newspapers had sung his praises for days: his devotion to his men; his descent into the wrecked mine to reconnoitre—alone; how he led the relief expedition, though himself badly hurt, and four times overcome by gas and carried out of the mine; how he had not taken food or rest except in snatches at the shaft mouth until the bodies of every one of his men had been brought out at the end of the sixth day. All this I had read, now I heard him tell it. He told it in terse, uncolored sentences of simple words; he was foreman and he had gone in after his men, that was all; he took it for granted that I knew "it was his duty," that I knew that "other foremen in his place would have done the same." There were many homely little details in the story such as I cannot forget: he had been tired, very tired, that evening, and had gone to bed right after supper; he wasn't quite asleep yet when It came. The house shook some and all the windows rattled—there was sort of a bo-o-omf—slow, like that. His landlady ran to his room and asked him to go down the cellar—that the furnace had "blew up." As he sat beside me in the dark he chuckled a little. "I knew that never was any furnace; I thought it was one of the boilers—we had a batt'ry of four boilers there." He told how he had examined the concrete arch of the mouth and found it cracked and crumbling;

and how he had gone in just to look around while they were getting the men of the day-shift and the tools together. "I was alone," he said, simply, when I asked him.

There was the gas—already close to the entrance—a kind of mist against the roof; he went on and pretty soon he felt himself to be steppin' too high, and all of a sudden his chest kind o' filled up—he peered at me to see if I knew how he meant—and then he fell down, and he fell against some pipe and broke a rib; but he kept his senses all right and so he got up again and got his head up out of the black damp—that would have finished him—and so he got out.

He had told them with certainty that there was not a man left alive in the mine; it was no expedition buoyed up with hope of effecting a rescue; they went, and he led them. There was not much more of the story; he ended it, "And so we brought them all out." And it was told just that way.

"After the mine was opened up again did you—mind—going in?"—it was not that I thought that he had been afraid. He understood.

"No," he said, "and I used to wonder, too, when I passed the place." He turned to me: "We found nearly all of them in a place no bigger than that," pointing to a space of twenty-five feet. He spoke as though half to himself. "And we could see that nearly all of them had *crawled* after they first fell."

We sat silent and stared before us, and what I saw as I sat beside him in the dark and looked where he had pointed, I do not care to tell. And I felt that back there in the advance heading I *had* looked Death in the eye—the eye that had been only asleep.

"Every year I think that I will quit the mine and buy a little farm, but"—he laughed—"I don't guess I ever will; I wouldn't be happy; I've been in mines for thirty-eight years!"

We talked of men and mines. I wanted the psychology of miners; there wasn't any, he said. I wanted to think that it was the element of danger that drew men into the mines—the excitement; there wasn't any; after a week I would find that minin' was just earnin' a livin'; the mine would seem like any factory.



A GROUP GATHER CLOSE ABOUT THE TALLY-BOARD

Then why—? It's the boys. They are the same as youngsters in a seaport town—there's the sea, and their dad a sailor, and a livin' to make. It's the same in a minin' town, which usually is cut off by location from the rest of the world and from other works; there's the mine, and money to be made; and then in a few years that's all they know—it's a bad thing for an old dog to learn new tricks. Foreigners? Oh, they have most of them worked in mines in the old country; when a new one comes here without a trade his friends say, "Wot yu' goin'

to do for a livin'?" and he says he don't know, and they say, "Come with us into the mines," and there he stays. Likes it, 'cause he gets so he can do his work and draw his pay—that's why I like it—I can do my work. If I could have sat around in college till I was twenty-five and then made up my mind what I wanted to be, maybe I wouldn't be a miner; workin' folks can't do that—they got to start young, and mostly it's the work that is nearest home.

And then there's the accidents—accidents same as in any work, steel or rail-



CHILDREN MEET FATHER OR BROTHER, AND PLOD WITH HIM UP THE HILLSIDE

roadin' or sailin' in the ocean or drivin' a market cart. If folks went into mines as often as they ride in railroad trains the mine disasters wouldn't seem so bad. The boys that get out are shocked and scared, of course; they sit around a few days, and bury their friends and drink up a lot of the money they've saved, and then they get restless from bein' used to work every day and not knowin' what else to do, and then the mine boss comes around and says that there ain't any more gas, and for everybody to come back to work, and there's the livin' to make—wife and kids to feed, and they

don't know any other work and so back they go. Everybody is careful, and nobody gets hurt for a while, and so they pretty soon forget.

And here is the thing—nobody says this, but all of us think it 'way inside; you, too, most likely—"Whichever poor young fellow gets killed next time—it won't be me—not next time."

This is not the reasoning of the miner—it is the reasoning of the world. It was that which sent the survivors of the wrecked Naomi mine in an exodus over the hills to the mine of Darr, there to be engulfed in the disaster of three weeks

later. It is that that sends the shipwrecked sailor to the shipping-office for a new berth ere the salt from the sea is out of his hair. It is the same throughout the world wherever there is man-work to be done: whoever falls—not I.

The motor train again. And we ride out over the same track—the way that now seems familiar, already strangely old. So we go out, together with the homeward-bound men of the mine—close packed together in the cage. Out into the daylight—instantaneous dawn; I half expect it to seem strange, half expect that the old world will be changed since I left it so long ago.

The sun is near its setting. From beneath the tipple there yet comes the roar and clatter of the chutes emptying coal into gondola cars; men move about on them in a haze of dust. They are the non-combatants—the outside men, men of the open air such as you or I—I turn

impatiently away. Men from the firing-line are coming—more come up the shaft—more; grimy, tired; empty dinner-pails rattling against bristling armfuls of picks; lamps still flaming stupidly—mocked by the open day. A group gather close about the tally-board on the wall of the lamp-house, and check up their grimy books with the Company's record of their loaded cars; then straggle up the paths toward the rows of houses cresting the low hills. Children meet father or brother, and plod with him up the hillside. From the Row there comes the scraping of a fiddle—the clink of dishes—a shrill-voiced woman's song.

Beneath the hills, beneath the houses, under our very feet, is the forgotten mine. The rounded, unmarred hills give no hint of it save where in the shallow valley is a small black hole. A worm-hole in a walnut. The kernel is gone, and there remain but blackened chambers, and the silence of the empty dark.

The Sea-Born

BY CHARLES BUXTON GOING

NOW, rest in the pity of God, ye Folk of the Acres
With your hedge-girt parcels of land, be they small
or great!

But we are the Sea-Born— Look you, beyond the breakers
League upon infinite league; it is our estate.

A feckless thing is this land ye can tame and till,
But the sea is God's, and ye cannot over-make it.
It lies in the bowl of His hand, and it works His will;
Can ye ride down in its wrath when His angers shake it?

Rest you, then, with your thatched roofs in the vale,
The homing bells of your kine, your hearths alight.
Ours the tall spars, the wet deck, and the gale,
And the great sea-way roaring through the night!

The Man in the Cloister

BY ALICE BROWN

THE Littletons had an evening at home, because Aunt Harriet Webb, from Overland, was making her annual winter visit, and it became not only a point of honor to stand by and entertain a comfortable old lady to whom all city amusements were not plain sailing, but a privilege as dearly prized as a new form of vaudeville.

Aunt Harriet had kept a boarding-house at Overland in the middle years which were now slipping past her, and it was there the Littletons, being then persons of a modest income, had spent several summers and formed for her an attachment which they never, in their present flourishing days, permitted to languish. Mr. Littleton, who was now a white-haired autocrat of civic affairs, and his wife, a faithful patroness of music and the kindred arts whenever her name was sought, had not changed with the gilding of their responsibilities, except perhaps to be more kind, more constant in remembering their leaner time and the companions who had helped to make it fruitful. When Aunt Harriet came, they always felt they were returning to a delightful state of indolence, because their engagements were immediately curtailed, save such as Aunt Harriet liked to share. Mr. Littleton read his evening paper and sometimes sat by with a volume of Dickens until he yawningly concluded it was time to go to bed, and his wife crocheted or even knitted faithfully to the tune of their old friend's chat. To-night the unvaried programme was continuing, except that Ruth Nutter, Mr. Littleton's private secretary, was established there, smiling now and then as she was addressed, and pasting book-plates into a pile of volumes from England; and Sedgwick, the Littletons' grandson, corrugated with reflection on social problems, was frowning into the fire and contributing nothing whatever to the conversational interchange.

Aunt Harriet, a short, stout, very neat old lady with smooth hair dressed in the fashion of the sixties and a cashmere dress she had made herself according to a never-dying ideal, looked benevolently up from her knitting once or twice, in a lapse of conversation, to consider the younger man and woman and wonder over them in a voiceless way. It seemed to her splendid to be of an age which is no age at all, and that these two were apparently ignoring their dowry. They ought to be laughing and sparkling at each other. The pretty girl with her sweet, pale face, blue eyes, and soft black hair, and the distinction of her white hands against her black dress artfully subdued in style to the precise shade of her calling, ought to be conscious of her hereditary right as accorder of happiness, and the gaunt young man, with his brown eyes and working, sensitive mouth, should be gayly or even humbly suppliant. But no! These two inheritors of the world's promises might as well have been creatures of withered eld for all the battle of merry life between them. Once Sedgwick did say something about the Fabian Society, and Ruth lifted a quick, earnest glance and asked him if he had read a certain pamphlet on the plight of millionaires, and they went on talking about Shawianism, with a conjecture from Sedgwick as to the likelihood of Shaw's loving his fellow man. Aunt Harriet could make nothing of it all. It seemed to her "dreadful foolish talk." She sometimes had quick poetic fancies sprung from reminiscent glimpses at the pictures life had hung in her mind, and she suddenly laughed out. Littleton looked up from his volume of Dickens and smiled from a general benevolence, and his wife asked cozily:

"What is it?"

"I was kinder thinkin', that's all," said Aunt Harriet, in a tone subdued to her understanding of courtship's

thralldom, "about them two over there. I was wonderin' if they'd ever been sleigh-ridin' together—or Mayflowerin'."

Mrs. Littleton shook her head and smiled. She wished Sedgwick would marry Ruth, exquisite, in the eyes of them all, as the highest imagined type of girlhood, and sometimes it seemed to her he did look wistfully that way. But she had never entered his inner mind far enough to guess how little determined he was in his line of work and consequently in the trend of settled affections. Sometimes it seemed to him it would be necessary to devote himself to the study of social conditions, and even to live among the poor. That, when he thought of Ruth, drew a black line through any hope he might have of the equable happiness of a wife and home. The world seemed to him so bad that he dared not stretch out a hand toward the good of it for his own possession, and Ruth was, he knew, supremely good. But he was a poetic sort of fellow, with a real inner passion for writing, and when that came over him which he scathingly called individualism, he wrote by the ream and destroyed.

"I wonder what Shaw's done with all the money he got out of his plays?" Ruth was saying, with a little defiant lift of her head, knowing how unpopular her implication was destined to be.

"What business is it of ours?" Sedgwick inquired, frowning.

"It's our business, when a man sets himself up to teach and preach and jeer about money, to know whether he begins at home."

She darted a glance at him. Aunt Harriet, continuing her benevolent watch, decided, though the conversation was hidden from her, that Ruth was being a little naughtier than she usually dared, trying the ground as she went.

"What's he put it into?"

"Consols," said Mr. Littleton, sonorous, without looking up, and Ruth nodded gayly at the young man.

"Your grandfather knows," said she. "There!"

At that moment a visitor was announced. He came in hastily and shook hands all round with the lack of ceremony indicating frequent and informal meetings. He was a robust young

curate with an ascetic mouth and eyes of a violet blue constituting his help and hindrance, because they induced large numbers of persons to accord him requests he seemed to have made, and generally involved him in the complexity of things. He had, through these years of his energetic priesthood, kept his hand in Mr. Littleton's pocket, pulling it out when occasion bade to scatter the largess it extracted.

"I really had to come in," said he, in his rapid way. "The most extraordinary thing has happened."

Littleton laid down his glasses and ostentatiously brought out a pencil. He searched then in his pockets, the unlikely ones with the others, because that prolonged the pantomime.

"Where's my check-book?" he mused. "I wasn't ready for you, Bond. Do overlook it this once. I 'most always run to get it when I hear you in the hall, but you came in too quiet."

The curate could not smile over the obvious old joke, slight tax as it was on a certainty of largess. What he had been experiencing moved him too acutely. He could only repeat:

"The most extraordinary thing has happened."

"Do sit down, Mr. Bond," counselled his hostess, in her mollifying way. She had lowered her needle and wool, and crossed her pretty ringed hands upon them.

Bond obeyed her, but immediately rose again and stood leaning against the mantel. He evidently could not allow himself the semblance of comfort.

"It didn't seem such an exceptional case at first," he said, as if he began the story to the fire below him and not to them. "You know how cold it's been."

"Unheard of," supplied Littleton. "Zero for a week."

"Yes. Keep that in your mind while I tell you. A man has been sleeping all the week in the cloister."

"In the cloister?" Sedgwick demanded, in a loud voice, and Ruth looked up and lifted her eyebrows as a general interrogation.

"The cloister of the church," Mrs. Littleton explained quietly to Aunt Harriet, who was regarding them in turn from a bemused wonderment.

"Ain't they allowed to?" she asked.

"It's a cold place," Sedgwick explained, rapidly, so that they might get on. "It's really like sleeping outdoors, on a piazza, on a porch. How did you find it out?"

This was to Bond, who continued, in the same strained way: "I came on him myself. I was going past. I stepped in there to—" he paused, seemed to sweep aside his momentary confusion over a betrayal, as a thing of no moment, and went on. "I went in to look at Orion through that fretwork. I stumbled on the fellow. There he was huddled up. I thought it was a dog."

"What did you do?" Ruth asked this. She and Sedgwick were estimating to the full the artistic value of the scene.

"Why," said Bond, as if he scorned himself, "I thought the man was drunk. I telephoned the police."

"Well, he was, wasn't he?" Littleton inquired, out of cool experience with a baffling world.

"Was what?"

"Drunk."

"No. He was done up, with hunger, cold, tramping about for days in search of work and the hideousness of not getting it."

"Yes," said Sedgwick, in a quick staccato. "Yes! yes!"

Aunt Harriet looked at him in that perplexed way of hers, as if he with the rest of them—but he more than all the rest because he lived in a turmoil of theory from which he did not even briefly escape—made a new social condition for which Overland had not fitted her understanding.

"He'd come from the country," Bond was continuing to Littleton rather than to Sedgwick, since the older man seemed to be listening to the story as a story, with no preconceived idea that it might help or mar any social theory of his own. "He'd been in a chair factory."

"They get real good wages there," Aunt Harriet interpolated, as a simple item she was fitted to contribute.

Then Bond included her in the circle of his more direct gaze. "Yes," he agreed, "so he told me. But they shut down work this winter."

"It seems odd he shouldn't have had a nest-egg to fall back upon," Littleton

advanced, out of the shrewdness of his own well-ordered life.

"I dun'no' why," Aunt Harriet objected. "Mebbe he had a large family. Mebbe his wife's extravagant. You can't tell."

"He hasn't any family," said Bond. "His only brother and his brother's wife died last year. He's been turning in his wages to pay off the debts they left. They had long illnesses."

"Sounds like a man I used to know, lived down through the Gorge," said Aunt Harriet. "But there! he never'd been such a fool as to leave old New Hampshire to come pokin' off here where he'd be as lonesome as an owl in a bucket."

"Well," said Littleton, tapping his hand on the closed volume of Dickens, "what have you done for him? What do you propose doing?"

Bond looked at once as if he were hardening his heart, with the determination to lead the scientific life. He turned to Sedgwick, as being the one best fitted to uphold him in it.

"I've given him ten cents a night for lodging at the Relief Camp," he said, "and fifteen cents a day for food. I've done that for a week."

"Fifteen cents a day!" Aunt Harriet repeated, innocently. "I should ha' said produce was higher, city prices so."

"Food is higher," Sedgwick was repeating, hotly. "Ask grandfather what his month's bills amount to. Ask him how much he probably paid for the dinner we ate to-night. Oh!" The last seemed the cry, if not of the hungry, at least of their champion.

Littleton frowned. "There, Sedgwick," he entreated, "don't you begin on that." He was conscious of a warm heart and a perpetually depleted pocket, and he wished Sedgwick would let him alone to grow old in a well-earned peace, not poisoning his food and drink with the ill-judged reminder that some folks hadn't any.

Ruth's hands were trembling a little, and the pupils of her eyes dilated. It was not easy to see on what side she ranged herself, but wherever she was, it was in a pulsating excitement of mind.

"I can't saddle the church with him," Bond was asserting. "It has done all

it ought to in the way of temporary relief."

"Ain't you got any rich folks in it?" Aunt Harriet inquired, with a genuine simplicity.

"The question is," said Sedgwick, in rapid explanation, then to sweep her aside for the more immediate issue, "whether the church would have a right to take him in as a regular pensioner when it has so many already for whom it can't find work."

"Mercy!" said Aunt Harriet; "seems if there was work enough in the world, only anybody's willin' to do it." Then she began to realize that the coil was getting too complicated for her, and withdrew into silence.

"I suppose you wrote to his old home to find out whether his story is true?" Sedgwick was asking.

"Yes," said Bond. "I got the answer to-day. It's all perfectly straight. He's a man of good character. The factory did shut down. He's honestly out of work."

"Won't they give him relief?"

"He won't take it."

"But he'll take it from you!"

"There's something queer about that. He appears to consider it in the nature of a loan till he gets a job. He seems to feel it's different coming through the church."

"So it is," Ruth put in, quickly, adding then, when Sedgwick looked at her as if to demand her reasons, "so it ought to be."

Bond immediately went back to his old perplexity of visage, the expression he had worn in entering. "That's exactly it," he said. "There's something awfully moving about his drifting down here and making no appeal, but just going to the church, to sleep, and freeze if he had to. It's as if he had a right to because it was the church."

"Pooh! pooh!" said Littleton. It would have been a simpler thing to have made out a check in the beginning than to see his evening dissipated in the fruitless speculating he had for daily meat when Sedgwick was at home. "He went there because it was a shelter and he wasn't likely to be disturbed. He'd have gone just the same if it had been a stock exchange."

"No," said Bond, "I don't agree with you. He went because it was the church."

"Yes," said Ruth, softly, "I think it was because it was the church."

"Oh, unquestionably," said Sedgwick, "it was the church."

"Yes, dear," echoed Mrs. Littleton, in a gentle reproof of her husband's cruder solution. "I guess it seemed different to him because 'twas a church."

"Well," said Littleton, crisply, "what you going to do with him?"

"I don't know," Bond offered, droopingly.

"Pay his fare back to the country?"

"He won't go."

"What does he propose doing?"

"Says he shall find work."

"Have you told him how the unemployed are marching up and down these streets?" Sedgwick inquired, "and if he joins them he'll be only one more?"

"Yes."

"What does he say then?"

"Says he never heard of such a thing."

"Well, I never did either," Aunt Harriet ventured. "That's the sensiblest word I've heard this night."

"Well," said Littleton, conclusively. He dived into his pocket and brought out a five-dollar bill. "Anyway, Bond, you better use that for him till you can ship him. He's got to live."

Bond took it, as it seemed, reluctantly. "Nevertheless," he demurred, "we can't have other towns pouring their unemployed in on us."

"Of course we can't," said Sedgwick. "The problem's got to be met and faced on the spot."

"Seems terrible queer to me," Aunt Harriet murmured, as she went back to her knitting, "it should be so hard to come by work. Most of us see more ahead of us than we can stagger under. If anybody ain't got anything to do, they might be gettin' the bugs off'n the trees."

But this brought on the question of meagre appropriations, and that led to the destruction of the forests, and in the whiff and wind of it all Aunt Harriet felt with bewilderment that she lived in a world "not realized." When Bond took his leave the question went temporarily back to the man in the cloister.

"When shall you see him again?" Sedgwick asked, with no particular purpose.

Bond looked shamefaced. "Why, I might see him any minute," he owned. "He's taken to following me round—when he isn't looking for work. He seems to think because I found him there that I've got some power of life and death—he seems to feel easy with me."

"That's the church again," Ruth declared, and Bond saw assent in all the other faces.

When he had gone, Littleton returned to his book, feeling that immunity was cheaply bought for a five-dollar bill, and Sedgwick followed Ruth into the recess of the window, where she had gone to put away her work in the little carved chest under the sill. Aunt Harriet glanced at them contentedly. Now, she thought, they were to have some of the golden confidences suited to their time. But Sedgwick was saying, with a passion in no way less forceful than the passion of love:

"Think of it! While we've been at the theatre, or sitting here by an open fire and then going to bed in luxury, that man has been lying there—or tramping up and down, more likely—in the cold cloister."

"Yes," said she, "it's dreadful. But, Sedgwick—"

"Well?" asked he. Then when she seemed timid about continuing, he recalled himself from somewhere and interrogated her again.

"You know," she said, "when you were at the theatre, maybe you were learning how to write your play. When you sat there by the fire, you were reading a book to teach you how to write other books."

"That's another of my luxuries," he fulminated. "That's what I call the intellectual life. And I can pursue it, and another man has to sleep in the cloister."

"But it's your work," she reminded him. "We both know it's your work."

He was caught up in a cloud of rapt imaginings, and she knew her recall, no matter how clear she made it, would be inaudible to him. Thus it was, day after day. The spirit, she thought, said unto him, Write, but he was too deaf-

ened by the clangor of the world to listen or obey. The spirit might, she knew, have also said unto him, Love, but the homespun way of youth and ardor seemed to him too complex, perhaps also too flowery while others walked on thorns, and he turned away from it.

By and by the older people went up to bed and left them still talking in their corner. Then Ruth rose and yet lingered a minute, casting wistful glances about the room, its dying fire, the fitful light on books and ceiling transforming it all, at each leap, into one or another shape of domestic peace. She was seeing its beauty as a refuge and an abiding-place, and with an intensity that gave her an ache in the throat and a constriction of tears. But he was thinking of the man in the cloister.

While he was getting his hat in the hall she was half-way up the stairs. She turned to look at him. "Good night," she said; and then, irrepressibly, seeing that his hand was on the door, "Why, you haven't your overcoat."

"No," said Sedgwick. "Good night."

"Then you're coming back?"

"No, not to-night."

He went out into the cold and left her wondering. She even went down and sought out his coat in the closet under the stairs. There it was, opulent in fur, and her hand curled endearingly over it. When she went up-stairs again, rather slowly and pondering, Mrs. Littleton opened a door above and put out her pink face, funny and dear in its border of blue-ribboned curl-papers.

"Isn't he going to stay to-night?" she asked.

"No," Ruth told her, winking to accord a smile out of the desire not to pass on her perplexity.

"Gone to the Settlement?"

There was nothing to do but to say he was not to be back that night, and then she kissed the pink old face and patted the curl-papers and went on. Mrs. Littleton withdrew to her room, sighing a little, to tell her husband she did wish Sedgwick could see how much like a daughter Ruth was, and how perfectly ridiculous it was to pay her wages when she might be— But she paused because, when she got as far as that, her husband always told her Ruth was

a dear good girl, but match-makers were meddlers and she'd better shut up.

The next day Sedgwick did not appear, and it was assumed that he was at the Settlement and busy. Once Ruth telephoned him to know whether he knew he had left his coat, but he seemed obtuse to the conventional idea that he might have any special use for it. But at the end of the message, when she was about to hang up the receiver, wishing he would add a word to prove he was in a sane mind, he called her back.

"Oh," said he, "the coat! If Bond comes in, give it to him. Tell him to hand it over to the man."

"What man?" she asked.

"Have you forgotten him? The man in the cloister."

"Oh, but he isn't sleeping in the cloister now," she reminded him.

"No, I know he isn't. Good-by."

Then there were more days, and at the end of them Bond came in, looking uncontrolledly aghast, as if he had more to communicate than he could possibly prepare suitably for normal ears. It was about the time of night that he had appeared before, and the scene was the same. Littleton was reading Dickens, twenty pages farther on—he always owned to being a slow reader—Aunt Harriet was knitting, and Mrs. Littleton wound yarn. Only Ruth sat by in an unwonted idleness, inwardly chiding herself for finding the moment dull and wishing it could be shivered into sparkling atoms by an entering presence. Bond looked at them as if he really did not know how to prepare them for what was coming.

"It's the man in the cloister over again," he blurted out.

"Has that fool gone back there?" Littleton inquired, slipping his book-mark over the edge. He looked his boredom. "Well, I'll pay him to get out and go to Palm Beach. Why can't he take himself home and hibernate like the woodchucks? That's all the sense he's got."

Ruth had risen as if something dragged her to her feet: she stood holding her breath down, and her hands tight.

"It's another man," said Bond, also breathless.

"Then you've allowed it to get into the papers. If there's one suicide, there's always a half-dozen."

"Where is he?" Ruth asked, chokingly.

Bond turned to her who had understood. "I've wrapped him up and telephoned for the ambulance."

"You haven't left him alone?"

"Whittaker's with him."

Aunt Harriet looked up. "Whittaker," she repeated. "That's the name of mother's cousins down through the Gorge. Seems real homey to hear that name."

"Whittaker's the man in the cloister, the first one," Bond explained to Ruth, in a swift aside.

"I'll go and open his room," she said, with the instant air of absorption in an exacting task.

"You'd better."

By the time she was out at the door they were on their feet. Now Mrs. Littleton was trembling. She put a plump ringed hand on the clergyman's arm.

"Mr. Bond," she said, "what's happened? Who is the man? Are they bringing him here?"

He took the hand in his young strong one. "It's your grandson, Mrs. Littleton," he said, in a tone calculated to dominate her. "It's Sedgwick."

"Sedgwick!" fulminated Littleton. "What's he been doing in the cloister?"

"Sleeping there," said Bond, patiently. "He's been doing it for a week."

Littleton gasped at him. "What for?" he entreated. "What, in the name of all created, *for*?"

"To see how it seems," Bond was explaining, from no special wonder of his own, "not to be more fortunate than the other man."

Littleton recovered his breath. "Well, then," he roared, "damn philanthropy! Damn socialism! that's what I say."

"It isn't philanthropy exactly," offered Bond. "It isn't socialism. It's poetry. There he is. I'll open the door."

Sedgwick was not himself, shivering and chattering in the clutches of a chill calculated to teach him what cold could be. Aunt Harriet had sped up to her own room to change her best henrietta and tie on an apron, judging that she might be needed to nurse. The others got him to bed and the doctor was sent for, and Bond and Whittaker went away, rather hurriedly because Bond judged from the expression of Littleton's face,

as he regarded Whittaker, that short shrift would be allowed in that house to a man who had set the fashion of sleeping in cloisters. And yet Whittaker was not a person to be suspected of insurrectionary theory. He was a lean, shrewd-looking New-Englander with a long irregular face and sparse locks. An air of extreme mildness enveloped him, and only when one noted the outline and set of his jaw did it seem as if he might unexpectedly show the flag of a wilful obstinacy. His light eyes were rather dull, but they had, it could be seen even in the short interval of his stay, an almost worshipful intensity whenever they encountered Bond, who had become, it was evident, the god of a masterless man. But no one save Littleton, in the extremity of his impatience, had eyes for him that night. Sedgwick, Aunt Harriet said positively, when she appeared, wearing her work-apron, without which she never travelled, was going to be sick.

In the next week he did go through all the hateful stages of it. A nurse came and ruled the household, except Aunt Harriet, who stood by to watch her deft ways with an open-mouthed admiration and won the potentate's regard.

"We'll pull him out," the doctor said, when Mrs. Littleton approached him from the retreat where she hovered at the head of the stairs, and Ruth, lingering in the shadow of the hall, also heard, and ran quickly back into her room. He was pulled out; and Littleton, when his grandson was convalescent, had to be bound with thongs of remonstrance lest he inquire of Sedgwick why he'd been a blatant fool.

"I can't live unless I know why he's such a fool," he raged, almost weepingly, to Ruth, who was found to be the only one to soothe him. "What does he think he put us through all this for—sleeping in cloisters till he froze himself and living in Settlement houses till he got pneumonia? What's he think it's for?"

"He wants to share the common lot," she soothed him.

"The common lot! Why don't he go to work, then, and do something to make the common lot easier, instead of upsetting a whole household and worrying his grandmother to death?"

"Dear Mr. Littleton," said Ruth, mollifying him with her prettiest smile, "the great reformers have always done it—the great, great ones."

"Done what?"

"Shared the common lot."

"Well," said Littleton. He drew his volume of Dickens toward him and grudgingly noted how few pages he had read throughout that anxious interval. "Sedgwick ain't a reformer. He's just a boy that writes poetry for the magazines. And it's good poetry, too. But he can take it from me that he's got to stop sleeping round in cloisters or I shall be disgusted with him—disgusted! I'm pretty near that now."

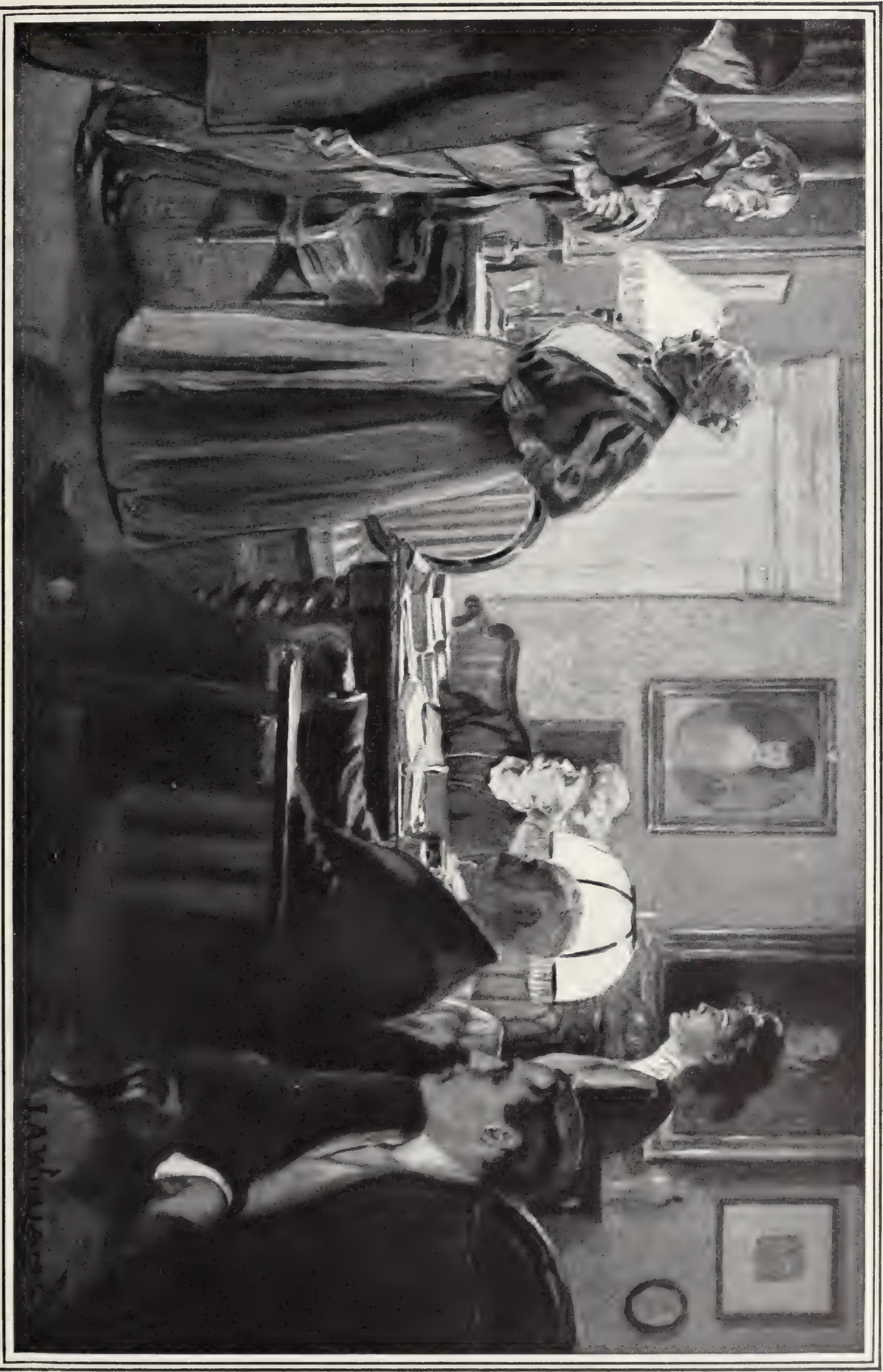
Another night Sedgwick was downstairs after dinner. He was very pale and handsome, and insisted that he was in no danger of feeling a draught. It was Ruth who showed the strain of the last weeks. Yet she looked her light-heartedness. While they all sat there in their recovered quiet, Bond came in, and Aunt Harriet innocently tossed the apple of discord again among them.

"Whatever become o' that man?" she asked, guilelessly, "the one that slep' in the cloister?"

Littleton groaned ostentatiously. Bond looked guilty. "Well," said he, "nothing has become of him really. He's living on tuppence a day and going downhill on it. He won't take any money from me, because he says he's able to earn it. He gets a job now and then, a little shovelling or something of that sort, a few cents for carrying bags at the station. He's immovably obstinate."

"You say his name's Whittaker?" Aunt Harriet inquired. "They're all set. Why, I had a kind of a third cousin named Whittaker that gran'ther left my little place to. One day gran'ther got mad with me because I'd bored my ears an' threaded in green silk, an' I wouldn't take it out to please him, an' he made his will all complete, an' this far-away kind of a cousin he said 'twa'n't fair, I was a girl so, an' he up an' refused the whole of it. That's what the Whittakers be."

"There's a lot he might do if he were stronger," said Bond, reflectively, "but he isn't altogether fit. He had a broken arm years ago and it was set badly—"



Drawn by J. A. Williams

SILAS WHITTAKER WAS NEITHER SURPRISED NOR ABASHED

Aunt Harriet was on her feet. She spoke loudly, and they all looked amazement at her excited face. "Why didn't you tell me that before?" she inquired. "What's his given name?"

"Silas. His name is Silas."

"Why, that's my own third cousin as ever was. I should think you'd ha' had sense enough to told me. Where am I goin' to find him straight off before I take the train to-morrer mornin'?"

Bond took on his look of shame-faced impatience at having to confess himself the victim of an attachment. "You might find him outside there at this present minute," he owned. "He walked here with me. It really isn't so bad as it seems," he explained to Littleton. "He's always asking me all sorts of questions about the Second Advent. He has an idea the world is coming to an end presently."

"The fool! course he has!" Aunt Harriet cried. She was at the window and now she threw it wide. "You stan' one side, out o' the draught," she bade Sedgwick over her shoulder. "I won't keep it up but a second. Silas! Silas Whittaker, you step yourself in here." The window came down again with a run, and Aunt Harriet took her resolute way to the front door. "Well, here you be," they heard her saying. "Now ain't you ashamed o' yourself makin' all this to-do when you might ha' wrote to me an' there'd been the end on't?"

Upon that Silas Whittaker followed her in. He was neither surprised nor abashed, only most unaffectedly delighted to find one of his own blood. Aunt Harriet had no idea of naming him to them. The man in the cloister had become too familiar a conception for that.

"You stretch out your arms," she bade him, and when he did it, regarded the worn sleeves affectionately. "Yes, you be Si Whittaker an' no mistake. Your arm trouble you now? Well, 'tain't so much shorter 'n t'other, an' I guess you can do a day's work with the heft of 'em."

"Glad to see ye, Harriet, glad to see ye," he responded, with a shining face. "You down here nursin'?"

"I'm goin' home to-morrer," said Aunt Harriet. "I'm goin' by the nine o'clock. Now you be down there to the station,

an' you come right up along with me, an' stay till the chair factory opens."

His eyes narrowed with the immovable look the Rev. Arthur Bond had learned to venerate. "I ain't no hand for visitin', Harriet," he told her. "Much obliged to *you*."

Aunt Harriet also was a Whittaker, and she knew what medicine agreed with them.

"I've got plenty o' jobs for ye," she cunningly entreated. "There's the house to open an 'wood to chop an', soon's the snow 's off, the fencin' to do. If I can't depend on my own flesh an' blood, I dun'no' who I can turn to."

"That so?" Silas inquired, in a dash of eagerness. "Well, I'll be there."

She was following him to the door. "Nine o'clock," she reminded him. "Better be ahead o' time. I got the money for the tickets. We'll have a real nice ride."

When she returned, the others were glowing at her in various fashions.

"So that," said the curate, in a moved voice, "that's your solution."

"What?" asked Aunt Harriet, but not as if the answer concerned her vitally. She was moving about the room with an absorbed look, to be sure none of her little belongings had escaped her in the afternoon's packing.

"That's the direct, simple, human thing," Sedgwick was saying to her, warmly, as if she were to be commended.

"What is?" Aunt Harriet inquired. "There!" she closed in triumph, pouncing on a small article lurking on the table in the shadow of the books. "There's my spe'tacle-case. Seems if 'twould ruther hide away than eat. Well, good night all. I've got to be up early."

At the door Ruth, ardent as the rest of them, detained her. "They think you're splendid, Aunt Harriet," she cried. "Nobody's seen how to help your cousin Silas in the right way," she threw in as a concession to scientific charity. "But you've done it. You've just taken him right into your own house."

Aunt Harriet stared at her. "Well," she said, "I just happened to have a house, that's all. If you've got a roof, you might's well call folks under it. An' he's my cousin, ain't he?—third cousin, that is. He ain't nobody else's cousin that I know of. Well, good night all."

"Did she mean," Sedgwick began, out of the silence resultant on her going, "that that's what the rest of us ought to do?"

Ruth burst into a lovely laugh. "Why, bless you," she said, "Aunt Harriet doesn't mean a thing. She hasn't a theory to her name. She's got a house and a third cousin, and the third cousin's got a stiff arm, and she's just decent, that's all—and human—and kind. Oh, I'm awfully tired of having things so complicated. I'm glad there are two or three people left that live in the country and carry jelly to the neighbors when they're sick, and don't have to wonder whether eleemosynary jelly can hurt 'em. Oh, I don't mean you're wrong, Sedgwick," she added, hastily. "I don't mean you're wrong, Mr. Bond. You just have to be intelligent. I know that. If you weren't, some of you, the whole scheme would go to smash. Only I'm glad some folks—Aunt Harriet, you know—I'm glad they don't have to."

Thereupon she retired to the window in confusion and Bond thoughtfully rose to go. "I fancy Whittaker's waiting out there to say good-by," he explained. "Well, I shall miss him—I dare say more than he misses me."

Littleton and his wife followed him into the hall and said good night; then the wife laid a guiding hand on her husband's arm.

"I guess we might's well go up-stairs now," she said, softly. "Ruth feels kind of excited, speaking out so. I guess she'll want to make it up with Sedgwick before she sleeps."

"What?" said Littleton, staring. "Oh!"

Sedgwick had gone to Ruth. He wore an eager look of wishing to be the one to "make it up." "See," he said, stepping past her to the window. "Orion!"

She turned with him. "Yes," she said, and then she added irrepressibly, "Sedgwick, before we've finished with him—"

"The man in the cloister?"

"Yes. Tell me what you got out of it."

"Out of sleeping there? Trying to sleep?"

"Yes."

He smiled with a whimsical gravity. She was watching his face, all eagerness herself, and it seemed to her she had never seen him look so dear, so like an earlier boyish self. "Why," said he, "I went there to share the other fellow's lot. It wasn't a pose. I really wanted to. But I found all I could think of—when I wasn't too cold to think—was the stars. I hadn't seen so much of them since we lived in the country. I planned a poem. I thought so hard about it I couldn't think of the man in the cloister at all. It's to be 'A Drama of Stars.' It's what the morning stars thought, and Adam and Eve come in. And Eve is you."

"I?"

"Yes, every time. Adam was I and Eve was you."

She was trembling, he saw, but she turned away with dignity enough.

"Then to-night," he said, through an awkwardness fitted to his detaining touch upon her arm, "she finished it."

"Aunt Harriet?"

"Yes."

Ruth nodded. She felt that also, though she wondered whether he, any more than she, could chart the course of Aunt Harriet's influence. But he was ready to essay it.

"She's such a brick!" he said, groping. "She's so warm, so quick somehow. She darts through while the rest of us are laying out the road, and you look up and she's there. When she said that about roofs, she seemed to be drawing pictures for us. She made me see little houses in the country, sheltering roofs, doors always open. I wanted one. I wanted just a house, Ruth, where I could see the stars and then go in and write about 'em. I want it now—with you."



Editor's Easy Chair

IT would be an authority far bolder than this which would dare affirm that the *Recollections of Seventy Years*, by Mr. F. B. Sanborn, of Concord, were autobiography of a new sort; they are of the good old, personal sort, such as autobiographies have been from the beginning, now more intimate, now less, but always openly, and from their nature, confidential. We could not insistently say that they were even of a new shape, though we do not recall, off-hand, another autobiography which divides itself quite so distinctly. When the reader comes to the two volumes of them he will see much better than we have said just what we mean, and will understand how the interesting man who tells himself in them had not only the right to speak of his past to a very actual and busy generation, but also the right to choose the manner of his speaking, and to devote one volume oftenest to his part in the national events of his time, and the other oftenest to his part in the ideals and motives of his place, which were universal in Emerson, and local in Emerson's neighbors. Not that for the sake of antithesis itself may one speak of Hawthorne and Thoreau as local; but it is a Concordian rather than an American sense of them which Mr. Sanborn imparts, and they seem not to transcend Concord as Emerson does. With Emerson to represent him in one sort, as John Brown represents him in another, the author need not feel dwarfed if the reader leaves his variously attractive book with the feeling that his life culminated in those two men. His relations with them and the great ideals and events which they typify form that side of his autobiography which may be distinguished as the impersonal side, almost as sharply as he has himself distinguished it in setting it apart in a separate volume, and treating it as if it were a separate story. In this he has perhaps obeyed, unconsciously, an instinct of hu-

man nature, in which there are at least always two selves seeking a respective expression. Usually they do not find it, if ever they find it, and the great objection to Mr. Sanborn's plan is that it is apparently not the plan of life. Our natures may very well be duplex, but when it comes to our experiences it is only a one and indivisible personality that things happen to and from.

Perhaps, however, we are treating as a matter of forethought what may have been a matter of afterthought; for the man who had stood so near to Emerson in the ideal and to Brown in the real may have found that when he told himself fully in that relation, he had left himself out in the humaner, or at least commoner, relations of life which his readers would not have willingly joined him in ignoring. He may have realized also that they had the right to know not only him, but those minor neighbors of his in Concord who would have been major neighbors anywhere out of Emerson's vicinity. The Alcotts, father and two daughters, the poet Channing, the Hoars, Mrs. Ripley, with occasions of Margaret Fuller—only by odious comparison with Emerson and Hawthorne and Thoreau, can these be named as minor neighbors in a community which was as Greek in quality as it was in quantity. In any case, and from whatever cause, whether from forethought or afterthought, this dual autobiography forms a temptation to discursiveness in the direction of autobiography generally which the Easy Chair is not going to resist.

Autobiography is almost as modern a thing in letters as music in the arts, and it is perhaps still more modern in its development. If any ancient wrote his autobiography, as unnumbered moderns have done, the book has not come down to us with the classic poems and plays and histories, or even with the music. We say as much under correction of those who ought to know better; and if any

more instructed reader will refer us to a Greek or Roman, or even an Egyptian or Assyrian autobiography, we will thank him, and will lose no time in reading it.

Why with the revival of learning this agreeable species of literature should have sprung up, and since flourished so vigorously, with such richness of flower and fruit, in almost every modern language, it would be curious to inquire, but such an inquiry would lead our wandering steps too far. It seems to have risen from that nascent sense of the importance of each to all which the antique world apparently ignored; and perhaps the wonder should be that we have not ourselves more abounded in it. Autobiography seems supremely the Christian contribution to the forms of literaturing. As the special charge and care of the Almighty, every anxious soul has doubtless had the impulse to record its aspirations and experiences; and many, we know, have done so, the weaker souls keeping to the narrative of their sins and sufferings, and the stronger souls involuntarily glancing, if only askance, at the manners and customs of the provisional world they were born into. One of the most charming in this involuntary humanness is the brief, too brief, autobiography of the great Jonathan Edwards, the mighty theologian who first gave our poor American provinciality world-standing, and did for us in one way almost as much as Franklin in another. Edwards's sketch of his own life is very slight, and Franklin's is more lamentably slight. Yet Franklin's is one of the greatest autobiographies in literature, and towers over other autobiographies as Franklin towered over other men. It is about as long as Goethe's autobiography, and goes about as far as that in the story of the author's life. If either had gone farther, the record might have come to things of less real value to the reader, to impersonal things, to the things that history is made of; but in a region of literature rich in masterpieces they remain alike monumental, and exalt forever the memories of geniuses equally great; for the sage whose make was pure prose was not inferior to the sage whose make was of poetry and prose a good deal mixed.

If one praises them out of proportion,

one is brought back to a sense of excess by the thought of the other great autobiographies, which challenge their superiority along the line of that most delightful of all reading. What are we to answer Benvenuto Cellini, if he questions the supremacy of those two? If we know him from his own report, he would like to have it out with one who set his life story lower than any other autobiography; and what should we say to the other Italians who have written of themselves so entrancingly. To name no others, what should we say to Goldoni and Alfieri, who remain after Cellini the greatest of the Italian autobiographers as securely as they remain the greatest of the Italian dramatists?

Together with challenge like this the question suggests itself as to whether such stories do not owe their charm to the fact that the literary or the artistic life is the most interesting of all lives, or has only the trick of making itself seem so. Certainly in the measure that the authors have been of æsthetic callings their stories enthrall us; some witchery of their invention steals into their narrative, and makes us read the delight of their fiction into their fact. Possibly they do not really keep the two separate, but are always more or less giving us romance. This indeed cannot be hinted of the autobiography of Anthony Trollope, one of the most entertaining ever written, which we cannot instance in support of our theory that it is not the great novelists who are the best autobiographers. Otherwise we should have said that it is some minor novelist like Marmontel who has supremely excelled; but even he has not excelled the Margravine of Baireuth, who only set up for a royal princess, unless, as Carlyle will have it, she was always more or less involuntarily making believe, like any professional fictionist. To be sure, she was of a very literary house in a very literary age.

Apparently the poets have been better autobiographers than the novelists, if we may judge from the unsurpassed if not unsurpassable autobiography of Leigh Hunt. He was not a great poet, and we might suppose that minor poets like minor novelists make the best autobiographers; but what we may more safely

hold to is that the æsthetic life is the soil most favorable to the growth of this precious flower, and we must not be very arrogant even as to that. The most popular autobiography of our time, out-circulating and outselling any fiction, was the story of a soldier, as nearly pure and simple as could be; and though the world will not put the narrative of Ulysses S. Grant with the literary masterpieces, it will not forget that wonderful book as long as it renews its youth and virtue in the patriotic generations which have not yet failed to succeed one another. Having allowed so much as this, we are tempted to abandon our thesis altogether, or to admit to its damage that other women besides the poor Margravine of Baireuth have written autobiographies as fascinating as those of any author or artist. There is no end to the memoirs of Frenchwomen, but if we cite only two, those of the Duchesse d'Abrantes and those of Madame de Remusat, we feel that we prove more than enough; and though it may be contended that these ladies wrote rather of their times than of their lives, we may convincingly answer that all autobiographers have done this: Marmontel conspicuously did it. We have from the beginning had in mind to say, however, that the more strictly the authors of their own lives wrote of themselves, the better autobiographers they were, yet having come to the point we are not as sure of it as we were at the outset. The difficulty is that every one in this world is circumstanced, and that no one can sequester himself from his circumstance without losing something of his "own peculiar difference." An autobiography that dealt with the author as exclusively as we had imagined might be very cloying, and might make us long to know something of his friends and neighbors and the events that concerned him as a citizen. Still, there may profitably be a measure of restriction, and we have seen that Mr. Sanborn in giving himself at first so wholly to his public life felt his autobiography incomplete without a second volume devoted to those personal relations which are really the universal.

Because women have the gift of getting at the personal—that is, the uni-

versal—in the most public and civic lives, they can better impart the charm of the intimate, in their dealings with political and social affairs, and so may really write autobiography when they seem to be writing history of their direct knowledge. We leave the question to those who have long since conferred epistolary supremacy on their sex, and who may wish to identify letters with autobiography. We shall ourselves go no farther than to express the wish that more women would write their own lives, and be entirely frank about them. We shall not require that they shall always make them as interesting and as important as Mrs. Julia Ward Howe made hers. That is indeed one of the best of recent autobiographies, and not merely because it is the story of a life nobly lived, but because it is that story told with a sense as gentle and a taste as sweet as has ever been brought to the criticism of experience and observation. It should rank with the rarest of its sort when Time comes to make his selection of the best ten thousand autobiographies.

We could not promise the ladies whom we are urging to write their autobiographies that they can always be in such elect company, or can ever choose their company. Autobiography is a strange world, and there are many sorts of people in it whom the socially or morally sensitive would not like to consort with if they were to meet them in the flesh. Some of the ladies themselves have not been above reproach, though the worst of them seem above self-reproach. Not every actress who has written her life has been of the quality of Frances Anne Kemble; we cannot think just now of any other who has written of herself so admirably and entertainingly; and there are other ladies who darkle off into shades where no self-respecting autobiographer of their sex would care to find herself with them. We will not more than name the dreadful Madame du Barry, for it is not certain that she really wrote the memoir attributed to her pen; and we leave the dangerous ground with the admission that some of the men who have written their own lives would have done as well not to have lived them. They are of all sorts and conditions, and if we name James Vaux

the Thief and Vidocq the Detective it is with no invidious purpose of pairing them together, of mentioning them as extraordinary instances among autobiographers. Bad as the worst of these may be, his story, if he honestly tells it, may deter rather than tempt, and Morality can save her face by abhorring the facts which she reads with interest. The wickedest stories, however, are not the honest ones; such a wretch, for instance, as Casanova cannot be trusted at his vilest, and as an awful example must as often be doubted as dreaded.

We have set ten thousand as the exemplary number of the best autobiographies, yet we would not limit the best to this figure. As we have implied, all autobiographies are good, for one reason or other. The very longest are good in their way, though not so good as if shorter; they are at least better than none, and we would not restrict autobiography to any age or sex, creed, class, or color. What better book have we had in the last ten years, manlier, wiser, truer, than Mr. Booker Washington's story of his rise from slavery? But it is not necessary for us to open the career to the talents in this direction; it is already open, and we will only intimate to any hesitating autobiographer that he need not forbear because he does not seem to meet the ordinary specifications for authorship. Let him be ever so obscure or humble, it needs but the sincere relation of what he has been and done and felt and thought to give him a place with any other in this most democratic province of the republic of letters. In fact, we should like to have some entirely unknown person come out with his autobiography and try if it will not eclipse the fiction of the newest novelist whose work we sometimes see commended by its advertiser because it is new. For once we should like to have such an autobiographer wreak himself upon the very truth, and we should not join any detective force in compelling him to put off his mask, if he chose to remain anonymous. He need not be afraid to do his worst; only a measure of truth will be possible to him, and though he should endeavor to tell the

worst of himself as Rousseau sometimes does, he will not be able to do it. His book would not be one that could be put into all hands, and we should not desire general circulation for it; but for the student of man, in and out of one's self, it would be a manual such as has never yet been supplied. Very likely it would be impossible of realization.

A perfectly candid and complete autobiography would take the dimensions of a library, a literature, and though we might wish it to have no limit, yet we venture to warn the ordinary autobiographer against quantity. The elder autobiographers, the masters of the art, kept themselves much more in bounds than most of their more recent followers. Lord Herbert of Cherbury, Edward Gibbon the historian, and Thomas Elwood the Quaker are masters in brevity; they all make you wish they had not been so brief. It will not do, since they are alive to suffer by the insinuation, to say that we cannot have the same grievance with Mr. Sanborn, or with Mr. J. T. Trowbridge, who have written with equal expansiveness of their experiences, and with equal attractiveness; but we may confess it of the late M. D. Conway's two large volumes of autobiography, otherwise so admirable. The trouble seems to be that most autobiographers put off the delivery of their message to posterity till with age comes an insensibility to values, and everything that has happened seems of the same worth as every other thing. Here it appears as if Dr. Osler's time limit might very well be applied, and no man over forty-five be allowed to write his own life. Goethe's and Franklin's records do not much pass their adolescence; possibly a man's marriage might be chosen as the extreme point at which he should be allowed to tell of himself, for then he must begin to tell of another also in that unconscious loss of individuality which is said to result from happy marriage. We are uncertain whether the same rule could be applied to women; it has been imagined that they become even more individual after marriage, and are liberated by it to a sense of self unknown to them before.



Editor's Study

THE child itself is the greatest mystery we behold on this earth. It is the wonder of nativity lifted to its highest plane—that of our human life—invested with every human interest, and an implication of every other human mystery. The most interesting chapter of modern science opened with the study of the cell, but it became supremely fascinating only when it passed beyond the multiplication of cells by a process of simple division which involved no disturbance or interruption of their identity, to a multiplicity involving division for union and union for division, and resulting in those diversities of individuals and functions which characterize the higher orders of complex organisms. This portion of the chapter introduces us to a realm of organic life in which alone sex, nativity, mortality—as we know them—and a succession of generations, exist.

These terms, distinctive of the realm and each involving the others, and all the varied and beautiful, but evanescent, things associated with them, have for us a peculiar fascination and we would fain believe that the threefold romance of love and birth and death is, in its human development, lifted far above its intimations in other forms of organic existence.

Possibly there are, in what we call the inorganic world, analogues to these terms—sex, nativity, mortality—which elude our conscious intelligence; but they would not be physiological, though, if we could discern them, they might seem not less but more wonderful. It is because of our psychical apprehension that we rate ourselves as highest in the scale of living organisms, but we must concede that the operations of nature—for the largest part wholly hidden from us—involve an intelligence which, though analogous and even akin to ours, yet so far transcends the utmost imaginable possibilities of the human intellect that it could not be confined within the compass of that

which we call psychological. So, while Nature means “forever being born,” the kind of nativity implied in this process of endless becoming lies beyond the range of our conception.

But this human nativity is at least a visible miracle, and we are permitted to behold not only the fountain but the stream that flows from it, “down to a sunless sea.” In the case of death, the hidden mystery lies beyond, and we can only wonder what glowing firmament of light is opened to the soul’s vision when its earthly sun has set. In the case of birth, the mystery hidden from us lies behind, and we wonder from what fountains in the sky this earthly spring has risen; or, if our speculation falls short of that lofty range, we are lost in the mazes of the hereditary labyrinth. Death is inseparably bound up with birth in the mystery of love—of that love which makes the bond and ties of human kinship—but one who dies departs, and the bond and ties are broken, while the child that is born abides, renewing and expanding affections and duties. Yet death is the obverse of birth, and, though we would fain put it afar off, it is so near that it is the prevenient mystery, as the seed that falls into the ground must die before it can germinate; and, in another regard, death is the permissive condition of birth, since if generations did not pass away there could not be new generations, nor, save by this succession, those surprising renewals of faculty and vision which we call renaissances, marking the advanced tides of progressive humanism.

Here then is this visible wonder, the child, pledge of love; and, though, by that same token, the promise of death, yet for every generation the hope of the world. This morning music is a song without words, and if we also were infants—that is, without speech—if we could divest ourselves of entangling concepts and “dream true,” in perfect accord with its inarticulate rhythm, we might

grasp its secret. We may be sure that the child itself—though it has not even the consciousness which discerns between the “me” and the “not me”—is in that full accord.

In this wordless contemplation of the miracle we are sensible of a universal harmony, as if we felt the pulse of it, which compels responsive fitness as an implication of creation itself. We are very near to that protoplasmic instability which is a surety of response to an unseen shaping Power—such a surety of response as, in a lower and inorganic form of matter, is illustrated in snow crystals. We concede to the pluralist that monism nor any other result of mental generalization—least of all pluralism—can give us the key to these series that distribute the harmony of creation. We will even concede that the harmony is logically inexplicable; but while the universe is neither logical nor illogical, but only unlogical, it is in its greatest apparent discreteness really continuous and in that sense has unity. The feeling of this harmony, inseparable from the poetic sense, was ever present to Wordsworth, as it must have been to Meredith when he said, “Chiefly by that in my poetry which emphasizes the unity of life, the soul which breathes through the universe, do I wish to be remembered.”

We are especially impressed by this feeling in the presence of infancy, because in that stage of its existence the child is so wholly committed to unseen powers, to which it is responsive by virtue of its plasticity. This intimate dependence, reaching to the very source of all creative life, is embodied in the Master's saying, Their angels forever behold the face of the Father. This transcendent expression of the truth is foreshortened in any scientific translation, whatever disclosures may come through our study of heredity. The mystical accords in the racial strain—if we ever could find them out—by which ancestral traits, more or less remote, reappear in a new generation are but minor notes of the universal harmony. That which is absolutely new in every individual child, connoting nothing in the past, and not to be accounted for by the principle of natural selection—that brings us face to face with the Creator Himself.

Born under what stars? was the one vital question of astrology—the contemplation centred upon the moment of nativity as supremely significant from its concurrence with celestial dominances—showing how deeply embedded in mediæval thought, as indeed in the oldest of human convictions, is this idea of the world-cradling of the infant. The individual destiny as a whole must, it is true, have been implied in this horology, but the period of greatest plasticity was seized upon as that of greatest responsiveness on the part of the individual child to the universal influence—as that in which the child itself is subliminally an intimate participant in the mystical transaction.

Considering the pre-eminence given to happiness in the general estimate of mortal life—to that kind of happiness which comes from what happens to men rather than from what they are—it was natural that astrology should have been corrupted, as necromancy always had been, and even the Delphic oracle, so that the conception of destiny was perverted, translated into the terms of the mercenary fortune-teller, whose communications relate to the recovery of lost articles, the prospect of legacies, meetings with dark or fair companions, chances of health or wealth, and every other fortuitous circumstance of life. The real arcana were incommunicable. Astrology, in its most occult deliverances, limited rather than expressed the secret truth.

Religions have made much of divine nativities in this mystical association—as in the cases of the infants Horus, Dionysos, and Buddha. In the Christian gospel a natural expectation of unusual circumstance surrounding the birth which typically connotes divine sonship is met in terms the most beautiful and sublime in their appeal to the imagination: In the shadow of the taxing Cæsar; the tributes of the royal Magi who in the star's bright trail find the stable; the mingling of singing angels with shepherds—it is all a divine confusion, with one clear theme. But it is this very child, when he has grown in divine and human favor, who reaches the heart of the mystery of nativity in what he says of babes—that they divine what is hidden from the wise and prudent, and that of such

is the kingdom of heaven. To his own nativity he never alludes. His immediate followers did not celebrate it. To them the miracle of his resurrection seemed the really significant nativity. It was a religion of hope that was displacing the old paganism, and death held the key of that hope. As we have said, the mystery of nativity—that which is unseen in the wonder of it—lies behind it, while that of death lies beyond; and to the earliest Christians it seemed that, once and forever, that invisible sequel of death had been brought to light in a singular but typical instance. The later celebration of the nativity and the choice of the season for this festival had at first chiefly in view the displacement of the pagan saturnalia; and the exaltation of the virgin mother, in this connection, became to pagan converts a welcome substitute for the ancient worship of Isis and Demeter. In the strange and mystical humanism of the Middle Ages the Noel had its characteristic development in the Western imagination, begetting a new sort of legendary lore, in which the animal and plant life of the earth took its place in the original harmony which had brought angels and shepherds together. The story of the three Eastern kings, too, was magically expanded. Thus the mystery of the nativity reasserted itself in medieval color and investment and took dramatic form in the miracle-play.

In our modern Christmas everything centres again upon the human child, with the emphasis given in the words, Whoso receiveth one of these children receiveth me—the Master thus identifying himself with the child. The mystery of nativity for every human child was intimated by him in the simplest terms. He never used such words as “mystery” and “destiny”—as Paul did—never took the indirect way to hidden things, reasoning concerning “accords and affinities”; he came nearest to wordless contemplation and expression in a direct regard of the child, as of living and growing things in the natural world. “Behold the lilies of the field.” He always seemed to stand by the Fountain and to call upon all men to stand there. What he saw in this direct regard of the child was, first of all, the newness of life,

so near the font, so significant of abundance and of tender violence—of every natural and spiritual grace.

It is best that we also should look upon the child with like simplicity of regard, just as we behold the spring-time. We need no astral or psychological background. If we attempt to peer into the mystery behind nativity by the help of science, we fall short of it and are as completely lost in the mazes of heredity as we would be in following the soul beyond death by the help of the Egyptian Book of the Dead. There has been a good deal of this peering by learned and rigidly obdurate doctors who have antagonized the clear and simple teaching of the Master. But the world has accepted the gospel, and our humanistic culture regards the child as Christ did—in this as in other ways following the divine fashion rather than perverse human speculation.

Innocence, however, is a negative attribute as applied to childhood. Even here it is true that life is flaming, as in the green fire of tender leaves and grasses or in the red of dawn. The latent forces are immeasurable, as they must be for a miracle we cannot grasp. We have a glimpse of the might of soft things, as of the lightning lodged in a dewdrop. Perhaps it is this immense reserve of power which emphasizes the negative attributes—the innocence, ignorance, speechlessness, and helplessness, so noticeable in the puny creature as related to the world into which it has come. Thus nativity is magnified for what it is essentially in its openness to that other world which is hidden from us. But we see the newness, and are thus face to face with creation.

This newness is so common in the organic world about us as well as in these human nativities that we are apt to become insensible to its deeper significance; however lively our response to reviving freshness, we may not see it as the perennial resurgence of life, we easily ignore the font itself, and our sense of the creative power manifest in every new becoming is atrophied. This the human child should restore, because it is not merely a germinant, breathing thing, but an embodied soul—a psychical challenge to our imagination.

What creation is, in terms transcending those of physiology, we cannot comprehend, any more than we can what the term "life" may mean as applicable to the earth or the sun. All ascension, apart from that of living organisms, is hidden from us. Of these organisms we know both the rise and the fall, which we call birth and death. Chemistry has during the last century been accumulating astonishing surprises for us, synthetically teasing from the inorganic kingdom products which simulate those of the organic, but it has never produced a substance which can be born or die. The protoplasmic tension, determining the character and scope of physiological and psychical development, it cannot repeat.

We are a part, and, to ourselves, seem the ultimate and crowning part, of the protoplasmic miracle we call life. What if the nebular miracle is the major—the protoplasmic but its miniature? We rejoice in our minuteness and take comfort from our limitations. Crescence is the diminutive of creation. What is born grows. Life abounds; it has increase. Because it proceeds in a succession of generations that are born and die, it has increase of psychical culture—renascences without end.

The child stands for this newness. Because nativity consorts with native qualities, we have said that the child should at an early age become familiar with those books which are the spontaneous creations of individual or race genius. But life is more than literature. In most cases, unfortunately, the true life-leading is wanting and the child must look to books only for inspiration. The full realization of childhood is possible only through a tutelage which comprehends those values.

What is the child to us or we to the child if we regard its first tender years as a period of waste and unprofitable solicitude, and hasten to overleap the idle time, looking eagerly forward to the years when it will become useful to us or a useful member of society? There is wisdom in the French thrift which when a child is born opens a bank account for it; money has this native virtue, that it grows while we sleep. But what of other things that grow while we sleep?

Again we are asked to behold the lilies of the field. The gospel is heavenly because it does not consider formal moralities or prudent economies, but always the native graces of the spirit. Therefore it begins by magnifying nativity itself.

Childhood easily blends with Nature, not for a study of it, but meeting it on genial terms. A gracious culture comes spontaneously of free and open companionship with natural things and especially with living things. Grace is the child's native virtue, seeming at first like that of animals, but, in auspicious human comradeship, quickly translated into a spiritual charm. The child's world is, and should be, one of impressions. These are vivid and indelible. The child readily, avidly, gives attention to outward things, to the concrete presentment; only the abstract concept baffles it. Whatever takes a dramatic form arrests and holds it—all the more if the play has rhythmic allurements. Hence it leans to rite and convention, which, whether we approve or not, we may be glad that it follows. Let it be by rote, no lesson is difficult. The obstinate reaction is against precept or arbitrary injunction. That child is happy who is permitted a natural growth of culture and character; these come not by prescription.

The intimations of childhood should guide us in our treatment of children—but it is for us that they are most significant. The child is a challenge to the imagination of the poet and philosopher in a wide field of speculation. But the contemplation of nativity, whatever compass it may reach, centres in a single impression—that of the newness of life—of life as forever renewed, fresh from the fountain. This idea of fertility and abundance shrives us of sterile conceptions.

The contemplation affects not only our far-reaching speculation, but our near regard of every-day life. It shrives us of our sophistries as well as of our sterilities. We gain positive values from even the negative attributes of childhood—infancy helpfully inclining us to the wordless sense of reality; innocence suggesting the folly of malice and strife; unmorality leading us to yield room and supremacy to a creative ideal. Even the child's ignorance, by contrast, minifies the worth of our codified wisdom.

A Little Black Sheep

BY GEORGE WESTON

AS the trap jolted over the road toward our summer retreat I suddenly looked up at Arabella, who was perched on the driver's seat, and mutely begged for the privilege of saying a few kind words, for when Arabella drives she drives with all her heart and soul; and there had been times when my conversation had caused her to pull the wrong rein, an event which had always filled me with gratification and delight until that fateful day when she had spilled us both out into the blackberry bushes. And ever since then I have been more careful.

"Well?" asked Arabella.

"Arabella!" I eagerly cried, proud of my opportunity, "either this is not Dobbin or else—"

"No," said Arabella, "it is not Dobbin, Marmaduke. Dobbin ran away this noon, although, of course, it was Baa-baa's fault."

"'Baa-baa'?" I cried again, with an exaggeration of amazement that nearly made me fall off the trap, "'Baa-baa'?"

But Arabella had retired once more within herself, though with such a look of knowledge and importance that I knew she wished me to pursue the subject further. Wherefore I planned to disappoint her grievously, and again I gave her a mute, imploring look.

"Well, Marmaduke?" she kindly asked.

"How very thoughtful Shep looks this evening!" I exclaimed, looking down at our faithful old collie.

"He is thinking, no doubt," said Arabella, "of Baa-baa."

"Your cousin," I remarked "did not come down to the station with you this evening."

"She was," said Arabella, "too much interested in *your* cousin. I think they are engaged at last."

"I had," I said, "begun to despair of him."

"I do not think," said Arabella, "that he is as much to blame as Baa-baa."

Whereupon I gave Arabella such a hungry look that she slowed the horse down to a walk and gazed at me with the gaze of expectation.

"Arabella," I said, "will you kindly tell me about Baa-baa?"

"I first saw Baa-baa," said Arabella, "this morning riding in a farmer's wagon, and, Marmaduke, he was the most darling little sheep you ever saw, although his feet were tied together and he was lying on the floor of the cart. The moment I saw him I thought of Shep; for Shep, as you know, is a sheep-dog, and somehow the country has not pleased him as much as I thought it would when we rented this place for the



"ARABELLA," I SAID, "WILL YOU KINDLY TELL ME ABOUT BAA-BAA?"

summer. He has seemed lonely and pre-occupied at times, and I have imagined that it was because he had no sheep to mind. So when I saw this little sheep in the farmer's wagon, Marmaduke, I raised my hand and the farmer stopped.

"What," said I, "are you going to do with that darling little sheep?"

"I am," said he, "on the way to the butcher's."

"For how much," said I, shuddering, "will you sell him to me?"

"Spring lamb," said he, "is worth twenty-five cents a pound of anybody's money, but seeing that it's you, ma'am, you shall have him for twenty cents a pound *and* an extra dollar for the wool."

"We estimated his weight," continued Arabella, "at forty pounds; so I paid the farmer nine dollars, and he carried the lamb to the back of the house, where he fastened one of Shep's old collars around the lamb's neck and tied him to Shep's coop. He then cut the cords that had bound the little dear's feet, and that is how we got him."

Arabella lost herself in a reverie.

"We were," she said, "in raptures over him. Cousin Emily, in particular, raved over him to such an extent that your cousin Augustus became quite jealous. It was Emily who named him 'Baa-baa,' and we decided that he should be washed at once and that a bow and ribbon should be tied around his neck. Silas brought a bucket of nice warm water, smiling at Baa-baa indulgently. It was," said Arabella, thoughtfully—"it was Augustus who rescued Silas, and I saw at last that Emily loved him."

"Loved Baa-baa," I said.

"No, no," said Arabella; "loved Augustus, for when Silas lay prostrate upon the ground,

inextricably mixed with Baa-baa and the bucket of water, Augustus rushed in to save him; and if I had not held Emily back she would have rushed in too, and would either have given Baa-baa a good hard slap or else have boxed his little ears for him."

"And so you washed him," I said.

"No," said Arabella, correcting me; "and so we did *not* wash him, Marmaduke, for, after all, I had bought Baa-baa *not* to wash him, but to give Shep a little sheep to mind. We whistled and called for Shep, who was most strangely absent, and when Augustus finally found him in the barn and dragged him out to Baa-baa, Shep struggled desperately to go back to the barn, and though Baa-baa was apparently just dying to have Shep come and mind him, Shep began to back away despite the best efforts of Augustus. When Baa-baa saw this he became so frantic that he slipped his head out of his collar and ran after Shep to be minded. They made a wide circle around the lawn, and just as Shep returned and made a flying plunge into his coop I think—I *think*—that Baa-baa reached forward and bit him. Baa-baa did all he could to coax Shep out, so that Shep could mind him, and once Baa-baa, eager to be minded, tried to get into the coop with Shep. He lost in this way," said Arabella, "a little of the wool for which I had paid a dollar, but it did not discourage him. He frisked around in an impudent manner (Emily and I were watching from an up-stairs window) and gambolled off to the meadow, where he saw Dobbin rolling on the grass in an exuberance of spirit. Dear old Dobbin!" exclaimed Arabella. "We have not received any news of him yet, Marmaduke, but Silas says he is sure to return as soon as it gets quite dark."

"You mean to say," I said, "that Dobbin jumped that fence? Old Dobbin?"

"From the way he was going," said Arabella, sincerely, "if there had been a house there, Marmaduke, he would have jumped it."

"And Baa-baa after him," said I.

"No, no," said Arabella. "When Augustus saw Baa-baa pursuing Dobbin around and around the meadow he ran out of the house and Emily snatched up the butterfly-net and ran after him, so that she might share his danger. Fortunately," said Arabella, "there was a ladder leaning against the hay-stack in the lower corner of the meadow, and they both managed to reach the top of the hay-stack. The top of the stack, as you will remember, Marmaduke, is pitched at a steep angle, so that Emily had to cling to Augustus to keep herself from sliding off. I



INEXTRICABLY MIXED WITH BAA-BAA

think that this secretly pleased Augustus: for once, when Baa-baa was leaving them, Augustus threw his hat at him, and another time I saw Emily goading him with the butterfly-net. And there we were," said Arabella, "Shep in his coop, and I at my window up-stairs, and Emily and Augustus on the hay-stack, and Dobbin over the hills and far away, and Silas in the barn, and just then who should come driving along but the farmer from whom I had purchased Baa-baa half an hour before? I opened the window and called him and he turned in.

"'You know that little sheep?' I shouted.

"'Yes, ma'am,' he shouted back, 'I know him well.'

"'Well, I want you to buy him back,' I shouted.

"'Where is he?' shouted the farmer.

"'Down in the meadow,' I cried.

"He took a rope from his wagon and I ventured down-stairs and went with him as far as the fence.

"'It seems to me,' he said, looking at Augustus and Emily, 'that Baa-baa has been running around considerable.'

"'He has,' I said, 'been exceedingly active.'

"'Nothing is so detrimental to sheep, ma'am,' he said, 'as running around and violent exercise. Hasn't he lost some of his wool, too?'

"'Take him,' I begged, 'for nothing.'

Arabella turned to me.

"You know our asparagus-beds, Marmaduke?" she asked. "Well, you will not be able to recognize them, nor the glass frames, nor the strawberry patch, nor the bee-hive, nor the flower-beds at the front: and when the farmer finally caught Baa-baa and tied him fast, I think—I *think*, Marmaduke—that we were all somewhat disappointed at his forbearance.

"'Are you going to take him home?' I asked him.

"'Laws, no,' said he, with deep feeling; 'my wife would never forgive me. No,



SHE CLUNG TO AUGUSTUS TO KEEP FROM SLIDING

ma'am; I'm sorry, but I shall have to take him on to the butcher.'

Arabella sighed, and it seemed as if Shep, walking along under the trap, sighed as well.

"Oh, well," I said, seeking to cheer her, "you mustn't feel too badly about it, you know, for that is the fate of all sheep."

"Oh, I wasn't feeling sorry for Baa-baa, Marmaduke," said Arabella, earnestly; "I was thinking of the butcher."



Perfect Balance



The Bird: "I wonder if they're thinking of building a nest?"

Our Dumb Friends

BY CAROLYN WELLS

There is no proof that the millions of vegetables that have been cruelly tortured have produced the slightest benefit to science.

—*Scientific Report.*

REFORMERS, wake! A crying wrong
Has been permitted overlong!
And wanton cruelty hides behind
A so-called "service to mankind."

Ah, save dumb vegetable's life
From the too eager kitchen-knife.
Their fate contributes not a bit
To "scientific benefit."

What torture must a cabbage feel
As nearer comes the glittering steel!
And pierces, with a fiendish art,
Straight to the tender, quivering heart!

Potatoes suffer without doubt
When ruthless hands their eyes cut out!
Say, does it aid our humankind
When these dumb creatures are made blind?

They slit the living squash's neck,
Its anguish matters not a speck!

Nor do they seek to ease its pain
With anæsthetic or cocaine.

Again they wreak their horrid will,
Furthering (say they) the aurist's skill.
Its dumb appeal they treat with scorn,
And cut the ears from living corn!

Young lettuce plants, alive and well—
Their doom it wrings my heart to tell!
Poor dumb things—ere they gasp or choke
Each head is severed at one stroke!

These awful truths should make us pause
And reconstruct our country's laws;
With righteous wrath our blood should boil
At martyred victims of the soil.

Oh, Anti-Vivisectionist,
This portion of your work you've missed!
And your success is but defeat
If man may flay a living beet!

The New Sister

'GENE, who is four years old, was delighted recently when the stork brought a long-coveted baby sister. He went forthwith to announce the glad tidings to the neighbors. To his surprise, they were not inclined to believe him, especially Edward, his chum, who stoutly scoffed the idea of a new arrival at 'Gene's house. With trembling lip, 'Gene ran to his mother and threw himself, sobbing, against the bed.

"Just think, mother," he wailed, "Edward won't *believe* I've got a baby sister! And you know"—here his sense of the world's ingratitude grew stronger, and he wailed afresh—"you know how good I was to him when they had kittens over at his house!"

Why Sell?

"UNCLE JIM" BARKLEY kept the corner store near the almshouse whose superintendent, Ben Shaw, chanced to be a friend. On one occasion Ben, visiting the shop, spied on the top shelf a roll of cloth covered with the dust of years. Fired by a kindly impulse he exclaimed: "Tell you what, Uncle Jim; I'll take that stuff off your hands. What's the price? It will do for pauper clothes."

Uncle Jim yawned and rolled his eyes toward the goods in question.

"Oh, I dun no' as I want to sell it," said he. "I'd only have to buy more in th' place of it."

Not Worth Saving

THE four-year-old descendant of a line of Baptist ministers was found on tiptoe, struggling to immerse her kitten in the rain-water barrel. The kitten was equally frantic in *her* efforts to avoid immersion, and at last, by dint of kicking, clawing, and wriggling, managed to free herself from her small mistress.

As the tip of the little tail disappeared beneath the house the disappointed missionary ejaculated:

"You won't be a Baptist! Then go and be a Presbyterian!"

Unafraid

A NEW-YORKER recently employed as office-boy the nephew of a friend in Brooklyn. When the men met, soon after the entrance of the youngster upon his new duties, the Brooklynite naturally made inquiry touching the progress of his protégé.

"He's doing fairly well," was the brief comment of the employer.

"Honest boy?" said the Brooklyn man, somewhat surprised at the faint praise of the lad, and not knowing what else to remark.

"Oh, he's honest, all right," said the boss.

"And not afraid of work?" timidly ventured the Brooklyn person.

"And not afraid of work," assented the employer. "Indeed, he will sleep right alongside of it."



The Connoisseur



THE DOG. "*Humph! It's beginning to look like swim or starve.*"

The Same Thing

A SOPHOMORIC young man in one of Prof. William James' philosophy classes had been arguing along agnostic lines.

"Then," said the professor, "you mean that you can know nothing?"

"Nothing but what I can comprehend," replied the student.

"That's the same thing," said the professor, making a note in his record-book.

A Fair Proposition

THE Vermont farm had been worn out, so the New-Englander and his wife took up a homestead in Oklahoma. The soil was kindly, and their native thrift was great, so they prospered. At last, however, age came heavily upon the wife, and, knowing that her time was not long, she called her husband to her side.

"Reuben," she said, "I want you to send me back to Vermont when I'm passed away."

Reuben pulled his whiskers reflectively.

"That would cost a lot, Mary—could buy that windmill for what that would cost," he said.

"But I couldn't lie still in a grave this far away from all the old folks," she protested.

"Well, now, I'll tell you," he compromised. "Suppose we just try ye here, and if you *don't* lie still, why, I'll ship ye back to old New Hampshy."

The Coming Generations

ONE of the delegates to the recent congress on the conservation of natural resources was invited to make an address before a Washington literary and scientific organization. He was a very good speaker, and for half an hour his audience listened attentively; at the end of an hour they were thinking that they had been well entertained and that the evening was well spent; at the end of an hour and a half they thought they knew enough about conservation to last them the remainder of their lives; at the end of two hours they had sunk into a state of listless despair.

"Important as is this subject to us, it is more so to others, gentlemen," the speaker asserted, apparently getting a second wind. "I am in reality speaking for the benefit of posterity."

"Well, just hold out a little longer, old man," some one in the rear muttered, "and posterity will be here to profit by your remarks."

A Pedestrian

"WHAT'S a pedestrian, papa?" asked little Willie, whose parent had just begun to run his own motor.

"A pedestrian, my son," said the irritable father, "is a person who gets in the way of motor-cars to annoy the poor chauffeurs."



..Standing Room Only..



Take Two from Three and One is Left

He Knew

THE history class had been studying about Columbus and the mutiny of his men at sea.

"Now, Johnnie, you tell us who Columbus was," said the teacher.

"The gem of the ocean," promptly answered Johnnie.

Easy

A TRAVELLING man temporarily sojourning in one of the interior mountain counties of a Southern State at a time when the feud was in its flower, and noticing the great number of loiterers around the combined village store and post-office, observed to the merchant:

"You take life pretty easy around here, don't you?"

"Well, yes," was the reply. "About one fair shot usually does the business."

The Judge's Severity

JUDGE X——, noted for his severity toward offenders brought before the bar, was the father of two sadly spoiled lads. As is usual in such cases, Mrs. X—— bore the brunt of popular disapproval, being accused by her neighbors and relatives of not exercising proper firmness in disciplining the boys. But the long road one day had its turning. Callers were present in the drawing-room and the Judge had joined the ladies for a chat. Suddenly the door burst open, and, with a whoop, the two terrible infants entered, riding their pet goat. The Judge's face showed his marked disapproval.

"Boys," he said, sternly, "take that goat out of here this instant! Take it," here his gathering frown made the guests quake inwardly—"take it back to the library where it belongs!"

The Pleasure of Bossing

MR. S—— offered a young colored man fifteen cents to cut the grass about his home. Returning a few hours later, Mr. S—— saw the ducky whom he had hired lying in the shade of some trees watching another ducky cut the grass.

"What's the matter, Sam?" inquired Mr. S——.

"Nawthin', sah," returned the negro, placidly. "Jim just happened along and done offered to take the job offen my hands, and I 'lowed he could do it just as well as I could, sah."

"Oh, it's all right, Sam. I suppose you are making something off the deal, aren't you?" Mr. S—— queried, amused at the lordly air of Sam.

"No, sah," replied the negro. "I done tole that Jim I'd give him two bits [twenty-five cents] to cut that thar grass."

"Two bits!" exclaimed Mr. S——. "Why, Sam, you are an awful fool. That is ten cents more than I am going to pay you."

"Yes, sah," Sam rejoined, amiably, "I know dat, sah; but I calc'late it's wuth ten cents to me to be boss for a whole afternoon, sah."

In Case of Fire

THEY were country people pure and simple, but they had read the home papers and thought they were educated up to all the improvements of the day.

When they visited Washington, D. C., they went through the Navy Department and saw the models of some of the new battleships.

Pointing to a companion ladder hanging over the side of one of the ships, she asked her better half what it was.

"Oh," he replied, "that's the fire escape."



Something Wrong

Convincing

A LYNCHBURG, Virginia, man recently added to his stable a rather high-spirited horse purchased at a country horse-show. It so happened that shortly after the beast was duly installed in his new quarters the owner was called from home, and so had no opportunity personally to issue orders with reference to his care.

When the Lynchburger returned his first thought was of the horse; so, calling in his head stableman, he asked:

"Bill, how is the new one coming on?"

The stableman sighed deeply. "I'm convinced, sir," replied he, "that that beast will never feel at home here."

"Convinced that he'll never feel at home!" ejaculated the owner, astonished. "What's the trouble? Isn't he well, and doesn't he feed well?"

"Oh yes," said the man; "but I am convinced he ain't feeling at home—that's all, sir."

"He'll get over that," suggested the owner. "Give him time."

"I've given him two weeks," said the stableman, "and during that time he's kicked me out of the stall every time I went near him. I leave it to you, sir, ain't that kind of convincing?"

She Knew It

IN a certain Western city sermons were to be preached and collections made on behalf of a missionary society. To remind them of the annual effort, and to request their attendance, the pastor visited many of his flock.

A few days after the first appeal, he called at the house of an old woman whom he had seen at church for the first time. Before he could utter a word of greeting the old woman startled him by saying:

"Ah, you've come; I tho't you would. But I'll give no more to your missions—not I. Why, look at that," showing a penny which she took from a shelf; "I put that in the plate and it comed back to me from the grocer to-day. I marked it, I did, for I knowed well them heath-ens never got the money."

The Business Spirit

"THE business spirit enters into almost every product of human ingenuity in our Middle West," says a Chicago man. "Perhaps the oddest example of this I've ever encountered is a monument in a Springfield cemetery erected by a stone mason in memory of his wife.

"Inscribed on this handsome product of the mason's art are these words:

"'Martha Hume, wife of Henry Hume, stone mason. This monument was erected by her husband as a mark of respect and also as a specimen of his workmanship. Monuments in the same style \$110.'"

Famed

SCOTLAND has a great reputation for learning, and a Boston lady, who recently visited there, expected to find the proverbial shepherd quoting Vergil and the laborer who had Burns by heart. She was disillusioned in Edinburgh. Accosting a policeman, she inquired as to the whereabouts of Carlyle's house.

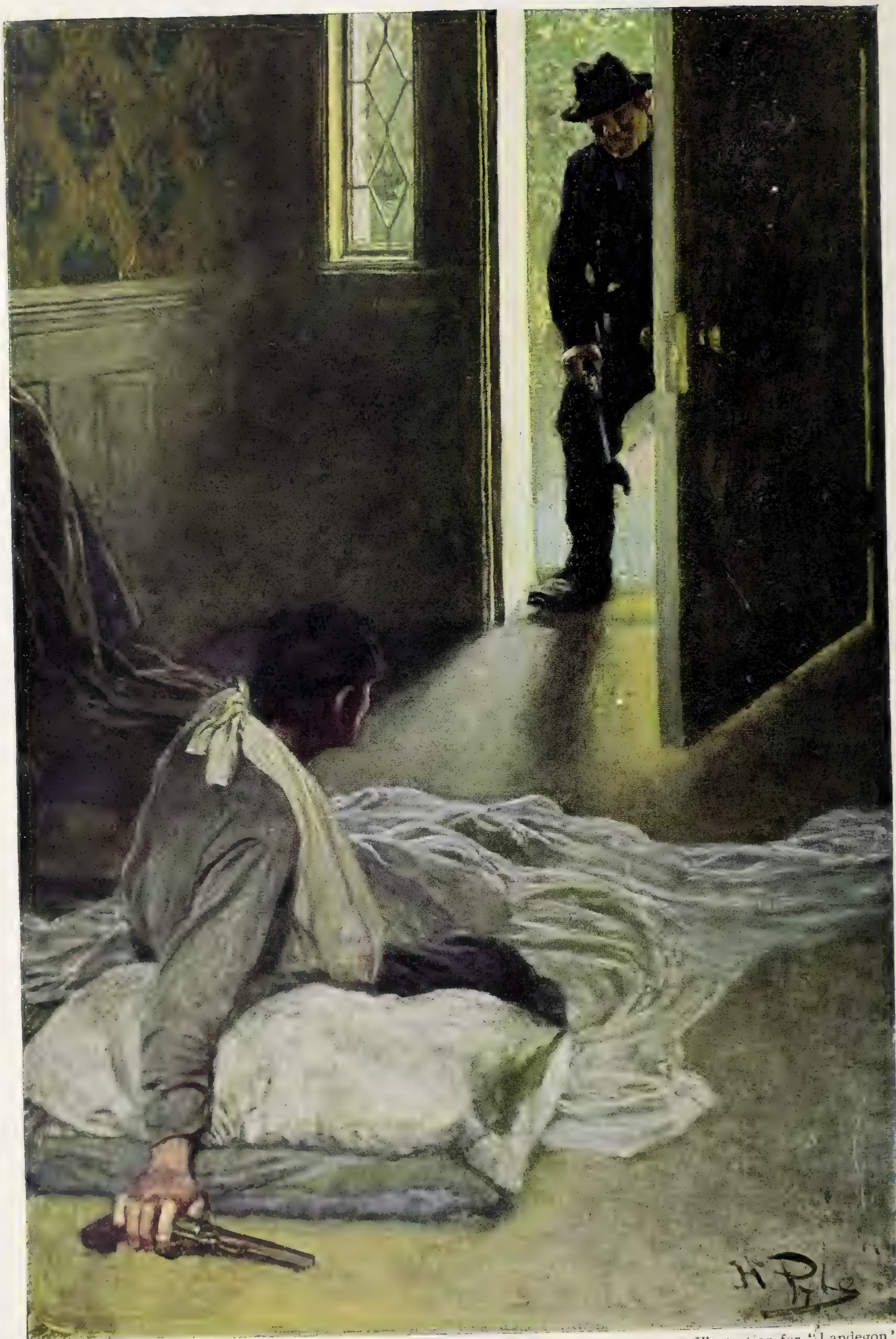
"Which Carlyle?" he asked.

"Thomas Carlyle," said the lady.

"What does he do?"

"He was a writer—but he's dead," she faltered.

"Well, madam," the big Scot informed her, "if the man is dead over five years there's little chance of finding out anything about him in a big city like this."



Painting by Howard Pyle

Illustration for "Landegon"

IT WAS A COMRADE FROM HIS OWN OLD REGIMENT

HARPER'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE

VOL. CXIX

NOVEMBER, 1909

No. DCCXIV



GIPSIES AT THE FESTIVAL OF THE SAINTES-MARIES

Wild France

BY ANDRÉ CASTAIGNE

SEARCH all civilized Europe and you shall find but one corner which has not been turned upside down by modern life, one corner which has preserved the wild and rugged poetry of the virgin soils and untilled lands. Here the ungrateful natural conditions have not allowed civilization to encroach upon them; here the landscape has retained

its original appearance and, throughout the ages, life has, with impressive constancy, displayed the same pictures and the same scenes.

This paradoxical stretch of country lies in the southeast of France, between the two arms formed by the Rhône as it reaches the Mediterranean; and in it all the picturesque remains of the old



THE CAMARGUE AT NIGHT—MARSHES, WASTE MOORS, AND LEADEN WATERS

world seem to meet. This is the district, about three hundred square miles in extent, which, twenty centuries ago, the Romans called "the independent land" and which has fiercely preserved its lusty freedom: La Camargue.

The peculiar shape and position of this district have caused it to be compared with the delta of the Nile. La Camargue, however, is made of sand and gravel, the accumulation of which cannot be expected to produce a fertile soil. It consists of great salt spaces, a desert intersected with fens and pools. On every side are melancholy views: wide marshes, bogs, waste moors, and leaden waters; a sick country, flanked at its three angles by three drowsy towns; on the north, Arles, with its Roman ruins; on the west, Aigues-Mortes, within its thirteenth-century ramparts; on the south, Les Saintes-Maries, slumbering beside the sea.

From Arles onward the country grows flat, the villages stand farther apart, the mulberries and olive trees lose yet a few inches of their stature and are transformed into a dwarf vegetation, the screens of cypresses stoop lower and lower under the victorious *mistral*. Then, suddenly, as the vast Camargue

presents itself in all its monotonous grandeur to the eye, there is nothing left but desert extent and the great blast of the raging wind, of the *mistral*, that northerly wind but for which a soil such as that of La Camargue would be a hot-bed of contagion.

Nothing . . . Yet, stay: stare deep into those desolate spaces and you shall see, at ever more distant intervals, houses almost level with the ground, each crouching low in a little green oasis, striking a solitary note of life amid the infinite barrenness. If, instead of crossing this wilderness by train from Arles to Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer, you follow on foot the road that winds among the marshes, the door of the *mas* is opened ajar, as you pass, and curious eyes, faces bronzed by the hot Provençal sun and the Mediterranean breezes, appear in the frame of the doorway; for the arrival of a stranger, accompanied by his dragomans and his camels, causes no greater astonishment in the camps of the Bedouins dozing in their tents out yonder, behind the gold and indigo billows of the shimmering sea, on the yellow sands of the South-Algerian desert.

Smiling at your approach with that charming and eager courtesy which greets

you throughout the Provençal country, the man offers to guide you in your progress through the wild Camargue. You accept, and then and there your future guide takes a silver whistle that hangs at his belt and from it produces a slow wail, which he modulates in subtle fashion as he turns toward the four points of the horizon. Whom or what can he be calling in this undisturbed solitude, where nothing stirs, where nothing comes? You begin to look at the man askance; you almost suspect him of playing a hoax upon you. Have patience! You are about to behold a scene of fairy-land, akin to those that charmed your childhood in the wondrous tales of the East.

At the extreme end of the plain the dry grass shivers and sways with the harmonious suppleness of the waves. At the same time a gay and silvery music reaches your ears from the horizon; the undulations of the grass come nearer and are now crested with a silvery white fleece, like the foam of the sea; the metallic murmur grows stronger and more distinct; and suddenly, rising from this ocean of parched grass, with swelling chests and quivering nostrils and restless sinewy cruppers, hundreds of stallions dart forth, while the orchestra of their thousands of tiny bells tinkles in the wavering air. White, all white, with a whiteness dazzling as that underneath a pigeon's wing, prancing, leaping, capering like so many mad goats, they suggest enchanted horses escaping from the Persian legends or from the Thousand and One Nights at the magic call of the guide, who, standing on the threshold of his *mas*, is already replacing his whistle in the chain of his belt.

There are more than three thousand of them scattered over the Ca-

margue desert, living and galloping at liberty, nibbling the gray grass or, with mane and tail streaming in the wind, sniffing the salt breeze. Descended from the Saracen stallions, they have lost none of the beauty or the mettle of their ancestors of twelve centuries ago; and in their glorious freedom they know no other law than the whistle of man, the call of the wiry horseman whom they deign to recognize as their master.

You are welcome, you are from a distance, your speech has not the accent of the countryside, you bring news . . . you are treated as a friend at once. A horse is girthed without loss of time. An old bridle is taken from its peg in the outhouse that stands back to back with the *mas*, a sort of shed in which lie heaped up promiscuously implements of every kind, for husbandry, shooting, and fishing; and quick, yoop, in the saddle! You are not asked if you know



THE OLD FORTRESS-CHURCH OF LES SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER

how to ride. That is taken for granted by these centaurs of the wilderness, who are accustomed from childhood to galloping on their barebacked stallions, in this country where little girls get astride of a horse, no matter which, and ride for two hours at full speed over the heather, under the burning sun, to go marketing in the village, or with no object at all, for the pleasure of galloping, of feeling themselves alive, for the sheer fun of disturbing, as they pass, the herds of wild bulls that look at you with a sullen eye.

You have made your choice among the wonderful array, and the beast proudly paws the ground with the tip of its hoof. The others scamper back to the horizon,

gilded with a sunlit dust. And, now, forward to the unknown heart of this enthralling empire!

In the silent immensity the road winds through thickets of saltwort and clumps of eucalyptus that fling their strong perfume into the torrid air. It crosses large violet stains of marsh-mallows that appear as soft patches on the wrinkled, yellow ground; sand-banks alternate with white, salt puddles; and among the tamarisks, rushes, and reeds numberless tiny pools display their surfaces, gleaming like sword-blades under the light. The delicate outlines of clusters of Egyptian pines stand out against the boundless horizon.

For all things here combine to give an impression of the East. It is, no doubt, the only corner of Europe in which tortoises exist in a state of freedom, even as Gibraltar is the only spot where monkeys can still be found. The Camargue children go hunting for tortoises in the muddy marshes where these lie hidden. They also go in search of the nests of the big birds with the motley plumage that bathe lazily in the water of the pools or dart across the sky with a great rustling of wings. The swans and coots exhibit their long ranks; the herons, gray and red, dream on their tall legs, while the small fry of gulls, sea-mews, and whistlers whirl wildly to and fro. High up in the sky, against a turquoise background, the cormorants trace their immense triangular flight. All the birds



A HOME IN THE DESERT



• • Castaigne — • • 09

Drawn by Andre Castaigne

Half-tone plate engraved by C. E. Hart

LA CAMARGUE STILL PROVIDES THE ENTRANCING SPECTACLE OF HAWKING

of the air are here, and seem to have found their Eldorado in this corner of La Camargue. And the uncontested masters of this domain, masters by dint of their numbers and their loveliness, the pink flamingoes with the pale-carminé wings, stand motionless in sacerdotal attitudes or sit on their eggs, gravely perched on the little mounds of earth that rise above the sleeping waters.

It is an ideal country for sport, but

cing spectacle of hawking. Falcon on wrist, the southern sportsmen come to the Rhône delta to indulge in the aristocratic pastime of falconry, which is the princely relaxation of Arabia, India, and the Kirghiz Steppes, the noblest sport of old France, the royal sport above all others.

One cannot meet a hawking-party in the Camargue plain without having irresistibly brought to mind a vision of the

days of old. Behind the varlets urging on the greyhounds, the howling, barking pack, the whole court follows the flight of the falcon pursuing the kite in the clouds above: a gallant chase, if ever there was, in which the ladies on their palfreys, clad in velvet gowns and feathered hats worn Guelphic fashion, canter in the front rank, with their coats looped up above the knee and boots of embroidered leather, vigorously spurring the horse. It was for them, always for them, that each vied with the other in the skill and elegance wherewith he threw the falcon, recalled him after his victory and placed him gracefully upon his mistress's gloved wrist.

La Camargue is

not for vulgar, every-day sport. The passage of the quails in their season gives an opportunity for easy, too easy, hecatombs; wild-duck shooting in winter, in the fog or in the great icy wind that pierces you to the marrow, also has its devotees. But La Camargue has better than this to offer. La Camargue scorns commonplace diversions. La Camargue alone, in this latter-day France of ours, provides the great and entran-

one great heronry; and, to a falconer, nothing in the world comes up to "flying a heron." He is the finest bird of all to hunt. The pink flamingo lets himself be bled without uttering a complaint, hardly more than a sad little cry, as though to beg for mercy: a few drops of pale-red blood and all is over. He dies gently and easily. With the heron the game is more evenly matched: he is a fine, strong bird, a formidable and very crafty en-



PROCESSION OF THE SAINTES-MARIES-DE-LA-MER

emy. The falcon shoots up like an arrow in pursuit. The gray bird tries to disappear, but his enemy, who is struggling to soar above him in order to swoop down upon him, runs him close, harasses him, compels him to pass the clouds. The tragedy is consummated at a giddy height. The heron weakens, conquered by the fatigue of that prodigious flight through the sky, and already his victorious adversary "holds" him irresistibly.

As though this translucent atmosphere, this bright sky, and all this motley-winged people were not enough to accentuate the unexpectedly Eastern character of this French landscape, Nature employs all her enchanting surprises, all her play of light and shade. Suddenly before the horseman's dazzled eyes a wondrous city rises from the sandy plain, a glittering Bagdad, with its domes, its minarets, and its mosques. Charmed by the magic vision, you dig your impatient spurs into your horse's flanks; invincibly attracted, you bend over his neck; but the entrancing city recedes incessantly toward the horizon, and all of a sudden vanishes under a great cloak of shadow. Like the African desert, the Camargue wilderness has lured you with its deceptive mirage.

It is but a fleeting disappointment, for life here is constantly renewed, and the eye has never long to seek for the picturesque. The gay and bright *mas* scattered over the plain possess a wealth beyond the lean vines and puny crops which you leave on either side of the



A TYPICAL CAMARGUE GIRL

road as you gallop along on your white steed. Between Arles and the sea there are more than 100,000 head of sheep and cattle, streaking the country in enormous herds, and travelling slowly from north to south and east to west in search of such green plains as have escaped the scorching fire of the sun.

Few sights are more impressive than that of one of these hordes of animals, one of these *manades*, moving across the wide Camargue. You must go to the Far West of America before you can

find a similar sensation. At the head the bulls lead the van, with their dark, glossy coats, their great necks, their broad chests, their jutting muscles, their long, rough horns. Behind them, by hundreds, come the heifers, with tapering snouts and pointed horns, nimbly skipping and followed by the herd of little calves, who trot along fussily to



TRIDENT IN HAND, THE "GARDIAN" PRICKS ON THE LAGGARDS

keep pace with the rest. Bringing up the rear is the crowd of tired cattle, oxen and cows emaciated by the hard winter or wounded in the *corridas* of the bull-rings of Nîmes and Arles. Here and there, among the horde, a few Spanish *toros*, with their red, bristling coats, display their slender horns and the tremendous muscles of their necks.

Slowly and silently the interminable *manade* proceeds across the plain. Firmly seated on their horses, trident in hand, the *gardians* come and go, now behind, now in flank, always ready to goad the lagging beast. Sometimes even it is a daughter of the desert who, proudly perched upon a stallion, her hair floating loose in the wind, carrying her spear like an Amazon of the heroic times, pricks on the sluggards. In the midst of the herd the owner, the *patron*, on his white horse, carries behind him on the crupper his young wife, who, with her right arm flung around his waist, makes an attractive picture in this rude scene.

The bull plays a prominent part in the whole of Camargue life; he is the principal actor, the hero of every festival and every rejoicing. No guide will ever fail to make the traveller attend one of

the most picturesque scenes imaginable. In this free, this three-quarters wild life which the cattle lead across the desert, there is no other means of recognizing the animal than a brand with a red-hot iron on the buttock. The *ferrades* are solemnities that throw the whole of La Camargue into a fever. From every point of the horizon, from the farthest *mas*, the people of the wilderness drive up in the most extraordinary conveyances. Gigs and traps, buggies and governess-carts, dog-carts and antiquated landaus: everything that runs on wheels is put in requisition. At the spot agreed upon, the carriages are unharnessed and muddled up in an inextricable tangle, leaving a horseshoe space in the middle—the arena. Camarguais, in their broad-brimmed felt hats, Arlésiennes, in their head-dresses of lace and flowered velvet, all heaped up in the vehicles, laugh and jabber and chatter and shout. In the centre of the ring stands a red brazier. A bugle-call rends the air. Forthwith a young bull bounds from the back of the improvised arena, stops short, and sends the pebbles flying with his furious hoof. His shiny coat shakes with thrills of anger, and his eye,



SUNDAY AFTERNOON PASTIMES IN SAINTES-MARIES



THE FEAST OF THE VIRGINS IN THE ROMAN AMPHITHEATRE AT ARLES

already alight with fury, proudly defies the crowd. Around him, mounted on horseback in high-cantled saddles, the *toucheurs*, the *toucadours* sit waiting, trident in hand. Then all jump down and make a rush for the beast. The iron! The iron! An indescribable medley and hubbub ensues. The bull is surrounded, is thrown to the ground by a powerful fellow who takes him by the horns and topples him over with a sud-

den jerk. A man applies the hot iron, there is a roar of pain, and with a bound the branded bull stands erect again. Drunk with rage, he darts forward, charges the crowd, who hastily get out of his way, and leaps an obstacle, to disappear like a dark speck in the immensity of the plain.

Six hours' riding have brought you to the confines of the wilderness. Already

the sea breeze and the salt air announce the nearness of the Mediterranean. And suddenly, standing on the flat horizon, in the midst of low houses crowding around it like a brood of chickens, appears the tall outline of the old fortress-church of Les Saintes-Maries-de-la-Mer. It was here, according to the Provençal tradition, that the three Marys of the gospel, with Sarah their servant, landed after the death of Christ, having come from the East in a boat without sails or oars.

The pious legend is still honored and observed; and every year, from the 23d to the 25th of May, fifteen thousand people come to encamp in tents in this town which does not number five hundred inhabitants. It is even better than a branding-day. It is the great annual festival, the equivalent, in its kind, of the Feast of the Virgins at Arles, that other capital of the desert. It has the attraction of mystery. Every cripple and paralytic, from Lyons to Toulouse, drags himself to the old church, drawn hither by the hope of a miraculous cure.

But the people who above all lend picturesqueness and color to these May

solemnities are the gipsies. For centuries all the gipsies in Europe have been represented at the Saintes-Maries festival. English Romanies, Spanish *gitanos*, German *Zigeuner*, and Italian *zingari* send their delegates to adore the relics of the Marys and of Sarah, the gipsies' patron saint. For these is reserved the crypt which is said to have sheltered the saints and which is the oldest Christian monument in France. During the three days of devotion they stay there night and day, heaped atop of one another in a pied and tattered swarm, until the reliquary descends from the upper chapel in the choir amid a chorus of groans, prayers, and supplications.

Then all this crowd scatters in the great desert and disappears; the last sounds die away in the infinite silence which resumes possession of its empire; and, down to the motionless horizon, nothing is left to disturb the Biblical peace of the landscape or the long day-dream of men, beasts, and things. La Camargue, for a moment stirred into life, has relapsed into the wild poetry of the world's first hours.

Gargoyle

BY MARY NORSWORTHY SHEPARD

HIGH, where stars walk through the night,
And the sun its daily flower
Drops upon the wrinkled tower:—

Weird against that midday light,
Weirder, 'gainst the purple arch
Under which those star hosts march—

Breaks the Gargoyle's stony leer,
As he cranes from parapet
Where his sprawling arms are set.

Ugliness without a peer!
Thou wert carven, line by line,
Without word or wish of thine!

But thy maker set thee here,
That from thy misshapen lip
Clearest rains from heaven might drip.

The Winning Lady

BY MARY E. WILKINS FREEMAN

MRS. ADELINE WYATT stood before her long mirror. She held a silver-framed hand-glass, and she surveyed her head, crowned with a pretty toque, at every possible angle. Adeline was always conscious of exercising stern heroism when she stood before her mirror. She spared herself nothing. She looked unflinchingly at every crease in her chin, every crow's-foot about her eyes, every hollow in her cheeks; also the little sprays of marks, as if made by some tiny besom of time, beneath her ears. She faced the worst, and as far as possible, without the use of arts which she despised, she remedied defects. She practised before her mirror exactly the carriage of head and arrangement of hair which were most becoming. When her gloves were adjusted she was complete, as perfect a figure of a middle-aged woman as one could find. She wore a charming gown of prune-color. Her toque was of prune-colored velvet trimmed with a knot of violets, in the midst of which nestled a pink rose. After Ellen had helped her on with her coat she practised holding up her long skirt, for she was to walk to Mrs. Charles Lennox's, where the Whist Club met that afternoon. The Wyatts kept no carriage, and Adeline never hired one from the livery-stable when she could possibly avoid it. Her husband, Thomas Wyatt, was a comparatively rich man, but very parsimonious. Adeline had nothing to spend upon her own personal expenses, except the tiny income derived from her inheritance from her father. That was uncertain. She never quite reached two hundred a year at the most, but Thomas Wyatt thought that a very large sum for a woman to spend upon herself. He thought she ought to save some of it. He allowed her ten dollars per week for household expenses, and considered himself very generous. There were only four in the family, including Ellen, the

maid. Thomas Wyatt's nephew, Walter Wyatt, had lived with his uncle ever since his parents' death when he was a child, and Thomas loved him as his own son. Walter had opened a tiny law office on the main street of the village, and was struggling hard to succeed and to enable himself to marry Violet Ames and support her comfortably.

Thomas Wyatt in one respect was not parsimonious. He had never dreamed of charging young Walter a penny for his board. Adeline, although she would have been distressed had her husband proposed such a measure, was sometimes surprised, and occasionally she did consider, when she saw Walter taking flowers to Violet and smoking cigars, how many things she needed in her home—that is, æsthetic things. All the essentials were hers. She was what is called “a splendid manager.” How Adeline Wyatt contrived to dress and set her table upon her income would have puzzled a financier. She might have made the matter plainer had she told of her sleepless hours of planning, and her supervision of every item purchased, and her countless schemes for saving. The prune-colored gown which she wore the day of the whist party was seven years old. It had been daintily wrapped in tissue-paper and laid away until the wheel of fashion turned. Adeline did not believe in spending money upon remodelling. Now long, tight sleeves had come into vogue again, and everybody would think the gown new. When she was on the street she held it up carefully, almost too carefully, and two little girls playing on the sidewalk stared at her display of black stocking, and giggled delightedly.

Adeline was one of the last to reach the Lennox house. After she had entered the large room and taken a seat, she regarded many of the other ladies with a somewhat pharisaical feeling. She noticed that a hook gaped on the collar of

a lady at another table, also that Mrs. John Sears' lace waist bloused much more than the style allowed, and that the sleeves were short, and Mrs. Sears' arms very thin to be displayed. She gave the slightest glance of sweet complacency at her own nice prune-colored sleeves, with their very much up-to-date ornament of fringe which she had made herself. Then Mrs. Ames, Violet's mother, who was her partner, noticed the glance, and also viewed the prune-colored gown admiringly.

"If you will allow me to say so, what a perfectly charming gown you have!" she said.

"Thank you, dear," replied Adeline, sitting very straight, and conscious in every nerve of her body of her prune-colored daintiness.

"You always have such lovely clothes," Mrs. Ames went on.

"You have pretty clothes yourself," said Adeline.

Mrs. Ames gave a slightly self-conscious glance at her own sleeves, which her dressmaker had just remodelled. "I always wear black, and that is the reason why people cannot tell when my gown is old," replied Mrs. Ames. "But you wear different colors."

Adeline smiled. She did not state that she wore only two colors—gray and prune. She was a subtle woman, and that choice of two colors had been subtle. She could be as economical and more so in her two colors than Mrs. Ames in her invariable black, and nobody would suspect her of economy. She felt quite superior to Mrs. Ames, although she was fond of her for her own sake and especially as Walter's prospective mother-in-law. Mrs. Ames' daughter Violet was there that afternoon, but she was not playing. Violet Ames was one of the sweet, unselfish young girls who immolate themselves for the sake of their elders. Violet, with her periwinkle-blue eyes exactly matched by her little blue satin gown and her blue feather in her hat, flitted from one table to another, passed the bonbon-dishes, and made herself generally useful. There was more excitement this afternoon than usual, for there were prizes. Generally bridge was played without prizes, because of a covert fear among the ladies that bridge was

a wicked gambling game. But Mrs. Charles Lennox had come out openly with prizes, and such prizes! Mrs. Ames had called Adeline's attention to them at the first. "My dear," she said, "have you seen the prizes?" She had touched upon a childish weakness of the other woman's which had survived the passage of time. In most people there are childish weaknesses, or traits, which survive time, and are unconquerable by it. In Mrs. Adeline Wyatt a love for presents and prizes which had been strong during her childhood endured in full force. If she had worn amid her smooth grayish elderly tresses one round shining curl of babyhood, it could not have been more marked than that trait in her soul.

She turned eyes of a child upon the prizes, which were displayed upon a table between the front windows, then she gasped. "You don't mean," said she, "that—?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Ames. "That cut glass punch-bowl is the first prize, and the second prize is that set of Shakespeare. It does seem to me rather funny that Mrs. Lennox should think Shakespeare beneficial to people who play bridge badly." Mrs. Ames had a fine sense of humor. Adeline Wyatt had none whatever; she took everything very seriously.

"That is a beautiful set of Shakespeare," said she, "but that *punch-bowl!*" she gasped.

"Yes," assented the other woman. "It's a beauty, and it must be good cut glass, too, if Alice Lennox bought it."

Adeline Wyatt sighed. The charming facets of the glass punch-bowl looked to her admiring eyes like those of a diamond. It stood in a window in full sunlight, and beautiful rose tints gleamed here and there from its convexities. Adeline Wyatt's eyes had a strange expression. All her life she had been good and honest, never consumed by unholy longings—for her childish delight in presents and prizes could not be called unholy; it was simply primitive and naïve. Now, however, it took a different phase. Positive lust for that punch-bowl gleamed in Adeline's eyes. It happened to be the one treasure of all treasures which she immediately coveted. She wished to give soon a reception in honor of her dear Walter and his Violet, and

fruit punch was of course a necessity at such a function. Everybody in Rawson had fruit punch at afternoons. Adeline had heretofore borrowed Mrs. Frank Jennings' punch-bowl, but upon the last occasion of her doing so she had resolved that it was too much of a sacrifice to her pride. Either Mrs. Jennings had said something disagreeable, or had been reported so to have said, and Adeline had made up her mind not to borrow her punch-bowl again. She had thought of borrowing one belonging to Mrs. Lennox, but that was supposed to represent such enormous value that she was afraid. Mrs. John Sears owned a punch-bowl. Mrs. Sears' daughter Jessie had earned it by scouring Rawson and neighboring towns for subscribers for a certain brand of soap. Mrs. Sears esteemed the bowl highly, but Adeline had doubts. It was decorated crockery, and its origin was so widely known that it was not in much request. Nobody could say positively of a glass bowl that it did not belong to the giver of a tea, but Mrs. Sears' treasure, with its decoration of splashy roses in crude hues, was unmistakable.

Adeline had not seen her way clear toward giving a tea on account of the lack of a punch-bowl. "I ought to give an afternoon tea for Violet, now everybody knows that she and Walter are engaged," she had remarked, tentatively, to her husband.

"Well, why don't you?" he had replied.

"There are various reasons," said Adeline. "There are some things I ought to own to give such an affair properly."

"Why don't you get them?" asked Thomas.

"I need a punch-bowl, and a really good one *costs*."

"Oh, get a good one while you are about it," said Thomas, and he spoke with such entire unconsciousness that Adeline gave a responsive murmur and said no more. She dared not ask Thomas to buy a punch-bowl. He had such entire faith in the inexhaustibility of her small resources that he had infected her own line of thought. She really wondered if she ought not to have money enough to buy the bowl. She had endeavored to retrench in various ways,

but had not been successful. She had had a hard struggle to keep Ellen from leaving, because when she worried about the cost of butter, Ellen had imagined that her mistress suspected her of taking it home to her married sister.

It seemed now to Adeline Wyatt (although she shuddered a little at the possible sacrilege of the fancy) that Providence had interposed. There stood the punch-bowl, radiating colors like a diamond. She had only to—play for it. Adeline set her mouth hard, a furrow which she usually suppressed came between her eyes, and she played. The worst of it was, she was neither a good player nor did she hold high cards. When the first rubber was finished, Adeline had held exactly one honor in trumps, and her partner had not fared much better.

Mrs. Ames, who was optimistic and did not care about a punch-bowl, who had, in fact, on several occasions given teas and set out a little table with cups already filled, and a pressed-glass pitcher of punch to refill them (she was economizing for Violet's trousseau), only laughed gayly when the two winning ladies passed on to a higher table and left her and Adeline seated in ignominy. "Small chance we have of that punch-bowl," she remarked, and laughed again.

Adeline did not laugh. "No human being can win with the cards we have held," she returned.

"My last hand was not very bad," said Mrs. Ames. "I think I made a mistake in leading clubs."

As she spoke she changed her place, and Miss Judith Armstead came to play with Adeline, and Mrs. Austin Freer against her. Adeline tried to speak pleasantly to Judith, who was elderly, always wore her thin hair the same way, and played bridge about as successfully as she could have flown. Adeline knew there was no chance for her as far as her partner was concerned. Judith had acquired bridge too late in life. She was of abnormal conservatism, and might have carried off all honors at checkers played in her teens, but at bridge she was a dismal object.

However, she sat up very straight, showed all her cards to Mrs. Freer, who had a sly sidewise glance for them, and it being her deal, passed a no-trump

hand of four aces to Adeline. Poor Adeline had one heart and four spades, ten high, and she made it spades, and Mrs. Freer doubled. When it was over, Adeline glared at Judith.

"Why didn't you make it no trumps?" she demanded. "You had four aces."

"I had no side cards," replied Judith, undisturbed. It was easy for her to be undisturbed. She boarded, and had no need for a punch-bowl. But although a truism, fate is ironic. All that afternoon Judith Armstead, who did not know how to play, held the cards. Adeline, sometimes winning, glanced frequently at Judith's score. It was assuming phenomenal proportions. Violet Ames, moving from one table to another, also kept watch of Judith's score. Each lady had her own score, with a little colored ribbon and pencil attached. The ladies said among themselves that Judith Armstead was sure to win the prize. Adeline after a little kept her score hidden, tucked in the lace of her bodice. Her delicate, well-preserved face wore an expression which was almost like a mask. Often the other ladies would glance at her wonderingly and not know why they did so. Adeline had her mouth fixed in a smile; her eyes were always intent, crafty. She played as she had never done before, and her luck was better, but always at the end of a rubber Judith waved her little blue score-card with a fatuous, irritating smile. Judith began to grow excited. Every time she gathered in a trick she chuckled offensively. She antagonized even the ladies who did not care so much about winning the bowl. Adeline, even if she were at another table, never once lost sight of that blue score. She never failed to hear Judith's latest record proclaimed in her high cackling tone of triumph, and always she evaded a direct answer to inquiries respecting her own, and always she kept the score hidden in her bodice lace.

The time drew near for the close of the play. The last rubber had begun, and now Adeline was playing with the worst player in the club, Mrs. Leonidas Bennett, who did not approve of bridge, and felt a qualm of conscience every time she put down a card. Mrs. Bennett had a firmly fixed conviction that she must always play second hand high, and

that she was a great sinner even while doing that. The results even with good hands were disastrous. Adeline had for opponents Judith Armstead, flushed with victory, her long score dangling ostentatiously from her passementerie trimming, and Mrs. Austin Freer, who knew how to play. Adeline was lucky enough to secure the deal, but her hand was hopeless, and she knew if she passed it to her partner it would be worse, so she made it spades in her own hand, and Mrs. Freer doubled. Adeline's smile never relaxed, but a deadly animosity shot through her at the sound of Mrs. Freer's quiet card-voice saying that she would double spades.

There was a nervous tension all over the room. The gambling atmosphere reigned. These village women were playing for high stakes, and strains of roistering ancestors who had slumbered for generations awoke. Mild, middle-aged eyes gleamed, red spots appeared upon cheeks, sweet middle-aged mouths grew stern, but Adeline Wyatt wore the face of the true warrior of fate. No red spots upon cheeks betrayed her inward excitement, her mouth never relaxed from its smile, her eyes never lost their expression of sly, calm watchfulness. Toward the last of the rubber Adeline and her partner held such extraordinarily good cards that even stupid play prevailed. She by this last sunset glow of victory made her attempt at deception successful. Yes, poor Adeline Wyatt, who had been all her life a virtuous and God-fearing woman, now fell for the first time before the snare of a glass punch-bowl. It was only a very, very little thing which she did—merely the changing of the numeral 6 to 8. It required only one little curving stroke of her pencil. It was not exactly a perfect 8, but it could not be mistaken for anything else, and it raised her score to an amount sufficient to overbalance Judith Armstead's.

Mrs. Lennox came around to collect the scores then, and Violet Ames and Mrs. Lennox's maid and a niece of Judith Armstead spread the tables with nice little embroidered cloths and served ice-cream and cake and coffee. Afterward there was a hush, and Mrs. Lennox's slightly affected although pleasant voice arose.



Drawn by S. M. Chase

"I THOUGHT YOU WOMEN NEVER PLAYED FOR PRIZES"

She announced that Mrs. Thomas Wyatt as the winning lady had a claim to the first prize, and Miss Judith Armstead to the second. There was also a booby prize, a book on bridge, which Mrs. Leonidas Bennett won. There was a subdued titter as her name was read. Adeline did not titter. She had her mind intent upon the figures of the scores as read by Mrs. Lennox. Judith Armstead, after all her boasting, had either been misunderstood by her, or those last no-trumpers had counted for more than she had reckoned. Adeline had cheated at cards. She had added to her score, and for no purpose. She would have won in any case. Judith's score would not have equalled hers by many points. When the great glass bowl was brought and set carefully on the table before Adeline, she rose and bowed vaguely in response to the murmur of congratulation. Judith Armstead was also rising and bowing. Adeline heard her remark that she had always wanted to own a set of Shakespeare, but she heard her as through a mist, and she saw her new punch-bowl as through a mist. She began to realize what she had done, now that the excitement of the deed was over. She had not only done a dishonest deed, but she had done it needlessly. She would have been the winner in any case. It was bad enough to have fallen from her standard of self-respect, but to have fallen without any reason! Adeline realized that she was not only a sinner, but a fool, and her realization brought her agony. When she had entered Mrs. Lennox's house that afternoon she had been a good, handsome, happy, self-satisfied-within-the-limits-of-virtue woman. She would leave it a fool and a sinner; that she was becomingly clad in prune-color would make not a whit of difference. Adeline lost all sight of her external self; she saw only her miserable naked soul which had sold itself for a miserable glass bowl which it would have owned without perjury.

Ever afterward Adeline's memory of that terrible afternoon seemed to stare her in her mental eyes like a concentrated light. She could never forget the smallest detail. No matter what came to her afterward of joy or sorrow, the dinning memory of that time sounded

always within her consciousness. She remembered exactly what this one said, what that one said, the various expressions of the various faces regarding her and her dishonestly acquired bowl. She remembered how Judith Armstead looked with her set of Shakespeare. Mrs. Lennox sent Adeline and Judith home with their prizes in her carriage drawn by a sleek bay horse and a sleek gray, and driven by a coachman in green livery. The bowl and the set of Shakespeare were upon the seat opposite the two ladies. Neither talked much; indeed it was only a short drive to Adeline's home. Judith lived farther. All that either woman said was to exchange remarks upon the pleasantness of the occasion. Neither said a word about her prize. When Adeline reached home she saw her husband looking out of a sitting-room window and beckoned, and he came out at once to the carriage.

"Will you please take this in?" said Adeline, in a strained voice.

Thomas stared. "Did you stop at the store on your way home?" he inquired.

"No," replied Adeline. "This is—a prize."

Thomas reached in and lifted out the bowl. He glanced at the books. "Did you win these too?"

"No," said Adeline. "Miss Armstead won those."

"Oh!" said Thomas.

When he and Adeline were in the house, and he had set the bowl on the table, he looked rather wonderingly at his wife. "I thought you women never played for prizes," he observed.

"We don't generally," said Adeline, "but Mrs. Lennox had prizes to-day."

"I don't see why you didn't buy a punch-bowl if you wanted one, instead of getting one after this fashion," said Thomas, examining the prize. "I don't think much of this, anyway; don't believe it cost more than three dollars and ninety-eight cents. You ought to have paid at least five dollars and got something worth while."

"Thomas Wyatt!" gasped Adeline. "You don't suppose Mrs. Charles Lennox would give a bowl that cost only three dollars and ninety-eight cents for a prize!"

"I don't believe it cost a cent more," said Thomas, stoutly. "It is always the

people with most means who buy the cheapest things." Then he settled down to his newspaper, while Adeline went upstairs to take off her things, with her mind dwelling upon this new contingency. She knew absolutely nothing about cut glass. Could it be possible that she had bartered away her honor and self-respect for three dollars and ninety-eight cents?

When Walter Wyatt came home he examined the bowl, and he differed with his uncle. He thought the bowl had cost more than three dollars and ninety-eight cents. "She may have paid five dollars for it," he said, examining it critically. Adeline, who knew what good cut glass was worth, shivered.

After supper Walter went out as usual to call upon Violet Ames. He came home in a short time. He had not been gone half an hour when he entered the house, slammed the front door after him, and rushed heavily up-stairs to his room.

"What is the matter?" said Thomas.

"I am sure I don't know," replied Adeline, uneasily. She had no reason for her surmise, but somehow she connected this unusual circumstance with the bowl.

"Maybe they have had a falling out," said Thomas. "Well, they will get over it." Then he resumed reading and smoking.

Adeline was doing some fancy work. The bowl had been put away in the parlor, but always she saw it, every point in the rosettes and whorls gleaming out with their colored lights. She worried about Walter. After a while she went up-stairs, and Walter opened his door and spoke to her. He was pale, and his hair was ruffled wretchedly with his despairing fingers.

"Violet has broken our engagement, Aunt Adeline," he said, in a choking voice—"that is, she has made a condition which I can't agree to for years to come, and it isn't fair to her to make her wait. I never was cut out to be a dog in the manger."

Adeline was as pale as he. "What is the condition?"

"She says she will not come here to live as we have planned. She is as set as can be about it. And I can't keep her decently for years unless she does.

I won't take a girl like her to live in any old place, though she did say she didn't care where she lived, as long as it wasn't here, and I won't be taken into her house to live, either."

Adeline listened, standing very stiff.

"Did she give you any reason?"

Walter shook his head angrily. "No; she was as obstinate as a mule. A girl is the very dickens when she gets anything into her head."

"If I were you I would go to bed, and try and keep calm to-night and get some sleep," said Adeline. "Maybe she will think better of it."

"Oh, Aunt Adeline, will you see her, and try to make her listen to reason? She has always thought everything of you."

"Yes, I will," replied Adeline.

The next morning Adeline sent Ellen with a note to Violet, and soon the young girl came, walking wearily. Adeline was at the front door to greet her.

"Good morning," she said, in a curious, scared voice.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wyatt," replied Violet. Her young face was pale and wan. She evidently endeavored to speak with dignity, but succeeded only in speaking piteously. Adeline knew that Violet knew.

"Come up-stairs to my room, please," said she.

The sitting-room door stood open, and Adeline saw the young girl glance in as she passed, and she knew what she feared to see there. When they were in her room she closed the door, and she and Violet stood looking at each other. It was strange, but the innocent eyes fell before the guilty ones, fell with a sort of horror and shame at what she saw.

Adeline was very pale, but she spoke firmly. "Did you tell Walter that you would not come here to live on account of *me*?" she asked.

"Yes," replied Violet, in a dull voice, but as she spoke the crimson flooded her soft young cheeks. "Yes; I was standing behind you."

"And you saw?"

Violet nodded.

"And you don't feel as if you could bear to come here and live, and must break with Walter?"

Violet nodded, her lips quivered, but she did not weep.

"I don't blame you," said Adeline, "but I have to live with myself. I can't help it."

"Oh, what made—" began the girl, in a piteous voice.

"I don't know— What makes any one do wrong? The devil perhaps."

Suddenly Violet threw her arms around the older woman's neck and clung to her. "Oh," she moaned, "it is awful. Poor Walter! He looked so—but it did seem as if I couldn't."

Adeline looked at the fluffy head upon her shoulder, and stood very stiff and straight. "You would not need to see much of me," she said. "I think Thomas would finish off another kitchen. You know this is a large house."

"Oh, say you are sorry."

"Sorry!" echoed the older woman. "You don't doubt that! Why, I would gladly die this minute to undo it, but how can I?"

Violet sobbed.

"I lay awake all night thinking how I could make amends," said Adeline. "God knows I am perfectly willing as far as I am concerned to tell Thomas, and then to tell the whole club, and give that awful bowl up, but how can I? It would kill Thomas. I am not afraid of his anger, but I am afraid of making him miserable all the rest of his life. It must be my punishment, that I can't tell. There is only one thing I can think of to make amends—that is, partial amends."

"What is it?" sobbed Violet. "Oh, dear Aunt Adeline, I know you didn't mean to do it."

"Yes, I did. Don't excuse me that way, my dear. The minute I saw that bowl I meant to have it by hook or crook. I never felt so in all my life before. Now I know how people who break laws and do wrong feel. I shall never be hard on anybody again."

"But you are sorry?"

"Sorry!" said Adeline, and her voice was almost scornful. "Sorry is a poor word for what I feel. If I do the one thing I thought of that I can do, I doubt if it will make any difference."

"What is that?"

"I can tell Judith Armstead and give her the bowl."

"But you would have been ahead, anyway."

"That makes no difference. My intention to rob her was the same."

After Violet went away, Adeline put on her black serge gown and her bonnet and coat and went to see Judith Armstead. Judith saw her coming. She boarded with her niece at Mrs. Sarah Love's. Mrs. Love kept an exclusive boarding-house wherein were stranded many feminine bits of home-wreckage. Judith ran down-stairs and opened the door. She had much the same scared expression that Adeline had worn at the sight of Violet.

"Oh, it is you, Mrs. Wyatt," she said, in a whisper. "Come up to my room."

Judith had two rooms; one was a bedroom, the other was a sitting-room with a divan bed. Adeline glanced involuntarily at the table, and Judith noticed it.

"No, you won't see them there," she said, in a voice quite hoarse with repressed emotion. "I have put them away. I couldn't stand it. I was coming over to see you."

"I came to tell you that the bowl is yours by good rights," said Adeline, jerking out her words. "I cheated yesterday. I changed a figure 6 to 8."

To Adeline's surprise Judith nodded.

"Yes, I knew," said she; "that has been all the comfort I have had, that you cheated too."

Adeline was mystified. "As it turned out, I found that I would have won, after all," she said. "I had a better score, though I didn't know it, but what I did was just as bad. I meant to cheat."

"You didn't have a better score," said Judith. "You would have lost if I hadn't cheated too, if you *hadn't* changed that 6 to 8."

Adeline stared at her.

"I didn't want that great punch-bowl," said Judith. "What could I do with such a thing? But I have wanted a nice set of Shakespeare ever since I can remember, so I didn't add to my score when I saw I would get the bowl if I did. We both cheated, Adeline Wyatt. There is no getting around it."

The two poor women, convicted of actual sin for the first time in their gentle lives, stared at each other in a sort of duet of horror.

"What can we do?" stammered Adeline.



Drawn by S. M. Chase

"THAT WILL HAVE TO BE OUR PUNISHMENT—KEEPING STILL," SAID JUDITH

"I don't see anything to do, except to keep still and bear it," said Judith. "I wish I were free to tell it from the housetops, but I am not. I must think of my poor niece. It would kill her."

"And I have to think of Thomas," said Adeline.

"That will have to be our punishment—keeping still," said Judith; "but there is one comfort."

"What?" asked Adeline, hopelessly.

"We can forgive each other. Do you forgive me for wanting to cheat you?"

Adeline brightened a little. "I rather think I do; and do you forgive me?"

"Of course I do, but I didn't want that great big punch-bowl, anyway."

"And I didn't want the Shakespeare."

"But we meant to cheat, just the same, and we did," said Judith, solemnly, "and we forgive each other, and I don't see but that is about the only comfort we can get out of it."

The two women wept a little, and when Adeline left she and Judith kissed each other. The two broken reeds clung to each other for support, the two foolish sinners, for strength to bear their sin.

When Adeline reached home she went into the parlor and gazed at the great bowl, which would prick her with its facets all her life. She would have liked to take the hammer to it. She hated it. She determined that she, like Mrs. Ames, would use a pitcher for her fruit punch, and then the door opened, and Mrs. Charles Lennox entered. Adeline had not heard the bell ring, and Ellen admitted her with no ceremony. Mrs. Charles Lennox, who was rather magnificently arrayed in a long mink coat, cast an embarrassed glance at the bowl.

"Good morning, Mrs. Wyatt," she said. Then she plunged directly into her subject. "I am glad I caught you looking at that miserable bowl," said she, "for I have been feeling very uneasy ever since you won the prize yesterday. I knew you thought it was a cut glass bowl, and—well, it isn't. It is just imitation, and I got it at a sale in the city for one dollar and ninety-eight cents; and the Shakespeare Judith Armstead got was a bargain, too. The set is not complete. There is no *Hamlet*, and there are two *As You Like Its*.

I got that for a dollar and forty-nine cents. I can't tell you how mean I have been feeling. I got the prizes as a sort of joke, anyway. You know we have objected to having prizes, and I happened to come across the bowl and Shakespeare, and got them. Then when I realized that you and Judith had gone off thinking you had real cut glass and a beautiful set of Shakespeare, I knew I would have to make a clean breast of it. Can you ever forgive me?"

Adeline sighed a queer little relieved sigh. "I would much rather have this than a real cut glass bowl," she said. "I sha'n't have to worry about its being broken."

After Mrs. Charles Lennox had gone, Adeline even laughed a little as she looked at the bowl. It might in the nature of things not endure forever to torment her with visible proof of her false dealing.

Then Violet came running in, and threw her arms around her, and kissed her. "I came back," said Violet, "to tell you that I remembered, after I went home, how I stole—yes, stole—when I was a little girl, one of my sister Jennie's hair ribbons, and I never told her, because I knew that I should never take another as long as I lived; but *she* could not know, and we all live in glass houses, and I have sent a note to poor dear Walter, and asked him to come to-night, and I hope he will forgive me."

"Of course he will. He was about heart-broken last night," said Adeline. Then she added, wistfully, "You will not mind living in the same house with me, after all?"

Violet laughed. "Didn't I just say we all lived in glass houses?" said she. "Yes, we will live together in our glass house and never throw stones." Violet was looking sharply at the bowl. "If Mrs. Charles Lennox had not bought that," said she, "I should say I saw one exactly like it at Jackson's in the city last week for one dollar and ninety-eight cents."

Adeline said nothing. She gazed soberly at the bowl, but the sunlight reflected from its sides cast over her face a rosy glow, as of the joy which comes after sinning and repentance.

London Society in the Sixties

BY LADY ST. HELIER

AMONG the many changes which have improved modern English life, none, I think, are more remarkable than those which have affected young people. Nowadays it is the young who dominate English social life, and though it has been the fashion to accuse English mothers of devoting more time to their own personal amusement and pleasure than to the care of their children, it is undoubtedly a fact that Society and home life are run on lines which conduce more to the enjoyment and amusement of the young people than of their elders.

Women preserve their youth much longer now, and treat their children more as friends and contemporaries. A juvenile grandmother is a common object to-day, while daughters are scarcely younger, scarcely less developed, and less qualified to fill whatever position in life they may be called upon to occupy than their mothers.

When I first came out it was a recognized fact among our family friends and contemporaries that when a woman attained the age of fifty years or thereabout, or her daughters came out, she became, for all practical purposes, quite old. At forty-five my mother, who was still young and good-looking and sang divinely, began to wear caps, and assumed the toilette adopted by women who recognized that they had passed the age when they could be called young. Nowadays mothers and daughters dress almost alike; and what is a more general sight than that of a young and still beautiful mother dancing all through an evening as merrily, and as much sought after, as her daughter?

Nothing could exceed the simplicity and economy which were practised by the young ladies of my time. Our allowance

was very limited; £100 a year was considered princely, especially when it was augmented by our parents providing our court dresses. But the real reason for the lesser cost of our toilettes lay in the fact that amusements were fewer, and generally confined to an occasional afternoon party and a ball, so that only two changes of dress were necessary, even among those who went out to a very great extent.

A certain number of people rode in Rotten Row in the morning, but there were no luncheon parties and no evening parties; Hurlingham and Ranelagh were unknown, and girls were hardly ever asked out to dinner. Evening receptions were rare, and they were generally attended by elder people only, girls usually being put to bed at eight o'clock to sleep until nine-thirty, when, refreshed and beautified by their rest, they dressed themselves for their ball. As a rule, there was only one ball of a night, and though there were exceptions, few people went to two balls, so that the evening ended not later than one-thirty, and if on rare occasions the rule was broken, it was a distinct exception, and found no favor in the maternal mind.

The contrast between the conduct of the young people of to-day and then is even more marked. Balls began earlier, and young men came to them in good time, so that a row of girls awaiting partners was unknown. The unwritten law of etiquette and conduct enjoined that no one should dance more than once with the same partner. Under certain circumstances to dance twice was perhaps permissible, but after that a girl was ticketed as being fast, and she was held up as a warning to well-brought-up and well-conducted young ladies. Your partner brought you back to your moth-

er or your chaperon, where you remained until your next partner came to claim his dance. The cotillion was always danced in those days as the finale of a ball. It was generally led by Sir Augustus Lumley, whose services on such occasions gave it a great *cachet*.

At Dudley House, at Apsley House, at Lady Molesworth's or at Lady Waldegrave's, he always officiated, and being asked to dance by him during the cotillion was considered a great compliment.

Society in London in the early sixties was not very brilliant, because of the Queen's retirement from every kind of social life, but after the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales it received a marked impetus, and there was a great recrudescence of hospitality.

The Princess of Wales took the whole country by storm. Her extreme grace, and beauty, and charm of manner captivated every one, and no one ever received a warmer welcome to her new home, from all classes, than she. Crowds stood in the Park all the afternoon waiting for her, and the enormous interest that was taken in everything that she did was unbounded. I do not imagine that any more remarkable instance of this could have been given than when she held her first Drawing Room in London after her marriage. The crowds in the streets were enormous, but nothing in comparison to the multitude of ladies who attended the Drawing Room. Many people started at nine o'clock in the morning, and waited in their carriages in the streets till the doors were opened at twelve; and in spite

of all the precautions that were taken, and the barriers that were erected to deal with the crush of ladies inside the Palace, the hustling and pressure were so great that many gowns were almost entirely destroyed before the wearer reached the Presence Chamber where the Prince of Wales stood. *Punch* was extremely witty over it, and the sketches in

which he depicted the scenes at the Drawing Room were no exaggeration. Every scrap and vestige of trimming on most of the dresses and trains was destroyed, and many ladies' gowns bore testimony to the severe conflict they had undergone in their passage from the entrance of the Palace to the moment when the Princess smiled her sweet welcome upon them.

Many dinners and balls were given in London to the royal couple, but the most magnificent was the ball given

by the officers of the Brigade of Guards at South Kensington. No invitations were ever more eagerly expected and longed for, and London Society was, generally speaking, very well represented. It was a beautiful sight; the long building belonging to the Horticultural Society, which stood on the ground now partly occupied by the Imperial Institute and the South Kensington Museum, was beautifully decorated with flowers, flags, trophies of all times, and a wonderful mixture of exotic plants. The scene, as the Prince and Princess of Wales, accompanied by a dazzling entourage of the royal family and state officials, entered, was most brilliant, and as the strains of the royal anthem died away a wonderful state quadrille was per-



LADY ST. HELIER

formed, in which all the royalty danced; and no one seemed to enjoy it more than the Duke of Cambridge, then a very active man, and Princess May, one of the best dancers in London. The ball-room has long since been swept away, and that fairy scene and many of the actors who took part in it are but the ghosts of memory.

I remember how lovely the Princess of Wales looked, dressed in a beautiful white gown, covered with clouds of tulle, which was then the fashionable material for ball dresses, and she wore the diamond necklace which the City of London had given her as a wedding-present.

There were comparatively few theatres in London at that time—the Princess', the Adelphi, the Olympic, and the St. James' were the most important—but Society gave much less support to theatres than it does

to-day, and went mostly in the winter or early spring, and never during Lent. Very few theatres paid well, and most of the people who "ran" them lost their money; but as London was only crowded during the season, from Easter to the end of July, and there were no festivities before Easter, the existing playhouses supplied quite as much amusement as the public required. It was just about that time that the little Prince of Wales' Theatre, in Tottenham Street, was opened, and Robertson's plays created a new standard of dramatic art. I suppose there was no event in our lives which gave us greater pleasure and delight than going to the Prince of Wales' Theatre for the first time. What more could be desired? And one laughed and cried to one's

heart's content at *Caste*, *School* and *Ours*. They were nothing but the purely delightful simple comedy, played by the most perfect company that had ever been brought together.

There were also two opera-houses—Covent Garden and Her Majesty's—and the opera at that time was a very serious as well as an educational performance.

Norma, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *La Sonnambula*, *Don Giovanni*, *La Gazza Ladra*, were the favorites, for the operas then performed belonged to a very different school from those of to-day. I was at the opera the first night that Patti made her appearance, and the wild enthusiasm of the house over the new diva was indescribable. Her extraordinary youth and beauty, the marvellous quality of her voice, the facility and ease with which she sang, and the complete grasp she showed of her part, made an impression



LORD CLARENDON

which time has never obliterated. She had come with a certain reputation, and the audience waited expectantly as she made her appearance, but when she opened her lips, and after her singing of the duet scene, there could be no doubt that Patti was enthroned forever in the position she has held all through her life. The opera was a very expensive amusement, and had it not been for the kindness of Lord Dudley and Mr. Delane, I should have gone there very little. Gounod had just written *Faust*, which was produced in London with some hesitation on the part of the managers, as it was not considered an opera to which *les jeunes filles* should go. My people, however, belonged to that section of Society which thought that an opera

in a foreign language was different from an English play, because very few people could understand the words.

I remember as a great treat, and under promise of inviolable secrecy, being taken by my father and my aunt to Cremorne. There is always in the feminine heart a great craving for a taste of forbidden fruit, and I suppose that was why I wanted to go. But I found it very dull, and could see no fun in it, or reason for visiting it a second time. The gardens were pretty, but badly illuminated; the

considered hardly a place for young ladies—Evans' Supper Room in Covent Garden. My contemporaries must remember it perfectly well, and to me it was then a most decidedly thrilling place, especially as I went there for the first time on the night of the boat-race. But I do not think to the young lady of to-day Evans' would present any charm, except that it was a place to which she had better not go. The room in which we sat, with its grille in front entirely hiding us from the view of the people

in the restaurant, was stuffy and ill-ventilated. There were crowds of men sitting at tables all along the room, and the fact that everybody smoked added to the discomfort and heat of our prison. The really interesting performance was the part-singing which the proprietor, Mr. Paddy Green, gave every evening. The choir, which sang part-songs and patriotic ditties, was beautifully trained, and the voices of the boys were as exquisite as boys' voices always are. But two or three visits to Evans' quenched all desire on my part to go there again.

Though tennis and croquet were not a popular form of amusement and garden-parties were not of frequent occurrence, there was one hostess in London who gave one every Saturday during the season. Lady Shelley was a delightful old lady, very kind, hospitable, and popular, and her garden-parties

were most enjoyable. There was no music, or games of any kind, to vary the afternoon's amusement, but people walked about and talked. She lived in a very old house (which has now disappeared) on the banks of the Thames at Fulham, and endless streets of small houses cover what was once a beau-



LORD BEACONSFIELD

dancing was ungraceful and dull; and the various grottos, or what we should now call side-shows, were tawdry and uninteresting; at least that was how it appeared to me, and I never had any desire to go there again. One year when my father and I were in London before Easter, he also took me to what was then

tiful garden bright with flowers and full of magnificent old trees. Every one in society went to Lady Shelley's on Saturdays, and Mrs. Naylor, who lived almost next door, at the house which still exists as Hurlingham, also was her neighbor and gave parties. Occasionally Lady Burdett-Coutts (then Miss Burdett-Coutts) gave a tea-party at Holly Lodge, and Lord and Lady Westminster sometimes opened Grosvenor House in the afternoon. I remember being there, and watching with much interest the host, who was a curious mixture of great generosity and economy, and who, though he gave large sums of money privately to charity and helped endless cases of people needing help in a most unstinted manner, was curiously economical in his household arrangements, and all the parties at Grosvenor House were conducted in the most simple and careful way. I remember being astonished by the enormous quantities of fruit which were placed on the buffet where tea was served, and was told it was all made of wax, as Lord Westminster thought it an extravagance to have real fruit. And yet he had only a few days before heard of the case of a remarkably clever young man who was too poor to go to the university, and was about to accept a position as clerk in a bank. After satisfying himself that the story was true, and making a condition that his name should never transpire, he paid all the expenses of this young man's university career, so that he was able to enter the civil service and was secure of an income for life. This was only one of the many people he befriended. While, on the other hand, it was generally said that, on one occasion, when a servant left him after only two or three days' service, he had the man's overcoat altered and wore it himself!

The season generally finished by the end of July, and then everybody went to the country and remained at home, with the exception of one or two visits for shooting, until next spring. I believe one reason why people in those days were so well and healthy, and suffered so little from the nervous diseases which are the maladies of to-day, was because their season was less severe and they had a much

longer time to recover before the next came round. No one can say that the autumn and winter life of people to-day is a tranquil or peaceful one, and the round of enjoyment and gayety must entail a strain and fatigue on even the robust constitutions of English women and girls.



SIR EDWARD BULWER LYTTON

It is very difficult, after the lapse of so many years, to compare the physical qualities of English men and women then with those of to-day. When one is young, what with the novelty of coming out and the freshness of enjoyment that young people have, added to the keenness with which they throw themselves into it, every woman is a Venus and every man an Adonis. If I were going to be critical I should say that the women of to-day are prettier than their grandmothers, and stronger, better developed, better set-up, and certainly more independent and more self-reliant than they were forty years ago; but I do not think that men to-day are as handsome or physically as strong and as finely developed as their grandfathers.

It was not the fashion in those days

to invite girls to dinner with their parents. Though my father and mother had lived for many years very quietly in the country, they belonged to that happy class of people who had a large number of relations and connections, who, luckily for me and my sister, were extremely kind, so that the first year I came out was in every way a delightful time. I remember being proud of the fact that during my first season I had sat next to Lord Clarendon one night at my aunt's (Lady Ely); that I had sat between Charles Dickens and Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton at Lady Molesworth's; while at Mr. Shirley Brooks' I met Mark Lemon, Sir Henry Thompson, Sir John Tenniel, and sundry other interesting and remarkable people. Lord Clarendon was charming, as he always was to all young people, but Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton was the person who interested me most, I suppose from the fact that he was exceedingly nice to me and talked to me as if I were much older than my age. Charles Dickens' health was beginning to fail, and the noise and fatigue of the dinner seemed to distress him very much.

Lady Palmerston was then the great political hostess, and her Saturday evenings were very exclusively Whig, and she was served by an able staff of aides-de-camp. Mr. Abraham Hayward, who was chief of the staff, kept her informed of everybody who came to London whose political support was worth having and who ought to be invited to her house. Undoubtedly Lady Palmerston by her social gifts was a very great assistance to her husband in his political life. Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Dutton were friends and neighbors of Lord and Lady Palmerston in Hampshire, and Lady Palmerston was very fond of Mrs. Dutton, who was the youngest daughter of Mr. Stevenson, formerly American minister in London, and a clever woman. Mr. Dutton's sister, Lady Dunsany (the mother of Sir Horace Plunkett) had been a great friend of my mother's in her youth, and Mrs. Dutton was exceedingly kind to me as the daughter of her sister-in-law's old friend. It was through her kindness that I saw a most interesting incident in the life of Lord and Lady Palmerston.

The question of the position which England had adopted with regard to Denmark at the time of the war between that country and Germany about the Duchies in 1861 was the subject of a great debate in the House of Commons, and a vote of censure was moved against the government, of which Lord Palmerston was then the head. Political feeling ran high, and it was expected that the government, if they won, would have a very small majority. I went with Mrs. Dutton to the Speaker's box on the last night of the debate; and Lady Palmerston was also there. She was in an evident state of excitement and anxiety during the whole evening, but the division gave Lord Palmerston a substantial majority. I shall never forget Lady Palmerston's delight as she hurried downstairs to meet Lord Palmerston, and we followed her. She got down into the Lobby just as the House was emptying, and Lord Palmerston came out, followed by his enthusiastic party. Forgetting everything except her joy, she rushed forward and threw her arms round him and kissed him, to the surprise of Lord Palmerston and the obvious delight of his followers. It was a very striking and touching instance of her devotion to him and the complete way in which she made his successes and triumphs the great object of her life.

I only once spoke to Lord Palmerston, and it was at a concert at Apsley House just after I came out. It was very crowded, but there were some empty seats in front, and I was told by my mother to go and sit farther forward, as there was no room beside her. I found myself next to an old gentleman who was very kind to me and told me about the music and talked to me on a variety of subjects. I had not the least idea who he was, but thought him quite delightful. On rejoining my mother, who was sitting among some friends, I got dreadfully chaffed and laughed at for sitting next to the Prime Minister and having all his attention and not knowing who he was. I remember at the time being struck by the fact that I had never heard any one with such a boyish laugh, and my perfect ignorance of his personality had evidently amused him very much.

The first time I really made Lord Beaconsfield's acquaintance was after my first marriage, at Lady Stanhope's, when I sat next to him at dinner. He was very kind to me, while I was shy and nervous at my proximity to the great man; but he was specially sympathetic, as Colonel Stanley had just stood (unsuccessfully) as Conservative candidate at the election for Maidstone in 1874.

Maidstone was the first constituency which returned Lord Beaconsfield to Parliament, and he had shown his interest in Colonel Stanley's candidature by writing a letter to him, which in those days was rather an unusual occurrence. I found on talking over the names of our supporters that some of them were well known to him. But I did not like to tell him a story con-

connected with his own election which our agent had told me, as Mr. Wyndham Lewis, Mrs. Disraeli's first husband, was his colleague and was defeated. The elections then lasted for several days, and on the closing day the Conservative agent was standing in the garden of the little inn which was the headquarters of the Conservative candidate. Mr. Disraeli came into the garden where Mrs. Wyndham Lewis and the agent were sitting, and throwing himself down on the grass, exclaimed that if he was not elected for Maidstone his career would be ruined. Mrs. Lewis, in great agitation, went into the house, leaving the two men together, and she waylaid the Conservative agent as he was leaving the hotel, and pressed a small parcel into his hands, saying, at whatever cost, Mr. Disraeli *must* be returned; and the next day Mr. Disraeli was returned at

the head of the poll. Our chairman used always to relate with great delight endless incidents connected with that election at Maidstone, and spoke of Mrs. Wyndham Lewis' evident admiration and devotion to Mr. Disraeli, and that her great object all through had been to get Mr. Disraeli returned. Lord Bea-

consfield talked about his experiences at Maidstone with much interest, and was very amusing over some of his reminiscences.

I saw something of him later, and he dined with us once or twice. The last time I met him was one day paying a visit to Lady Iddesleigh, not long before he died. There was a little child I knew, who once had a most delightful experience of his kindness. She had been told by her father, a strong Con-



LORD PALMERSTON

servative in a Radical family, where political feeling ran high even in the nursery, to say, whenever she was asked whom she loved best, "Dizzy." She always remembered the paternal injunction. One day while calling with her mother on a mutual friend of Lord Beaconsfield, he came in to tea, and seeing the child, he began to talk to her. He was very fond of children, and they were never shy with him. After talking to her for some time he got up to go away, and as he kissed her on parting he said, as one often does to a child, "Now tell me whom you love best in the world," and she promptly replied, to his great amusement, "Dizzy."

Lord Beaconsfield used to speak constantly about Mr. Gladstone—his career, his political life, and, above all, his attitude toward himself. I think that Mr. Gladstone's dislike to Disraeli, which was exceedingly acute, puzzled Lord

Beaconsfield, but at the same time rather amused him. Personally, he was a man who allowed no feeling of animosity or antipathy to his political opponents to influence his attitude toward them, and, in fact, I think (with the exception of Lord Sherbrooke), that he felt quite indifferent to the leaders of the Liberal party.

But Mr. Gladstone's attitude of open hostility and the exhibition of animosity which he constantly showed in the House of Commons was a subject which Lord Beaconsfield often discussed. He told me that he considered Mrs. Gladstone, when she was young, one of the prettiest women of her day, and that he and Lady Beaconsfield had always liked her, and wished to be friends with

her, but that Mr. Gladstone, instead of giving them the slightest encouragement, was most repellent to any overture he had attempted to make.

Though my acquaintance with Lord Beaconsfield was of so recent a date, I had often seen him at Lady Ely's house, and one of the most curious of his characteristics always appeared to be the fact that he had aged so little during the years I had known him. He had always the same curious sallow skin, and the dark hair, and neither in color nor in texture did either seem to change.

Mrs. Norton, who was very kind to me when I was a girl, used often to relate many of her experiences and recollections as a young woman, when she was in the mind to talk, and one, connected with Lord Beaconsfield, was, I think, rather interesting.

One night she was dining with Lord Melbourne, and he told her she was to

meet three young men, who were distinguished, each in his own particular way, and were, he believed, all going to make a mark in the world. They were practically unknown to any one but him; he, however, had come across them, and was anxious to befriend them. One was a brilliant young man

—a lawyer—not particularly talkative, but still clever and amusing. The second was dressed in an exaggerated, fantastic way, with velvet coat and ruffles, his hair very much curled, and his person carefully groomed and attended to. He was brilliant, irrational, amusing, and sarcastic, and during the whole dinner he and the young barrister sustained the conversation, which gave Lord Melbourne

great enjoyment. The third guest was a silent young man, with strongly marked features and dark hair. He seldom spoke, but listened with great attention, and impressed the other guests with a sense of his strong personality and power of observation. Mrs. Norton said she had never passed a more enjoyable—and more tantalizing—evening, because at the moment she knew nothing—not even the names—of the young men. After they had gone her host informed her who they were: the first, the young barrister, was Sir Alexander Cockburn, afterward Chief Justice of England; the brilliant, versatile young man was Benjamin Disraeli, and the third, the silent and observant guest, was the late Emperor Napoleon III. She told me with what deep interest she had followed their careers, but the one of the trio that impressed her most was Lord Beaconsfield.



SHIRLEY BROOKS

The Little Romance

A TALE OUT OF SEASON

BY NORMAN DUNCAN

IT was Christmas Eve. Thank God for that! Had it been dinner-time of Thanksgiving Day with nothing more promising than a famished family crew—had it been six o'clock in the morning of the Fourth of July—had it been any common day of all the year—had it been a mere hour of the dreary passage from place to place aboard train—then the Lady in Black and the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes and the Negro Porter and the Little Boy from the Day Coach and the Big Farmer from Saskatchewan never in the wide world would have fashioned under the hand of God the Little Romance. So, say I, thank God it was Christmas Eve! It was Christmas weather, too; and thank God for *that*! Men respond to the ancient menace of the weather; it takes the bite and growl of a white wind to stir the heart to wistful recollection of the needy. And there was a big white wind abroad that night—a howling, frosty, stifling, mighty blizzard, swirling down from the Great Barrens in the dark. It swept the track clean in the flatlands, it shook the bridges, it packed the cuts; and it gripped and worried the laboring Winnipeg west-bound Express until the five passengers in the sleeping-car were fairly startled into an expansive attitude toward one another for once.

And thank God! it was Christmas Eve.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes and the woolly-white Negro Porter put their heads together.

"*What!*" ejaculated the old gentleman, presently; "you don't *say* so!"

"Deed I do!"

"In the day coach?"

"Yes, sir; right up in the day coach o' this here train o' cars."

The old gentleman threw back his head and laughed like a noisy boy; and having heartily indulged his glee, he whispered in the porter's ear.

"I should estimate, sir," the porter replied, "'bout seven."

"No!" the old gentleman shouted; "you don't mean it!"

"Yes, sir," said the porter, gravely; "'bout seven, sir, accordin' as I should estimate."

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes adjusted his cravat, cleared his throat, frowned, rubbed his hands, and smiled, all in the way of one suddenly called upon to speak before an assemblage. Then with proper formality he got to his feet to address his fellow passengers. "Ladies and gentlemen," he began—and the pretty Lady in Black looked up from her sad day-dream, and the Big Farmer moved down the aisle with the most genial grin in the world, and the English Church Clergyman and I cocked our ears in expectation, and the old gentleman himself smiled again, delighting in his mystery—"Ladies and gentlemen," he repeated, softly, "this is Christmas Eve. But," he demanded, in sudden wrath, levelling a finger at each of us in turn, "what are we doing?" He paused to let the accusation take effect; and so very dramatic was he—so hurt and indignant and accusing—that though not one of us had hitherto been conscious of guilt we must now cast down our eyes. "You may ask, What *can* we do?" he proceeded. "You may ask, What can five adult travellers really do on Christmas Eve aboard the Winnipeg west-bound Express? We can do much," he maintained. "It is not altogether impossible for a determined man with a small gratuity concealed in the palm of his right hand to open a trunk in the baggage-car; and I venture to say that not one of us but could produce some trifles of delight from that very source. What do we lack, then," he asked, leaning forward, "to the proper performance of our duties as adults upon this occasion?"

It seemed the question must have an answer; but not one of us ventured a word, and I observed to my amazement that the Lady in Black turned away with a quick and pained little frown.

"Eh?" the old gentleman repeated; "what do we lack?"

"I should say," the Big Farmer suggested, "that all we need is a kid and a pair of stockings."

"Exactly," the old gentleman agreed, with instant approval; "those are the simple elements: a child and a single pair of long stockings without any holes in the toes."

"Well," the Big Farmer drawled, "you can't produce a kid from your silk hat, can you?"

"I can do better than that," the old gentleman promptly replied.

"You *can*?"

"Yes, sir," the old gentleman boasted.

"Then get busy!" cried the farmer, jumping up. "It's past *any* kid's bedtime."

"No, it isn't," the old gentleman flashed.

"Past nine o'clock."

"That's all right," the old gentleman retorted; "but it's *never* past any kid's bedtime on Christmas Eve, and if you don't believe it you may ask the first one you meet."

Indeed, now, the Big Farmer and the English Church Clergyman and I were most agreeably aroused. The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, having declared the freedom of all children on Christmas Eve, was standing triumphant, with his shoulders squared, and his head on one side, and his hands deep in his pockets, and his frock coat defiantly thrown wide; and he radiated a festival jollity, too, in the way of all bachelor old gentlemen who in their own simple delight pursue the pleasure of children. He was tall, and he was straight, and he was slender, and he had glowing cheeks and a crop of gray hair and a close gray pointed beard; and I fancy—now remembering his exquisite manner—that he was of a fashionable and well-to-do world, but do not really know at all. At any rate, the clergyman chuckled, beholding him, and the Big Farmer from Saskatchewan fumbled for his keys, the Negro Porter grinned, and I was in sym-

pathy with them all; but the little Lady in Black, who had covered her pretty face in the depths of Section Seven, exhibited no sympathy whatsoever. Indeed, she interrupted.

"May I say a word?" she timidly asked.

I recall that she was very pretty and little and seeming-tender—that she was pretty with color and curls and bright eyes and a gentle air and an appealing delicacy—and that she wore a pretty gown with the air of never having worn a coarse one (to which, however, she would have imparted grace)—but that she was now pale and woe-begone.

"To be sure!" cried the old gentleman, with much politeness. "In this emergency a lady's suggestion—"

"I regret that it is not a favorable suggestion," said she.

"Never mind!" replied the old gentleman.

"I am sure," she began, picking at the hem of a tiny handkerchief, her eyes cast down, her voice a little broken, "that I have no wish to—to—interfere with the happiness of—" and she came helplessly to an end.

"Out with it!" said the old gentleman.

"It is such an extraordinary thing!" she wailed.

"Out with it!" the old gentleman commanded.

"It may seem so—so—*selfish*!"

"Dear lady!" exclaimed the old gentleman.

The Lady in Black looked up; and she began her complaint, speaking boldly, her voice hard, her delicate brows drawn to a frown, her little hands clenched in her lap, her lips puckered; and she was not at all pretty at the moment, I must say! "I have been visiting my sister in Toronto for a little," said she, "and I am now returning to my home in Winnipeg. I—I—I *had* to go away—to go away somewhere—for a little relief. It is a queer thing, perhaps, for a woman to be travelling alone on Christmas Eve; but I *chose* Christmas Eve—I chose it and I waited patiently for the time to come—because I wanted to escape—to escape, you see, just for this one first year, what goes on everywhere else on Christmas Eve. You see that I am in black? You understand, do you not?"

So I am selfish and bold enough to ask you, Can't you do—what you are going to do—somewhere else? Can't you wait a little? Can't you put it off? Can't you—won't you—won't you indulge me and do it somewhere else? I can't bear it—I can't—I just can't bear it to-night!"

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes—which were no longer twinkling, but all too tearful for that—went near the weeping little Lady in Black and leaned close with much grace and sympathy.

"In the day coach," said he, gently, "is a lonely little girl, seven years old, for whom—"

"Boss," the porter interrupted, "it's a boy."

"Pshaw!" exclaimed the old gentleman, turning away in disgust and strutting to his seat. "I thought you said it was a girl."

"I didn't say *which* sect," the porter retorted.

"Huh!" snorted the old gentleman.

"*Well!*" ejaculated the Lady in Black, with a toss of her pretty head, and with a saucy little flush of anger, too, I fear; and she sat stiff in her seat, her eyes dry and blazing. "*Well!*" she gasped again, with an angry stamp. "*Well!*" she challenged, for the third time, surveying the old gentleman in a royal rage. "Will you be good enough to tell me what difference it makes?"

"It makes no difference whatsoever," the old gentleman replied, jumping up again. "I am heartily ashamed of myself."

"I should think you would be," said the Lady in Black.

"A child is a child, gentlemen," the old gentleman proceeded, returning to the speech-making manner; "and there being nothing better at hand than a boy, I propose—"

"I object to your putting it that way," the lady broke in, with spirit. "I object to it with all my might. It is unfair to the child and it is odiously offensive to me. In—deed! Nothing better at hand than a boy! Well! In—deed! I see no reason at *all* why a little boy should be slighted." She had risen now; and her graceful little person—a lovely fashioning of God—was drawn stiff and straight, and her head was back,

and the sweet color was in her cheeks, and she spoke with engaging fire. "It is infamous"—ah! but she was indignant, indeed—"it is perfectly infamous," said she, "this discrimination in favor of little girls. I'm sure I don't know why men are so foolish and—and—so cruel." She paused, eying us each accusingly; and I fear that we could not meet the reproachful glance. "Now," she went on, grimly, fixing, if not vindictively transfixing, the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, "*I* have a suggestion to make. I propose that we instantly fetch the little boy from the day coach. I propose that we make a Christmas for him that he will remember every day of all his dear life. I propose," she cried, waving her arms like an ecstatic stump-speaker, "that we give him the best that we have in our trunks and in our hearts. *I've* something in my trunks to please a boy. Perhaps *you've* nothing but girls' things. But *I* have *boys'* things—boys' toys. I keep them there. I thought I'd keep them always—always—and die with them—die with them beside me. But I'll give 'em away—I'll give 'em away to the poor lonely little soul in the day coach. *Who'll* fetch that boy?"

Every man of us sprang to his feet.

"One moment!" shouted the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes.

We halted.

"Dear lady," said he, his eyes twinkling and tearful, "*I'll* fetch the little boy from the day coach, if you will permit me. The porter will make up his bed in the stateroom. We can hang the stockings in Section Twelve. When the boy is stowed away we will all go together to the baggage-car and take from our trunks what we can find to please him. But will you, dear lady, put him to bed?" The little Lady in Black nodded. "And will you tell him a story—the story of that Birth which moves the world to kindness and the love of children this night and always?" Indeed, yes! the little lady would do it. "And will you hear his prayers?" The Lady in Black said softly that she would. "And will you kiss him good night?" The promise was passed. "Then, dear lady," said the old gentleman, withdrawing a curious glance from the Lady in Black, as though he



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

A LONELY LITTLE FIGURE TAGGED THROUGH TO WINNIPEG

had discovered her mystery, "I beg of you to accept my apology, and to permit me to say that I'm glad—*glad*, thank God!—that we have a lonely little boy in the day coach, to whose delight we may contribute from the wishes that abide in all our hearts for all children. Will you not forgive me?"

"It is not hard," the Lady in Black whispered.

She put out her little hand; and the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes took it gently, and pressed it in the most natural way in the world, and kissed the tips of the fingers—a thing which the little Lady in Black seemed not to mind at all.

"Now," cried the jolly old fellow, "I'll go fetch that youngster!"

And off he went.

The train was running through a rocky wilderness, hardly populated, the stations far between; and the forests and cliffs and great hills and isolated mean board houses were deep in snow and troubled by the wind. Few folk were travelling abroad: the little boy was all alone in the day coach—a lonely little figure indeed! but still a courageous one, appealing to the fatherly heart. He was sitting straight up and anxiously wide awake in a double seat; and in his chapped little fist he gripped an orange (worn shiny with handling), and round-about, on the floor and crimson plush, peanut shells, and scraps of peel, and a greasy newspaper, and a multitude of crumbs, proclaimed the orgy of an exceptional occasion. A sturdy, black-headed, dark-eyed youngster, clad in the home-made way and tagged through to Winnipeg: he was a lad to be proud of, I should think, for his manliness—except, however, for his scowl, which was enormous and terrible. It was a perpetual, deep-engraved scowl; and it puckered his forehead, and drew his brows, and ambushed his great eyes, and puffed his lips, and fairly rumbled his hair. Never before was a scowl so fixed and furiously ominous. One must pause—and stare—and gasp—but pass on smiling and in some strange way warmly enlisted.

Pass on, it seemed, the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes was about to

do; but all of a sudden he took advantage of a lurch of the train and precipitated himself sprawling into the forward seat of the two which the boy occupied.

"Ouch!" he ejaculated, having recovered himself.

"Hurt—yourself—very—much?" the boy solicitously growled.

The voice was low and grave, and still more darkly deep than grave, a curious *basso profundo*; and there was no mitigation of the scowl—a lifting of the brows, perhaps, permitting some sympathy to emerge from the dark eyes, but no other change.

"Whew!" the old gentleman groaned, with his mouth askew. "I say, would you mind rubbing my elbow a bit?"

It seemed not; the boy rubbed—and rubbed—and rubbed the old gentleman's funny-bone—all as gravely and as conscientiously as could be.

"Hurt—you—now?" he rumbled.

"You wouldn't mind rubbing it a bit more, would you?"

"I'd—jus'—s—soon."

"Thank you," said the old gentleman, presently. "It's very much better. I'm sure I don't know what I should have done without you. I say, where *you* bound for?"

"'Sy—lum."

"I *see*!" said the old gentleman.

"Or-phun—not—lun-a-tic," the boy added, to make quite sure that the old gentleman *did* see. "I'm—goin'—back—again—they—sent—me—back."

"Very poor taste indeed!" the old gentleman declared.

"They—wasn't—to—blame," said the boy.

"No?" the old gentleman inquired.

"No—they—*wasn't*," the boy insisted, with a fearful scowl and a resolute little shake of the head.

"What you going back *for*?"

The boy sighed; and an aching sigh it was—long and deep-drawn and discouraged—like the sigh of a worn-out man. "They—wasn't—to—blame," he replied.

"Come!" said the old gentleman, putting a hand on the boy's shoulder; "tell me all about it."

"Wasn't—their—fault."

"Whose fault *was* it?" the old gentleman demanded, with a trace of impatience.

"God — sur-prised — Miss-us — Tompkins—Smith."

"What!" cried the old gentleman. "How in the world did He manage *that*?"

"Ea-sy—en-ough."

"Well, I'd very much like to know *how*!"

"Sent—her—one—o' her—own—when—she—wasn't—ex-pec-tin'—it—that's—all."

"Good Lord!" the old gentleman exploded.

"Wasn't—*their*—fault," the loyal little soul repeated.

Curiously, the old gentleman could not for a moment utter a word; the ejaculation of Good Lord! seemed quite to have exhausted him. And his lip trembled a little (I think)—and there were tears in his faded eyes (I fear), which were used to the merriest twinkling—and it seemed he could do nothing but look upon the little boy in pity exceeding expression. A foolish old gentleman, of course!—a sentimental old fellow, meddlesome and unmanly. But, indeed, he was deeply moved, and all too suddenly to have command of the emotion. Perhaps he perceived beyond the pathos of the situation confronting him a grown-up tragedy—the tragedy of some woman's hope and despair and patient waiting and bitterly premature capitulation with the Fate which had flouted her in the Great Surprise. Perhaps they were not to blame for disposing of the adopted child: perhaps not—an adopted child is only an adopted child, after all; blood is thicker than water, and the love of other people's offspring, though they walk alone and helpless in an evil world, is admirable and possible only in so far as it is expedient, as everybody knows. Of course they must send him back, lest trouble come of his remaining. Still, I hope that the old gentleman's tears sprang rather from sympathy with the boy who had been sent back because Mrs. Tompkins Smith could not love him any more in the face of God's indulgent surprise.

"Don't you care!" he burst out, at any rate. "Don't you care a *bit*!"

The boy sighed, and murmured, almost under his breath, because it was so great a lie:

"I'd—jus'—'s—soon."

"Don't you care," the old gentleman repeated. "You'll get *another* mother, and you'll get another *father*, too."

A wise, wise shake of the head was the reply to this.

"Yes, you will!" the old gentleman insisted.

The boy almost smiled—so unsophisticated in the ways of adoption (perhaps) did the old gentleman appear. "No—I—won't—neither," he drawled.

"You *will*, I say!" the old gentleman scolded.

"How—d'you—know?"

The old gentleman was taken aback by this direct and anxious question. "Never you mind," said he, mysteriously. "I *know*. You'll have another mother before you know it, and you'll have another father, *and maybe you'll have a brother just about as old as you are!* Eh? how'd you like that?"

"I'd—jus'—'s—soon."

I observed, now, that all at once he looked the old gentleman over from head to foot, with his head cocked and a crafty, speculative eye, as though—well, who could tell *what* might happen? and would it be an advantageous arrangement if something really *did* happen? It was unlovely, no doubt; and I hoped that the old gentleman did not perceive the meaning of the glance, lest, being unaware of the necessities of orphans, he should save it up against the child. I blamed the old gentleman for this encouragement—for these veiled promises. But I might be unjust (thought I). Perhaps, after all, it was in his mind to take the little waif with whom he had so strangely fallen in. Come! (thought I), I will not judge him cruel or indiscreet until I know.

"I'll bet you," the old gentleman declared, striking his fist into his palm, "that you'll have a better mother than any mother you ever had before."

"No—I—won't—nei-ther."

"I tell you, you will!"

They who stand in line for adoption seem early to learn what is accounted admirable in the world and in what they lack.

"I—scowl—too—much," the boy explained, almost smiling for the second time

"Scowl?" cried the old gentleman, all excitement. "I can fix that for you right now. Yes, I can; and it won't hurt a bit. Let me see," said he, putting on his glasses, and tipping up the lad's face, like a doctor about to look at a tongue. "Exactly!" he muttered to himself. "I thought so. Nothing easier in the world. Look here, young man!" gravely, to the boy; "do you know what you've got down there?"—vaguely indicating the astonished child's interior. "No? Well, I'll *tell* you what you've got. You've got grins—not smiles, mind you! but real, Simon-pure grins. You've got thousands and millions and trillions and oceans of grins. *You've got the finest assortment of grins down there that ever I saw in my life!* Yes, you have; and I'll stake my professional reputation on it. There's a grin of most excellent appearance and quality near the left-hand corner of your mouth at this very minute—lying right in the middle of that little dimple. I can see it from here without my glasses. And if I wanted to—and if you wanted me to—I could pull it out. It wouldn't hurt a bit, either. What's the matter with you, anyhow?" he demanded, fiercely. "Eh? *I'll tell you what's the matter with you: your grins are stuck!* All you need is to have three or four extracted; and then they'll come easier, and after that you won't scowl so much, and you'll be all right."

At this point the little grin which the old gentleman had discovered in the dimple nearly emerged of its own accord.

"Ah, ha!" the old gentleman cried. "One of 'em's loose already!"

There was a smile growing large in the boy's eyes.

"By Jove!" the old gentleman declared. "I'll pull that grin out. Yes, I will—I'll pull it out."

The boy's lips were twitching with amusement.

"Eh? What d'ye say?"

"I'd—jus'—s—soon."

Instantly the old gentleman seized the boy's head in the manner of a dentist about to pull a tooth; and like lightning he made believe to insert a horrible instrument in the dimple and to grip the grin; and he pulled and he hauled and he twisted, and he gasped and he grunted, and he puffed and he ejaculated, and

such was his enthusiasm, and so heartily did he exert himself, that he lost his glasses and turned red in the face. Presently, with a satisfied ejaculation of "Ha! she's coming!" he sat back a bit, still grasping the imaginary forceps, and continued to pull, now with both hands and the grimmest determination. "She's coming!" he shouted again; "hold still! don't move for your life!" It was a desperate effort: the old gentleman's mouth was all screwed, and his cropped gray beard bristled, and his eyes blazed; but he clung like a sturdy workman to the little boy's grin, and hauled and twisted with increasing vigor, meanwhile drawing inch after inch of the grin from the dimple. And all at once the muscles of the boy's scowling countenance gave way—and he grinned most expansively—and he could not check the grin at all—and it spread and swelled and grew gigantic—and at last it fairly exploded in a delicious chuckle.

The old gentleman fell back against the seat. "There!" he sighed, exhausted, but much delighted. "I knew I could do it!"

"It—didn't—hurt—none."

"Of course it didn't hurt!" the old gentleman exclaimed; "and it 'll do you lots of good. In exactly three minutes," he proceeded, with a peep at his watch, "I'll pull another; and I'll pull six in all, and when I've pulled six, and loosened 'em all up, they'll tumble out of that dimple so fast that you won't be able to stop 'em. Why!" he cried, enthusiastically, "there'll be neither time nor room for a scowl to get out."

A little grin popped out of the dimple.

"Look at that!" exclaimed the admiring old gentleman.

Another little grin popped out.

"I tell you," the old gentleman earnestly declared, "it won't be long before *you'll have to have your scowls pulled!*"

I looked for another little grin to come. None emerged. The boy's face fell again into the settled scowl and melancholy; and he sighed abruptly, and turned away, his interest in the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes and in the old gentleman's jolly make-believe apparently gone out. Nor could the old gentleman rouse him: neither with laughter nor tomfoolery nor make-believe of any sort,

nor even by means of the extraordinary expedient of grabbing an American silver dollar from the vacant air and dropping it into the boy's jacket pocket, and of grabbing another from nothing and nowhere for the second jacket pocket, and a third for the third, and of filling the first and second trousers pockets and an obscure hip pocket from the same mysterious source and in the same mysterious way. It was all to no purpose; the little boy whom the gift of God had supplanted gave small attention to these antics, but looked out of the window, sad and scowling, in an abstracted effort to descry the forest and rocky land in the wild night. It seemed to me that he remembered the leave-taking and was oppressed by the vision of a discredited return; and I fancied that in his childish way he knew that he walked alone in the world, notwithstanding the accident of the old gentleman's genial friendship, and that he was afraid, and that he was lonely, and that he wished most wofully for some secure and natural attachment to his elders, such as other children were safe and happy in having.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes all at once lifted the boy and sat him on his knee.

"What's the matter, boy?" he asked.

"Nothin'."

The old gentleman's voice was unaffected now; and his way was simple and genuinely affectionate, and his fine kind face was infinitely melancholy with sympathetic understanding of the little woe he held in his arms. They had forgotten, it seemed, the presence of an eavesdropping onlooker.

"What's the matter?" the old gentleman repeated.

"Nothin'."

The old gentleman adjusted the lad's little body more closely to his own, in the intimate way of such as are used to loving children; and like the knowing fathers of children, who deal with them at bedtime, he put his hand on the boy's head. The scowling, wobegone face, the cheeks now wet, fell against the frock coat most naturally—as though, indeed (and by this I was amazed), the boy had from the very beginning been used to this particular protection and affection. Amazed? Indeed, yes! I was amazed

and informed. What manner of man (think I) is this? and what great secret of the hearts of children does he know? and in what manner and to what purpose has he practised the divine dissimulation of fatherly love? Of course I was informed, never having seen the like of it before; and herein, too, not only was enlightenment, but invitation to do likewise. They had quite forgotten the onlooker: the boy's head was lying against the old gentleman's frock coat, and the old gentleman, for the moment at a loss, but evidently with his mind furiously at work, was softly whistling some sentimental ballad, quite out of tune.

"What's the matter?" he whispered, presently.

"Nothin'."

"Better tell me, boy."

The boy looked up—sat back and put his hands on the old gentleman's shoulders and looked him in the eye like a man—acting now in anxious inquisition.

"Do *you* want one?" he demanded.

"Want what?"

"Want—a—norphan?"

The old gentleman was taken unaware; but he cleverly rallied, and dodged the direct question, almost before it was asked, so that there was no denial and no offence.

"Look here!" said he; "are you for rent?"

The boy did not comprehend.

"If you are," the old gentleman declared, "I'll borrow you for the night. What d'ye say to *that*?"

"I'd—jus'—s—soon."

"Good!" cried the old gentleman. "But first," said he, "I'll pull out the second grin."

The grin was triumphantly extracted; and off we went to the sleeping-car, where the Big Farmer and the English Church Clergyman and the Lady in Black were waiting. And I determined (I recall) that if the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes failed the child he held by the hand—I determined, while we staggered through the corridors of the train—I determined that I myself—

Why not?

The Lady in Black took the boy from the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes with an air of authority he could



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"IT'S CHRISTMAS!—NO—NOBODY NEVER TOLD ME!"

not defy. He yielded, somewhat offended, and vastly amazed; and the child seemed willing, I recall, to pass from his care, however engaging it had been, into the softer keeping of a woman. The stateroom bed was made up, and the door was wide open; and within the cozy little place there was the quiet glow of yellow light and the softest and whitest invitation to turn in and go to sleep. No sooner had the little boy clapped eyes on the pillows and sheets than he began to blink in an owlish way, and to yawn and rub his eyes. But the selfish Lady in Black would not let him go until she had satisfied the hunger of her arms; she held him close, and smoothed his hair, and crooned in his ear, and stole little kisses from the back of his neck, as mothers do when their very own little children transport them. The Big Farmer fretted and growled that it was past nine o'clock—that it was *long* past nine o'clock—and that the boy ought to be stowed away; but the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes lifted a warning finger in his direction and winked in a warning way, as if some mystery might be brewing, which must not be on any account interrupted.

At last, however, reverting to his make-believe of terrible manner, the old gentleman shouted:

“Off with 'em!”

The little boy was by this frightened into wide wakefulness.

“Off with his stockings!” the old gentleman commanded.

While the smiling little lady picked at the hard knots with her delicate fingers the child stared at the old gentleman in a way most bewildered.

“Time to hang 'em up,” said the old gentleman.

The little boy puzzled upon this for a moment, his head lying very still, his leg abandoned to the hands of the Lady in Black, who still fumbled with the lace of his shoe, which she would not yield to any of us. I observed that his dark eyes moved from face to face among us, and I saw that dwelling here they brooded, and that dwelling there they brooded, pondering. Presently he started, trembled, sat up with a jerk; and for an instant he was stock-still, and stared at the old gentleman, open-eyed and pale in

the presence of a great revelation. All at once he squirmed roughly from the lady's lap and faced us with his feet spread and his hands clenched and every muscle of his little body quivering.

Whereupon he gasped:

“*It's Christmas!*”

“Of course it is,” said the old gentleman, heartily.

The boy threw back his head, and his mouth fell wide open, and a flood of tears descended from his puckered eyes, and he bawled in wrath:

“*N-no-nobody n-never t-t-to-o-old me!*”

There was no laughter on our part, you may be sure. Not one of us but understood the wrong that had been done him—the theft of all the hours of glorified expectation—so nearly the theft of Christmas joy itself—that sacrilege! Not one of us, I am sure, but felt the ache that hurt him, and were in wrath like his. Not one of us—so strangely had we fallen in together—but acknowledged (nor had ever dreamed of questioning) the Divine Right of children to all the delights of Christmas. Whoso deprives them (thought I)—but then, as everybody knows, the rage of a gray bachelor concerning this runs away with him, and he emerges red and perspiring from the argument, with the indulgent laughter of parents to distress him: I will not tell what I thought in contempt for the selfish and pretentiously advanced persons who deprive helpless little children of their high and divinely ordained festival. The Lady in Black exchanged horrified glances with the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes; and there was a general exchange of horrified glances—the Big Farmer with me, and the English Church Clergyman with the Lady in Black, and the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes promiscuously, and the whole of us together. Following the example of the Lady in Black, we turned up our noses and sniffed; and had Mrs. Tompkins Smith been there—and had the old gentleman and I betrayed her as the author of this cruel perfidy—it had surely gone hard with her.

“Well, I *never!*” exclaimed the Lady in Black.

“Damn!” exploded the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes.

Well, of course we comforted the Boy

from the Day Coach. A little loving by the Lady in Black, a little scolding by the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, a little encouragement by the Big Farmer from Saskatchewan, a little rash promising by the English Church Clergyman, all proceeded simultaneously with a general backing up of the whole by the Story Teller, and the thing was nearly accomplished. At any rate, the pain of the child's wound was eased, the loud expression of his grief mollified; but before he was restored to good humor and thoroughgoing satisfaction with his situation the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes must extract three grins in rapid succession, which he set about doing with every evidence of professional delight, and achieved with triumphant success, each time in the midst of loud applause from the company. Then off came the stockings! and the bare little toes wriggled with joy; and out came the hat-pins! and the chapped little fingers that drove them through the stockings and into the cushions shook and blundered with joyous excitement; and apart stood we all to view the effect! and we clapped our hands and cheered and exclaimed and predicted and hoped, just as all good fathers and mothers and uncles and aunts and big sisters and brothers and friends of the family do on Christmas Eve, everywhere in Christian lands, and will continue to do until pure Christianity has vanished from the hearts of men, and children are no more.

The little Lady in Black said, by and by, softly—and with shining eyes and a rosy flush and in the most tender of loving mother-voices—indeed, she was an adorable little lady!—the little Lady in Black admonished the child in the magical way that children do not misunderstand that it was time for all good little boys to be in bed.

"I'd—jus'—'s—soon," said the sleepy Boy from the Day Coach.

Then off they went, the two of them—hand in hand, laughing as they staggered in response to the motion of the train—off they went to the stateroom, to which the woolly-white Negro Porter had already fetched the little boy's very little bag. The Lady in Black closed the door; but a lurch of the car, which seemed somehow to be in league with our desire,

promptly opened it a little, so that we might hear what went on within. We were very still; there was no agreement to this end—no spoken word, no meaning glance. We just kept very still; and four tongues were idle, and four heads were cocked, and four left ears were wide open, and four hearts were eager to know the soft truths of life and love which disclose themselves when a mother puts her child to bed. The train creaked and rumbled and clattered; we heard little enough—only a crooning mutter and an occasional childish chuckle. But presently the train stopped; it screamed and jerked as it ran complaining into some lost drifted station of the line, but there stopped, and silence came, except for the long howl of the white wind and the gale's passionate beating on the windows. What then I heard I shall never forget. It was nothing to move a man; the words are spoken, perhaps, every night, in every household of the land where children dwell in their mothers' care. Simple words, indeed! but they stirred me, and I shall ever remember them—because of the loneliness of the child, it may be, and because of the loneliness of the little Lady in Black.

"Now, dear—prayers!" said the brisk little Lady in Black, as she patted the pillow.

"I'd—jus'—'s—soon," said the boy.

We leaned a little forward, and we listened yet more intently; but we heard nothing definite, after all—nothing but a word or two of sleepy patter to indicate that the ancient childish prayer was once more ascending. Though it was but a low mutter to remind us, we knew it, every word. "Jesus, tender shepherd, hear me!" and, "I pray the Lord my soul to keep," and "God bless papa and mamma." We had once been children; we remembered. They say the God bless variously; they include uncle and auntie and sister and grandmother and the intruding Mister This and That. It is surely saving to be prayed for by little children who have in their hearts that purity of faith which the grown-up world must watchfully preserve and never can perfectly possess again. . . .

The Winnipeg west-bound Express proceeded according to its daily schedule (but

now much behind); the shivering conductor waved his lantern, the station-master, warm in his bay-windowed office, ticked the message of departure, the engineer pulled the throttle, the steam answered to this compulsion, and the wheels groaned, and the train ran breasting into the storm. Then appeared from the stateroom the Lady in Black, securely closing the door behind her; and she was no longer wobegone, no longer pale, no longer suffering from a cynical discouragement; she was, indeed, elated, and wore the sweet flush of elation, so that we wondered (I am speaking for myself) at her young motherly beauty. She disclosed to us a wondrous charm—not of hair and eyes and tender form, but a beauty of the spirit, which comes enravishingly to mothers. She protested instantly—and it was entrancing to listen to this unsophisticated prattle—she protested that the slow, deep, grave voice of the boy, and his sturdy body, his manly ways, his courage and self-sufficiency, his very scowl, were most fetching (as she said). Then we grew really friends together: made friends not only by the accident of our situation, which was no solder of friendship, but by our common interest in a child. Very soon, all being eager, we went hilariously to the baggage-car, and from our luggage extracted what seemed to us most pleasing to the boy who lay asleep in our care; and, as you may guess, the Lady in Black had the best of us in this.

We complained a little.

"Never mind," she comforted. "I," said she, "was the mother of a son; but not one of you has anything but a niece or a daughter."

"I have a niece," said the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes, defiantly.

"I hope," said the little Lady in Black, seriously pitiful, "that you are not feeling hurt?"

"Not at all, dear lady!" the old gentleman replied; "not in the least!"

We returned to the car from our ravished trunks; and presently the long little stockings were filled—were packed and jammed and distorted—and there was an overflow of gifts disposed advantageously upon both seats of Section Twelve. Of course the Lady in Black had the best of it; having been the mother of a lusty

boy, she had a steam-engine to contribute (the boy's), and a baseball (the boy's, stained by his very hand), and a mask of the same overcoming trade-mark (also the boy's), and a motor, with sufficient wire for practical purposes and two pretty nearly fresh batteries (all the boy's), and a telegraph instrument (often touched by the boy's own hand, which had been cleverly used, said she, to the Morse code), and a what-not of boyish possessions I cannot remember. We produced our puzzles and paints and games (having with wry faces left our dolls and their wardrobes and trinkets in our trunks); and we added what we could to the boy-things which the saucy little Lady in Black had freely given of those sacred and religiously treasured possessions of her own very son, whom she had lost by death.

And then we stood back to gaze!

"Dear lady!" said the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes.

The little lady wiped two diamond-sparkling tears from her eyes with the little handkerchief.

"Dear lady," the old gentleman repeated, "you have made us very happy."

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes bent over the little lady's hand again in the most natural way in the world and once more kissed the tips of her fingers, in a fashion most courtly.

It was yet early for grown-ups. The English Church Clergyman protested that to go to bed before midnight of Christmas Eve was error like unrighteousness: nor would he absolve a soul at early service in the car next morning (said he) who committed the sin that night. It turned out that we were all fortunately of his mind; and so down we sat intimately together in Section Eleven (save the Story Teller, who must occupy the arm of the opposite section) to talk of Christmas delights and doings and all things. The stateroom door was closed tight, as I have pointed out, and we fancied our gifts secure from discovery; but in this we were mistaken—and you may be sure that the adventure left us with palpitating hearts and much less breath than we could comfortably do with. It was not a lurch of the train that opened the stateroom door; it was a hand—the

child's hand! And before we had quite perceived our peril—and before the impulse to save ourselves could result in action—the door was wide and the boy was about to issue. The quick-witted and marvellously agile Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes saved us; at a bound—and with a roar—he reached the threshold; and so did he seem to lengthen out and broaden, and so cleverly did he arrange his elbows and employ the tails of his coat, that he completely filled the doorway, thank God! and the boy could not so much as peep beyond.

We followed precipitately, the little lady first, a screech having relieved her paralysis; and presently, peering over the old gentleman's shoulders, we faced the Boy from the Day Coach, now in his night-dress, who stood swaying by the tousled bed.

"What's the matter with *you?*" the old gentleman demanded.

The little boy scowled; his lips pouted, his nostrils flared, his eyes glared from behind his fallen eyebrows, and, in all, his face was like a thunder-cloud. The little Lady in Black, much perturbed, slipped under the old gentleman's elbow, like a swift shadow, and so kneeled, the meantime putting her arms about the child, that she could look directly into his eyes.

"What is it, dear?" she asked, most anxiously.

"Don't—*none*—o' you—want—one?"

The eyes of the old gentleman met mine; but neither the Big Farmer nor the English Church Clergyman nor the Lady in Black understood, and they were all bewildered, and they were all silent.

"Not—*no*—one?" the boy wailed.

"Aren't you well?" asked the Lady in Black. "You're—you're not *sick*—are you?"

"Naw!" the boy replied.

"We don't understand, dear," said the Lady in Black, tenderly. "Speak plainly, won't you? tell us what the matter is. What is it that you think we do not want?"

The boy snuffled.

"Tell *me*, dear," the Lady in Black besought, as though it were some secret, fit only for women's ears. "Won't you?" she invited, drawing the little boy close, so that he might whisper in her ear.

"Don't—*none*—o' you—want—one?" he repeated.

"Want what, dear?"

"A—*norphan?*"

It is not my wish ever again to be an onlooker when a woman suffers an agony peculiar to women. She groaned; it was the expression, almost, of a physical pain; had she been wounded to death, I fancy, she could not have suffered more. She was heart-broken and lonely, of course, and complaining of her desolation, having lost her son; and it has seemed to me since that she must at that moment have had a vision of the pain and need of a child that had no mother—she must have learned the lesson that her loneliness was not equal to a loneliness like that despair. Perhaps shame was mixed with sympathy; perhaps in a flash of loving wisdom she discovered the cure of woe like his and hers; perhaps the seed of a resolution, cast here by the all-wise hand of God, found fruitful soil. She hugged the child; she hugged him so swiftly, so hard, so long, that it hurt him—so hard that the breath was crushed out of him and his little ribs complained—so hard that in pain and amazement and in ecstatic hope (as I translate his astounding expression) he caught her by the shoulders and in a man's rough way tried to push her back, so that he could look into her eyes, and ask her what she meant.

The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes closed the door upon this; and we sat down again in Section Eleven, and on the arm of Section Twelve, to wait; and we were ashamed to look one another in the eye, too deeply embarrassed to say even one conventional word, because each had caught the other in a tearful emotion. The Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes whistled his sentimental ballad, '*Neath the Shade of the Old Apple Tree*, quite out of tune, to prove that he didn't care; but the English Church Clergyman and the Big Farmer from Saskatchewan and I, less devil-may-care than he, looked at the floor, and twirled our thumbs, and snuffled and coughed, in an effort to control the unmanly display, but dared not face one another.

When the little Lady in Black appeared, she left the door wide open.

"He's sound asleep," said she, smiling.

We saw, peering inquisitively, that he



Drawn by Elizabeth Shippen Green

"THIS—HERE—WOMAN S -MY—MOTHER!"

was sound asleep; we saw that the unfortunate orphan's head appeared to be in imminent danger of wringing his neck, that his mouth was wide open, that he was in a dangerous sweat (so concerned were we for his health), and that he was in peril of strangling himself with his own bare arms.

"What shall I call you?" asked the Lady in Black, upright with difficulty in the aisle, as the train rounded a curve.

We did not know what she meant.

"Shall I call you brothers?" she graciously inquired.

We declared that it would delight us beyond all expression.

"Then," said she, with a little gurgle of laughter, "I will claim a sister's privilege and neglect you by going to bed. Will you not absolve me?" she asked of the English Church Clergyman.

"If you slay me," he answered, gallantly rising to the occasion, "my ghost will absolve you in the morning."

Then the little lady went to bed.

Came the morning; came Christmas morning—came the very morning of Christmas, with the train laboring forward toward Winnipeg, and the wind fallen, and the snow gone from the air, and the dawn rosy and promising. Came the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes from his berth, with bleared eyes, which declared his sad habit of dissipation in the late hours; came the meek clergyman, befuddled by the wakefulness of the night; came the Big Farmer, fresh as a wheat stalk with the dew of morning on it; came the Story Teller, anxiously inquisitive, but blinking; came the little Lady in Black, with bright eyes, and with smiles, and with a joyously garrulous and excitedly inconsequent chatter, and in the most charming disarray (which discomposed her not at all); and—CAME THE CHILD! I may say no more—I need say no more—I will not say another word. It is not necessary; it would be wasteful of words, it would fall lamentably short of the truth of delight, it would be hopeless, insufficient, infinitely disappointing; for who can describe a child's joy and

pale gasping surprise of a Christmas morning? Not I; not the poor Story Teller, who chanced, by God's favor, to participate in this unmeasured opportunity. Let it pass, and be imagined; let it pass, because such as can imagine can imagine, but those who cannot, cannot be informed.

Afterward—this was after breakfast in the dining-car, and after the English Church Clergyman had said his prayers and absolved and blessed us all—afterward the little Lady in Black closeted herself with the little Boy from the Day Coach. She was resolute, then—she was at once triumphant and defiant and positively insulting. She looked us in the eye in a way that put us in our places. What business was it of ours? she seemed to say. None at all, of course; but had she known our fervent wishes—had she been aware of the old gentleman's subtle managing—had she been informed of my poor wish—she would have done nothing of the sort; she would have sought for sympathetic help, she would not have expected the mean, conventional blame of the world, which we chanced to appear to represent before her (but did not really).

Afterward, the boy and the lady went into the stateroom; and the little Lady in Black tightly closed the door.

"Listen!" said she, when they reappeared.

The little boy, who held the little hand of the little Lady in Black, advanced before her; and he spread his fat legs, and established himself firmly, notwithstanding the stagger of the train, and he scowled, and he seemed (I recall) perfectly willing to fight, and to down us heartily, as he squared his shoulders, and defiantly faced us.

And he said:

"*This — here — wom-an -- 's — my — mother!*"

We congratulated the happy pair.

"I am very happy," said the Lady in Black.

The boy grinned without the aid of the forceps of the Old Gentleman with the Twinkling Eyes.

Landegon

BY WILLIAM GILMORE BEYMER

This article is the third in Mr. Beymer's historical series dealing with the work of the scouts, spies, and men of the secret service in the Civil War

“HE was the bravest man I ever knew: General Kilpatrick also used to say that of him. But he will not talk about himself—so you may not get what you want; but come up and try.” That was in the letter that sent me all the miles to see John Landegon.

He did not believe in getting into the papers—he said—and all that sort of thing; people would say, “Here’s another old vet lying about the war”—more of that sort; he hadn’t got into print, and he wouldn’t now.

We led him on—or tried to—Captain Northrop and I.

“John, do you remember anything about the six Confederates you and one of the boys captured in a barn? What about that?” And old John Landegon, with never a smile, answered dryly:

“I was there. That was in the spring of ’62, and soon after that we broke camp and marched to—”

Campaigns and dates, and the movements of armies and of corps—but never an “I” in it all, and he would have it so. Evening came—the hours I had looked forward to all the long, profitless afternoon; but it seemed it was to bring only more dates, and the proper spelling of the names of officers long forgotten and long dead. Through it all, like a tortuous river-bed, empty, bone-dry, there ran his modest estimate of his service:

“I enlisted for three months in the First Regiment, Connecticut Volunteer Infantry, Company D, and there I got a little notoriety cheap. How? Oh, I got a prisoner; and so I was detailed as a headquarters’ scout under General Tyler; and because of that, when I re-enlisted in Company C of the Second Regiment, New York Volunteer Cavalry—better known as the ‘Harris Light’—

I was once more detailed as a scout, this time under Colonel Judson Kilpatrick. That was in the spring of ’61, and I served with him until—” Discouraged, I threw the note-book down, and said that I had done. There were hours to wait until the train should come and carry my ruined note-book and myself away. The time dragged; we smoked, and talked in a desultory way, and then some chance idle word impelled John Landegon to tell me his stories.

It was as though an unexpected current had carried him out of his depth, and the tide had caught him and swept him back through nearly fifty years, until he rode again in the great war. And I was with him as though I rode at his side. Sentences were whole scenes; words were sensations, emotions. He had gone back into it—was living it over again, and he had taken me along.

There was the dry griminess of dust rising in clouds from the parched Virginia roads . . . there was the acrid smell of sweating horses and of men . . . creak of rain-soaked saddles . . . the loneliness of wind in the trees at night along dark-flowing rivers; his words brought the shimmer of heat above unfenced, untended fields . . . brought the feel of cool gray aisles in forests of Georgia pine . . . stiffened bandages . . . pungent whiffs of blue-white powder smoke . . . the confusion and absorption of men fighting at close range—fighting to kill.

It was such a simple, boyish beginning that he made! A story to be told with chuckles, to be listened to with smiles. So like those early, lost-to-memory days of the great war—the days when war was a pastime, a summer muster to end with a skirmish and a hoorah; the days when the first volunteers had

not yet made the first veterans, and "Black-horse Cavalry," "masked batteries," and the "Louisiana Tigers" were spectres that stalked round each camp-fire; the days before men had seen their comrades die.

They would not enlist John Landegon. He was too young, too thin, too poor food for powder. And so he saw the company of heroes march away in triumph from the little Connecticut village; they left him raging and grieving behind. He went to Waterbury; they were raising a company there. Would they enlist him? No, they would not. But the rush of the first enthusiasts slackened, applications became less frequent; the captain fumed—before he could get his company into the field the war would be over and done—would the quota never fill! The last few enlistments came in, hours apart, and the whole countryside fretted for the honor of the town—all but Landegon; each hour was bringing nearer to him his chance. At last they took him; he was under age and looked it, he had not the necessary parental consent, he was not even from Waterbury—but they took him; and it was thus that he went to war.

"Camp" was at Vienna, Virginia, a few miles out from Alexandria; it was just "camp"—not more. The army that was to be was then but companies of individuals, groups of neighbors, friends. The welding of war had not yet begun. Rumor was the one excitement of the dragging weeks; camp life palled; the three-months period of enlistment was nearly past.

Time after time Landegon was passed over when picket and scouting detachments were detailed. At last he went to the captain—a stout, fussy, kindly little man.

"Captain," he said, "*I* want to go out with the scouting party; I can scout as good as any of them."

The captain shook his head.

"I can't do that, John." Then, kind and confidential, he went on: "You see, it's this way: those fellows are all prominent citizens back in Waterbury, and they've got to have a chance. Waterbury expects a lot from some of us; the fellows have got to have something to write home; the papers up in our town have

got to tell about our citizens doin' things, and scoutin' is the nearest to fightin' that there is just now."

Landegon protested earnestly that his town expected just as much of him.

"Oh, nothin' much is expected of you, John—you're too young." Then, with finality, "This war is nearly over; I got to give our citizens a chance."

"Scouting" consisted of a solemn, impressive march by ten or a dozen prominent citizens along the front of the camp, half a mile or so in advance of the pickets; but it was a deed filled with fine thrills.

Between the two camps—Federal and Confederate—there stretched four miles of no man's land, filled with all the terrors that go hand in hand with untried ground. But John Landegon found it to be a land of woods and fields and low, rolling hills—a land empty of friend or foe. He had gone out into it alone many times before he begged of the stout captain the privilege of making the dignified scouting. Something of latent daring, some restlessness within him, had sent him stealing out beyond the pickets time after time to wander among the hills. He says he wanted to see a Confederate before he went home again! Sometimes he wandered far enough to see long black lines creeping along the side of a distant hill, but they never seemed to be coming his way, so he would go back to the camp, content and silent.

The day after he was rejected from the official scout he wandered out farther than ever before, driven perhaps a little by pique, a little resentful, a little sullen, maybe. At last he turned to go back. He had kept to the woods, and now among the trees he caught a glimpse of moving gray. He leaped behind a tree, and stood there trembling with excitement and, he says, with fear. Once he stole a look, and as quickly dodged behind again; the glimpse had shown him a man in full uniform—a very new, very elegant uniform—a hat turned jauntily up on the side, and with a highly polished musket lying across his arm. The young blade of the Confederacy was returning from some lone-hand scout of his own. Landegon pressed close against the bark of the tree and humbly prayed that the man might change his course; he came

straight on. Behind lay the Confederate army—he could not run; from in front advanced the very devil of a fighter, one that would never surrender—(camp-fire authority for that! “They’ll never surrender; we’ll just have to mow them down”). He would have to mow this one down; would have to kill him. He had never even seen a man die. Somehow it had never seemed that war would be like this. The man was almost to the tree. He would have to mow him down; he would have to— He leaped out, levelling his musket as he sprang.

“*Sur-ren-der!*” he screamed.

The brightly polished Confederate musket fell to the ground; the hands waved, beseeching to be seen. “*I surrender!*” screamed the gray-clad youth, in reply.

John Landegon says the reaction almost made him giddy, and he wanted to dance and yell. But he warily picked up the musket, and he marched the unhappy man the three long miles back to the camp. And on that march, in his elation, he evolved the philosophy that was to carry him to such distinction through the war: “The other fellow is just as much afraid of me—maybe more.” I should like to have seen that home-coming! I think I can see it now: the prisoner stumbling in front; lank John Landegon stalking like Death behind; men running from regiments a mile away to see the captor and his prize.

“And after that,” says he, in his dry, shy way, “*I was the big fellow; I went on all the scoutings that were made.*” Waterbury claimed him for its own.

That philosophy did not always hold good. It was a rank failure at Bull Run. He climbed a tree there, and it was not philosophy that brought him down. The battle had been fought and lost. Long, late afternoon shadows lay heavy on the trampled, bloody grass; shadows from west and south, toward north and east, blighting the path, pointing the way to Washington.

In that portion of the field where Landegon was when the battle ended, he says that there seemed no cause to hurry away. The Confederates were in plain sight on the distant hillsides, but came no nearer, content to shell the fugitives from afar. Some distance back,

he came upon a church, about which a score of abandoned, plunging cavalry horses were tied. He was plodding past, when an officer rushed to him.

“Take a horse!” the officer was urging all who were passing; many ran close by and never turned their heads; men were running everywhere.

“Take a horse! take a horse!” the officer kept calling as they passed. “The rebels ’ll get them if you don’t.” He was a thrifty soul. Landegon stopped; he selected one, and tied his gun to the saddle, then galloped for the rear. The officer was still querulously calling, “Take a horse! take a horse!” as he rode away.

There came a great crowd, running. From behind them at the blocked ford—where they had been headed by some Confederate cavalry—there came the turmoil of fighting, mob-like fighting, so different from a battle’s roar. These who were running had been behind, or had broken away, and now, the forefront of the rout, came running, sheep-like, back in panic over the way they had just, in panic, gone. Some were running stolidly, mechanically, as though stiff with fear; others, plunging; others, running profitlessly—shoulders forward, elbows stiffly back, and ghastly, sweatless faces upturned to the blinding sky; of these, their mouths were gaping open like banked fishes sucking at the air. There was little sound save the pounding of the footfalls on the sun-baked Virginia fields. Cries of terror could have added nothing to the horror; the very sight of such is contagion of the plague—Panic.

Landegon slid from his horse, and without untying his gun, turned and ran. The mob was scattering, each seeking his own hiding-place; Landegon ran for the woods. He says that just then he feared nothing so much as capture—death was not so dread. He ran into a tree, staggered back, then began in frantic haste to climb it; if only they would not come till he could reach the top! Among the slender branches he screened himself with leaves, and clung there swaying in the wind, like some strange arboreal animal. In the great, hot dome of the sky there was no sign of the darkness whose coming should save him; through the maze of branches

and the fluttering leaves beneath him he could see the earth, still sun-flecked and wholly light. Suddenly he began to scramble down. On the instant with his elated thought, "They'll never take me here," had come, "There's never a chance to be taken—I'll be shot. They'll not be able to resist the temptation to see me tumble from so high." It sent him sliding and swinging and dropping from branch to branch until he reached the ground and threw himself into a thicket.

It was a long, hard road from the top of the tree to the position of Sheridan's chief scout. What happened during that journey I shall never know; he was not telling me the history of his career, remember. What he told were just incidents plucked from here and there—a half-dozen days out of the thousand days and nights of his service.

I wanted him to tell me more about his work as scout—the messages he had carried, the information he had obtained.

"I can't do that," he said. "Why? because I don't remember it—how could I? I couldn't keep copies of despatches, and I can't remember the verbal messages—now. 'Landegon, take this to General So-and-so over back of Such-a-place.' Maybe I wouldn't ever know what was in the message, even though the result of an engagement had been decided by it; maybe it was in cipher; maybe I didn't care what was in it. My business was to get it there. Perhaps it was only such a message as an aide-de-camp would have been sent with if he could have kept in our lines while delivering it. But here's the thing: us scouts risked our lives to deliver those messages. We did it sometimes every day; sometimes only once every week. If we got caught we got hanged, or maybe only shot; if we got through without any close call that was out of the ordinary—like losing our chum or our horse, or something like that—why, then, that was just part of a day's work, and by next week we wouldn't remember anything about it except the roads we had been on and the fords crossed and the lay of the hills and ravines. Information, the same way. 'See if you can find out when Magruder is going to move'—something o' that sort. And I'd go out through the country between the lines—in just as much

danger from our own scoutin' parties, mind, as from the enemy, and I would get through their pickets and mix in with any I'd find, and when I got what I wanted to know I'd come back and report.

"Maybe there would be a fight that day or the next, and maybe my report had something to do with it, but I wouldn't know that for sure. Like as not I wouldn't be able to see that my report had any attention paid to it. So why should I remember now about such things? But here's a letter that I'm going to let you read; I don't want you to think us scouts risked our necks for just nothing those days—even if we can't remember what reports we made forty-five years ago!"

He hesitated a moment, then drew from its envelope a single, worn sheet. It was written from the Metropolitan Hotel, New York, under date of April 20, 1869. The contents were intimately personal, but there is this much which seems by right to belong in the pages that are to record John Landegon's service:

. . . From the first time you reported to me as scout in 1861 until the close of the war, I had frequent occasion to acknowledge your distinguished services, and I know of no man who has manifested more devotion to the cause of the Union or braved greater dangers than yourself. At Fredericksburg, on the Rapidan, and in the Shenandoah Valley, you displayed great courage and enterprise in obtaining within the enemy's lines intelligence of his intended movements, and I can freely say that much of the success of my cavalry, in the campaign of General Sherman from Savannah to the surrender of Johnson's army, was owing to the information obtained by you for me as scout and spy. . . .

(Signed) JUDSON KILPATRICK.

When I had done, I looked with new eyes at the man whom General Judson Kilpatrick had freely accredited with much of the success of the brilliant cavalry campaign of the Carolinas.

It was characteristic of John Landegon at such a time to force an abrupt change of subject.

"I mind one report I made," he said. "My first report to General Sheridan. I'd been out for three days—somewhere in the enemy's lines, I don't remember where, or why—and when I came in to

report to the General I thought it would be my last report. 'Well,' he says, 'what did you find?' 'Nothin',' I answered—just that. 'By Gee!' he yelled, and he jumped up from his chair. 'That's the best report I ever heard a scout make!' I thought he was mad and just making fun of me, and I stood still and didn't say anything. He walked close up to me. 'Do you know why I think so much of that "nothin'" of yours? It's because you didn't think you had to make up a lot of lies for fear I'd think you hadn't been working. If you saw "nothin'" in three days, that means there was nothing to see, and that's the one thing I wanted to know!'

"I remembered that little talk of General Sheridan's, and it helped me all the rest of the war. I never exaggerated anything, and soon they got to count on what I said. Well"—abruptly, as though he had again said too much—"there was only twice after that day I climbed the tree that I was as bad scared. There was often enough that I'd think: 'Well! By Gee! if ever I get back safe from this fool scout I'll never go out again. I'll go back to my regiment, I'll stand guard, I'll do picket, I will clean camp'—more of that sort—'but I'm darned if I go in gray out of the lines.' But I would get in all right, and loaf around a few days and watch the other boys work, and then I'd get restless or think of the big money, and then the order would come and out I'd go—like as not into worse than before. The next time I was so badly scared was the night after I had been shot. I was Sheridan's chief scout then, but when I got shot I was with Meade's scouts of the Army of the Potomac. I'd been sent to General Meade with despatches—I'll tell you about that.

"After we left General Sheridan at Ground Squirrel Bridge, on the South Anna—this was Sheridan's raid around Lee in May, '64—Patrick Myers, my best scout, and I rode around the flank of the Confederate cavalry where they were fighting with our rear-guard. They had been fighting the rear-guard ever since we had got in the rear of Lee's lines on the 9th. This day I'm telling you of was the 10th—late afternoon of the 10th—the day before Yellow Tavern, where

Jeb Stuart fell, six miles from Richmond. We missed that fight.

"The country was so rough that, to make time, we swung into the road behind the Confederate cavalry, and ordered the stragglers forward to their regiments. Y' see, I was in the full uniform of a Confederate officer, and Patrick Myers was my orderly; we kept hurrying the stragglers forward, and all the time we were getting farther to the rear. It was the best fun I ever had!" It was the pinnacle of a jest. Landegon chuckled as he told of it; I chuckled as I heard. It seemed a jest in the telling; since then I have set it down as one of the shrewdest, coolest deeds that men have done.

They stopped at dark at a farmhouse and asked for something to eat. The owner of the house was too old to go to war; he gave them a good meal, and gladly assented to put them up for as much of the night as they could remain. After the meal they all sat about the table talking. In some way they misunderstood their host—something he said; they believed him to be a Union sympathizer who, because of their gray uniforms, dared not come out and say that he was against the South.

"We're not Confederates," one of them blurted out; "we are Union soldiers." The old man rose from his chair.

"Y' lied to me," he said.

They both sprang, startled, to their feet at his sudden movement, and it must have been a dramatic moment as they faced each other across the lamp-lit table—the scouts with their hands on their revolvers, the white-bearded old man majestic in his indignation.

"I've given you food and offered you bed: and you have lied to me! You yourselves say that you have been telling me lies all the evenin'! I wouldn't have you sleep in my barn. It isn't which side you're on: y' *lied* to me!"

He drove them from his house by the sheer weight of his scorn. They sulkily rode away; but in the stillness of the night they heard a horse, hard ridden, leave the farmhouse, and they rode aside into the woods and waited. Presently a troop of Confederate cavalry swept by on the road they had just been on.

It was night of the next day—the 11th—when they got through the Confederate

pickets and struck the Mattapony River some miles below the Army of the Potomac.

They stripped, and put their clothes on a bit of board, which they pushed before them as they swam the river; it was storming fiercely; in the dark the rain lashed the river into pale foam.

They made their painful way through the tangled thickets, now dazed by the lightning, now blinded by the streaming rain. Federal pickets made them prisoners, and finally, to their insistence, yielded and took them under guard to General Grant—to Grant, though they asked to be taken to Meade.

I wish that Landegon had told me more of that meeting; I wish that I had asked.

It was the night before that battle which was to surpass in its terrors all others of those terrible days of the Second Wilderness and Spottsylvania Court House—the battle of the “Bloody Angle.”

Of the meeting I learned only that Grant thanked them and praised them for bringing the message through Lee’s army. Then Landegon swung off into a vehement panegyric of the great leader; it was as though he had lowered a curtain; I was left with but a dim-seen picture of the lantern-lighted tent; the Grant of my own imagination, bending low to smooth out and read by the flickering light a crumpled despatch . . . two dripping, gray-clad soldiers—just that, and an intruding consciousness of the confused beating of the rain outside.

This is the despatch that they had borne through the Confederate armies:

HEADQUARTERS, CAVALRY CORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, May 10, 1864.

Maj.-Gen. George G. Meade,

Commanding Army of the Potomac.
General:

I turned the enemy’s right and got into their rear. Did not meet sufficient of cavalry to stop me. Destroyed from eight to ten miles of Orange Railroad, two locomotives, three trains, and a large amount of supplies. The enemy were making a depot of supplies at Beaver Dam. Since I got into their rear there has been great excitement among the inhabitants and with the army. The citizens report that Lee is beaten. Their cavalry has attempted to annoy my rear and flank but have been run off. I expect to fight their cavalry south of the South Anna River. I have no forage. Started with half rations for one day and have found none

yet. Have recaptured five hundred men, two colonels.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

P. H. SHERIDAN,
Major-General, Commanding.

He brought out a big book, and his long thin fingers fluttered the pages till he had found the place he sought; I watched him in surprise. He handed me the book, open.

“There!” he said. “That won’t surprise you like it did me the first time I saw it!”

“*Scouts and Guides with the Army of the Potomac*,” I read under the picture.

“I bought that book about a year ago, and I was looking through it, and all of a sudden, by Gee! there was I! I got shot the very next day after the picture was taken—the only one I had taken during the war—and I hadn’t thought about the photograph from that day until I looked out at myself after all these years. I had just about forgotten what sort of a young fellow I was those days.” He commenced a chuckle of infinite amusement that ended in a sigh. He took the book gently from me and closed it, shutting away the boy that had been. For a moment his thin fingers fumbled the white beard. “That was a long time ago,” he said. Then, abruptly, “The next day I made my last scout in Virginia.”

Eleven of Meade’s scouts, together with Landegon and Myers, were sent out to learn if Lee was being reinforced from the south. If, by the time the Army of the Potomac scouts were ready to return, Sheridan had not been met, then Landegon and Myers were to go on until they found him. Had he and Myers gone to Sheridan, the whole trip would have gone the way of a day’s work; but instead, every incident of the day is fixed sharp and clear in his memory: the De Jarnett’s, where they stopped to get feed for their horses, and where they were “given” wine; the “contraband,” who showed them a blind ford of the Mattapony, where Landegon and Knight (Meade’s chief scout) crossed to interview the lonely figure on the distant hill-crest, whom they took to be a vidette, until the man, unknowing of his danger,

unconsciously saved himself by raising a huge cotton umbrella that showed him to be a planter overseeing the hands at work in his fields.

They turned to ride back to their men, awaiting them on the river's bank, when there suddenly came out of a lane a man and a girl, who stared at them in surprise.

"Have you seen any troops come by?" the scouts asked, politely. It was the girl who answered:

"Oh yes! More than I ever saw before at one time! South Carolina soldiers. How many? Why, they would reach from there to there!" The space indicated a brigade of four regiments. It was the information they had come out to gain; Knight was elated at the ease with which it had been obtained.

"We're Yankees!" he suddenly said. The girl looked at Landegon's gray uniform, at Knight's wheat-straw hat, his coat—purpled by the rain and sun; she laughed.

"About as much Yankees as we are!" she said.

"We are Yankees!" they sternly told her. Her eyes grew wide with fear.

"You shall not—I—you will not take the Doctor—my husband?" she pleaded.

They reassured her—they would only take dinner, and pay for it, they said. But she still was very much afraid. Landegon waved a handkerchief, and the rest of the scouts came up at a gallop from the river. Young Doctor Dew and his wife fled in terror. The scouts shouted with laughter, and trotted after them to the house, where presently they had dinner. Trivial little details, these, but I dare say such things stick in a man's mind if he is shot that day.

They rode to Penola Station, not more than a mile away, and there lay the parting of the ways: Landegon and Myers must start south to find Sheridan, Knight and his scouts go back to the army of Grant and Meade.

A small band of Confederates dashed out of a cross-road, fired a bravado volley at them, and galloped away.

"Let's have a fight!" one of the scouts yelled, "before you fellows leave." In a moment they were riding hard after the Confederates, shouting and yelling like frolicking boys.

Landegon says he had the best horse

of them all. As a brave man and a modest should, he lays it to the horse; I lay it to the man who rode. He drew farther and farther ahead; the road grew choked with dust, that rose all about them like smoke-filled fog. The fleeing Confederates had been reinforced, had turned, and were coming back. In the dust Landegon flashed full tilt into them before he found what he had done. Horses reared and backed and shied; there was a tangle and confusion that sent up blinding clouds in which no man knew friend from foe. Landegon whirled his horse about and fired a revolver in a man's face, and then some one shot him, and his paralyzed hand dropped his pistol, and the whole thing grew confused. He knows that one man followed him, shooting at him at every bound, and when his revolver was empty, the man rose in his stirrups and threw the pistol whirling over and over and it struck him, barrel end on; it seemed to break his spine. He knows something of two of his scouts riding one on either side holding him in his saddle; and then all he knew was that he was back at Doctor Dew's under a tree in the yard, and all his men had gone, and he was quite sure that very soon he would be found and hanged. He told this to the Dews, and they took his gray clothes and buried them in the garden; but still he knew that very soon he would certainly be hanged.

He says that he had once before nearly gone by the rope route, and it was the memory of that other time that now filled him with such fear.

He thought that his men might have made some arrangement to take him away; he found afterward that they had stood off the reinforced Confederates until he had been gotten out of sight on his way to the Dews; then they had ridden for the safety of the Union lines. They had been sure, from his wound, that Landegon was to die; but they promised the Dews that they would come back for him in a few days. When they came he was gone.

The afternoon waned; the young doctor had managed to get him into the house; they wanted to put him to bed up-stairs, but he would not have it so; he begged to be left in the hall. It was a long straight hall through the house; at one



SCOUTS AND GUIDES WITH THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC*
Landegon is seated on the ground at the extreme right

end the front door, at the other, the back. He felt that unless the house were surrounded he had some chance there for his life. Yet when the time did come he was without the strength to raise himself from the couch. The night had grown threadbare gray and old before they came; he had known all along that they would come, yet when he heard the feet on the gravel walk he was more afraid than he thought he could ever be. The Dews had gone to their room for a little rest; Landegon lay alone in the long black hall—alone, listening to the footsteps coming nearer; he heard them reach the door. He raised himself on one elbow—it was as far as he could go. The angry knocks on the door sounded like thunder; without waiting for a reply, the door was burst open by a booted foot, and a man stood for a moment back against the graying sky.

"Does any one live in this house?" he roared.

* Photograph reproduced by permission of Edward B. Eaton, Hartford, Connecticut, from his collection of 7000 Brady Civil War negatives.

Landegon fell back limp and helpless; he answered almost hysterically, "Yes, Jack, I do!"

It was Jack Williams, one of his own scouts with Sheridan—a comrade from the "Harris Light," his own old regiment. Sheridan was coming back that way; Williams had been sent ahead to find out about the roads, and he had stopped at the house to inquire his way. Within a few hours Landegon was in an ambulance, riding in safety in the midst of ten thousand blue-clad men.

He smoked for a time in silence, and I sought to set him talking again. "You said you were nearly hanged once—?" He shook his head and frowned slightly, but said nothing.

"When was it?" I persisted.

"May 12, '62," he answered, dryly. He lay back in his big chair, with his eyes closed as though to shut out something he did not care to see. For a long time neither of us spoke; suddenly he opened his eyes and sat sharply forward in the chair.

"Do you know that there are nights even yet when I dream of that day? Do

you know—but of course you don't! Well, you've got me to thinking of it again and I might as well tell you, even of that too.

"There was a cavalry skirmish a couple of miles from Massaponax Church—about twelve or fifteen miles south of Fredericksburg; it was going hard against us, and I was sent back to bring up help. I was about half-way to the church when I saw a lot of dust, and I rode harder—thinking, you understand, it was the advance of some of our troops; there was so much dust that I rode right into them before I found that they were Confederates that had got round our flank and were coming up behind our men. It was just a scouting party . . . more coming, I learned. There wasn't a chance to get away, or even to fight; they had never made any mistake about me . . . grabbed me the minute I got in reach. I was in my gray uniform, mind! They were in a hurry, but they said they had time to hang *me*. They just hauled off to the roadside and said they would have a trial, anyway—that they always tried the men they hanged. So they got up a drum-head court that wasn't any more a court than is our talking here. There was a lot of laughing and joking—the rest of the men all sitting around on the grass at the side of the road, holding their horses by the bridles to let them graze; some of the men smoked their pipes—it was all good fun for them.

"Back around the hills I could hear the popping of the carbines of the men of my regiment—that I'd left not half an hour before.

"I didn't get five minutes of trial; they asked me again where I'd been going, and I told them again—lying the best I knew—that I was only a camp servant . . . it had got too hot for me up there at the front, and I was scared, and getting back to the camp where I belonged.

"Some one yelled, 'He's a spy; look at his clothes.'

"And I turned on him and says: 'I'm no spy. I'm just a servant, an' these 's all the clothes I have—I don't get a uniform; I got to wear just what I can find'—all that sort of thing. Anyway, if I wasn't a spy, one of 'em said, I was a 'damned Yankee, that had stole the

clothes off some pore, dead Confederate soldier.' And they all said: 'That's so, all right! Stole 'em off some pore dead soldier. He had ought to be hung!'

"The president of the court got up and said, 'You're guilty, Yank, and it is the sentence o' this court that we hang you by the neck until you're dead.'

"They all laughed at that, and got up and stood around to see me get hung. We all moved over a hundred yards or so to a tree, and some one started to climb up with a rope—they had a rope all right—and then some one said 'they'd ought to have some grease for the rope—noose wouldn't slip good without the rope was greased,' and one of the men was sent riding hard across the fields to a farmhouse to get some. They got the rope tied to a limb, then they kept showing me the noose . . . telling me how I'd dance on air—they weren't going to tie my hands and feet, they said; and they danced and waved their hands to show me how I'd do.

"These weren't guerrillas; they were regularly enlisted men. But it was '62, mind, and they were a lot more bitter in those days than they were later in the war; but I never did see, before or after, such ones as these.

"I had been scared nearly to death up till then, but when they got to talking like that I got mad—they might hang me all right, but they weren't going to torture me that way before I died. I tried to pull away from the fellows holding me, and I cursed them all, and called them murderers and cowards, and I told them I'd fight any three of them—any five—any number at once, if they would give me my sabre and pistol, but that I wouldn't be hung.

"Just then the man with the grease got back; he'd only been able to get some butter! 'Don't waste good butter hanging a damn Yankee; string him up without greasing the rope, and be quick about it,' some one said.

"So they dragged and lifted me on to a horse, and led it under the limb, and they put the noose around my neck. I didn't see anything or think anything from the time I got put on the horse, and I didn't see that some of them were standing in a little party off to one side. Just then one stepped out and said that



Painting by Howard Pyle

THEY TALKED IT OVER—WITH ME SITTING ON THE HORSE

I was not to be hung; that I was a brave man; and it wasn't so much that they didn't want me to be hanged, but the other fellows weren't going to do it: I was as much *their* prisoner as I was theirs—that *they* hadn't any of them been selected for the court . . . more of that sort of thing (they were from two regiments—do you understand?); and that *they* had decided to send me back to the main column and have me tried right! Some of the fellows drew their revolvers, and some got on their horses, and it looked as if there was going to be a fight right there. But they talked it over—with me sitting on the horse, and the rope around my neck all the time; and finally decided that they would send me on.

"They took the rope off, and I began to get some of my senses back, and I saw that the man who was to take me forward was a great, surly-looking devil—one of them that had been so anxious to hang me; he was standing talking to his officer, and they looked over at me, and he kind of smiled and nodded his head; I knew right there that he meant to kill me on the way—was getting ordered to just then.

"We started—he and I—and the others rode away. The whole business hadn't taken more than twenty minutes, but it was a month to me. They wouldn't give me a horse; the fellow rode, but I had to run along at the horse's head. The horse he rode was one of the biggest I ever saw—when it walked I had to trot, and when he rode at a trot I had to run. I had lost my hat, and the sun hurt my head, and the dust choked and blinded me; I was so sick and weak—mind you, the reaction from such fear is a sickening thing—that I staggered as I ran, and the fellow kept leanin' over and prodding me with his sabre to make me go faster; that began to make me mad when I got conscious of it, and I felt my strength coming back again. I kept on the off side of the horse, so that he would have to cut across with his sabre instead of down, when the time came for me to try to run. I can see that road now—long and straight, with the unfenced fields sloping down to the road on either side, and sumac bushes along where the fences had been before

the war; ahead, the road ran like a tunnel into a big woods that looked all hazy and blue. Beyond the woods a little way was Massaponax Church; I made up my mind that what was to be would take place in that woods, and I sort of felt that the Confederate had made up his mind to end it in the woods, too.

"Just then he called to me: 'Halt, Yank! Till I tighten the girth—saddle's slippin'!'

"He was dismounting—you know, of course, how a man gets off a horse? his left foot in the stirrup and swings his right leg back over the horse—for just a second his back was toward me, and at that moment he dropped his drawn sabre to the ground. . . . He died right there!

"My three years' term of enlistment was just about up before I got out of the hospital at Portsmouth Grove, Rhode Island—that time I got shot and left at the Dews', remember?"

There was scarcely a moment's pause in his story; he seemed to be hurrying on to efface something from his mind and mine. I scarcely heard his words: I could see nothing but the sprawling figure that lay like a blot under a pall of slowly settling dust in a long, straight, sunlit road—a road that ran like a tunnel into a great woods all blue with haze.

"Sheridan was a few miles west of Harpers Ferry when I found him"—so the story was going on when I heard it again—"and when I walked up to his tent, he ran out and put his hand on my shoulder—impulsive, like he always was—and he said: 'Landegon! I'm *glad* you're back! I've got a *lot* of work for you to do!' And then I told him that I wasn't coming back to him—that I was through. Y' see, Sheridan was now in command in the Shenandoah Valley, and he had reorganized the scouts, and put them on a strictly military footing, with Major H. H. Young in command. Then, too, General Kilpatrick—whose chief scout I had been for two years before Sheridan had got me to go with him—and Captain Northrop here, who now was 'Kil's' chief scout, had both written for me to come to them; they were with General Sherman down in Georgia, and I had made up my mind to go. Sheridan was very angry—said something about deserting in the face

of the enemy—more of that sort of thing—and turned and walked away from me. I never saw General Sheridan again.

“I did not march to the sea. General Sherman, with ‘Kil’ in command of his cavalry, was at Savannah before I joined him there. What?—tell you of the ‘most important, most dangerous’ work I did in the war? It wasn’t in the war—it was after the war was done!”

He told of a period which history has so abridged that it is now well-nigh lost to men’s minds—a time that is dwarfed by the war just past, that is overshadowed by the black period of Reconstruction that was to come. Peace had been declared. But the great, all-wise Lincoln was dead. The one hand which could have beckoned and led the turbulent victors home, which would have reached out to guide and guard the broken, gloomy South, was gone. There were weeks in the South when anarchy reigned.

For days before there came the inevitable end to the Confederacy, men—bitter, broken-hearted men, who foresaw the swift coming of that end—had deserted the Southern armies, in order that they might never desert their Cause. In twos and threes and little bands they streamed through the country, swearing to commence, from the mountains, a guerrilla warfare that should not end until they died.

Others with less high principles joined them on the way; men who had abandoned all and lost all to the war were now abandoned by the war, and they stood bewildered by the double loss; they had nowhere to turn but to the weapons in their hands; they too fled for the mountains.

From the Northern armies, chiefly those in the middle South, hundreds deserted. Men who would have never deserted in the face of the enemy, now, dreading months of inactivity before being mustered out, or for the first time permitting the longing for home to come between them and discipline, stole out between the considerate pickets, and, with their arms in their hands for protection on the way, began the long journey.

From the armies of both sides, the dissolute and the vicious, the discouraged and unreconciled, fled from peace as from a pest; armed, skilled in war, calloused

to war’s horrors, they swarmed out over the country and turned it into hell.

Truculent bands going north met sullen parties coming south, and they fought for the sheer love of fighting. There was no discipline anywhere; worse, there was the license and liberty that came as a reaction from the sudden removal of strict military law. From simple foraging, in order to live, it was but a step to pillage and murder.

Men who under good officers had fought bravely in the ranks now turned cowardly assassins—became common cut-throats and thieves. For them there was now no North or South; by twos and threes they joined themselves to partyless bands of marauders that turned aside for nothing but more powerful bands. Dejected, paroled Confederates, making their best way south to their ruined homes; buoyant Federal deserters going north—blue or gray, it was all one to these bandits; they robbed and killed on every hand.

And into this land of lurking, ignominious death, John Landegon, alone, except for little black Ben, rode for three hundred terrible miles.

The distracted Federal government, at last heeding the persistent rumors of organized guerrilla bands in the Blue Ridge, demanded authentic information, and Landegon was chosen by Kilpatrick to find out the truth.

In the tent with General Kilpatrick when he gave Landegon the order was a negro boy whom Landegon had picked up—or, rather, who had picked up Landegon—at Barnsville, South Carolina. He had pleaded to be taken North, and Landegon, unable to care for him himself, had taken him to Kilpatrick, whose body-servant he had become. But the boy’s admiration for Landegon had never swerved; he heard the order that was to send Landegon away from him—out of his life—and he sprang forward, and with all the abandon of his emotional race he begged and pleaded to be taken along.

“Doan leave me, Marse Landegon,” he cried. “Y’ saaid y’ would take me when yo’ went Norf, an’ now you’re goin’ to leave little Ben, an’ I’ll never see yo’ agaaain. Take me with yo’, Marse Landegon—take me Norf with yo’!”

General Kilpatrick nodded.

"Take him, John; you're to go as a Confederate officer returning to Maryland—it will be a good thing for your story to have your servant along."

That night the two rode out of Lexington on their way to the Blue Ridge Mountains.

There followed days of steady riding over and around and between mountains—always mountains.

Now for miles along some wind-swept range crest from which on either hand it seemed that the whole world had wrinkled itself into endless chains upon chains of mountains. Now through some valley—scarce a rift in the heaped-up, tree-clad walls. Nights when they slept under the stars, solemn, lonely nights, such as come only in a waste of mountains; nights when the boy sobbed in his sleep from the loneliness, and from homesickness for his "cousins," and for the South he was leaving behind.

For the most part Landegon's skill and watchfulness kept them out of grave peril, but there was once when they nearly met the end. Darkness was coming on, and they had obviously mistaken the road; the road they were on led up and ever up the mountainside, until they were above the evening mists of the valley.

They passed a barn, and a few yards farther, topping a steep rise, came suddenly upon a house close by the roadside. On the porch and in the yard were a dozen men; waiting, with their guns across their arms; to have hesitated or to have turned to run would have meant certain death. There were several faded blue uniforms among the butternut and gray; it was one of the cutthroat bands. Landegon rode forward to the fence; he asked for supper; the men avariciously eyed the fine horses, and half a dozen lounged down to the fence and gathered round him. He dismounted coolly and asked for a lantern that he might find feed for the horses. It completely disarmed the suspicions of the men; one of them brought the lantern and walked beside Landegon down the road toward the barn. At the top of the steep grade he struck down the man, and he and Ben rode for their lives—the drop in the road saved them from the volley that passed over their heads.

They had trouble in Maryland at a ferry, but they braved it down; and at last the futile ride came to an end; futile, for there was nothing found, no organized resistance to the Union. The war was over.

The Poplars

BY LOUISE MORGAN SILL

NINE tall poplars in a row!
 When the summer breeze would blow,
 And the blue sky bent above,
 Ah, I loved them so
 That my eyes were misted o'er
 With unspoken tendernesses,
 Till they seemed as trees no more
 But as nymphs whose tresses,
 Forward blowing, hid from me
 Half their lovelinesses.

A True Hero: Melodrama

BY W. D. HOWELLS

I

MRS. ROYCROFT AND REV. GEORGE HARTLEY

Rev. George Hartley: "And you say you took these things?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Yes, I did. I must have taken them." The two are in Hartley's study, which opens into his church, and the strains of organ practice reach them from time to time through the door standing slightly ajar; the sun through the painted window behind Mrs. Roycroft throws the colors on the floor between them. He sits fallen back in his armchair before his desk, and she droops forward from a low seat fronting him, with her clasped hands pressed between her knees, and her shoulders lifted in a figure of hopeless desolation. A necklace and some other trinkets glitter on the desk; Hartley lifts them and tosses them farther from him.

Hartley: "Why do you say, 'must have taken them'—that way? Don't you know?"

Mrs. Roycroft, in a voice hardly above a husky whisper: "Yes. No. How can I tell? It is like a bad dream." After a moment: "I was very unhappy. I didn't know what I was doing."

Hartley: "But why should your unhappiness—"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Don't ask me. I can't explain."

Hartley: "Hmmm!" After a pause: "Was there any one near who could have seen you?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "No. Yes. Must I tell you? Perhaps I ought."

Hartley: "Not unless you wish. You are not a member of my society, Mrs. Roycroft. Why have you come to me?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Because—because you are good."

Hartley, perceptibly moved: "You mustn't say that sort of thing."

Mrs. Roycroft, very humbly: "No, I know it. I came—I came because you were a friend of his."

Hartley: "His? What do you mean? Whose friend?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Mr.—Lannard's." She sinks yet more abjectly forward.

Hartley: "Lannard's? What has that got to do with it?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "It was he—who was near me."

Hartley: "And you think he saw you?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "He made no sign of it. He wouldn't!"

Hartley, with quick and stern decision: "Well, there is only one thing—"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Yes, yes. Advise me, do! I came for that!"

Hartley, still severely: "Then I advise you in common honesty and common sense to get these things back at once. Get them to the salesman who showed them to you, so that he may not be suspected. And for your soul's sake I advise you—"

Mrs. Roycroft, dropping to her knees before him: "Yes, yes!"

Hartley: "I advise you to make confession as well as restitution. Go and tell Planet Brothers what you have done—"

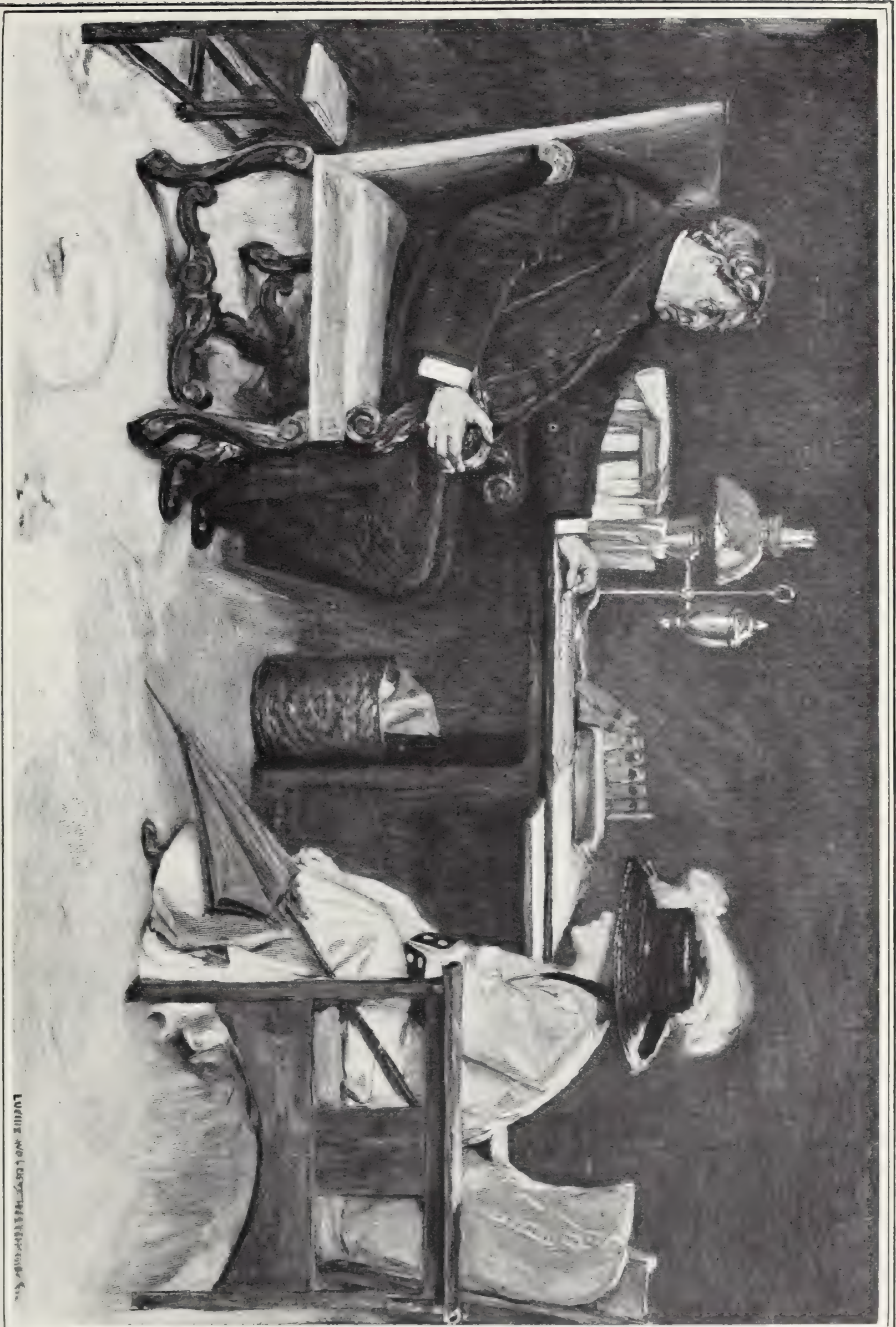
Mrs. Roycroft, springing to her feet: "Never! Is this your idea of advice? They would put me in prison. And I thought you were so good! Surely you can help me out some way! You will save me?"

Hartley, with a deep sigh: "Oh, I can 'save' you, as you call it. I suppose I can keep these things, the body of your sin, and send them back to Planets' so that it will not be known who—took them—"

Mrs. Roycroft: "You were going to say *stole*. Say it! That is what the world would call it, though I expected from you—"

Hartley: "Oh, it doesn't matter about the words. It's the thing that matters. But before I meddle with it, you have got to make a clean breast of it."

Mrs. Roycroft: "How do you mean?"



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

"AND YOU SAY YOU TOOK THESE THINGS?"

LUCIUS W. HITCHCOCK

Hartley: "How came you to notice that Lannard was near you?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "He was at the same case; he was choosing a ring." Suddenly, with a pounce: "He has been here! You cannot deny it!"

Hartley: "But I do deny it; he has not been here. Mrs. Roycroft, I shall have to ask you a question, if I am to help you. Has Lannard's name been associated with yours?"

Mrs. Roycroft, with joyous relief: "Mr. Lannard? Why, he's a boy! The idea is absurd. But I'm so glad you mentioned it, Mr. Hartley. Now I can tell my husband, and he'll see how ridiculous such things are. Why, I had motored to Planets' with Mr. Manvers, and left him in the car at the door, and the idea of my going to meet poor Charley Lannard—"

Hartley: "I didn't say you had gone to meet him, but I'm glad—though it doesn't relieve the affair of a very ugly aspect for him."

Mrs. Roycroft: "For Mr. Manvers?"

Hartley: "For Lannard. Don't you know that if he was there at the same showcase suspicion may fall on him?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "On Charley Lannard? Why, he's the soul of honor. But I see!" Her voice sinks to a low tragic murmur and she droops again upon her seat; then she suddenly starts from it. "I must save him—even from suspicion. I will tell all. I will go to the detectives, and confess everything. I will put myself under arrest. Charles Lannard!" She rushes toward the street door of the study, all excitement, but turns impetuously back to Hartley, who has vaguely risen, and appeals to him with clasped hands: "And you will never, never let him know that I have done it?"

Hartley, in alarm: "But wait, Mrs. Roycroft. Your children—your husband—you must think of them!"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Oh, he has an account there. And I could manage the detectives myself, if it came to that. But there is no time to be lost if they suspect poor Charley."

Hartley: "Stop! Let us talk it over. You mustn't do anything rash." He puts himself between her and the door.

Mrs. Roycroft, confronting him full height: "If you dare to hinder me, Mr.

Hartley, if you don't let me pass instantly, I will scream, I will make a scene, I will go into hysterics; I don't know what I'll do. Will you—" She whips round him, and out of the doorway, and he remains staring at it, when Doctor Tolboy appears within it.

II

TOLBOY AND HARTLEY

Tolboy: "Who was *that* perturbed female? Or do they all leave your study in some such state?"

Hartley, after a moment of silence: "Tolboy, I want your advice—"

Tolboy: "Is it so bad as that? Then you want my approval."

Hartley: "No, neither; your help. That was Mrs. Roycroft—"

Tolboy: "I knew it, but I thought I would give you the benefit of the doubt. What's she been doing now?"

Hartley: "Oh, my dear fellow, she's been stealing—stealing from Planet Brothers." He waves his hand nervelessly toward the desk where the jewelry is lying. Tolboy goes toward it, and bends over it, whistling softly. "And it's happened so that the suspicion may fall upon poor young Charles Lannard. But I must say that as soon as she realized that, she was horror-stricken, and she's rushed out to take the blame on herself. She's gone to the Planets' to confess—to tell the detectives, and take the consequence. I couldn't stop her." Tolboy listens with dismay that passes into something different, when Hartley concludes: "She said she would manage them."

Tolboy: "I've no doubt she'll try it." He smiles not quite cheerfully. "But what's Lannard got to do with it? Where does *he* come in?"

Hartley: "She says he was at the same show-case looking at rings. I suppose he was looking at wedding-rings; he's to be married next week."

Tolboy: "Did she seem to have known that?"

Hartley: "I can't say. But what do you mean?"

Tolboy: "Do you imagine she meant suspicion to fall on him, and then was sorry for it?"

Hartley: "How do I know? Why should she have taken the things?"

Tolboy: "Why should she have left them here, if she was going back to restore them and give herself up?"

Hartley, in despair: "I didn't think of that. What do you advise me to do?"

Tolboy: "You ought to have stopped her going, till you could think it over."

Hartley: "I did try, but she escaped."

Tolboy: "Well, I don't see what you can do now except wait developments. Poor old Roycroft! I don't envy *him* his job."

Hartley: "Tolboy, I don't like the tone you take. I know that you think lightly of Mrs. Roycroft, and I'll own myself that I have no great— But this is a serious matter. It doesn't involve her alone; it involves Lannard."

Tolboy: "I should think Lannard was out of it, unless she repents of repenting, and decides to let him take the blame. Who's practising in there?" He nods toward the door giving into the church.

Hartley: "It's Lamm, our new organist. But—"

Tolboy, listening: "Rather nice, isn't it?"

Hartley: "Yes. I don't know. I suppose so. But, Tolboy, if Lannard—"

Tolboy, recurring to him from the music: "What sort of fellow is Lannard?"

Hartley: "He's a noble fellow. He's his father all over again!"

Tolboy: "And a little more? I always suspect your noble fellows, you know. But I hadn't seen Lannard for some time before I went abroad, and he may be all right in spite of you. Who's he going to marry?"

Hartley: "The finest girl in the world! Margaret Wilson."

Tolboy: "Nettie Devoe's daughter?"

Hartley: "Yes. And she's as like her mother as he is like his father. They—"

A knock at the street entrance arrests him. *Tolboy*, escaping toward the church entrance: "If it's Mrs. Roycroft coming back to say she can't find Sherlock Holmes—"

Hartley, seizing Tolboy: "You mustn't go, Tolboy! I can't let you—I need you— Come in!" He releases Tolboy at sight of Charles Lannard; and taking the young man's hand affectionately, turns with him toward Tolboy. "I'm so glad to see you, my dear Charles." The young man is very pale, and his eyes are wild under his disordered hair. He

is a slender youth in the early twenties, with a delicate, clean-shaven face. "You know Doctor Tolboy?"

III

LANNARD, TOLBOY, AND HARTLEY

Lannard, laxly and inattentively shaking hands: "Oh, yes. I thought—you weren't back, yet. How do you do? Ah!" He catches sight of the jewelry on Hartley's desk. "Then she did, she did! I was praying she hadn't; I was hoping I had dreamed it!"

Hartley: "It's no dream, my poor boy, but it's bad enough for the worst nightmare. I've been telling Doctor Tolboy: we can speak freely before him. He's an old friend of Mr. Roycroft's, you know."

Lannard, without heeding: "Where is she?"

Hartley: "She's gone to Planets'. She came here and told me everything, and I advised her to make confession and restitution, as the only means of diverting suspicion from you."

Lannard: "From me?"

Hartley: "You were at the same show-case buying a ring—"

Lannard: "My wedding-ring! Yes?"

Hartley: "And as soon as these things are missed, the suspicion must fall either on her or on you."

Lannard: "I see." He realizes the fact with visible horror. "And she's gone to say she stole them." After another moment: "But she mustn't! You oughtn't to have let her, Mr. Hartley. Think of her family—her little children. Oh, I can't allow it! I will go and take the blame myself. I will declare that I stole the things, and you must bear me out."

Tolboy, who has been regarding him with a smile of scientific interest: "But why should you do that?"

Lannard, with exaltation: "Why shouldn't I do it? I am a man, and she is a woman. She is a wife, and it will break her husband's heart; she is a mother, and her motherhood makes her sacred."

Tolboy, thoughtfully: "Yes, I know. There is that view of it."

Lannard, fiercely: "Is there any other?"

Tolboy: "I was merely wondering

whether her husband's fatherhood made *him* sacred."

Lannard, indignantly: "The holiest things can be turned into ridicule."

Hartley: "No, no, my dear Charles. I'm sure Tolboy doesn't mean anything of that kind. I'm sure he'll help us if he can."

Tolboy: "I'm afraid I can't, Hartley, on the lines proposed. But—it seems to me it's the other way about. Motherhood doesn't make a woman sacred: it's the woman that makes motherhood sacred, just as a man makes fatherhood sacred if he is good and faithful and devoted. I don't say Mrs. Roycroft isn't that sort of mother. But there are mothers and mothers. In this case there's one consideration that Mr. Lannard seems to have overlooked, if he will allow me."

Hartley: "Certainly, my dear Tolboy. Go on!"

Tolboy: "It appears that Mrs. Roycroft took the things, and that Mr. Lannard didn't. Why should he say he did?"

Lannard, as before: "To save her!"

Tolboy: "By a lie?"

Lannard: "A lie!"

Tolboy: "What should you call it, Hartley? But perhaps if Mr. Lannard would explain why he wishes to assume Mrs. Roycroft's guilt—"

Lannard: "Explain? Explain? But I have told you already! She is a woman, a wife, a mother. If her guilt is known it will ruin her husband's life, and blast her children's future. Society will be shocked, and will cast her out. I don't wish to reflect upon you, Doctor Tolboy, but I can't understand what your ideals of manhood are. The man who sees a woman in the toils of her own error, and doesn't feel it his duty, his right, his God-granted privilege to save her at any cost to himself, is a traitor to every tie that binds him to his mother, his sister, and—any one who is more precious than either."

Hartley: "You must feel the force of that, Tolboy?"

Tolboy: "I'll allow that it's the theory in such cases. Do you preach that doctrine from your pulpit?"

Hartley: "I preach self-sacrifice."

Tolboy: "Self-sacrifice founded on a lie?"

Lannard: "You mustn't use that

word, Doctor Tolboy. You are my father's old friend, but I can't suffer it. To save a woman from her sin at any cost to veracity is not lying."

Hartley: "Tolboy, you distinguish in motives?"

Tolboy: "What kind of motive can change the nature of falsehood?"

Lannard: "Then you would leave Mrs. Roycroft to her fate? You would—"

Tolboy: "My dear young friend, you are delightful. Let me ask you a question or two. You don't mind my sitting down, Hartley?"

Hartley: "My dear Tolboy! Do sit down, both of you."

Lannard: "I will stand. And we are losing time when there's not a moment—"

Tolboy, comfortably seating himself: "I don't believe Mrs. Roycroft is hurrying. But suppose we leave her out of the question?"

Lannard: "We can't. She is the question."

Tolboy: "Well, not the only one. You won't think it too great a freedom in an old friend of your father—and your mother too—if I tell you I'm greatly interested in your engagement?"

Lannard, softened into momentary forgetfulness: "Not at all, doctor. It's very kind of you."

Tolboy: "I used to dance with her mother when we were both a little younger. So did your father; he danced better than I, and she danced charmingly. It's very pretty his son being engaged to her daughter."

Lannard: "Thank you, Doctor Tolboy."

Tolboy, musingly: "He was such a knightly spirit! He could have been a very rich man, at one time, if he had been willing to say the thing that was not—just a little. But he died poor."

Lannard: "My mother told me as soon as I was old enough to understand."

Tolboy: "Ah, your mother! I hope she's well? I've been away so long. Ever since I gave up practice nearly five years ago. And your sister?"

Lannard: "They're both well, thank you. They will like to know you asked for them."

Tolboy: "I hear you've done very well for yourself. You're not sorry your father left you to fight your own way?"

Lannard: "He left me his name."

Tolboy: "And that was enough."

Presently: "By the way, was Mrs. Roycroft alone when you met her at Planets' to-day?"

Lannard, recurring to her with a start: "I believe Mr. Manvers had motored up with her. He didn't come in."

Tolboy: "How about that business, Hartley?"

Hartley: "I don't talk scandal, my dear Tolboy."

Tolboy: "Ah, it is scandal, then. I hoped it was only slander when I heard of it in Rome."

Hartley: "Has it travelled so far? The affair was broken off at one time—Manvers went abroad. Wretched woman!"

Tolboy: "Yes, it's a pity such a fool has any man's happiness in her keeping. But Roycroft married too late or she married too soon." To *Lannard*: "You thought of taking the blame of such a woman on yourself?"

Lannard: "I wished to save her—and to save her husband too. If the matter got into court, it would be known that she had come with Manvers— But it's too late now to do anything." He sinks into a chair and bows his face in his hands. "She'll be under arrest, by this time. How could you let her go, Mr. Hartley? If they bring her here, I'll accuse myself; I'll declare that I took the things."

Tolboy: "I doubt if that will save her; and as for saving Roycroft, is it saving a man to keep him from knowing that his wife is flirting with another man?" He refers the point to Hartley, with a glance.

Hartley, after a moment: "I don't believe it was ever the slightest use in the world. She wouldn't repent because she was kept from disgrace, and he wouldn't be spared by the deception." Hartley has the air of being surprised into these conclusions.

Tolboy, turning to *Lannard*: "But if you succeed in keeping Roycroft from knowing that his wife was out motoring with Manvers, by taking the infamy of her theft on yourself—it seems a long way about—you will also have the satisfaction of saving her and her family from disgrace. I see." After a pause: "Does she—excuse me—know your fiancée?"

Lannard: "They are acquainted."

Tolboy: "Not friends?"

Lannard: "Margaret is much younger."

Tolboy: "She will have the severity of youth. How will she like your taking Mrs. Roycroft's sin upon yourself? She won't believe you guilty; but what will she think of your motive? Will she think you had any duty in the matter except to keep out of it? Will she be proud of your sacrificing yourself for a woman she doesn't respect? Won't she feel that you owed something—perhaps more—to her?"

Lannard, desperately: "In this matter it's for me to act alone."

Tolboy: "That's the way it's looked at in the strange world where such sacrifices are common. But in *this* world we are entangled in ties. Suppose this young girl, to whom you've given your promise to be all in all to her, agreed to let you do this thing, what about your mother? Her love of you and pride in you are hallowed by the memory of your father, who refused fortune for truth's sake; but you propose to bring dishonor on her by helping a faithless woman hoodwink her trusting husband. You wish to cover yourself with disgrace for a creature who has not a rag of common honesty—"

Lannard: "Oh, you don't understand! Don't you see that this isn't a thing that I choose, but a thing that I *must* do? That every instinct of my nature, every impulse of my soul forces me to it? Can I coldly choose between the noble and the ignoble part? Can I leave this woman to her fate because she is weak and wicked? All the more because she is weak and wicked I must shield her, at any cost to myself and those dear to me. Where—where have you learned your cold-blooded doctrine—excuse my speaking so to my father's old friend—your heartless philosophy? But no matter, I will be true to myself in spite of everything."

Tolboy: "Ah, but you can't be true to yourself in a lie. It's morally impossible. You can only be false."

Lannard: "Then I will be true to her."

Tolboy: "And false to all those others?" In lifting their voices they have

been unaware of a knocking at the street door, but in the pause they now make it timidly repeats itself. "There's somebody there, Hartley. Probably Mrs. Roycroft in irons. I couldn't bear that. I'll just slip into your sanctuary, and listen to your organist—" As he escapes into the church by one door, the other slowly opens, and Mrs. Roycroft is seen leaning against one of the jambs, faint and alone.

IV

MRS. ROYCROFT, LANNARD, AND HARTLEY

Mrs. Roycroft, piteously: "Oh, I was afraid there was no one here! I kept knocking and knocking, and at last I had to open it myself." She starts at sight of Lannard. "You here, Mr. Lannard?"

Hartley, with a certain severity: "Yes, he is here, Mrs. Roycroft, and he knows everything. But where—"

Mrs. Roycroft, coming forward and dropping into the low chair she occupied before: "I hadn't the courage. I thought I could do it, but I couldn't. I've been walking round and round, trying to, and coming back here, and going again, and coming back. Do you blame me? What will you think, Mr. Lannard, if the suspicion falls on you, and I let it? What will Margaret think? But *she* hates me already! Let me go—I will make another effort. Oh, how cold you both are!" She tries feebly to rise, but sinks back in her chair, and leaning forward, puts her face in her hands. "I can't! But Mr. Hartley will bear me witness that I *wanted* to have myself arrested, and you will believe, Mr. Lannard, that I exonerated you to him?" They continue silent, and she confronts them vividly. "Somebody's been talking to you about me! And you are against me—two against one! How unmanly! But men are always so! Oh, what shall I do? Won't you speak to me, Mr. Lannard? I know you think I'm bad."

Hartley, with lessened sternness: "Didn't you say yourself, a few minutes ago, that you had taken them?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Taken what? Oh!" With disdain for the jewelry toward which Hartley waves his hand: "Those! Of course I took them!"

Hartley: "Then I don't understand—"

Mrs. Roycroft, with hardness: "I know you don't. May I speak with Mr. Lannard a moment? Alone, I mean. You can leave the door into the church open, if you like."

Hartley: "Really I— But of course, if you wish it. The door can be shut."

Mrs. Roycroft: "I prefer it open—if you'll take Doctor Tolboy out of ear-shot. Oh, I know he's in there. I saw him coming here, and I didn't see him going away. You were discussing me, I suppose. But don't apologize." She turns her back on Hartley, who, after a moment of confusion, goes into the church, and then she startles Lannard from his daze: "What was Doctor Tolboy saying about me?"

V

MRS. ROYCROFT AND LANNARD

Lannard, with a sudden access of courage: "I shall not tell you, Mrs. Roycroft."

Mrs. Roycroft: "It's because Margaret hates me. She's been talking against me, too."

Lannard: "You mustn't bring Margaret in, if you please. I am ready to suffer and make all those dear to me suffer, but I can't let you speak of Margaret so; I can't let you speak of her at all. Her name is sacred."

Mrs. Roycroft: "Oh! And may I ask why you intend to suffer and make those dear to you suffer?"

Lannard: "As soon as I heard from Mr. Hartley that you had taken these things I resolved to save you, to accuse myself, and break Margaret's heart, and kill my mother, and besmirch with infamy the stainless name my father left me, because you are a woman—and a wife—and a mother."

Mrs. Roycroft, after a moment of reflection: "I see." With a burst: "Oh, how much better women would be if the world were full of such men! And I had just been classing you with that poor weakling Hartley, and that venomous old Tolboy." She sighs deeply. "How much I have wronged you!" After another silence: "But I—I can't accept this sacrifice. You shall not do this for me. I can be generous too, and I refuse it. And no one shall ever know the real reason why you would have saved me."

Lannard: "The real reason? Isn't it enough that I am a man, and that you are a woman—and a wife—and a mother?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Oh no; the world is full of women and wives and mothers, but men don't jump at the chance of saving them. Margaret would scratch my eyes out if she knew the real reason, but"—very solemnly—"she shall never know. Your secret will be safe with me, Charles."

Lannard, stupefied: "Charles!"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Yes, *Charles*. You have given me the right to call you so. You would do this thing for me only because you love me."

Lannard, in wild dismay: "Oh, Mrs. Roycroft! Love you? Love you?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Yes, me." She speaks sadly but fearlessly. "You can't deny it. I've known it for—ages. And when you were choosing your wedding-ring to-day I could see that death was in your heart."

Lannard: "Death? But I was out of my mind with joy till I saw—I saw—Then death was truly in my heart."

Mrs. Roycroft: "You have to say that, of course. But you needn't be afraid. You are safe. And it will be easy to keep your secret because I don't love you, Charles. No, I pity you, but I don't love you—"

Lannard: "Oh, thank you, thank you for that, Mrs. Roycroft!"

Mrs. Roycroft: "If I loved—if I *did* love you—nothing should have stood between us. All ties, oaths, promises, would have been threads of gossamer. I would have gone to the ends of the world with you—to Cairo, or Paris, or Florence, or any of those places where people go. But I don't love you, Charles. I love no one but my husband, no one; and I want to save him—save him from himself, from his mad jealousy. He is very unhappy about Frank—Mr. Manvers, I mean—and I had promised I wouldn't meet him, but he *would* join me, and he insisted on motoring with me to Planets', and— Where was I?"

Lannard: "Where were you?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Oh, yes; now I know. When I caught that look in your eyes, I knew that I was safe—that I could ask anything of you."

Lannard, in distress: "But you're

mistaken, Mrs. Roycroft. I had no such look in my eyes. When I saw you—taking those things—the horror of it—"

Mrs. Roycroft: "I am not mistaken; I know that look so well; I have caught it in too many eyes! And now I'm going to put you to the proof. Margaret shall never dream of it. Listen!"

Lannard: "But, Mrs. Roycroft, even if this were true—about that look—I don't yet understand why you took the things—"

Mrs. Roycroft: "I was coming to that. How shall I say it? You owe me more than you think—you owe me reparation for my fatal error. You didn't mean to wrong me, but when I saw that look, I was so terrified, so confused, so bewildered, so sorry for you, Charles, thinking of poor Margaret, and everything, that I swept those wretched things into my bag and came off without realizing what I had done. I rushed into the street like a mad woman—by the side door—and left Manvers in the motor on the Avenue. I suppose he's there yet, and I don't know what he'll think has become of me. But I didn't care! I was crazed—crazed with pity for you, Charles, and for poor, poor Margaret!"

Lannard: "But why did you accuse yourself to Mr. Hartley, if—"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Let me think, let me collect myself! Yes, now I have it! I didn't know where I was going; I flew through the street, and when I came to Mr. Hartley's church, I had an inspiration—a perfect inspiration. I resolved to burst in upon him and tell all. That look in your eyes—"

Lannard: "Oh, good heavens! You didn't tell him *that*, Mrs. Roycroft?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "No, I spared you, Charles. When I found him so cold and repellant and stiff, I felt that I couldn't trust him with anything really holy, and I stopped with the dry, commonplace facts. I simply said that I had taken the things, and when he showed me how I was letting suspicion fall upon you, I saw all, and I said I would go and confess and square the detectives—"

Lannard: "Square them? Do you mean buy them off?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "What are they there for? But when it came to it, I hadn't the courage, though I was ready to make

any sacrifice for you; and I would now, though you refuse me such a trifle as saying that you were there to meet me because you loved me so wildly. I would have done anything for you, and you won't do such a little thing for me. And that you call love!"

Lannard: "No, I *don't* call it love. I was willing, and I *am* willing, to say that I took the things, and save you. But I cannot take a lie upon my soul, by saying that I love you when I don't. That would be altogether different."

Mrs. Roycroft: "Different from accusing yourself of stealing, and going to prison, and getting into the papers, and everything?"

Lannard: "Yes, with a whole world's difference! For then Margaret would know I was innocent, but if I said I loved you she would always believe it. No, I can't do that, Mrs. Roycroft."

Mrs. Roycroft: "Say that you are afraid to do it!" Desolately: "Well, let it go! I will never trust any man again. And I was so sure of you!"

Lannard, shaken: "But, Mrs. Roycroft, why would it be better for your husband to think I was in love with you than to think Manvers was?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "Why, don't you see? I could say, 'That boy!' and it would throw dust into his eyes completely."

Lannard, stiffly: "Oh!"

Mrs. Roycroft: "I only said 'boy,' as an illustration. I should really say, 'What, the son of your old friend, who's always been in and out of our house like your own child? Why, he's devoted to Margaret Wilson, and he was there choosing a wedding-ring.' Ha, ha, ha! You see, don't you?"

Lannard: "No, Mrs. Roycroft, I don't see."

Mrs. Roycroft: "Then you must trust to me, and my knowledge of the world, and my experience, and my being older than you, though I'm not so *very* much older than Margaret, after all; I hope she's told you *her* age."

Lannard, distractedly: "But how—when—am I to say what you want me to say?"

Mrs. Roycroft: "How? When?" After a silence, reproachfully: "I should think your love for me would dictate that if you truly loved me."

Lannard: "But I *don't*, Mrs. Roycroft. That is what I have said from the beginning. That's the very point. I don't. I should think it very wrong. I am willing to do anything else to save you. But I can't deceive Mr. Roycroft by pretending to be in love with you, and diverting his suspicions from Mr. Manvers."

Mrs. Roycroft, after listening inattentively: "I have it, and it all works in beautifully! You've said you would acknowledge that you had taken these things?"

Lannard, reluctantly: "Yes."

Mrs. Roycroft: "Well, all you've got to do is to say that you wished to give them to Margaret, and that you hadn't the money with you, but you expected to send it after you got home; and then in the confusion of the moment you put them into my hand-bag; something like that. You can think the details out. It would prove to Mr. Roycroft that his jealousy of Mr. Manvers was quite unfounded. I call it perfect."

Lannard: "But what will Mr. Hartley say? And Doctor Tolboy? I've talked it over with them—"

Mrs. Roycroft: "They *must* confirm what you say, and they will when they see that it's the only way out. It's all so simple: I followed you here, don't you know, when I saw what you had done, because I suspected that you would come and tell Mr. Hartley as soon as you realized your wicked act, and I told him that *I* had done it. You denied it, and waited to take the blame, and while we were disputing about it, Doctor Tolboy came in, and he decided that we ought to send for my husband, for he knows how jealous he's been of Mr. Manvers, and when he understood that it was only you who had been with me he would be so relieved that he would move heaven and earth to get you out of the trouble. It's as plain as day, and I'll telephone my husband at once." She starts toward the telephone, but Lannard stops her, clutching her wrist, and fetching his breath in gasps.

Lannard: "And if I do this, if I tell, if I live this dreadful lie, what will *you* do?"

Mrs. Roycroft, gayly: "Oh, I'll square Margaret, if that's what you mean."



Drawn by Lucius W. Hitchcock

Half-tone plate engraved by H. Leinroth

"I'M GOING HOME TO TELL MY HUSBAND

Lannard, after manifest throes of deep excitement: "I don't know how to begin. But—I won't do it!"

Mrs. Roycroft: "You will not save me? You will not sacrifice yourself to save the honor of a guilty woman, and she a wife and mother?"

Lannard: "Not if you were twenty mothers and a hundred wives and a thousand guilty women. I break my promises, one and all. I won't say I took the things, and I won't say I love you. I'll keep faith with Margaret and my mother and my father's memory, and I'll break faith with you. Thank God, there's time."

Mrs. Roycroft, advancing upon him where he stands palpitating, and hissing in his face: "Silly—boy!" She whirls away toward the street door, as Hartley and Tolboy appear from the church entrance.

VI

HARTLEY, TOLBOY, MRS. ROYCROFT, AND
LANNARD

Hartley: "Mrs. Roycroft! Wait! Don't go!" He hurries to his desk and gathers up the jewelry, which he stretches toward her.

Mrs. Roycroft, turning: "Oh! You've been listening."

Hartley: "We—we were—returning. But what shall I do with these? If the detectives—"

Mrs. Roycroft: "The detectives? Oh! I paid for that rubbish before I came back." To *Lannard*: "Now you can really have them for Margaret—my engagement gift." She flashes out of the door, which she crashes to behind her, and then instantly reopens. "No. Some sort of teacup will do; I'll get it. Mr.

Hartley, if you're so anxious about those things you can send them to my house—I'm going home to tell my husband *all*." With a sob: "*He* will believe me!" She crashes the door to behind her again.

VII

TOLBOY, HARTLEY, AND LANNARD

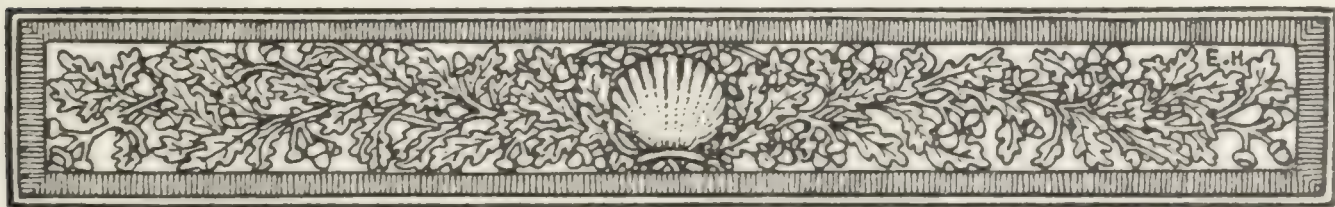
Tolboy, after a moment of mutual consternation: "I really suppose he will, if she tells him all—or half, poor fellow. What a wonderful woman!" To *Lannard*: "But I congratulate you, my dear boy, on being out of her clutches. There's no use trying to blink the fact: we've heard every word. I wanted to, and Hartley thought it was his duty—"

Hartley: "But I still don't understand why she wished to make me believe she had stolen those things. What reason had she, what motive?"

Tolboy: "Oh, well, as a woman she wouldn't need a reason; and who can ever say what a woman's motive is? Perhaps her nature demanded a novel play of emotion." To *Lannard*: "But whatever she meant, you've done the right thing, my dear boy. I don't know that I should have had the courage."

Lannard, brokenly: "I've fallen below my ideal."

Tolboy: "The ideal of a man who thinks such a woman does such things once in a way, and may be redeemed by a good round lying piece of self-sacrifice? But such a woman always does such things in every way, and she can only be shielded, never saved. No, no! Never regret that in this case you've looked out for yourself. You've shown yourself a true hero! Some day I hope we shall have you in the novels and the plays."



Getting the Traffic Through

BY EDWARD HUNGERFORD

THE railroad is a monster—his feet are dipped into the navigable seas and his many arms reach into the uplands. His fingers clutch the treasures of the hills—coal, iron, timber—all the wealth of Mother Earth. His busy hands touch the broad prairies—corn, wheat, fruits—the yearly produce of the land. With ceaseless activity he brings the raw products that they may be made into the finished. He centralizes industry. He fills the ships that sail the seas. He brings the remote town in quick touch with the busy city. He stimulates life. He makes life.

His arms stretch through the towns and over the land. His steel muscles reach across great rivers and deep valleys, his tireless hands have long since burrowed their way through God's eternal hills. He is here, there, everywhere. His great life is part and parcel of the great life of the nation.

He reaches an arm into an unknown country and it is known! Great tracts of land that were untraversed become farms, hillsides yield up their mineral treasure, a busy town springs into life where there was no habitation of man a little time before, the town becomes the city, Commerce is born. The railroad bids death and stagnation begone. It creates. It reaches forth with its life, and life is born.

The railroad is life itself!

My train departed from no gay terminal. Instead I found my way to a railroad yard that stretched its length along the waterside of the city. It was three o'clock in the morning, and the city was as quiet as ever a big city becomes. The clocks in its towers were solemnly speaking the triple hour, and the only noise that came from its streets was the occasional rumble of carriage-folk returning from an evening's gayety, or the many wagons bringing the city's food and

drink for the morrow. The electric lights blinked brightly in long vistas. The houses, the hotels, and the apartments were mere black bulks. Only here and there a single lighted window showed that a great city never sleeps.

My train had no fanfare to precede its departure. There was no lighted bulletin to denote it, no important and liveried functionary to demand my right to board, none of the delightfully human business of farewells about its entrances. Instead a huge hulk of a locomotive, a hundred tons in weight upon the rail, sidled up to a string of freight cars, hidden between other and almost entirely similar strings of freight cars, there were shouted orders, waving of distant lanterns, and we were off—off with mighty creakings and jerkings. We were no longer a mere string of cars in the water-side yard, we were PK-5, if you please, a preference freight bound across the continent, and a train entitled to more than an ordinary measure of respect.

Collins, the conductor for the first part of PK-5's run, looked at me suspiciously, at my orders wonderingly. He had a natural suspicion of strangers. Passengers are not wanted on freight trains. When they come they receive no cordial welcome. The railroad hires detectives to ferret them out from under trucks and the like, and the men along the line regard them as their natural enemies. They told of one man over on the Middle Division who had a record for throwing tramps off coal trains so that they would strike against telegraph poles every time—quite a feat, coming down a mountainside at forty miles an hour. In justice to the brakeman it might be added that the probabilities are that if he had not been quick in his way, the tramps would have done the throwing in most cases. The whole record of the freight service is a record of unending



WHERE THE RAILROAD MEETS THE SEA

guerrilla warfare between the railroad men and the tramps.

But my credentials were unimpeachable. I could see that from Collins' face as he held his lantern over them—he would not even let me into his caboose until his own mind was set. After that there was barely time to jump. The jerkings had begun, and PK-5 had been thrilled by her great engine into animation.

"You won't find our hack any fancy place," said he. "We've had it nine years now, and it seems kind of home-like to us after all that time."

The "we" consisted of Collins and his rear brakeman. The forward brakeman, who was held responsible for the front half of the train, had his headquarters in the cab of the locomotive. The brakemen were supposed to be out upon the tops of the cars when we passed stations, and also on the steep mountain grades, where entire reliance is not placed upon the air-brakes. This is jolly business in summer, but there are times in winter when it is something less—when wind and sleet and cold combine to make the life a difficult thing.

At such times it was comfort for the rear man to get back into the "hack." It was a home-like place, snugly warmed by a red-hot stove fixed in the corner,

and lined with bunks made into beds, Pullman fashion; only never was there a Pullman that gave you less sense of the impressive and a greater sense of a snug cabin. Squarely placed in its centre was a sort of wooden pyramid or mountain, and the steps up this led to the lookout where by day the long snaky train and the sweep of the surrounding country were to be seen.

Collins offered an apology for his mountain. "Kind of old-fashioned, that," he stammered out. "The las' time I had the cabin in to the shops for overhaulin' they offered to take it out and put in the ladders, but I says 'no,' and this is why":

One by one he lifted its steps. It was a mountain built of a set of lockers, a regular treasure-house of railroad necessities. There were all sorts of ropes and jacks and wrenches, extra parts, against every emergency. There was a food-closet and another locker filled with neat stacks of stationery.

"They give us more forms to fill out now than the Superintendent's office used to get twenty years ago," he growled. "I spend more than half my time at that desk."

The clerical work on PK-5 was considerable. Collins had to keep all the way-bills of his train—sixty cars, more

than a quarter of a million dollars in merchandise—and if he made a serious error it was apt to cost him his job, despite a good long term of service. He wrote a neat hand—he was a quiet, thoughtful man, after the way of railroad men—and his records, like his caboose, were kept in shipshape fashion. Like every other one of his kind, he was a careful student of the ethics and practices of railroad management and operation. He had his own ideas on each of these, and when you got to them they were good ideas. Of such as he railroad executives are made in America every year.

It took a long time before we were clear of the terminal yard, apparently an endless thing; a shadowy tangle of rails and switches underneath, overhead an ever-changing kaleidoscope of colored signal lamps. Off at the left were the

docks and the elevators where the railroad giant really came into close touch with the wanderers of the sea, and where under gleaming, hissing arcs the transfer of freight from cars to ships went forward day and night. At the right the city rose above the din and confusion of the railroad yard. A squat round-house, like a giant cruller, sent its smoke and gases up under the windows of many-storied apartments. The railroad hung tenaciously to every inch of its water-front yard. The town crowded hard against it.

When we were clear of the city as I had known it, there were still more yards, and the point where we were to be admitted to the main line. We halted for a moment, a procedure of endless bumps and reports, the rumbling of the car-couplings coming along the train like gun-echoes repeating in a deep

cañon. I heard those rumblings, should have heard the cautionary whistlings of our locomotive, did not, and was nearly pitched through the lookout window when the air-shock reached the caboose. That struck Collins' sense of the ridiculous.

"You want to keep yer-self braced," was his tardy advice. He was showing me a badly bruised eye that all the time I had accredited to some unruly train-hand. "I went all the way through that window las' week. They ain't got the preference freights runnin' as slick as the limited yet."

A passenger train, her sleeping-cars black and only showing dim lights in monitors and at vestibules, swept proudly past us. When its red lights at the rear of the last sleeper grew faint, friendly signals were shown us, our engineer tooted his acknowledgment quite gayly, and we were off up the main line. My watch showed me that we had lost some twenty-five minutes there at the outer gate of the city.



AN OLD FREIGHTER

A little later I found that we were due to lose time all the way up the run. There seemed to be no end of things that might halt PK-5, and I asked Collins how they ever stuck to the schedule. He laughed again. It seemed to be tonic to him to have a passenger in his tidy caboose.

"Schedule?" he repeated. "It's a joke. They give us a time to get out on, an' then one of them bright office-boys gets a figure out of his head an' puts it down for an arrivin' time. He never hits on it, never expects to. So more an' more they're gettin' to move this freight on special orders. They can regulate it better then, accordin' to volume. Mos' of the men carries the schedule of the fas' freights in their domes. The coarse tonnage stuff don't even get special orders. When there is enough of it to make a train, they get an engine out o' the roundhouse, give the train the engine number, and start off. In big times they may do that every fifteen minutes; slack times, they may be lucky if they do it twice in twenty-four hours. Railroad traffic, along the freight end, follows business conditions mighty close."

That was a long speech for Collins, and he silently set to work making supper, or breakfast—call it what you will—on the stove in the corner of the caboose.

It was broad daylight when we halted at a junction across a frozen river from a city. The city was set upon a steep hillside, and its houses rose from the



THE BRAKEMAN'S IS A JOLLY BUSINESS IN SUMMER

river in even terraces. At the top a great domed structure, the State House, crowned it. It was a still, winter's morning, and the smoke from all the chimney-pots extended straight heavenward. We waited patiently upon a long siding until everything else had been moved—through fast expresses, heavily laden with opulent-looking Pullmans, jerky little suburban trains, long "draughts" of empty coaches being drawn by consequential passenger switch-engines in and out of the train-shed of the passenger station. Finally a certain semaphore blade dropped, and we began pulling around a sharp curve across the river, clear of the station with its confusion of business, through and almost past the

city to still another yard. That was our first resting-place, the ending-point of the initial division of the trip. Before PK-5 should resume its trip, the train would be torn apart and set together anew, there would be a new engine and crew to haul it, another caboose and conductor swung on behind.

Collins introduced me to Sam Jones, the yard-master there.

"If you want types, size up Jones," said he. "He's a type of railroad man; the type that are getting frozen out now, thank God!"

Jones was the autocrat of that busy yard. In dull times it was busy and he without a moment to spare. When the factory wheels were turning all night and the traffic flowing through that flood-gate of railroad activity Jones was superman. Night, day—day, night, Jones was the autocrat. The dust grew thick upon his books, his desk lid was not raised for a week at a time, but he was out in his domain, urging, cursing, shoving, keeping the switching crews hard at it, taking a hand himself in clearing the yard—Jones was something of a railroad executive and very little human.

Just now the yard was running at low tide, there were plenty of men handy, and engines "white-leaded" and standing in the roundhouse waiting for good times once more, and Jones was half human. He began telling me something of the work that was done within his domain.

"Ef it was only changin' engines an' crews it wouldn't be so bad a trick," he told me, "but, say—that transfer house!"

Now here was a phase of railroad energy. I found my way to a gaunt freight house, to whose doors no truck had ever backed, and which was hemmed in by many rows of sidings and of sheds. In this structure one of the busiest functions of the whole transportation business went forth by day and by night.

You ship a box—sixty pounds to a hundred pounds—from Wilkesbarre, Pennsylvania, to Berlin, Wisconsin. Here comes another box from Watertown, New York, to Norfolk, Virginia. A third is bound from Easthampton, Massachusetts, to Chillicothe, Ohio; a fourth from Terra Haute, Indiana, to Plainfield, New Jersey, and so on, *ad in-*

finitum. You can readily see how in such cases the railroads have a problem in freight that closely approximates that of the government mail service. Ten thousand currents and cross-currents of merchandise rising here and there and everywhere, and crossing and recrossing on their way to destination, make a puzzle that does not cease when the rate-sheet experts have finished their difficult work.

If all this freight might be expressed in even multiples of cars the problem would not be quite so appalling. But your box is a hundred pounds weight—less, perhaps. From its destination it goes with other boxes in a car to the nearest transfer point. It is known to the traffic men as "LCL," which is readily translated "less than car-load lot." At the transfer house the car in which it is placed is drilled quickly into an in-freight track, seals are broken, doors opened, and reassorting begins. The transfer house is roomy and systematic. If it were anything less it would resemble chaos.

But the chief freight points of that particular system and its connecting points have regular stands, upon which nightly are placed cars bound for these points. Each city—in the case of a large city each freight house—each transfer point, has a number, and its through car stands opposite that number. When the in-freight arrives and is unloaded piece by piece, a checker, who is nothing less than an animated guide-book, gives each its proper number, and it is promptly trucked off to the waiting car. It is mail-sorting on a Titanic scale.

Nor is this an absolute order. Certain towns demand an occasional through car from time to time, and a car must be assigned number and place at the transfer house against such emergencies. Sometimes there is enough freight to more than fill the car allotted to any given point, and then one of Jones' switching crews must drill that out and find another empty to replace it. Beyond that, Jones' superiors are all the time demanding that he show judgment in picking the cars to be filled.

When a freight car gets off the system to which it belongs it collects forfeits from the other lines over which it passes



Drawn by Thornton Oakley

THE HUMP—WHERE HALF THE WORK OF SWITCH-ENGINES IS NOW DONE BY GRAVITY

if they do not expedite its passage, and this the railroaders know as "per diem." The great trick in operation is to keep "per diem" down, and so the "foreign" cars, so called, must be promptly returned to their home roads.

"We load out of the transfer house a through car over the Northwestern from Chicago every day," Jones explains. "It's up to me to have a Northwestern empty for that when I can. When I can't I do the best I can." He scratched his head. "Perhaps I'll use a Canadian Pacific, and so get her started along toward home. If not, something from the Sault, just as I am going to start that New Haven car over toward Connecticut to-night. If I was to send that New Haven out beyond Chicago there'd be trouble, and I've got to dig

out something empty from the Boston and Maine to take that stuff over to Lowell. Mos' generally, though, when we've got a turn of Western stuff, I've got my 'empty' tracks stuffed full o' them New England cars."

I mentioned something about the transfer house being a mighty good thing. Jones corrected me.

"It's a necessary evil," he said, "an' lots of times I wish that we didn't have it here."

He took a fresh chew of tobacco and started to explain. "See here. We got near a car-load of that fancy porcelain brick through from Haverstraw las' week, and that young whelp of a college boy that's hangin' round here learnin' the railroad business gets it into his noodle that it's somethin' awful, awful for that stuff to be goin' through to middle Ohio in a Maine Central box, an 'LCL' at that. So out he dumps it into a system car right here an' now, and saves the road

about one dollar and fifty cents per diem. Of course we pays about one hundred and thirty-five dollars for damages to that brick in the transferrin'. But the boy's all right in the transfer house. If he was out on the engine he might blow up the b'iler."

Jones was telling how judgment counts, how judgment is the thing in railroading. A few hours later a veteran engineer was complaining that he had no opportunity under the operating scheme of the railroad to use anything that even approached judgment.

There came over me, as I sat in the caboose that evening, a wild desire to ride with the engineer in the cab. Planning to slip ahead along the half-mile or so of train at the first stop, I made known

my desire to our conductor over that part of the run.

"They'll be glad to see you," he told me. "You won't have any trouble gettin' there. It's a mild evenin'." He swung open the window of the lookout and called to his rear brakeman, "Jimmie, run along with this here party." Jimmie pulled me through the window of the lookout before I clearly realized the entire plan.

It was a slippery path over the roofs of sixty cars to the big engine that was pulling us, and the wind that swept in from the shores of the ice-bound lake, along which the tracks ran for many miles, snapped sharply over those car roofs. Jimmie hung on to his lantern with one hand, to his convoy with the other. Long miles over those slippery car roofs had taught him to regard it as no very serious business.

"This ain't nothin'," was his assurance. "It sometimes gets nasty when



SAM JONES

we get down to zero an' a blizzard comes a-rippin' from off over the lake. Sometimes you have to get down an' crawl on all-fours. It wouldn't be much fun to be swept off the tops of those cars."

There was no disputing that; nor that the three lengthwise planks at the gable of the car roofs were not wide promenades. You jump from one to another to cross from car to car, and a man has got to have something of a gymnastic training, and some circus as well as railroad blood in his veins, to do it many times without dropping into one of the hideous dark abysses between them.

A hand out of the dark slapped me in the face. "Drop," said Jimmie, and fearing possibly that I might not obey, he pulled me flat down upon the car roof.

"That was a 'tell-tale'!" he explained, and before I could ask further we were in a short reach of tunnel, and I understood. We were whirled through that tunnel like a package in a tube, and if we had raised our arms we could have touched the flying roof of the bore. The smoke lay heavy in the place; it filled our eyes and nostrils.

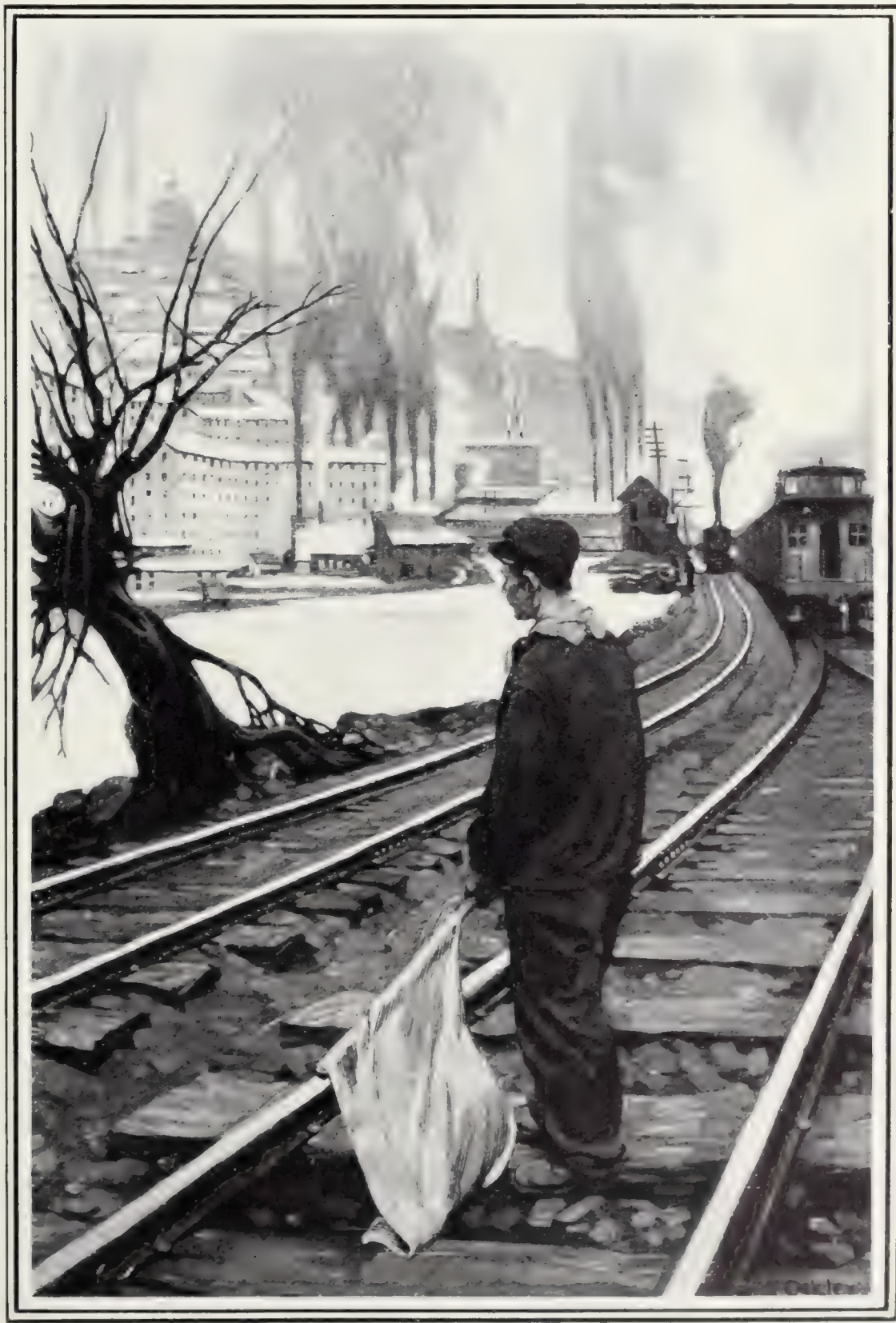
"Not real nice," said Jimmie, cheerily. "But no danger in the holes, save now and then an icicle gets a crack at your nut. You see there ain't much use in arguin' the matter after that 'telltale' strikes you."

After that I came to have more respect for the "telldaes," those long gallows-like strips of heavy fringe that warn "low bridge" to the forgetful trainman on top of the cars.

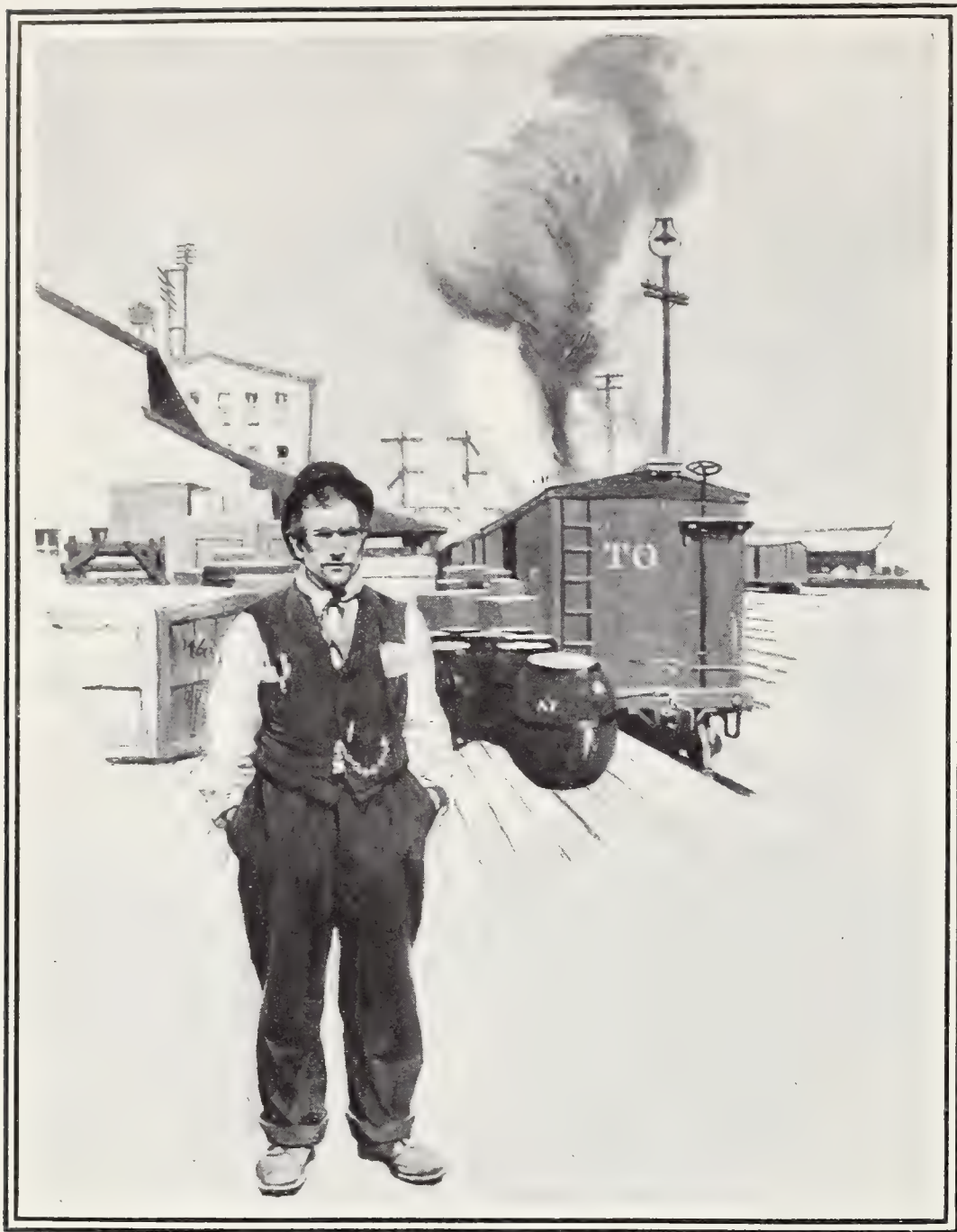
The engine was not clean and gayly trimmed like a passenger-hauler. She was big and she was overpoweringly dirty, but the fireman said that he did not care about that.

"They keep on jumpin' up the size of the fire-box on us," was his plaint, "an' I'm busy enough feedin' her old stum-mick 'thout cuttin' any other didoes roun' the machine."

"That's the trouble with him," laughed his cabmate. "He's out of the division shops an' afraid of hard work. He's the last one for me. I'd rather break in the little farm-boys to fire for me. I like to take hold of them when they come in here with the barnyard mud on their boots."



A HALT ON A SIDING



THE YARD-MASTER

To this the fireman said nothing, but pulled the chain out of his fire-box door and spread a shovelful of coal upon the raging blaze within. When we started from the terminal we held ten tons of soft coal in our rangy tender. At the far end of the division there would be less than a ton remaining. If you think it is an easy task to handle nine tons of coal, steadily, shovelful upon shovelful, five hours and a half, you are entitled to the experiment. Add to that the finding of a foothold upon a careening engine floor, and you have still more of an experiment. When we rocked a little more than usual round about one sharp curve, the shovelful of coal went flying out into the night between tender and caboose. That was a mighty joke. I asked the fireman if there was no danger that he might go with the coal.

"I always catch the guard-chain," he grinned at me.

There was less talking from the man with

his hand at the throttle. He could not shout more than a mere word at a time across the tumult of the craft, and so we were all silent for many and many a cross-country mile, snarling sullenly through bridge spans and tunnels, clattering briskly along the sides of long rows of standing cars, every now and then an eye of fire poking out of the darkness just ahead, flaming into a glare of headlight, then the rush and swish of the opposite train past us, followed by the pelting of cinders upon the cab roof—for long hours at a time we kept our speed up. We did not pause for water; we would only slacken ever and ever so little at the pumping-stations while the fireman dropped the tender scoop of the thirsty engine into the reach of track tank.

For sixty seconds there would be a mighty splashing round the tender, and then the fireman would look at his water-gauge and say that it was all right.

After that, glance into the night once again. Ahead is a long stretch of straight track and the monotonous reach of signal lights, protecting the blocks into which the line is divided for safe operation. Each should spell yellow and safety before the train passes it, and the engineer reads the signal for repetition to his fireman as a safety precaution. But when the lamp reads red at a single block he does not stop, only slackens the speed of his train.

"A man would be a fool if he came to a dead stop on a straight line," he complains to you afterward, "when he can see with his own eyes his track clear ahead to the next block and that reading safety."

"A red light a red light always," you may return to him.

"They don't allow you no leeway for judgment," he continues. "They seem to think that you must follow that rule-book blindly, and that a man is going to ditch his train a-purpose. Moreover, if you're running passenger—any one of the high-class trains—and follow the rule-book to a 'T,' not using any judgment, you're not a-goin' to make your schedule, and after a while the boss will be askin' you the why of it. Then you've got to make your schedule or you'll find yourself changed from your swell run. They won't say the real why, but the boss has been using judgment. You get that point?"

It is not an agreeable topic for any railroader, and he quickly changes it. He evidences real pride in "the road."

"If all the rolling-stock on this system were piled up end to end on one track it would stretch from New York to Milwaukee and a little beyond. There's a heap of power on this road."

"Where did you get that?" you ask him. He is insulted.

"I worked it out from the annual report," he tells you.

You have not done credit enough to the intelligence of the American railroad engineer. If you were to ask him about the theory and the practices of English and Continental railroading, he would probably give you intelligent answers. The railroad employs no poor grade of labor in its operation.

Here is another great railroad yard—this almost filling a mighty crevice between God's eternal hills. This is within the mountain country, and the gossip that you get around the roundhouse is all of grades—you hear how Smith and the 2999 pulled seven Pullmans around the Saddleback without a pusher; how some of the big preference freights take four engines to mount the summit; the tales of daring are tales of pushers and of trains breaking apart on the fearful climbing stretches.

Randall is yard-master, and you could put Sam Jones' yard in one corner of this preserve of Randall's. Randall is the antithesis of Jones. He is everything that Jones is not, and a capital railroader besides. He does not swear; he does not get excited; his system of ad-

ministration is so perfectly devised that even in a stress he never has to turn to work with his own hands. With him railroading is a fine, practical science. He will tell you of the methods at Collinwood, at Altoona, at Buffalo—wherein they differ. He is cool, calculating, clever, the measure of a fine man.

You speak of his yard as being something overwhelmingly big. He answers in his deliberate way: "We've more than two hundred miles of track in this yard; something more than a thousand switches to operate it."

Then he takes you down from his elevated office in an abandoned tower looking down over his domains. He explains with great care that, his yard being a main-line division point and not a point with many intersecting branches or "foreign" roads, its transfer house is inconsequential. The same process of classification that goes forward with the package freight in the transfer house Randall carries on in the outside yard with the cars. These operations are separated for east-bound and west-bound freight, and each is given an entirely separate yard, easily reached from the roundhouse that holds the freight motive power of the system. Randall's, being an unusually big yard further divides these activities into separate yards for loaded and empty cars bound in each direction over the main line.

I followed him to the nearest operating point—the west-bound classification yard for loaded cars. In the old days this was a broad flat reach of a score of parallel tracks, terminating at either end in an approach of lead track. Upon each set of three or four tracks a switch-engine was busy drilling cars in the eternal classification process. In these more modern days the "hump," or gravity yard, has come into its own. Half of the work of the switch-engines is done by gravity, and this new type of yard has an artificial hill, just above the termination of the tracks, where they cluster together, and upon this "hump" one switch-engine with an especially trained crew does the work of six engines and crews in the old-type yard.

Another preference freight, of similar claim as that PK-5 which brought me into the Middle West, rolls in to the re-

ceiving yard for the west-bound classification. Its engine uncouples and steams off for a well-earned rest in the smoky roundhouse. A switch-engine uncouples the caboose that has been tacked on behind over the division, and it is shunted off on to the near-by caboose track, where its crew will have close oversight over it—perhaps sleep in it—until it is ready to convoy some east-bound freight a few hours hence.

Blue flags—blue lights at night—are fastened at each end of the dismantled cars, and the inspectors have a quarter of an hour to make sure if the equipment is in good order. If a car is found with broken running-gear it is marked and soon after drilled out from its fellows, sent to the transfer house to have its contents removed, to the shops for repairs, or the “cripple” track for junk, if its case be well-nigh hopeless.

With the “O. K.” of the car inspectors finally pronounced, the train that was comes up to the hump, and the expert crew that operates there makes short work of sorting out the cars—this track for “stuff” southwest of Pittsburg, this next for Cleveland and Chicago, the third for transcontinental, and so it goes. Two lines of cars are drilled at the same time, for just ahead of the switch-engine is an open-platform car, known as the “pole-car,” and by means of heavy timbers the “pole-man” guides two rows of heavy cars down the slight grades to their resting-places.

The cars do not rest long upon the classification-yard tracks. From the far end of each of these they are being gathered in solid trains, one for Pittsburg, another for Cleveland and Chicago, the third transcontinental, and so on. Engines of the next division are being hitched to them, pet “hacks” brought from the caboose tracks, and the long strings of loaded box-cars are off toward the West in incredibly short time.

Of course there are some trains that never go upon the “classification” at Randall’s yard. There are solid coal trains bound in and out of New York, of Philadelphia, and of Boston, that pass him empty and filled, and only change engines and cabooses at his command. There are through freights, bound from one seaboard to the other, from far East

to far West, that do likewise. But the majority of the freight movement has the “sorting out” within his domain, his four “humps” are busy day and night with an ordinary run of traffic, and you shudder to think what must be the condition when business begins to run at high tide.

“We get it a-humming every once in a while,” he finally confesses. “We had one day, a little time ago, when we received one hundred and twenty-one east-bound trains in twenty-four hours, more than thirty-two hundred cars all told. That meant, on an average, a train every eleven minutes and a half. That same day we got seventy-eight west-bound freights, with more than thirty-six hundred cars. That meant nearly seven thousand cars handled on the in-freight in twenty-four hours, or a train coming in to me every seven minutes and a half during day and night. They don’t do much better than that on some of the subway and elevated railroads in the big cities, and I haven’t said a word about the trains and cars we despatched—just about as much again, of course.”

Randall’s figures were startling. I called him “king of the situation.” He corrected me.

“I’m only a field-marshal,” he laughed. “I’ll take you to the king. He is up at the other end of the yard.”

That sounded simple and was in reality a good five miles. Over that five miles we pounded our way until we came to the dull and grimy general offices of the division. Through a long hall, up one flight of stairs, and at its head a door stood open, commanding a view of a line of shirt-sleeved men sitting before telegraph instruments at a long table, a still farther room where another shirt-sleeved man—their chief—sat alone.

“The despatcher,” explained Randall. “He plays with trains as we play with cars. Now, *there’s* a man that’s got to show real head-work. He moves all this traffic, freight and passenger, and if something turns up wrong and goes helter-skelter, he’s the man they light upon.”

“He’s the king of the railroad?” I asked.

“Not so quick,” cautioned Randall. “He’s only a high minister in the cabinet. I’ll take you to the real king.”

There were brass railings to guard him, and long rows of desks, at each of which sat a pale-faced, tired-looking clerk. A haughty negro messenger held open a swing door of green baize and bade us enter.

"You may find the boss a little nervous this morning," Randall whispered, as we went into the inner office. "His pet train, the night-flying Limited, went into the ditch forty miles below here this morning. Landslide—it's bad railroad to operate up through these mountains, and the fog and all to tangle us in the early mornings."

But the Superintendent did not seem nervous. He was a veteran railroader, if you please, and he wore the medals of long service in the fine, kindly lines of his face. His was a big desk, and faced a bay-window, which in turn commanded, through the vista of an open park, the passenger station. A long train lay in the shed at that moment. Its passengers were getting lunch in the station restaurant, a fine old place whose reputation for the good things of real American cookery had spanned a continent, and Randall said that "thirty-two was mighty late."

"Did you get through all right?" the Superintendent asked me. "We had a nasty time of it last night west of here, sleet and blow and ice. There's forty miles of poles down through Indiana. I'm sending as far East as Burlington, Vermont, for linemen."

Randall told me something of this man's kingdom as the Superintendent ran through his mail—a miniature mountain of letters.

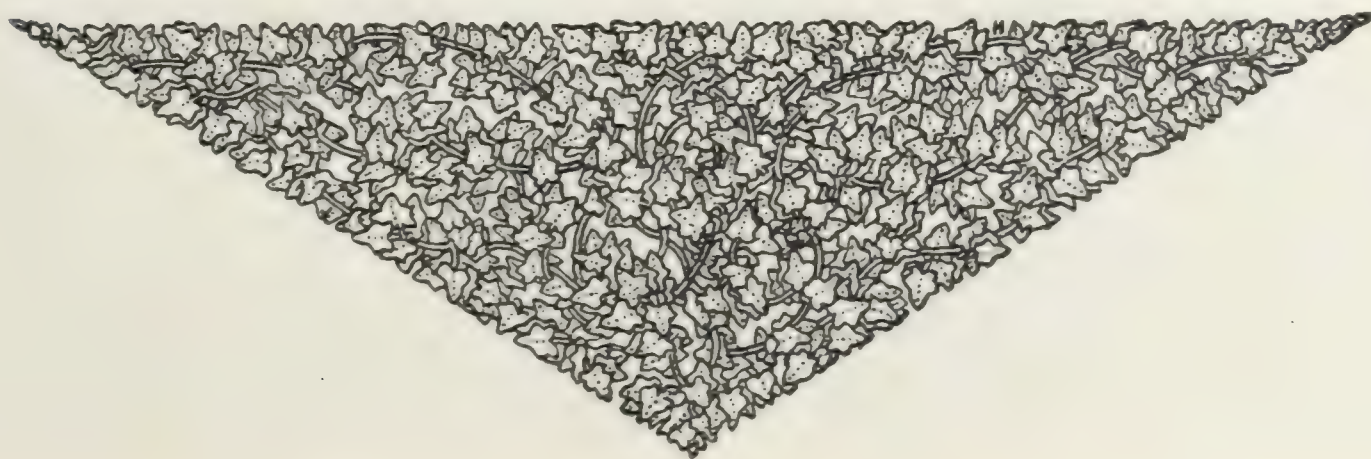
"We've got three hundred miles through here of the realest railroad in the land," said he, proudly. "We've got a ton mileage on this division that's equal to the entire ton mileage of one of those big roads that reach from Chicago to the Pacific. The boss here has eleven thousand men under him, and when we get hard times it keeps him guessing as to how to hold them on the pay-roll. It worries him to think of folks in this little city going without coal and bread and butter 'cause the traffic is slacking off."

Here was a kingdom. Freight traffic, passenger traffic, shops, maintenance of line, men, thousands upon thousands of living men, of keen intellects and diverse minds, a thousand operations a day—this cool-headed veteran was a real king. His was a kingly proposition—getting the traffic through in good times and in poor. To it he brought the resources of energy, more than energy—ability, more than ability—genius, sheer genius.

We hurried out. There was a delegation from some one of the many brotherhoods waiting to see the Superintendent. The vexed questions of pay, promotion, discipline, were to be threshed out still again. The king would have every use for each of his wits.

"Too bad about your accident this morning," I said to him at leaving.

"Two of the finest fellows that we ever put in a cab gone," he said, quietly. "I never get to sleep nights without hoping that that hair-raising Limited of ours has passed all the mountain turns in safety."



Portrait of a Lady, by Francisco de Zurbaran

THESE is a mysterious, sombre aspect to Spanish painting which reflects the gloom of religious fanaticism deeply interwoven with their national history. And this influence is felt whether the subject be one of their stately portraits or a strictly religious composition for the adornment of some church or convent. The sensuous semi-paganism of Italian painting did not satisfy the Spanish people, who demanded a severe asceticism in their art. Many of the native artists were monks, or if not, they were trained in the monasteries to meet the demands of the Church, their chief patron. And all were subjected to the most rigid censorship by the Inspector, an office founded by the Inquisition, who exacted strictest obedience to the rules laid down for all representations placed on canvas. This rigid discipline is felt even in Spanish portraiture, a field of art in which Spanish artists hold high rank. It betrays itself in the sober formality and stern dignity of the men, and in the calm and stately beauty of the women.

Zurbaran belongs to the great epoch of Spanish painting which covers the first three-quarters of the seventeenth century, and was a contemporary of Murillo and Velasquez, with whom he is well worthy to be ranked as an individual and independent genius. As Murillo's name is associated always with the Franciscan monks whom he loved to paint, so Zurbaran's brush was devoted to the white-robed Carthusians. There are few, if any, pictures of the Virgin among his works, but many unidentified female saints, which were but frankly painted portraits of the beautiful women of his time. These he painted with truth and great brilliancy, though lacking the ease of Velasquez. In this class Mr. Huntington's portrait, with its elevated expression and semi-clerical garments, may be placed. It will readily be understood that such a rôle could not but win popularity for any painter, hence before he was thirty-five Zurbaran was made painter to the king. He died when sixty-four.

W. STANTON HOWARD.



"PORTRAIT OF A LADY," BY FRANCISCO DE ZURBARAN

From the collection of Archer M. Huntington, Esq.

Engraved on Wood by Henry Wolf from the Original Painting

Youth

BY KEENE ABBOTT

CONSTERNATION! Both felt it, both Grandmother and Grandfather. They had not expected to meet each other, but here they were, brought suddenly face to face.

She, a spry little woman with spectacles pushed up off her eyes and resting across the front of her gray hair, had come stealing very quietly down the back stairs to keep Grandfather from knowing that she had been up-stairs; and he, walking with as much stealth as his rheumatic joints would permit, was hastening guiltily through the kitchen in the manner of one who might have robbed somebody of the pair of shoes he was carrying. Then of a sudden the stair door opened; he saw his wife, and straightway the shoes went into hiding behind his back, as though his arm and the hinges of the door were parts of the same mechanism.

"That you? What a start you did give me!" he said, and he added with shamefaced sternness, "You haven't been taking his breakfast up to him again, I hope!"

"The idea!" Grandmother exclaimed, with the hurt tone of one falsely accused.

"Now, have you?" Grandfather inquired.

"I've been putting on fresh pillowshams in the front room."

"Have you been taking him some toast and coffee?"

"Don't I have plenty to do without that?"

"What's this warm smell in the stairway?"

"I don't smell it."

"Umph! a good smell! Isn't that fresh toast and hot coffee?"

"Maybe it is."

"Then you *have* been taking him his breakfast!"

Grandmother laughed, and a very pretty redness came into her wrinkled face. "Land sakes! I thought you had gone

out," was the only defence she offered for her grievous misbehavior, and of course it now became necessary for Grandfather to be more stern. He shook a thin and puckered finger at her.

"Will you never get done pampering that boy? 'Spite of all I can say, you keep right on babying him just like you did when he used to cry for his bottle and raise a rumpus in the night. Shame on you, woman, to wait on that great good-for-nothing like a slave!"

With crafty innocence Grandmother asked:

"What's that you've got behind your back?"

"My hand is there," the old man meekly replied; but afterward he shamelessly declared: "I got a stitch in my back. I will have to have some liniment."

"Have you been shining his shoes for him?"

"Why should I shine his shoes? Let him shine his own shoes!"

"Have you got them behind your back?"

Grandfather loudly blew his nose on a red bandanna, wadded it back into his trousers pocket, and then disclosed the shoes, but looked at them in amazement as though they had dropped into his hand by accident. He solemnly wagged his white head over them as he sedately declared: "This is to be the last time. I won't be humoring the boy all the while. No, I won't. I'm going up-stairs right now and give him a sound talking to. He must know once and for all that we are done with spoiling him like this."

But when the old man entered the room of his grandson, and found the young fellow asleep, or pretending to be asleep, there was nothing for it but to set the shoes down by the bed and slip quietly away.

It is easily seen why the youth was making very little progress in his preparations to enter the university. Those

doting grandparents of his believed him a delicate child, and were in constant alarm lest he should study too hard. Instead of getting him up that he might attend his morning classes at the Normal School, they thought his state of health demanded that they should let him lie abed as long as he chose. And indeed they were accustomed to give him his own way in nearly everything.

Now that the warm spring days had come, their grandson was wont to ramble out of town, or take long rides, or perhaps go fishing in the river, but only to return empty-handed and sometimes even without having cast his line into the current. He read poems, grew fond of extremely sentimental verses, sang mournful love-songs, and gave himself those sweetly absurd heartaches common to the period of adolescence.

It was the season of kindling romance, of visions that have to do with Romeo adventures, of confused and pensive day-dreams which hover indefinitely about the idea of woman. All of us have evoked out of our souls the most alluring vagaries, in which there is a hint of pathos and longing, something sweet, tender, elusively beautiful and undefined. Expectancy dawns in the heart, a bashful wonder about love and the meaning of it, and the question as to whether it will not soon come into one's own life.

All through the blossom-time of spring Tom Marlow had found it irksome to keep himself at his studies. Then, one day while languidly occupied with hoe and watering-pot in his grandmother's vegetable garden, a sound of blithe conversation, intermingled with fresh-voiced laughter, attracted his attention. Instantly he approached the high, tight-board fence which screened the garden from the alley, and applying his eye to a thread of crack, peered into the neighboring yard. It was a wide, grassy space, vividly green after the showers of yesterday; and in a hollow lay a little pool which so clearly reflected the blue sky that it seemed an aperture into which one could look down at another sky. A little cloud of gnats, as small as grains of sand, hovered over the puddle and sometimes made the water shiver into tiny ripples.

Beyond that silvery film there was a

commotion among the branches of some cherry trees whose glistening green was all dappled over with the glossy scarlet of ripe fruit. The limbs were quaking with the weight of three young men who were evidently in a contest to see which should be first in filling his tin pail with cherries.

Seated in the grass was a girl in a blue pinafore. Brilliant sunshine and leafy shadows were splashing down upon her braided yellow hair. She was pitting cherries, and the color of them was not more vividly red than her smiling lips. The rim of the tin pan in front of her caught a spatter of sunshine and threw it off in a white flame. There was something teasing in her laughter, something bewitching and droll in her urging of the young men to hasten their work. Her white arms, bare to the elbows, were flushed with reflected color, as though the scarlet fruit had been a brazier of live coals.

"Look out, Tom! You're breaking down my hollyhocks!"

The youth leaped back as though the peep-hole in the fence had given him an electric shock. He beheld his grandmother, who, beneath the scoop of a brown sunbonnet, had come out to inspect the work he had done in the garden. Shamefaced and red, the youth stammered some excuses, straightened up one of the broken hollyhock stems, mentioned his lessons, and went away to his room.

As he stole toward the house the laughter from the neighboring yard seemed more teasing, more bewitchingly feminine than before; it followed him, rang in his ears as he ran up the stairs, and when he flung himself into a chair he felt ashamed, joyously depressed, bewildered, glowing all through and through with a nameless confusion of sensations. It was as though a fragrance, a new kind of warmth, were bathing his whole body; it was as though a freshness, a new kind of freshness, were filling his lungs and even penetrating his heart.

For a long time his pulses galloped, and even after this exultation of mood had subsided he felt estranged within himself. An aching disappointment had come upon him, disappointment that he had not been one of those young men



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

BRINGING HIM HIS BREAKFAST AS THOUGH HE WERE AN INVALID

to help pick cherries in the neighboring yard.

The girl he had never seen before. Who was she? What was known of her? Although in a fever to pursue his inquiries, he dared not ask questions; he was too bashful to attempt it, but fortunately the table-talk of his grandparents at luncheon included the people who but yesterday had moved into the house on the other side of the block. It was the family of the new general manager of the harness factory. For over a week they had been in town and had been boarding. The wife was in ill health; the daughter, it appeared, was putting the house to rights and, in addition to her other work, was preserving cherries, harvesting the ripe fruit before the boys of the neighborhood and the birds should have time to rifle the trees.

With thirsty ear the youth drank in the information. Some of it he had heard before, but formerly it sounded so dull and commonplace that it had made no impression on him; now it was illuminating, and more than that: it was important, glorious news. He got up from the table without waiting for the dessert, went back to his room, and an hour later came down-stairs, arrayed in fresh linen and in his blue-black suit of riding-clothes. Painfully conscious of his personal appearance, he went out to the barn to saddle his bay horse. He walked with tense erectness, as though on dress parade, and as he appeared in the alley he glanced shyly into the neighboring yard. No one was there. The fruit trees stood motionless in the sunshine.

Tom did his best to recall the identity of the young men who had assisted in the picking of cherries. Who were they? Doubtless he knew them—yes, and doubtless, if he had shown himself when they were in the trees, they would have called to him and thus have given him a chance to get acquainted with the girl of the braided yellow hair.

Well, that opportunity was gone, and all the more was he eager to do something that should attract attention. Vaulting into the saddle, he had the impulse to ride in front of the neighboring house and exhibit his horsemanship. How would it do to drop his gray hat,

and then, at full speed, lean over and snatch it up from the ground? But no, that would be silly; that would be showing off. He did not want to put on airs; he wanted—he did not know what he wanted to do.

Tom did not ride far. Dejection had come upon him; he soon returned to the barn, unsaddled the horse, scanned the windows above the cherry trees, and then went into the house. Again on the way to his room the image of the girl, alluringly fresh and teasing with capricious charm, wavered before him, danced, smiled, and did not flit away. He dropped upon the bed, plunged his face in the cool linen of the pillow, but still he saw that merry presence, vivified by splashes of brilliant sunshine through the foliage of a cherry tree.

Why not write to her? Or else, why not write *of* her? Why not make verses, compose a song, put on paper the exultation that quivered through every fibre of his body? But how is it possible to put into words the inexpressible sweetness, the bloom, the freshness of what was going on in him? For speech and written syllables have no warmth; they cannot burn and palpitate!

After dinner, in the cool of the evening, Tom began to walk up and down the street in front of his neighbor's house, stared at the lights in the windows, caught a glimpse of a silhouette upon a curtain, and did not go home until the last lamp had been put out. Once in his room again, he polished his finger nails, foppishly combed and brushed his wavy brown hair, and then, while scrutinizing his face in the mirror, grew more and more disconsolate because he was no richer in good looks.

He was late, very late, in going to bed, but he slept well, only awakening in the gray of morning to the gentle pattering of rain upon the roof. With a glowing sense of beatitude, a comfortable drowsiness that had in it a feeling that something new and delightful had come into his life, he was about to fall asleep again, when his grandmother entered the room, bringing him his breakfast as though he were an invalid. He languidly drank the coffee and munched a little toast, but did not touch the boiled eggs, and later, when his grandfather came in,

he made a pretence of being sound asleep. He did not want to talk; he wanted to be left alone that he might go on musing and dreaming in a languorous half-swoon, while the good moist smell of the falling rain continued to breathe freshly in upon him through the open window.

When he finally decided to get up, the same drowsy indolence remained with him. He looked indifferently toward his writing-table with its stack of text-books and its glass ink-well, from which the last drop of writing fluid had evaporated and where a dead fly was stuck fast in the black, glue-like paste at the bottom of the hole. The youth did not think of studying. In the dust of the table he wrote with his finger the word "Lenore," and on the rain-misted window he repeated those romantic, ear-pleasing syllables. What a shock, then, was his when he came to learn the real name of his divinity! Jane Ann she was called, and this is how he found out about it:

In the evening, for the sake of courtesy, his grandmother thought it would be well to send some fresh milk over to the newcomers in the neighborhood.

"They don't keep a cow," she said, "and milk-wagon milk—well, you know what *that* is!"

Commonly Tom was not keen to do errands of any sort, but this time, somewhat to the surprise of his grandmother, he avidly volunteered to take the two-quart pail of milk to the house on the opposite side of the block. Before he went he put on a clean collar, a white neck-scarf, and a freshly pressed pair of gray trousers.

It had stopped raining, although the black-purple clouds, still racing across the evening sky, plainly indicated that the storm was not yet at an end, but such was Tom's eager haste that he set off without an umbrella.

As the kitchen door opened to his knock, and as he saw before him the girl in the blue pinafore, he stammered painfully, "Good day—good afternoon—good evening." He knew that his tongue was in a fumble, but as he held out the tin pail he did manage to speak the words he had prepared. "Here's something Grandmother sends over with her compliments. We are what she calls neighborly folks, and having heard of your moth-

er's ill health, she asks that you accept this fresh milk."

"That's ever so thoughtful. Step in, won't you? And please tell your grandmother—it's Mrs. Marlow, isn't it?—tell her, please, that her kindness is doubly appreciated. The milkman, for some reason or other, didn't come to-day, and my mother can't have much to eat besides milk-toast."

She opened an inner door and beckoned to some one, who immediately came out into the kitchen. He was a tall, middle-aged man with a close-cropped mustache, genial gray eyes, and a bronze Grand Army button on the lapel of his coat. He limped in, walking as though he might have been lamed by a bullet or a piece of shell during some engagement of the Civil War.

To the tall man the young woman said, "Here's a neighbor of ours," and then, turning to the youth, she added, "Mr. Marlow, I want you to meet my father."

To have the "Mr." attached to his name in this little town, where everybody knew him as Tom or Tommy Marlow, made the youth flush all over with self-consciousness. At first he could not even speak any of the glib commonplaces, such as are ordinarily used after an introduction, but presently he did so far recover himself as to agree that there had been a heavy rain, and that we did seem to be having more showers than were really needed. He also inquired about the health of Mrs. Berkley, and asked a number of politely stupid questions.

After a brief interval of small talk with the youth, the man said to his daughter:

"In the morning, Jane, if you remind me of it, I'll carry that fruit down-cellar for you." He waved his hand toward the kitchen table, upon which stood a row of glass jars filled with preserved cherries.

"All right; it's a bargain," she replied, and the youth, being attacked by an excess of abashed gallantry, suddenly asked:

"Why not let me do it?"

"Look out, young man," Mr. Berkley warned, with a jovial smile. "First you know you'll be tricked into doing all kinds of hard labor for this Jane Ann of ours. It's a way of hers to make people work. Those young fellows at the

boarding-house, for instance, proposed to help in the cherry-picking. Well, and she held them to it."

"Of course I did!" the girl exclaimed. "Served them right, didn't it, Mr. Marlow?"

The youth tried to think of some reply which should be a clever compliment, but the best he could do was to say:

"I should—think so."

He could not get used to being in her presence; he felt very stupid, very superfluous, as though he had no right to be there. The girl, for her part, seemed to understand perfectly what was going on in him. While setting the fruit jars into a market-basket a roguish smile parted her lips, and as she glanced up at him her blue eyes seemed aglow with gentle humor. Then, as her father went away, closing the door after him, she said to the youth:

"It's nice to have a boy like you—young man, I mean—an athletic young man like you for a neighbor. Would you mind telling how old you are?"

Stiffly and with sharp brevity Tom replied, "I'm eighteen." He wanted to advance his age by several years, but was afraid to risk it, for in a small town people know too much about you; she would be sure to learn, later on, that he had not been telling the truth.

"Surely not that old!" she exclaimed. "And your given name?"

"Is Thomas."

"But you like Tom better, don't you?"

The youth said he liked Tom better.

"Then if you were only a little younger—if you weren't quite so grown up, maybe I should—"

"Yes, do call me Tom; please do!"

"Look out! You're going to drop that basket!" She shook a warning finger at him and laughed with such friendly gleefulness that straightway he felt more at home with himself. "We're going to be good neighbors, you and I; I'm sure of that," she said.

Anxious to give the impression that he was no mere boy, the youth summoned his most Chesterfieldian manner to say, "I am very glad you have come here to live."

After he had put the jars of fruit on the swinging shelf in the cellar he returned to the kitchen, and seeing the girl

take down the dish-pan, shyly asked that he be allowed to help in the washing of the supper things. Jane gave him a dry tea-towel, tied an apron bib-like about his neck, then busied herself with the dish-cloth in the great pan of suds. And it greatly troubled him to see those pretty white hands of hers go splashing about in water that would soon be greasy; they seemed to him altogether too delicate and lovely for such scullion work as that, but apparently she did not share his squeamishness.

"Now," she said, as spoons, knives, and forks went jingling into the hot rinsing-water, "you're to tell me all about yourself. What kind of a career are you planning?"

Tom studied the wraiths of steam rising from the hot water and turning yellow as they somewhat obscured the light of the kerosene lamp.

"Career? I don't know," he said. "You see, I inherited my father's estate. His sheep business was very profitable. So I don't need to bother about making money."

"But, my dear boy, money-making isn't a career. What are you going to be? What are you going to make of yourself?"

These questions were both perplexing and vaguely troubling to the youth. For a time he polished a goblet in silence, holding it against the lamplight to see whether any lint from the towel had adhered to the glass. The truth is, he had not thought much about his future. From childhood he had been in a state of such physical well-being; his dotting grandparents had always made such a baby of him and he had always lived such a pampered, easy-going, effeminate life that he had never been concerned with ambitions. He had not even taken the trouble to be graduated from the high school, for he did not like the nickname of Sissy that boys had given him. Finally he had thought of entering the university, because other young fellows of the town were students and greatly enjoyed the social phases of college life.

As Tom was drying the goblet he scrutinized the bright, intelligent face of the girl, covertly and shyly at first, then more boldly. How was it possible for a stranger like this so to perplex and

trouble his life? Here she was washing dishes like a servant, precisely like any hired girl, and yet what a difference it made that she should be thinking of him, and perhaps not thinking well of him!

"What is a career?" he asked, pausing reflectively between the words. And this time she neither laughed nor even smiled.

"It's hard to say exactly what it is," she replied, with a thoughtful contraction of her brows. "A full and useful life—that's what I should call a career."

Twice while the dish-washing was in progress she went quietly into the front part of the house, and the second time, when she came back into the kitchen, she said:

"Mother's awake now. After a bit I shall read to her a little, and you'll excuse me, won't you?"

Before he took his leave he was introduced to a frail little woman in a reclining-chair. Her pretty head rested against a blue silk cushion and her tawny hair lay in two soft braids, one on either shoulder. Her dark, lustrous eyes had in them the same mirthful look that any one would be likely to notice in the eyes of her daughter.

"It's raining again," she said, "and I'm afraid we have no umbrella to lend Mr. Marlow. You see, we haven't as yet got our things half unpacked."

The daughter replied: "He doesn't need an umbrella. I'll let him take my water-proof cloak."

Tom began to make excuses. She mustn't trouble herself. He wouldn't get wet—no, really. He had such a little way to go.

She set a lamp in the kitchen window, helped him put on the cloak, drew the cape up over his head, and directed him to hold the sides of it together under his chin. Then, as he plunged forth into the wash of the rainy darkness, she stood in the doorway and called to warn him not to run into the clothes-line in the back yard.

The sound of her voice shivered through him, filled him with confusion, and so keen a sense was his that the cloak he was wearing had sheltered her and was really a part of her that a joyous warmth permeated his whole body, but soon afterward he felt cold, drenched, and forlorn. As he went splashing through

the mud of the alley he said to himself, "She treats me like a kid, as though I were only a little brother of hers."

Nearly the whole of the following day he spent in bored dejection, but he rather surprised his grandparents by getting up in time to join them at their early breakfast. He still further astonished them by the proposal that a man be hired to take care of the horses and milk the cow.

"Well, I swan!" Grandfather exclaimed. "I've looked after Melindy ever since she was a calf. She don't want anybody but me to take care of her."

"But what's the use of you doing the chores—you, with your rheumatism?"

"Am I a parlor ornament, then?—or what am I, if I have to hire somebody to do a little barn-work?"

Tom said no more, but that morning he spent fully an hour and a half in busying himself about the horses, and for once his over-fastidious taste was not offended by currycomb and pitchfork exercise. Later, when he went to his room, he even fancied that he was going to work a little at his books. He filled the ink-well, arranged his writing-table, dusted it, and made elaborate preparations, but nothing came of them.

The period of irritating enchantment had come upon him, a season of torturing self-analysis. He had thought himself quite grown up; he went to the barber shop regularly twice a week like a man, but see, now, he was only a boy, a hopeless Sissy! He had thought about falling in love, but such a thing, he told himself, is not possible when one is so absurdly young. Evidently that girl considered him a mere child, and he yearned for maturity, yearned for it with a passionate longing. He wanted to grow up quickly, wanted to go a-wooing, and, above all, wanted grace and distinction that he might with dignity tell that girl of his love.

But, after all, was this really the great passion? It was somehow so "dish-washy," and prosaic, and not at all the high-flown and wonderful sort of thing one reads about in poetry and romance. What a great booby he was to imagine himself in love! And yet he did imagine it, but at the same time he felt very silly about his tender thoughts. Once when



Drawn by Howard E. Smith

"I DIDN'T PASS. I FAILED," HE SAID

his grandmother asked him if he was not a little bilious he rushed from the house, disgusted and ashamed of the strange ferment that was going on in him.

Finally, when it came to his knowledge that his attractive neighbor had many admirers and that other girls of the town were jealous of her, he decided, as they did, that she was a flirt. Precisely that—a flirt! He would have nothing more to do with her. And yet he was always avid in reading the social notes of the little daily paper in which her name (now that her mother had been restored to health) was constantly appearing. Invariably she was mentioned as “Miss Jane Ann Berkley, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray W. Berkley.” She went to picnics, joined in fishing excursions and hay-rides, sang solos at church sociables, led the grand march at the Richard’s lawn party, and played piano accompaniments for Jim Hawkins, the flutist, who always puffed his instrument with perspiring rigor and a divine expression in his eyes.

The youth told himself that Miss Jane Ann Berkley, the accomplished daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ray W. Berkley, would never be content until she had the whole town dangling after her. Yet he had to admit that she showed no particular preference for any of the men who called to see her, whether young, middle-aged, or elderly. To her, Julius Kaufman, cashier of the First National Bank, was no better than Charley Dowling, the tintype photographer. Gustave Meyer, a wealthy real-estate man and widower, was not permitted to take her driving any oftener than Will Rogers, dealer in hides and pelts.

After long pondering Tom finally concluded that perhaps the young woman might not be a flirt. “Maybe,” he told himself, “she merely likes to have something going on.” He did his best to accept this explanation of her behavior, although it offered him but meagre satisfaction. He did not study, did not attend his classes at the Normal School. He spent his time in lonely walks and in long rides.

Often he was invaded by a conflict of emotions. It was a strange seething of hope and pensiveness, joy and sadness, unrest and benumbing weariness. For

days together he would not go to see the girl, and then of a sudden he would rush to her, carry her flowers, pull the weeds out of her pansy-bed, crave to be laughed at, ridiculed, petted, or scolded, if only he might be permitted to remain within the scope of her regard.

Evidently she found it agreeable to have him near her; he was so exuberantly boyish that even when in the sulks he was still amusing. Sometimes she grew sorry for him and talked to him like a big sister. Occasionally in the midst of her lecture she would pause to smooth his hair off his forehead, and afterward she would send him home to his lessons.

“Be a dear boy; study hard,” she would tell him. “Pass your examinations, get all through with your college course, and then we’ll see what can be made of you.”

“But are you going to marry somebody?” he finally asked. “Are you in love with that pasty-faced Hawkins? How can you stand it to have him sweat so on his flute?”

Jane bit her lip and tried to look extremely stern. “Now, Tom, none of that!” she said. Her face was very grave, but she could not keep it that way. She abruptly turned from the importunate youth, and her shoulders quaked with laughter. “I won’t have you talking so about my friends!” she exclaimed, with a great effort to keep the dancing mirthfulness out of her eyes.

Knowing that for the most part this youthful admirer was a truant from the class-room, and that he was growing more and more persistent in the neglect of his studies, she began to treat him coldly, feeling rather guilty, no doubt, that she had been so slow to curb his adoration of her. Yet it was now too late to make amends.

In the autumn he went away to take his examinations at the State University, but the truth is that he would have done better to have remained at home. He failed, failed miserably, and on the day when he returned to the little town he came in the back way to the barn, where he loitered about for some time, being too much ashamed to face his grandparents. And yet it was not they whom he most dreaded to tell of his defeat. How, he

kept asking himself, would Jane accept his failure? What would she say to him?

As the long, long afternoon wore itself out and evening began to close in, he decided to delay no longer the ordeal of letting his grandparents know why he had come home. He took up his suit-case and resolutely started toward the house, but paused, skirted the garden, and with hanging head slowly went scuffling through the sear, dead leaves. Hidden from the house by a screen of shrubbery, he plumped himself down under a maple tree.

High above him the sturdy branches reared their wealth of autumnal loveliness into the reddening glow of sunset. Now and again an empurpled or russet leaf detached itself and slipped hesitatingly, in eddy flight, toward the earth, upon which it settled with a sad and crisp whisper.

All about him was the wistful repose, the serene pathos of the autumn-time. Winter was coming. The husky lisping of the leaves told only of the sad season near at hand, and even in the plaintive lowing of a distant cow there was the same note of mourning, the same vague sense of black frost and bitter cold.

While the youth lay there upon the dry leaves, a cool breath, even though no breeze was astir, seemed to shiver over him. It was an intimation, one of those faint touches of presentiment which announce the presence of another person. In his days of fervid exultation Tom was wont to imagine that even if both deaf and blind he would be sure to feel in the atmosphere about him the gracious personality of her he loved, and now, even before he heard Jane's voice, he was certain that she was not far away.

"So *there* you are! I've been looking for you," she called out to him from the margin of the street. She crossed the lawn, her blue gown rustling over the leaves. Then, as she sank down beside him, she said with abrupt frankness: "I saw you come up the side street with your suit-case. You were skulking along; yes, you were, and I won't have that."

Tom did not look up at her. His lips twitched uneasily, he dug his hands into the leaves, and a damp, cool odor of

mould, mingled with an acrid, penetrating smell of dead leaves, rose from the earth.

"I didn't pass. I failed," he said.

There was something maternal and sweetly compassionate in the girl's face as she looked into his eyes, and she smiled gently, with that look of protecting tenderness which she had so often given him.

"Do you care for me very much?" she asked, and then hastily added: "No, don't answer, but listen. If you do . . . like me, I want you to go away from here. I want you to leave this little town."

"Go away? What for?" he inquired.

"Well, do it. There's nothing here for you. It's necessary for you to grow up. Your life here is too comfortable, too narrow-minded, and stagnatingly calm. Go away, Tom; go away among men. Be somebody."

As the youth looked up, a strange intentness was crowding dejection from his face. "Go where?" he asked.

"I don't know. Anywhere. Only work. Do something worth while, be something big, something to be proud of."

"And what then?" he inquired.

"Come back to you?"

"Oh yes; do come back to me," she replied, and when she saw the determined look in his face and saw him take up his suit-case as he got resolutely to his feet, it is strange that a sense of loneliness should have stolen upon her. He was to come back to her, she had told him, but would he ever care to come back again?

After they had clasped hands she watched him as he strode away and disappeared in the house.

"Will he come back to me?" she asked herself, and the husky lisping of the falling leaves seemed to be asking the same question, and seemed to be telling her, with pensive tenderness, that she was older, much older in thought and experience than that youth whom she was sending away from her.

Suddenly the impulse came to the girl to detain him, to keep him near her, but she dared not; it was so necessary that he fling off his habits of indolence and find for himself some useful place in the busy world of men.

An Antitoxin for Fatigue

BY F. W. EASTMAN

SINCE Eukles ran the first Marathon and died of fatigue as he announced the great victory, and even long before this, the unpleasant circumstance of the limitation of man's deeds by physical exhaustion has been engaging the attention of doctors. Though information concerning the nature of the subject has been accumulating for years, little of practical value in really extending the limits of accomplishment has been found until quite recently. Fatigue, sleep, disease, old age, death: the only factors that hinder human effort, and all in the final analysis probably due to the same cause—some form of auto-intoxication; yet how little, except in the case of disease and certain investigations made by Metchnikoff on the prolongation of life, has been done to break or even loosen their bonds! Perhaps in the near future, on account of the banishment of the more pressing question of disease, doctors will be able to turn their attention more earnestly to producing greater efficiency in the normal individual. So far, greater attention has been paid to the improvement of the physical qualities of domestic animals than of human beings.

Fatigue, either of mind or body, by harassing us at every turn during our waking hours and finally prostrating us in sleep for a third of our time, would seem to be an enemy worthy of our steel. Social, moral, educational, all progress being handicapped thereby, the wonder is that so little has been done heretofore to free ourselves of the oppressor. Perhaps the explanation lies in its habitual occurrence, and we have not been able to see the forest on account of the trees. Every step, every movement of finger or eyelid, every thought, is a dissipation of energy that, if continued at a greater rate than can be immediately restored by normal processes, is recognized as fatigue. Fatigue is the cry of the builders for more material when the

supply has given out by reason of excess of effort due to rivalry or the driving of a relentless foreman—the brain. If this supply is kept up and waste material is not allowed to accumulate in the builders' way, there is no complaint and work progresses smoothly. We shall now see how well or how poorly the body cells are organized to maintain this latter condition and, if the condition can be improved, what aid may be extended.

Every muscular effort is a chemical process. The most evident indication of this is the production of heat which results in perspiration and the feeling of warmth that we notice when we exert ourselves. Every one remembers that when he made hydrogen in the high-school the flask containing the sulphuric acid and zinc became very warm as the hydrogen was produced, and also that if he wished the reaction to proceed at greater speed, heat must be applied. All combustion, whether in furnace, lights, or elsewhere, is a chemical process in which there is usually a combination of the oxygen of the air with other chemical elements of the substance consumed—coal, gas, or whatever it may be.

In the contraction of muscle we also have combustion—a combination of oxygen of the blood with certain stored material of the muscle, to be spoken of later, and it is this combination which produces the heat. Shivering in cold weather is merely an automatic arrangement by which the body supplies itself with heat by combustion in the muscle. As in the case of the production of hydrogen mentioned above, muscular chemical reaction also proceeds better on the application of heat. Normally with human beings and all warm-blooded animals the temperature of the body is kept automatically at a certain constant level favorable to the chemistry of life processes, and, in fact, is really due to them. However at times, on account of exposure of a limb

or finger to a very low temperature, this automatic heat regulation fails. Then we are all familiar with the resulting numbness and inability to contract the muscles, which are in reality due to the impossibility of the ordinary muscular chemical reactions occurring at this temperature. Cold-blooded animals, such as the frog, whose body temperature varies with the surrounding atmosphere, owe their inability to move during the winter sleep to the same fact. As proof that at this time the proper reactions may occur in the muscles of such animals on application of heat, we have their return to normal activity with the warmth of spring, as well as the unpleasant experience of the gentleman in *Æsop* who warmed the winter snake by his hearth.

Laboratory experiments give us more definite information as to what this chemical process really is and its relation to fatigue. The stored material mentioned above is a kind of sugar, being composed of carbon, hydrogen, and oxygen, and is called glycogen. The great storehouse for this muscle-sugar is the liver, which takes it from the alimentary tract and supplies it through the blood to the muscles as their smaller stores are used up. When the muscle is stimulated to contract, either by a nerve impulse from the brain or more directly by the application of an electric current, there is a reaction between the oxygen of the blood and this glycogen. This process results in the formation of waste products and a release of energy, some of which produces the shortening of the muscle in contraction, and the rest, in the form of heat, is either wasted or used to regulate the body temperature as explained above. However, it is the waste products formed which are of greatest interest to us, for it is to their accumulation that our fatigue is usually to be ascribed.

If the extract of a fatigued muscle be injected into animals, it causes great languor, prostration, and all the symptoms characteristic of fatigue. In explanation we must bear in mind that a fatigued muscle is one in which, on account of repeated contraction, there has been considerable chemical change—an accumulation of waste products. The in-

jection of the extract of non-fatigued muscle has no effect at all. Likewise if the blood of a dog which is tired on account of excessive running be injected into a normal animal, the same symptoms of fatigue are produced—showing that as the waste products are formed in the muscle the blood carries them away. In so doing, however, if the fatigue is well advanced, the blood becomes so saturated with these fatigue substances that they affect other muscles through which the blood circulates. Soldiers after an exhausting march find that their arms are almost as tired as their legs. These same products also affect the brain, explaining why football-players after several hours of severe practice are unable to apply themselves to study. Indeed, it is to the direct effect of these substances, which have greatly accumulated during the day, that sleep is really due. Likewise the disturbances of respiration and circulation occurring during fatiguing exertion are due to the effect of these waste products on the brain centres controlling these functions. The debilitating effect of warm baths and the tired feeling of spring are probably also caused by an increase of waste products due to the favorable action of unusual heat on the chemical processes in the tissues.

In the laboratory, experiments in fatigue are performed by separating a muscle from an animal and hanging it by one end from an immovable support while the other end is attached to a lever which marks on smoked paper carried by a revolving drum. As the muscle is stimulated electrically, either through the nerve, which may have been retained, or by the application of the electrodes directly to the muscle, the point of the lever is raised, making on the paper a vertical mark which is proportional in length to the amount of contraction of the muscle. As fatigue takes place, or more definitely as the accumulation of fatigue products paralyzes the muscle, the vertical marks become shorter and shorter, and with complete fatigue disappear altogether. Thus we have on paper a representation of the working power of the muscle and an opportunity to compare the ability in this respect of one muscle with another.

As further proof that the fatigue is directly due to waste products, the muscle, while arranged as described above and after it has ceased to contract by reason of fatigue, may be washed out through the blood-vessels with a salt solution and its power to contract restored. Salt solution of a certain strength is used because it is known by previous experiment that it has no effect on the muscle substance, and hence its favorable influence must be due to the removal of fatigue substances. An interesting experiment in this regard is the bloodless frog. As the blood is removed from the frog, salt solution is injected in its place until nothing but this clear fluid is in the circulation, and we obtain a frog which contains no blood. Frogs in this condition can live for a day or two, and during the first ten or twelve hours they are difficult to distinguish from normal frogs. Rest after fatigue in man is simply an opportunity for the circulating blood to remove the fatigue products, and the beneficial effect of massage at this time, so well known to athletes, lies in its acceleration of the circulation.

Our first idea as to the chemical nature of these fatigue substances is gained from the fact that a tired muscle gives an acid reaction to litmus paper. Fresh muscle does not affect the paper. A pretty experiment to demonstrate this point may be performed with acid fuchsin. If a solution of this stain is injected under the skin of a frog, it is gradually absorbed and distributed to the body without injuring the tissues, and in the resting body remains colorless. However, as soon as a leg is electrically stimulated to contraction, the muscles take on a red color, showing that an acid is produced locally. This acid is lactic acid—the same as that formed in the souring of milk. Another product of the breaking down of the glycogen of the muscle is carbon dioxide. This is the gas which we are always expelling with our breath, but in far greater quantities when we exert ourselves. One other waste product, not so important as the two just mentioned, is potassium phosphate. All three of these substances, besides being found in much greater quantities in fatigued than fresh muscles, are known to be fatiguing in their effect by actual

laboratory experiment. A record of the work possible for the normal muscle of the calf of the frog is made on smoked paper with the arrangement of apparatus previously described. The corresponding muscle of the other leg is then similarly mounted, and lactic acid, carbon dioxide, or potassium phosphate is injected into the blood-vessels. On stimulating this muscle electrically, a very much shorter record is obtained, as, owing to the presence of the fatigue product, the muscle was practically fatigued before contraction commenced.

In all tissues during activity, by reason of the chemical reactions already referred to, substances of value to the body are broken down, and substances of little or no value are formed. We have already mentioned the fact that these fatigue products are produced by the breaking down of a sugar substance stored in the muscle and called glycogen. Now we are ready to see if the loss of this valuable material may not also be a cause of fatigue. Many experiments have been performed to show that there is less sugar in the blood after it passes through the muscle than before, and direct chemical analyses have been made to prove that there is less glycogen in a fatigued muscle than in a fresh one. A rather interesting and conclusive experiment on this point was performed as follows by Prof. F. S. Lee, of Columbia University, an investigator who has done more than any other person in America to throw light on this complicated subject of fatigue.

Cats were allowed to fast for several days with the object of allowing stored glycogen to be used up, and during the latter portion of the period considerable doses of phlorhizin were administered. This is a drug which removes sugar from the body. At the end of an adequate period, when, as the experiments of others had shown, the tissues were practically freed from glycogen and other forms of sugar, the animals exhibited great muscular weakness. When the cats were killed and certain muscles were artificially stimulated, it was found that they were capable of making only from one-fifth to one-half the number of contractions of which a normal muscle is capable. Other experiments proved that

this effect was not due to the direct action of the phlorhizin on the muscle; hence it must have been due either to the presence of waste products or the loss of glycogen. That the latter circumstance was largely the cause of fatigue seems probable from the fact that when a quantity of dextrose, a kind of digested sugar, was administered to a phlorhizinised and thus thoroughly fatigued cat, it was followed within a few hours by a considerable return of muscular power. This result has been well supplemented by several European investigators, who, working on human beings with an instrument called the ergograph, have observed an increase of working power and a diminution of fatigue after doses of sugar were given.

In physiology a distinction is made between the terms fatigue and exhaustion. The former term is commonly applied to the effect of waste products, while exhaustion is the later and more serious result of the loss of glycogen. To quote Professor Lee again, "Fatigue is not serious, can readily be done away with, and appears to be a protective phenomenon, preventing the oncoming of exhaustion." On the other hand, exhaustion is really a pathological or diseased condition of the muscles. Besides the loss of glycogen, there is in extreme exhaustion a breaking down of the muscle substance itself—the protoplasm. This is indicated by an increase of nitrogenous material in the urine, a condition that only occurs normally after extreme physical exertion, such as long bicycle contests or races extending through many days. The soreness of muscles resulting from unusual exercise and familiar to all of us at some time in life is of two kinds. The first is very marked during work, and may be noticeable for three or four hours afterward; it then passes away entirely. This kind is due either to the pressure of the congested muscle on nerve ends, or more probably to the chemical irritation of them by the increased amount of waste products, and is simply a sensation of extreme fatigue. The second kind of soreness, on the contrary, is not noticed at all during work, and does not make its appearance until several hours, or sometimes not until the second day, after the exertion. This

kind is the result of ruptures within the muscle, and hence the longer period necessary for recovery. Various marked changes in the fine structure of the cells of muscle and nerve centres are noticeable under the microscope after extreme fatigue, but the nature of this article does not permit a description of them.

The normal fatigue of muscle, however, is not the only phase of life in which this depressant effect of acid waste products is evident. In several diseases, such as diabetes, fevers, and certain forms of liver trouble and cancer, one of the most prominent symptoms is easy fatigability. Such patients always show a great increase in certain pathological acids which are normally present in the tissues only in small quantities. Butyric acid, the acid present when butter goes stale, is one of these. All of them when tried on muscle cause it to give a very much shorter record of working power. Diabetes well illustrates the twofold cause of fatigue, for in this disease we have a great loss of glycogen as well as an increase of pathological acids. Neurasthenia and hysteria, both presenting symptoms of fatigue, are also in part due to deranged metabolism or body chemistry. Ptomain poisoning is an acid intoxication, and the sluggishness after meals has been found by investigations made in Italy to be due to the first products of digestion, which are somewhat similar to fatigue substances. The famous sleeping-sickness of Africa is characterized by symptoms of great and continuous fatigue which ultimately culminate in unconsciousness. This disease is caused by a parasite which enters the blood, and the symptoms of fatigue are due to certain waste products of their life affecting the muscles.

It is rather interesting to note that it is practically impossible to fatigue a nerve fibre. Passage of the electric current to the muscle has been temporarily blocked by methods known to the laboratory, and then the nerve has been stimulated for hours without affecting its power of transmitting an impulse to the muscle when the block is removed. At the same time there is no evidence of the production of heat or fatigue products. The most reasonable explanation of this lack of fatigability lies in the

supposition that the processes of repair of the cells and removal of waste products are so rapid that there is no evidence of their occurrence, for it is a general law in physiology that no tissue functions except by chemical action. On the other hand, the terminations of these fibres in the muscle, which are little organs called end-plates, are easily fatigued. They are more quickly susceptible to the effect of fatigue substances produced in contraction than the muscle substance itself, and in this circumstance we have a beautiful protective function of fatigue—the muscle is saved from complete exhaustion by our inability to voluntarily contract it.

Mental fatigue, or fatigue of brain, we know to be due to the increase of lactic acid and carbon dioxide in the gray substance. This was found out by actual investigation, though it had been inferred from the fact that mental fatigue soon becomes general and affects the muscles, presumably through acid waste products brought by the blood. It also seems evident on account of the fact mentioned above that muscular exercise, in which the principal waste products are lactic acid and carbon dioxide, promotes mental fatigue. The difficulty of football-players in applying themselves to study emphasizes this point and also the folly of indulging in strenuous physical exertion as a relief for mental fatigue. The fact that sleep is due to the increase of lactic fluid in the circulation would seem to prove that mental fatigue, which terminates in sleep, is also due to the presence of lactic acid, but in smaller quantity.

In this connection it should also be mentioned that exact experiments in the laboratory have shown that sharp sensory stimulations, whether of sight, hearing, or pain, make the muscles less apt for work. This is easily explained on the ground that such excitation of the brain centres causes an increase in fatigue substances which affect the muscles through the circulation. On the other hand, some sensations, such as music, enable one to perform more work. Soldiers are said to march ten miles farther per day on account of this influence. It has been noticed by tourists, when passing over glaciers or bright snow,

that if they take off their darkened glasses the dazzling light momentarily relieves their fatigue. This effect of music and light, which seems to be the exact opposite of other similar sensory stimulations, may be due to calling the attention of the individual away for the moment from his sensations of fatigue. But why these sensations should not all have the same effect on work is not evident, and the subject seems to be one requiring more investigation.

With this bird's-eye view of the general causes and effects of fatigue completed, we are reminded that our subject demands information as to what has been done to prevent or mitigate this oft-recurring but none the less disagreeable condition. Since all the fatigue substances known are acid in reaction, it would be readily inferred that the use of alkalis in some form or other would be advantageous. On this point we again resort to experiment, and find that a muscle contracting in an alkaline solution is capable of much more work than one in neutral solution. In every-day life the housewife advises sodium bicarbonate, an alkali, for the tired feeling, and the doctors use it in the treatment of diabetes, a disease characterized by the twofold cause of fatigue—the loss of glycogen and the increase of acid waste products. With regard to the loss of glycogen, we know from experiments, similar to that with the phlorhizinised cat, that the use of sugar greatly retards the approach of fatigue. In the laboratory it has been found that the total increase in work on addition of sugar to a small meal was from 6 to 39 per cent. Many athletes can testify to the beneficial effects of the use of this common substance at times of great physical exertion. Perhaps the desire of children for sweet things is a normal demand of their bodies for sugar to restore the glycogen destroyed by their continuous activity.

In certain experiments on this subject alcohol was found to increase the amount of work in some cases more than a hundred per cent. In other experiments it was also found that alcohol had no influence after the elimination of the nerve end-plates with curare. Curare is a South-American arrow poison which

affects the terminations of the nerves in the muscle and prevents their transmission of the nerve impulse to the muscle—thus paralyzing it. Since the alcohol did not affect the muscle after the end-plates were put out of commission by the curare, it is evident that it has no direct effect on the muscle as the sugar had, but that it is only an excitant of the nervous system. This action is more evident when we find from the same experiments that its use is always followed by depression and injurious after-effects. In this class of excitants belong several substances, such as cocaine, veratrine, and caffeine, the active principle of coffee. All of these antidotes cause an increase in muscular work and resistance to fatigue, but they are slightly different from alcohol in that their action is not confined to the central nervous system, but they seem to stimulate the chemical actions occurring in the muscles. Various inorganic salts, such as the chlorides of sodium and potassium, affect muscular contraction—especially that of involuntary muscle such as the heart.

The fatigue products are supposed to be removed from the blood in greater part by the lungs and kidneys. However, the suprarenals, small organs at the upper end of the kidneys, have recently been found to bear an important part in this work. Animals deprived of these organs die with all the symptoms of extreme fatigue, and it is believed that their death is due to auto-intoxication caused by the accumulation of fatigue products which the secretion of these glands would normally neutralize. In Addison's disease the patient is afflicted with great and continuous fatigue, and this is a disease in which the suprarenals gradually lose their function by reason of pathological changes in their structure. Perhaps future investigation of the secretion of these glands will aid in solving the problem of fatigue.

It is quite evident, however, that none of these substances mentioned is the elixir we should like to find, for none of them completely eliminates fatigue. This is perhaps largely due to the va-

riety of fatigue substances produced. No one substance is able to neutralize them all and restore the broken-down material. Only recently still another aspect has been given to the question by the investigations of a young German scientist named Weichardt. He finds that the injection of the extract of fatigued muscles into fresh animals produces all the symptoms of fatigue, and even death by apparent exhaustion if the dose is large enough. So far the results are in accord with experiments already mentioned, but he now goes a step further and finds that repeated injections of medium doses of this toxic extract of fatigued muscle develop an antitoxin in the blood of the injected animal, and it is soon able to stand many times the fatal dose of the extract. This fatigue antitoxin has been separated from the blood and administered to fatigued animals with the result that they recover very much more quickly than usual. When given at the same time that the toxic extract of fatigued muscle is injected, the latter has no effect.

This antitoxin has also been put in the form of tablets and given to human beings, with the result that records of the contractions of some of their muscles prove them to be very much more resistant to fatigue than when the antitoxin was not given. In some cases they were able to do nearly a hundred per cent. more work before exhaustion, and this without any apparent after-effect. Comparison of these results with those from other agents mentioned prove this substance to be by far the most efficient antidote for fatigue.

Owing to the fact that these investigations of fatigue antitoxin are quite recent, and that they have not been repeated by others, very pleasing results may be expected in the near future from further work along this line. Indeed, in the light of the rapid progress made in the last few years, it is not even too much to suppose that some day we may have a form of immunization against fatigue that will be as effective as the present vaccination for smallpox.

The Autumn Fan

BY GEORG SCHOCK

CORNELIA MANBECK sat at the front window, and sewed slowly and without stopping, and seldom raised her broad, tranquil face. Dorcas Kerst sat at the other window, her knees almost touching her sister's knees, the room was so narrow. After making Cornelia, Nature had made Dorcas the same shape, but ruddy and positive; she interrupted herself often, to observe the neighbors who went by. She was far-sighted: she could distinguish the chrysanthemums blooming in a dooryard far down the street, even when the wind caused their yellow heads to nod, but she achieved the threading of a needle, and sewing was more virtuous in her than in other women; so it was a relief to look out over her spectacles, with the air of a connoisseur of life, and see easily the errors in dress and deportment which passed by her.

The sisters were comfortable. Their outlook was upon little gardens, which were bravely green, though it was late November. The sunny room needed only a small fire to warm it, and an odor of a promissory kind made it still pleasanter. The chairs, old friends to their occupants, were shabby from a long succession of placid afternoons. Dorcas enjoyed all these no less because they were her sister's fire and chairs, and her sister's supper cooking; she possessed the like in the next house. She had everything she wanted; so had Cornelia. Even her widowhood had worn easy, and now gave her a position upon which she might presume a little. Her comments on her neighbors were slightly acrimonious because she was so very comfortable; her sighs were frequent because she was so at liberty to sigh.

As mother of the bride Dorcas had many emotions, and the marriage in all its aspects was the theme of her steady talk. She dwelt upon some improvements in the wedding plans, and implied

their elegance. "It costs me more to do this," she said, "but I do not hesitate. My only one, and such a good girl, I give her everything the best. It is not likely that I have it to do for her again. Twelve solid silver spoons instead of plated I bought."

"That is a nice present."

"This morning her dress was finished. She wears so well that light-blue silk. There has been no such bride in this town as she will be; and on Tuesday of week after next, when her man sees her in that wedding-dress, he will wonder if all that is for him."

"She was always pretty."

Dorcas looked proud and cheerful, but she slowly clouded over. "When Annie is away I shall be wonderfully lonely. However, I say nothing if it turns out well. Such a risk as marrying is, I feel more sure of one who takes a fever than of one who takes a man. I never forget how I was worried when you told me that you and David would undertake it: I thought it was too uncertain, with him five years younger than you and so much admired; but if my daughter gets along as well as you do, I am satisfied."

Cornelia looked up for the first time—showing the countenance, marked only by common troubles, of a woman who had never had to choose a road through life. From where she sat her view of the crayon portrait was distorted, and it was an uninspiring object in the best of lights, for the one who committed it had failed on all David's good points, and had made him weakly ferocious; but she gazed with an expression that any man should prize.

Imperceptive of emotions not her own, Dorcas leaped to another subject: "Is your Christmas stock coming in?"

"It is. Within two weeks we fix the store."

"David told me that he would have a fine display, and greens to trim every-

thing, and red paper bells. It will look well," she informed David's wife. "It will give the people something to think about after the wedding."

For a while Dorcas reflected cheerfully, and her needle plunged back and forth. Then she stretched her neck to see up the street, exclaiming: "Look once at that! That is fancy, even for Eudora Groh!"

It was enough to make the whole village exclamatory. The buggy was shabby, the horse was middle-aged; he would have been shocked if he had known how elaborately he was being driven. The young woman had acquired a new whip with a red lash, and she made the most of it and of her attitude to give the turnout an air: she sat stiffly, which was hard work, for she was all curves and cushiony surfaces. Her very gay dress led up to the purple feather trailing over her fluffy yellow hair. She smiled continuously, and her eyes asked admiration from every one who saw her.

Dorcas said, "One stated to me the other day that Eudora Groh had hair the color of my Annie's."

"What did you say?"

"I said, 'Nothing about my Annie is like Eudora Groh.'"

"That was a good answer."

"They say that on Sundays the buggies and the saddled horses stand at the Groh place as high as six at once, and the men in the parlor they laugh until you hear them far down the road. Sometimes she turns away the rest and goes with one, and then again they all stay and she makes supper for them."

"Who are they?"

"Not all young fellows. Her brother has set up a row of new hitching-posts, and when he was asked for what he wanted so many he laughed, and he said Eudora needed them. He feels no shame."

Dorcas' eyes abstained from the street down which the purple feather passed. Her observations had been made across a plant standing in the window, and she had not noticed what kind of a plant it was; now, as the imperfect eyes adjusted themselves, she recognized it.

"Cornelia! have you such a thing in your house?"

"What thing? What is the matter with it?"

The Jerusalem cherry tree not only appeared innocent, it seemed to have all the vegetable virtues. Its little leaves grew so airily, its shining fruit was so red, that they might have been introduced into his composition by a Tuscan painter about to paint Dorcas as an elderly, captious saint looking out of that window; but she edged away, and her demeanor was now Cassandra-like.

"You surely know that they are wonderfully bad luck. I would not have one about my place. Get rid of it."

"I never heard that. David bought it for me. I like to see it in the window."

Knowing the obstructive character of that calmness, Dorcas removed to another chair, with looks at the cherry tree as if she actually saw baleful influences streaming toward her sister. When she rose to go she tried again, though not hopefully. "Cornelia, please do not keep that cherry tree."

"What will it make?"

"I don't know, just—bad luck."

Her expression continued to urge, but the reply, though earnest, was unsatisfactory; Cornelia had a way of answering a statement with a comment on quite another subject. "Do not go home. Stay here to supper. I fetch Annie."

Dorcas shook her head, not at the proposal, but at the cherry tree. "No, I go. I have not many more meals with my girl."

She went. The cherry tree remained, a little presence flaunting all by itself.

Even when she had gone home by way of the side gate Cornelia was hardly alone, the two houses were so near. It was almost dark, and she expected to hear at any moment the steps of David coming for his supper, so she made ready quickly; but he did not come. As she sat down to wait, a residue of thoughts was in her mind—inactive disapproval of Eudora Groh and the purple feather. She had a considerable power of disapprobation.

At the end of fifteen minutes she got her knitting, thinking: "He has a fussy customer. He will be hungry when he does come." She was so mediatized that it never occurred to her to summon him: she sat and knitted, perfectly content with life.

After twenty minutes more she did



Drawn by Harry Townsend

AS MOTHER OF THE BRIDE SHE HAD MANY EMOTIONS

hear steps, but not the requisite ones, for David's were deliberate and these were clapping steps. Peter Wolf came in. He was the clerk, and he looked like a subordinate. His stocky figure, which had lately been boyish, did not harmonize with his jerkily quick movements; his eyes darted at one object and then another, and it seemed that their speed had worn the orbits deep; his expression was a peculiar blend of the unscrupulous and the consequential.

Cornelia looked at him, at the door, back at him. He did not wait for plainer questioning. "Gone off somewhere," he said. "An hour ago. I locked the store door; I must get back." He held out his plate in a manner to hurry her. She was sorry to serve any one before David, and she filled the peremptory plate the fuller because of her grudging feelings. Instead of coming to the table herself she began to knit again patiently. Peter's way of getting upon his feet was domineering.

"I don't know where he went," he said, gratuitously. "He put on his hat, and he went off, and he said nothing to me about it—that's what he didn't!"

"You have a cold. You are quite hoarse," she agreed.

"Yes; I got it unloading the goods that came this afternoon."

His manner laid that cold upon the shoulders of his employer, and there was a reproachful pause before he clapped away to the store. When he reappeared, although she had had two more hours in which to become anxious, he found her as composed as ever, sewing in the company of the pepper tree.

"This evening you must have a wonderful run of business," she said, "since he has not yet taken time to come to supper."

"He has not come back."

"Not?"

"No. There was plenty of business, which I attended to—post-office and all. Where do you think he went?"

"I don't know. It is strange that he goes like this, with no word said." Her inflection capitalized the pronoun.

Peter looked at the table-cloth and at her. "My throat is worse. I can hardly have it so. And the woman where I have my room, she is no good."

"I give you something," said Cornelia.

She prepared a dose, and put the spoon into his opened, smooth mouth; she warmed a strip of flannel and wrapped it around his throat. He took off his collar so that she could do it. Then he said, "He did not tell me where he went, but I saw."

"What?"

"This afternoon, while no other customers were in the store, Eudora Groh came in. I started to wait on her, but he sent me to the back room, and they were talking. Then she went over to the tavern. Later, he put on his hat, and he took a big roll of money out of the safe, and he walked out; and through the little back window I watched her come out, and they got into her buggy and drove off. They went toward the railroad."

"What did he say to you when he left?"

"He said nothing."

"Who else saw them?"

"No one."

Peter's eyes did double duty on Cornelia. Her silence might have been contemptuous—he felt it so. He cast some words into it, to trouble it:

"He has gone off with Eudora Groh."

She assented. "Now you had better go home, Peter, and keep warm in bed."

After locking the door behind him she went back to her chair as though she were on the march. For a while she sat still in the lamplight, her husband's plant continuing its small life beside her and his picture looking down. Peter's word was between David and her—Peter's word, and the memory of devoted years. She returned the look of the portrait, and said, with slow passion:

"That you have left me I believe not—until I must."

She was not at all enfeebled. Her loyalty and courage were automatic, proper to a Teutonic wife whose ancestresses received from their husbands the marriage gifts of shield, spear, and sword. Within five minutes her needle moved at its usual rate and she seemed to be only sewing; it was easier to think if she sewed. The interpretation of the intractable facts was as difficult for her mind as boxing would have been for her large, middle-aged body, which had been used hard; but she went at it, and took the worst first: where could David be?

No explanation covered the case. It was likely, she saw, that if he had a good reason for going he would resent being inquired about and timorously pursued. When she thought that perhaps he was lying somewhere, sick or hurt, she wanted to run into the dark to look for him; yet she remained still, and acknowledged to herself that she had no idea where he was. After that, to decide what to do was comparatively easy, but it took time, because she traversed the situation and made up her mind and hunted flaws all through her reasoning. Then, sitting straight, with her eyes fixed upon a figure in the carpet, she summed up:

"Where he is I cannot tell, but I believe not that he has gone with her." To say it aloud bound her to this conviction.

"If he comes back and hears it said that he was with Eudora Groh, how will he feel? And always some would believe it. I dare not even tell Dorcas, and distress her before this wedding." She did not add that she remembered Dorcas' misgivings about the undertaking with David. "No one shall know. I must keep on as usual, saying nothing to start the tongues. Not to a soul. This I can do for him." She had spoken her marriage vows so. The postscript in her heart was: "If he had gone with her, being tired of me because I am no handsome woman and not young, I should have lost all! But he did not! But he did not!"

She rose and put away her work. One of the nocturnal preparations was to remove the plant from the window, and she did it now. "I wait," she said to herself. "If—" she omitted the phrase, "then I murder this cherry tree."

She went firmly to bed; and whether or not she watched the night into dawn, she was placid when her world next saw her. That was not until it was late enough to go to the tavern and inquire plausibly after Eudora Groh. It appeared that Eudora had made a short stop there, and had then started for the station; she was going away to have a good time, and did not know when she would come back. That was all. The landlady made it longer by telling each fact twice.

Cornelia despised the corroborative evidence. She marched home, and on the way she said to herself that it was

well that the neighborhood was rid of Eudora. She said this several times in the intervals of talk with Peter. He had arrived early, and although his throat was worse and he could scarcely speak, he kept coming over unnecessarily from the store.

He made one of these appearances at the same time with Dorcas, and hung about while she stayed. That was not long, for she was full of morning energy.

"Where is David?" she asked, in a hurry. "I want to know from him—"

"David has gone away," said Cornelia, keeping smoothly on with her work.

"Where did he go, and when?"

"Yesterday afternoon."

"Well, when will he come back?"

"I cannot tell just. He had much business; it will take him some time. He may not be here for the wedding."

Dorcas was shocked at this possibility; she was also pleased that her brother-in-law was such a prominent business man. She hastened home, and as soon as she was gone Peter said to Cornelia:

"You sit down. I want to say something."

Cornelia stared at him; but she waited to find out what was puffing him up before she subdued him.

He said: "This going away leaves me to run the store by myself; the post-office and all I must run. And I am sick; but I must work, anyhow. What do I get out of it?"

"What do you expect?"

"Well, it makes me double work and more, but I do it for even double my wages. Then I attend to customers and post-office and Christmas display and all. I make it look beautiful."

She considered particularly the post-office, of which David was rather proud. "To keep things going as he likes to have them until he comes back, I give you double."

Peter nodded several times, and did not go. "That is not all."

"Well, what else?"

The tone made him tilt his impudent face at her. "I heard what you said to your sister, and I expected that for the present you would want no others to know what you and I know. Now what I told you I can as well tell again. But I don't—perhaps."

There was quite a long pause. Then Cornelia, looking not more anxious than the Sphinx, said: "So? How much do you want?"

"Oh, well, I am not hard to satisfy. I go cheap. For to-day five dollars will do."

"Five dollars. You think you have a chance to make your fortune, don't you?"

"Yes, five dollars. For to-day. Then I tell no one before to-morrow morning."

"And after to-morrow morning?"

"When it is here we settle about that. I sell on the installment plan only."

"How do I know that others know nothing now?"

"You know it because I tell you."

"And if I don't pay, but turn you out of the store instead, you—?"

"If you turn me out, who runs the store? Now is the time for the Christmas trade; how many times five dollars do you lose for him if you close up? Who handles the mail? Not you; you are not sworn in, even if you did know how. Here in my pocket is the key to the mail-bag, and you may be sure that you don't get it away from me." He was stopped by the pain in his throat. "And also—if you don't pay, every one in town will know this whole story inside of half an hour. To begin with, I walk over and tell Dorcas and Annie. It will be nice for Annie. Her uncle gone off with a girl like Eudora Groh!"

Cornelia followed his points, left the room unhurriedly, and returned with a five-dollar bill. "Now go back to the store. It has been alone too long," she said.

"I will. I attend to it well. And to-day no one gets anything out of me."

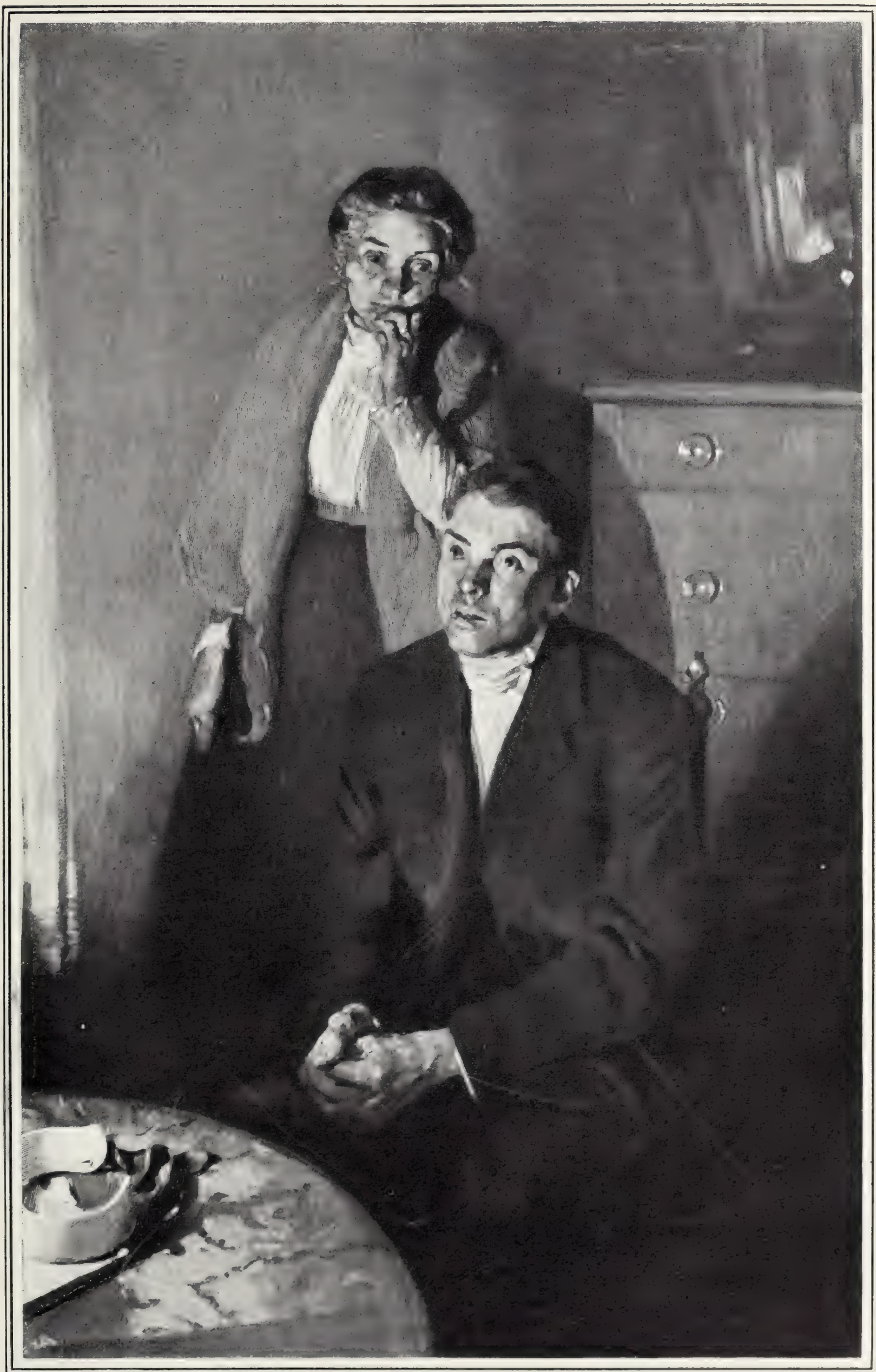
When she was rid of him she thought, "I would not have paid if I had doubted that David comes honorably home."

The fact that she did pay, backing her opinion with good money, encouraged her like the reassurance of another person. Every morning she settled with Peter for the next twenty-four hours. It was unevenly expensive, for once he would have seven dollars, once he said with a gracious air that four would do. What courage she could get from this was needed many times: when the mail arrived, and he reported no letter—she

hoped so earnestly for a letter; when any one came near her who might say, what she dreaded to hear from every one she met, "I saw your man drive off with Eudora Groh"; when she told over and over her tale of David's business trip. This invention had the effect of advertising the Christmas stock. Old customers looked for brilliant things, and fashionable souls who always bought in the city now postponed their shopping. Dorcas was so interested that she usually talked about the opening as soon as she had described the last change in the wedding plans. The eyes of the whole village were fixed on the Manbecks and the Kersts.

No letter came. Cornelia got through the days because she thought that each day would be the last: had she known at the beginning how many they would be, she could not have borne them so, still less the nights. Then she sat listening for David—sometimes she believed she heard him—until it was necessary to decide whether to bolt the door or not, as she might not hear him knocking. She thought of him continually, and David would not have recognized himself if he had seen how she thought of him. Perhaps he had never been so close to her as now, when for the first time in her life she was quite alone.

On the questionably joyous day of the wedding the loneliness was worst, because she had been so sure that for the wedding he would come back. She felt languid, and thought that she would give a great deal to be able to stay at home; and when Peter unexpectedly appeared before her and offered, in a voice that was almost a caw, to settle definitely for a lump sum, she asked how much without hostility. Peter had done well. The Christmas goods were housed, and an elaborate scheme of decoration was worked out on paper: customers bought more than they came for, although his sore throat was no pretence, and he could scarcely point out the merits of his merchandise: the mail had never been more punctiliously despatched. Still, she was shocked by his demand for two hundred and fifty dollars. At first he thought that he would be discharged. Later, his promises were heard wearily; and when he left her she had bought him



Drawn by Harry Townsend

HER SILENCE MIGHT HAVE BEEN CONTEMPTUOUS—HE FELT IT SO
VOL. CXIX.—No. 714.—113

for one hundred and seventy-five dollars from her own funds.

This was backing her opinion heavily. Amid the distractions of the hymeneal house she continued to think, "All that money!" and felt surprised at herself, and only a fraction of her mind was given to the useful pervasiveness of the aunt. She sympathized with Dorcas, who, arrayed and anxious, wept a little in a self-sacrificing way, and then hurried off to make a last change in the arrangements; she cheered the bride, and fastened the roses on her timid breast; she sought and found the groom, who was undergoing a panic in the best bedroom. Then she went down to receive the solemnly smiling guests and repeat to them her tale about David. Many of them had been at her wedding. Just so, on that occasion, had their silk and broadcloth overflowed the chairs and their Sunday shoes protruded, as they sat conversing in ceremonious tones.

When the bridal pair stood up she thrilled with memory. The young man looked well, though not so well as David really had looked, and he was very far behind her recollection of David. Annie, however, in the blue silk, with yellow hair that was almost too heavy for her little pale face, and roses shaking in her hand, was a winning reality. Cornelia had stood up before the same minister, in brown woollen, and well past her youth. She thought in a percolating way, "It may be that if I had been more like Annie it would have been better for David."

"Where is David? Where is David?" they asked her, and she asked herself, with a lessening of hope that was prophetic. The question absorbed her more and more ominously; she felt as separate from the people around as though she were invisible. She was hardly unprepared to hear the groom say: "I am sorry that he is not here. The other day in Philadelphia I saw him on the street, and I might have urged him to come. I did not speak to him at all; he did not see me. He was walking with a fair-haired young girl."

Cornelia's expression, although it lasted only a second, caused the young man to keep his eye on her through the evening as though she were liable to outbreaks;

but she said nothing. Now she knew that she had known it all along. She went out to the back porch and breathed cold air, and looked over at her own domain, blessedly solitary. She could not go there yet; she returned into the house, and to this satirical business of wedding.

To the last minute she stood by Dorcas — through saying good-by to pale Annie, through the guests' prolonged leave-takings, and the turning back into the silent, disorderly rooms. Then poor Dorcas sat down and wept, and Cornelia comforted her until she wiped her eyes and said:

"You go home now and rest, you good sister. You have done everything for me to-day. No, you go. You will sleep better in your own bed, and the sooner I pass the first night alone the better. In the morning come."

So at last she could turn out the festive lamps and go. When she had her own lamp lighted, and was sitting in her familiar room, which was not changed at all, she thought, "Annie is married, and Dorcas is left lonesome, and it is nothing to me!"

Now there was no hope; now she must believe it. Bitter tears flowed, but they could not ease the unspeakable forlornness of her heart. She was weary with the weariness of all her services to David; she was hopeless with the loss of the hopes that she had had as a bride.

"I was so sure that I could make him a good home," she thought. She reviewed her assiduities during all their life together; and she had neglected nothing; but it had not been enough. "He must have been dissatisfied for a long time, and I never saw it. He must have been with her often, and I did not suspect. Fifteen years have I lived with him. I knew not that he was tired of me."

She did not wonder why he had done it; she knew. Eudora's beauty made it worse, and her reputation made it worse, but Cornelia saw plainly enough the smiling baby eyes. When she had thought of them she could imagine David's state of mind, even his resistances; she could respect the logical action which left her when she was needed no more. She sat solidly in her chair, in a conversational attitude, as though Fate

were a friend of hers and they were talking it over. Her eyes were lowered; the scant lashes were scarcely visible upon the sallow lids, which had the look of the finest smocking. Her large fingers moved indefinitely. The lamp purred, the clock ticked, her heart beat, they all went on together. They went on for a long time, while she wished that she need never again think of Eudora Groh.

However, Eudora was now a permanency. What a world it was for Cornelia, where she must count Eudora in! The effort to force her mind to this forced her body into motion, and she walked up and down the room, and stopped before the cherry tree. In the lamplight it was airier and more shining than in the sun. She did not touch it, but she seemed to strike it with her eyes, as if it were her misfortune incarnate. She said to it, "In the morning I burn you."

Braced by anger, even at such an object, she was able to think of what she would probably be asked to legitimize—the bringing of the other to the house. She said to herself: "I will oppose in nothing. I will go, and nothing will I take from him. Now if I so decide I can live with Dorcas. Right next door, my God! It is a bad thing when a woman must be glad that she is childless, as I am glad, now that he has no further use for me."

There she halted; there thought and misery centred. For the first time she felt old; she felt, though she did not know it, the verity of death. Hers was so wide, so ancient a grief. In China they had made a proverb of it, comparing an outgrown wife to a fan in autumn.

Her heart swelled, but it did not weaken into tears. Life in the last hour had gone deeper than that with Cornelia, down even to the Teutonic "substratum of taciturn inexpugnability." Suddenly she saw what to do. There was time; this place, which was about to be the scene of the doubtful activities of the other, gave her a chance; the other set her a standard to surpass. She would compete with Eudora.

The busy night had been short—though it was December, no longer than a night in May—and it was dawn, over a dif-

ferent world, where she had a new position and a challenging task. She was anxious to begin.

While the time passed until Peter should appear she was as nearly impatient as she ever was. He did not come. She paid the requested visit to Dorcas, expecting to see, when she returned, the beginning of the day's activities in the store, but she found it locked and still. Here was something that could be told, and Dorcas was much interested in hearing it and in accompanying her to look for Peter. They learned that he had gone, with all his belongings, the evening before, no one knew where. He had left an envelope addressed to Cornelia, in which were the key to the mail-bag and his plan for the Christmas display. Circumstances were offering her even more of a field than she had expected.

She began immediately to work that field. Even now she would not incriminate David until she must; perhaps the last little flicker of a hope withheld her, perhaps the inertia of silence; she said nothing more than that she had not heard when he would come, and that she would run the business, and she allowed herself only one pause for femininity while she put away her bonnet. Dorcas, who otherwise would have wept all day for Annie, valiantly supported her. She had a wild feeling that Dorcas would disappear too, but it was felicity to hear her berate Peter.

Not only did Cornelia run the business, she accelerated it by applying to commerce the methods of the housekeeper. All the first day surprised customers stood about on islands in a wet floor, such as David would not tolerate, and inhaled dust and odors of soap, until the place was really clean; old things, long despaired of, were brushed up, displayed at beguiling prices, and sold easily; a bonfire of really hopeless articles was enjoyed. Annie's first letter did not cause the excitement that was its due, for Annie's mother, engrossed in trade, had developed a persuasive tongue with the hesitant, and used it much. Cornelia herself, feeling as if she trod on very thin ice, attended to the mail. Now that there was a chance to express herself by work, she did not think of David quite incessantly; but her feelings were

cumulative; and her energies and her wits surpassed themselves, for it was her intention to rival youth and beauty with successful balance-sheets.

On the third evening of her reign she closed the store an hour earlier than usual, pulled down the blinds so that no passer should be dazzled prematurely and incompletely, and began her serious work. She opened the boxes of Christmas goods with so energetic a hatchet that the noise disturbed the neighbors, and it was Dorcas' agreeable task to unpack objects which put her into a spasmodic ecstasy. Then they carried out Peter's plan, arranging, draping, climbing ladders, and hanging garlands like two stout dryads. They were both exhausted, and it was nearly midnight, when the gay vista was complete.

It was pretty. If the charms of her work could have been added to poor Cornelia, who had no charms, she would have had a chance, even against a purple feather. There was a general shining of paint and glass, and many spots of various-textured color-stuffs and sleds and heaps of oranges, celluloid and satin in useless shapes. Laurel ropes ran along the shelves, and looped and twisted from every place that would give foothold to a tack; and from them hung red paper bells, some small, some large, some so large as to italicize Christmas. The whole place was dominated by the tree, on which were displayed many specimens of David's most glittering ornaments. The very air appealed to divers tastes, offering soap and spice and cheese and Christmas greens.

Dorcas climbed, panting, from the window where she had been putting last touches. Cornelia felt with her feet for the steps of the ladder, having hung the last bell. Together they walked down one side of the room and up the other, and approved the enormous work they had done.

"Now it is all ready," said Dorcas, with the solemnity of attainment.

"All ready. I wanted it ready for Saturday. To-morrow will be a great day here. Many will come only to see how we manage."

They made another tour. As they regarded the sparkling tree, Dorcas ventured, "Are you not afraid that the cherry tree will spoil your sales?"

"I will get rid of it, as you say," answered Cornelia, looking as if she had been given a bitter dose unexpectedly. "I was too busy to do so before. I put it off no longer than to-morrow."

They made another tour, then Dorcas said good night in a relieved and affectionate tone.

To allow observers to be dazzled as early as they liked, Cornelia rolled up the blinds, and the black wall of the night surrounded her bright scene. Now she had done her best, and she must lock the door and turn out the lights, and leave it. She was so tired that she wondered why she had shielded David, and why she had deluded herself by thinking that she could please him with mere fidelity and work. They were all she had to give, and she did not think them much.

Some one was coming up the street with a deliberate step. She faced around and stood still. Some one turned the knob of the unlocked door. Her heart gave a jerk, and she stared at him in his new capacity of companion to Eudora Groh.

He was not in a flourishing condition. He looked mortally tired, his muscles were flaccid under his wrinkled coat, his shoulders and his mouth drooped.

"I walked over from the train," he said, very gently, as though he did not want her to be too sorry for neglecting him.

She heard with contempt the unexpected note; she detested his weary-prodigious look.

"Cornelia, I am much surprised."

"At what?" she asked, quietly.

She felt herself so completely mistress of the situation that she did not need to force it; she had plenty of time.

"I have heard no word to explain why you did not come. Perhaps you have been sick. You look unlike yourself; you are thin and wonderfully tired."

"Where was I to come, and why? Had you not enough company?"

"You did not know where I was?"

"I did not."

"Did not Peter Wolf tell you?"

"Peter Wolf said that he did not know."

"How about my letters?"

"I got none."

"You knew nothing?"

"No."

"Heaven!"

David stared as if it were a last effort of his exhausted eyes. Cornelia said no more. She had been impelled to answer his questions only, postponing Eudora Groh; she could afford to reserve the artillery.

"Then I have much to tell you. On that Saturday there came in the afternoon mail a letter from my sister, saying that her man had been hurt and I should come. There was time for me to get the last train only if I went immediately, no time to look for you, no time to get out a team. Eudora Groh had told me that she would drive from the tavern to that same train; so I took money, gave Peter the letter for you to read, and went with her. We made the train, and glad I was that I got there that night, for he was near dying and my sister was half crazy. He is now better; but only to-day could I get away, for she wanted me, and no stranger, to help to nurse him. Since I left I have had but one good night's sleep, and I have been out of the house three times only. Once I met Eudora—she is on a visit—and I was glad to see some one from home. I am glad to be at home. My poor sister was in awful trouble; and he! I tell you about that tomorrow. For two weeks I have had it all the time."

He looked to her for sympathy in a boyish way, seeming unable to detach himself from the sad circumstances he had left.

No movement of hand or tongue, scarcely a change in her homely face, showed the upheaval of fears and purposes that went on within: only a few seconds were required for the final achievement, of silent acquiescence to the thing as it was.

"You have had a hard time," said Cornelia.

"Four letters I wrote, asking you to leave the store to Peter Wolf and come, and I could not believe that you stayed here, instead, to go to that wedding. Then I wrote once more, to say when I should reach home; you should have had the letter on Tuesday afternoon; and I hoped that you yourself would drive to meet me. I did not know what to think."

Now she beheld the widest horizon that she had ever seen; she saw how she might humiliate and how she might spare him all at once. When, after a long, restless silence, he began to question, she was ready.

"Why did not Peter give you that letter? He must also have kept those that came in the mail."

"He has left town," she said, and it seemed no more than her habitual way of answering with a remark on quite another subject.

"Who ran the store?"

"Dorcas and I. And I said that you were away on business."

"And all the time you knew not where I was! You might have thought I had deserted you! And you said nothing! Cornelia, never have I heard of a wife like you."

She had to be circumspect. She radiated joy, the joy of proved love that is beyond youth. Peter and Eudora and all other troubles were troubles no more.

"And you have the Christmas stock in place, and the store never looked better—"

She had nothing to say. She wanted to get away—to get food for her tired man.

At the door she turned and looked at him as he approved the display with a proprietor's air. She saw him in the surroundings of Christmas, but it was spring for her. A fan was needed again.

New York—City of Romance

BY HARRISON RHODES

NEW YORK—port of the sea—is, for most of us Americans, at least the gateway of Romance. Down the gay dancing waters of her incomparable bay, under her high, pale, clear sky, each day great ships bear thousands of sentimental pilgrims to an older, lovelier world. New York tosses her buildings skyward in an indifferent good-by; we speak something of the marvellous progress of steel construction, something more of the day's Wall Street news, and then fix our eyes on Romance across the tossing waves of the North Atlantic. And yet, to make romantic and transatlantic synonymous is to be lazy, blind, and stupid.

Romance is of course still, broadly speaking, a foreign commodity. It is staple there; it is organized, accessible, and well advertised. You choose your brand, and purchasing it, you settle yourself to consume and enjoy it. From the Pincian Hill you watch the sun set behind St. Peter's. Along leafy English lanes you brush the dew from the hawthorn. Or in France you see the white road rise and fall beneath your rushing motor, while across the wheat fields come into sight the gray spires of some great Gothic church.

All such experience is lovely; nothing is more to the credit of our nation than that we know its value. But here at home, as our great town grows toward maturity, New York is coming to have a character, a tone of its own, to be one of the world's capitals, and unlike any other. Unperceived by most of us a faint bloom creeps over it, there ventures forth a strange new beauty which exists by none of the old rules, but will soon insist on fresh ones revised to include it.

Beauty, labelled and docketed as such, three-starred in the red guide-book, need lose for us nothing of its old worth. He is the poorer man for that who cannot stand in the Florentine sunlight by the Cathedral's side, rapt in admiration be-

fore Giotto's Campanile. But he is also so much the richer who can get something of the same glow when, from the Staten Island ferry-boat on a quiet Sunday evening, he sees the flaming Singer Tower rise above the monstrous heaped-up black of deserted office-buildings. Here is something as romantic—that is, as bewildering, as lovely, as incredible.

Perhaps as quick and easy a definition of romance as is possible would be that it is the thing which is incredible, which seems so remote from ordinary everyday human conditions that only by a sudden effort of the imagination can we adjust ourselves to it. We all know how the sight of some old building can send fancy scampering back across the centuries. Such moments our city of New York can provide when she chooses—but what no city through the whole world's history has ever offered as does New York to the bewildered stranger is the Romance of the Future.

Daily the town is torn down and rebuilt before our very eyes. That restless, imaginative, modern genius of invention leaps so far ahead of the average power of seeing, that New York is forever a fantastic thing, the miraculous product of a single night. While our necks are lame from trying to see the top of the Flatiron Building, lo! the white tower of the Metropolitan Life pierces the sky, and the frightened Flatiron shrinks to the size of a thatched cabin, no longer able to surprise or impress us.

The caldron boils and its seething surface petrifies into dreams. Stand in Long-Acre Square as a winter night falls in flying snow, see the cream-colored sentinel that guards the crossing of Broadway and Forty-second Street soar into dim cloudy upper distances where you can already almost hear the airships scream their warnings and see them flap strange wings; watch the electric crests of huge hotels flash out,

and Broadway, in a kind of intoxicated frenzy, light the innumerable dazzling signals of its illuminated signs; see all this glittering through the swirling flakes, and then dare deny that it is incredible, that it is a "brave trans-lunary thing," that there is over it a light that never was on sea or land. Who that feels his senses tingle at this vision cares to stop long enough to inquire whether or not it is beauty in the classic sense? He knows at least that his foot is on one of the main highways of Romance.

As the great ships from Europe come up the bay, the thousands of poor ignorant immigrants who crowd at the rails have perhaps more than we home-coming Americans the vision, catch the symbolism of the long city piled between its rivers. Perhaps they only see meaning in the statue on Bedloe's Island, the gift of France, which gives France's interpretation of us, not our own. To these strangers New York beckons, promising a future big with unknown promise of prosperity and happiness from an overflowing store—gifts romantic and incredible.

Indeed the older continent can never be forgotten here in this gateway of the New World. On the days when the people go holiday-making English is not always the language most commonly spoken, and the American observer sometimes feels caught in the eddies and whirlpools of that great stream of foreign immigration which forever pours through the Narrows. Memories of things across the Atlantic, faint hints of the fair places and the treasure spots of Europe float mistily over the face of things here. And foreign events and ceremonies, bravely and loyally carried through on an alien soil, sometimes have a kind of pathetic and romantic charm.

In June, for example, they celebrate the festival of St. Antony of Padua—in Fordham. They hang lanterns and festoon arches in a dreary little street of wooden houses, a prim and unpicturesque setting for the *fiesta*. Yet cannot the imaginative loungeer catch a glimpse, a dim vista at the street's end, of the half-Oriental domes of the great Paduan church around which the gayer festival across the seas is happening? And in

September Our Lady has her shrine in a side street just off Second Avenue, and by night twinkling lanterns make you believe, almost, that the ugly East Side tenements are *palazzi* that have seen better days.

There are American festas too, indigenous customs that are only half recognized. The winter holidays send forth upon the streets thousands of children in the costumes of the carnival, rude masks that you could find nowadays upon the Roman Corso or the Parisian boulevards, and more spontaneous merriment. In May the parks fill each Saturday with May parties. Thousands of schoolgirls clad in the classic white muslin, and wreathed with the admirable but old-fashioned smilax, dance upon the greensward and wind the May-pole. Even in the crowded city streets, as spring comes, Robin Hood and his Merry Men make festival.

Thus in unnoticed ways New York comes into her own place as one of the world's great cities, learns to have her own idiosyncrasies, her own fancies. The face of her civilization grows richer and more romantic.

The lower end of New York is the most astonishing thing in America, perhaps in the world. Not what you saw yesterday, but to-day's New York. That tiny building, if you please, is the one you were taken to see when you first visited the town, fifteen years ago! It was there that a wonderful elevator shot you up a fabulous twelve stories! Once—do you remember?—you could tell the time for miles around by the clock on the Produce Exchange's tall tower; now it sits in a kind of pit or cup! A new city has been set upon a hill, as are the graystone eagles' nests of Europe, the fighting cities of the Old World. But here we build the hill itself; the turrets stand not upon a mountain, but on a beehive.

As the day closes in the down-town district, shadows and colors come, romance grows bolder. Come across the Brooklyn Bridge some evening, facing the sunset. The mountainside glitters with the light from ten thousand windows. And black against the western red is silhouetted a strange, romantic sky-line. There are in it hints of the Orient and of

the Occident—of the cities of the moon, if you like. It is as nothing before it has ever been, picturesque, fantastic.

Some December evening, when darkness comes early, before the workers have gone home, take the ferry from the Jersey shore to Barclay Street. Beyond the river, with its bright darting boats, a huge curtain hangs across the night. Can you remember a tawdry Oriental fabric, thickly set with tiny oval pieces of looking-glass, which fascinated you as a child? Here it is, magnified and transmuted. From the darkness of mid-stream the great buildings lose their outline, all blend into one plane, each giving its shining windows to pick out the one great pattern. High toward the zenith runs this magic velvet of purple and blue-black, embroidered with gems that pulse with their own inner radiance. One distinguishable building only floats in the pink mist of those hidden lights which always illuminate it, the great tower proudly holding its little coronet above the spangled romantic fabric.

It is hard not to call such visions beauty. Who is to judge? Old gentlemen in England may write scathingly to the *Spectator* about the "Singer-horn." But if beauty and usefulness are still to go hand in hand, must not the code be revised to include the forty-story building? Had it been possible, would not the Greeks have scraped the sky above the Acropolis? And might not medieval piety have built a tiny chapel on the peak of some huge building, or set a great statue of the Virgin to crown some tower, so that sailors down the bay might see her and know that they were safe at home and in her care?

It is impossible for the twentieth century to know, while it builds things, their worth. Yet there is a curious compensation; never before did things age so quickly. A scant generation or two gives perspective, enables us to judge artistic merits with some detachment of mind. The Brooklyn Bridge, for example, is already ridiculously old. Go where at one glance you can see it and the Williamsburg and the new Manhattan Bridge, now building. An engineer could tell you what advances in science have brought about the structural changes which distinguish the two new

bridges. You can, however, tell for yourself that it might have been centuries ago that the river was spanned, that it might almost have been the old builders of Gothic cathedrals who spun that lovely spider's web between slender twin towers. Once we marvelled at an engineering triumph, now we enjoy a structure beautiful architecturally and charming for its atmosphere, its old-fashioned regard for tradition, its tranquil romantic atmosphere of the seventies.

"Ah, they did things better in those days!" we sigh, looking at the ugly new bridges which cross the river higher up. Ugly now, yes; but who shall say for how long?

It is an interesting speculation in the theory of æsthetics to wonder how soon the general sense of beauty will adjust itself to steel construction. Centuries of the stone arch made it impossible for a long time to see anything but ugliness in its steel substitute. Then perhaps you were in Paris and saw the Pont Alexandre III. skim across the Seine with the flattened curve of the swallow's flight, and suddenly realized that here was an airy, graceful thing impossible in stone. Steel is still plunging far ahead of us into the architectural future. When we catch up with it at last, we may think it stone's younger and worthy brother. Is there any evidence, one may ask, that the splendid flying buttresses of the great Gothic churches were at the time of their building regarded as anything but cumbrous, possibly ugly structural necessities?

To some, talk of the romance of the future may seem mere paradox. There is romance of the past as well, up and down the island of Manhattan, for such as choose to see it. But you must really not travel always by the Subway; you must take occasional Saturday afternoons to lounge through unfamiliar quarters in search of your own special kind of picturesqueness. If you will only once imagine that New York is a foreign town, the very folder that advertises the varied sights of New York will tell you of her innumerable fascinations.

Little need be said of the more obviously romantic buildings. Even the man-in-the-street has seen St. Paul's.



THE THINGS THAT TOWER

Etching by Joseph Pennell

He has noticed Trinity, standing with the real air of a cathedral church at the head of Wall Street—though it is probable he has never seen the curious monument to an early bishop in a small chapel to the right of the altar, nor known that there was precious King George and Queen Anne silver in the treasury, as

also a chalice covered richly with the jewels of a pious lady who was once a parishioner.

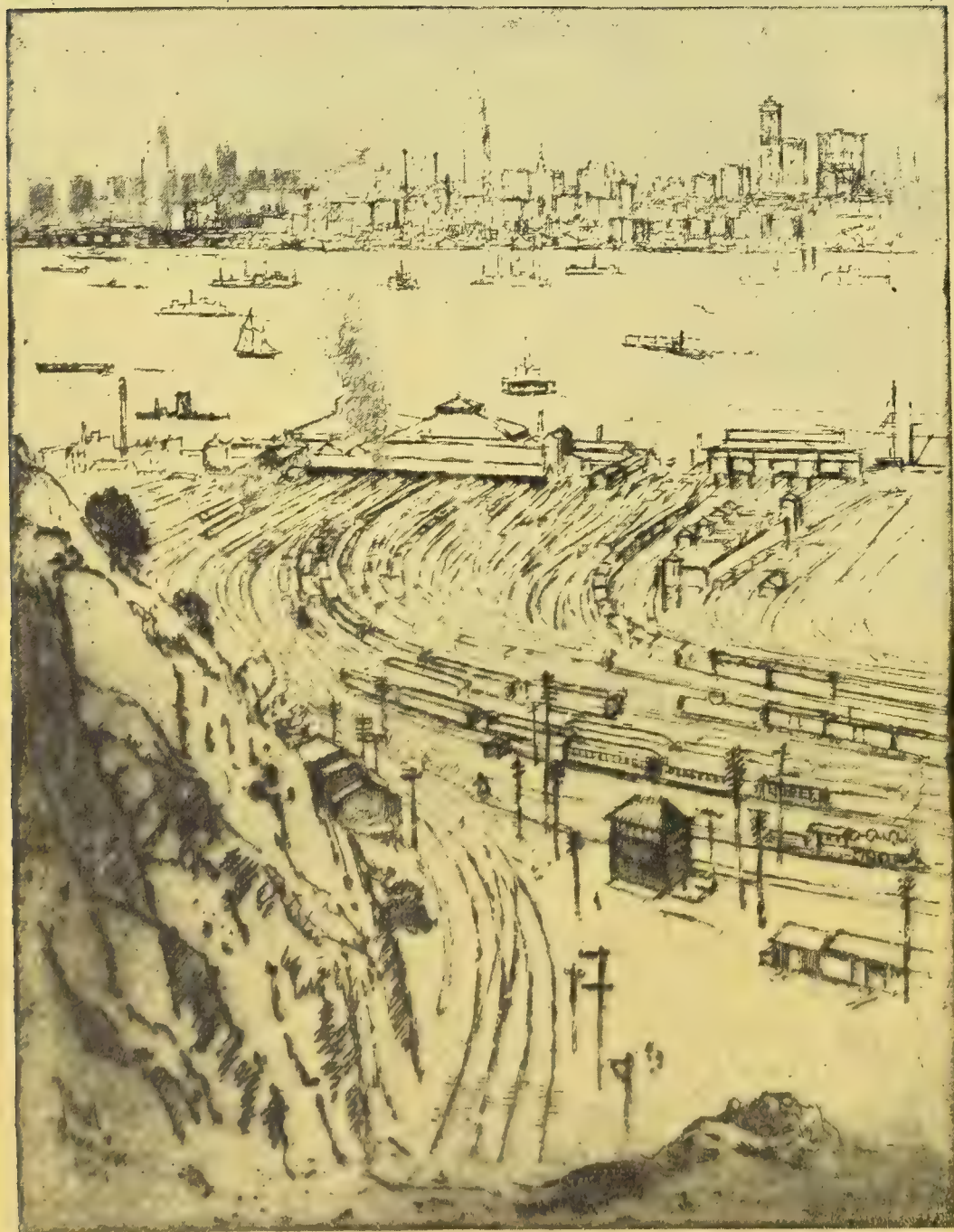
St. John's, for a long time forgotten, has recently come into some prominence, and some hundreds of thousands who had never heard of Varick Street have seen the beautiful old church there.

From an architectural point of view it is the best we have, with its noble brown-stone porch, its light and elegant spire, its simple, well-proportioned interior, and the two admirable brick houses that flank it. And for many years it had the gently pathetic air of decay which was, for the sentimental sightseer, an added charm. Slum children played around the columns of the portico or sat on the steps in the sun. And in the vestry a pleasant, rosy-cheeked young vicar, who had fallen genuinely in love with his neglected church, would show you old engravings of the days when Hudson Square was a pretty park surrounded by the houses of the town's aristocracy, and on a summer's day you could stand at the altar and look through the open church door across the greensward and down a short street to the blue river beyond.

Of the old houses around Hudson

Square there are three left, abandoned to utter squalor and dilapidation by their somewhat sinister-looking tenants. Only the richly wrought iron railings and ornamental newel-posts by the battered door-steps show their original character. The centre of the square is occupied by the freight depot of a railroad, for which purpose the muddle-headed inhabitants sold their park, even while they foolishly planned still to live on in their family mansions. The building itself is a sombre, heavy, brick structure, not notable except for the amazing sculptural ornaments of its western pediment. Here indeed is art in the making, the clumsy efforts of that earlier day. The workmanship is of the ordinary stone-cutter, who, having finished the depot, put in a few hours' overtime at sculpture to complete the job. If you can step around the corner in just the right mood,

the elder Vanderbilt dispensing the blessings of transportation to a grateful country will seem somehow naïvely humorous. Crouched submissively at his right is Columbia, at his left Neptune. The freight depot stands proudly in the middle, surrounded by the various products of our fields and factories. From it a pleasant little train emerges, hauled by an engine with a comic smoke-stack. From a distance, through a deliciously wooded country, presumably Eleventh Avenue at about Fourteenth Street, another train approaches. And, above all, the elder Vanderbilt, in a fine fur coat and with a hand benignantly extended, surveys the scene. The master-



NEW YORK FROM WEEHAWKEN



A NEW CITY HAS BEEN SET UPON A HILL

piece is dated 1868, and, in a town where we have so little architectural sculpture, deserves attention.

Already 1868 has a flavor. And the 40's and 50's in this quick-moving town of ours are genuinely romantic. They are fading quickly from us; to all intents and purposes they are now as remote as the eighteenth century. Yet we have, especially in the arts, so long kept our eyes fixed on the colonial period that the early and middle nineteenth century will pass before we have time to recapture and enjoy their charm. If the present article had any one special object, it would be to urge that the time of *Godey's Lady's Book*, and hoop-skirts and fashion in Second Avenue, is a fresh untouched field of romance. Let us worship a heroine of Manhattan by all means. But let her be not a belle of the Revolutionary days, but rather Miss Flora McFlimsey of Madison Square, and of the world of fashion of that recent, yet strangely remote, strangely unrecognized day.

In any city the progress of the fashionable world leaves a trail of romance behind it, splendid houses now abandoned. Washington Square and Fifth Avenue and its adjoining streets south of Fourteenth, aside from the dignity and beauty of their buildings—it would be hard anywhere to match the north side of the square—have already the charm that comes from crowding memories, and from the sureness that the quarter can-

not much longer resist the invading tide of shops and slums. But the greater romantic flavor is found in the districts where the tide has already receded, leaving only a few obstinate families to carry on in those spacious, distinguished old red-brick houses the tradition of early New York luxury.

At one time Stuyvesant Square and Second Avenue were established as the centre of what was probably termed the "upper ten" or the "*crème de la crème*" of New York society. But the family which controlled most of the land of the region held it at high, almost prohibitive prices. At last adventurous and poor young couples began to venture into the social wilderness of Fifth Avenue, and before the proud Knickerbocker landlords realized it the current had turned.

Below the square there are several appealing suggestions of those earlier days. By St. Mark's, so pleasantly and irregularly placed on its green plat, is a spacious old house only recently deserted by its owners. And farther south in a region of crowded flat-buildings and noisy German and Hungarian cafés are the two remotest outposts of that bygone world, houses where behind polished plate glass and beyond immaculate curtains you may perhaps catch glimpses in the afternoon of old ladies in snow-white caps, and may imagine it possible that they still dine at five-thirty or six, and have good claret and madeira in the cellar. Even the older gentlemen in the up-town clubs

only remember that when they were young blades they began their New-Year's calls in the region of St. Mark's Place, and that they have rarely been there since. Most of us Americans are gipsies and vagabonds in our own towns; it is like a fairy-tale that we have among us people who even now continue to live in old houses just because their fathers did.

Here, too, south of Fourteenth Street, were until lately those two strangely desolate and forgotten cemeteries where, hidden behind swarming tenements, were the graves of so many of those who had helped to make New York in an earlier day. For a long time musty charters and old endowments preserved these, but now at last they go. Here and there over the town the law keeps poor little fragments of burying-grounds. One you may see, as you stroll, between Fifth and Sixth avenues near Washington Square.

And there is a curious legend, difficult if not impossible to authenticate now, of one small burying-ground caught in the very middle of a huge Sixth Avenue department store. It could not legally be disturbed, it was said, but access to it was denied, and there was but one window on one turn of a staircase from which could be seen this pathetic, battered, yet gallant reminder of those who slept there.

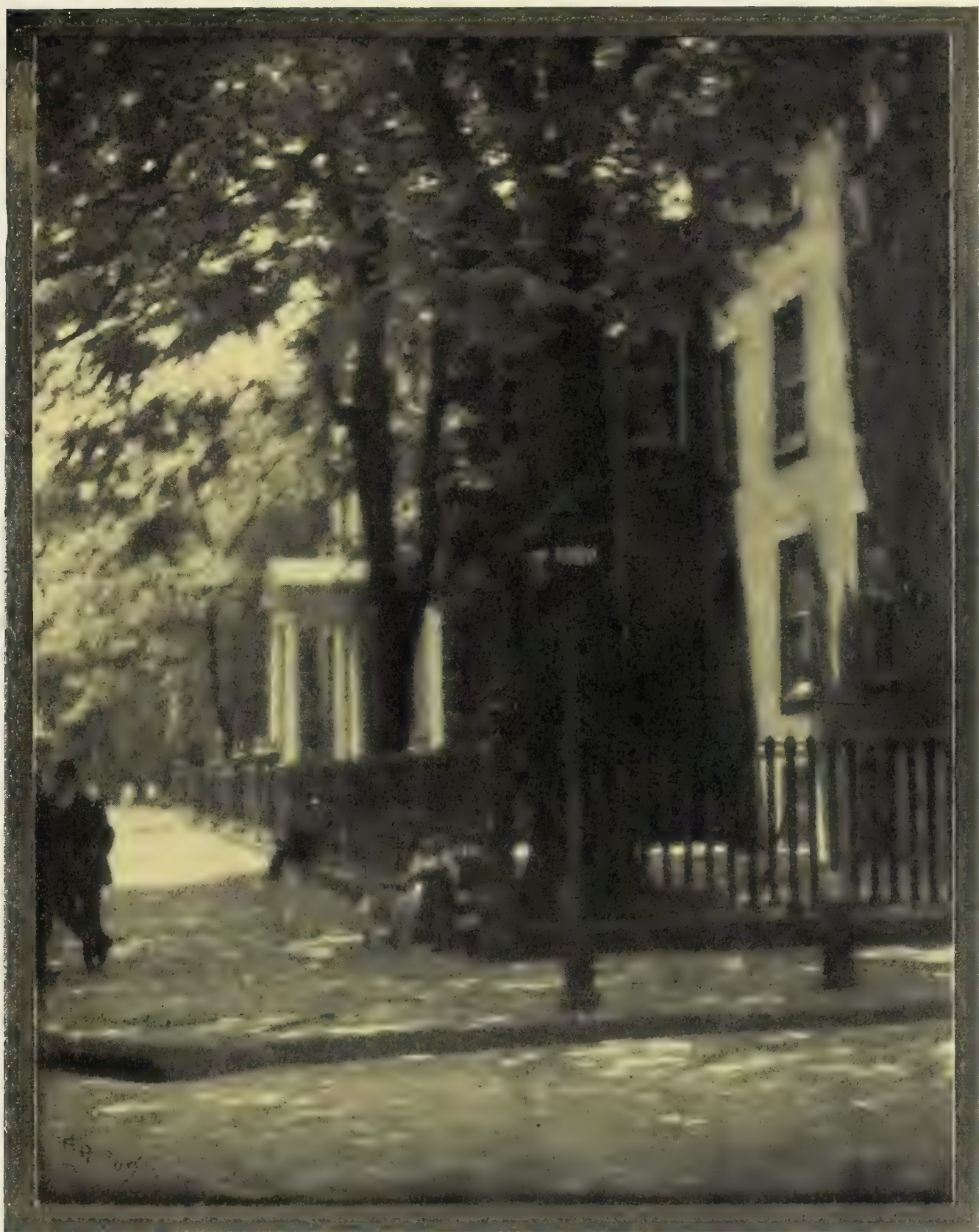
But to come back to our itinerary:

South of Stuyvesant Square the outer signs of early architectural dignity have for the most part been swept away. Ugly cornices and door-casings, sprawling iron fire-escapes, crudely painted fronts, seem to indicate the usual, fairly prosperous East Side tenements. But in many cases this unalluring exterior only masks an old house. There is, for example, a little German café, just around the corner from

the avenue, where you may drink your fragrant cup of coffee and munch your spice-cake in as beautiful a drawing-room as you can find in London or New York to-day. The tables and chairs are cheap, it is true, and the floor sanded. But the proportions of the apartment remain, the fine old woodwork — cream picked out in gold — with the lotus-flower capital so characteristic of the New York of that day, the solid old mahogany doors still shining brightly, and the white marble chimneypiece (probably imported from Italy, as they did then) with graceful nymphs on either side. It is a pleasant nook; may it not be contended that it also is faintly fragrant of



AMONG THE SKY-SCRAPERS



THE QUAKER SCHOOL IN STUYVESANT SQUARE

romance—as well as of the cinnamon in excellent buns?

In Stuyvesant Square, St. George's has already the air of antiquity, and the Quaker church and school—red brick and white, and dating only to the forties—have the serenity and peace of buildings in a cathedral close. There should be rooks wheeling round the trees near by and a bishop in shorts crossing the green.

In this quarter it was that Thackeray had friends when he visited New York. And there still lives in the square a lady with whom he used to find it pleasant to drink tea. She is a faithful and loyal daughter of Manhattan; she deserts it neither winter nor summer. And it is

the privilege of the inhabitants of that delightful region to see her daily, at an hour that scarcely varies by a minute, go forth and take the air in a wonderful high-swung old barouche—a privilege at once distinguished and romantic; for the old lady, erect and charming still, carries one back with her own and her family's traditions to the earliest and best days of the colonial period.

The Academy of Music with its curious fading mid-century architecture, and its already half-forgotten traditions of great days, is a perpetual delight to the sentimental traveller in Manhattan. While it stands one can never forget the days when fashion dwelt in Fourteenth Street.

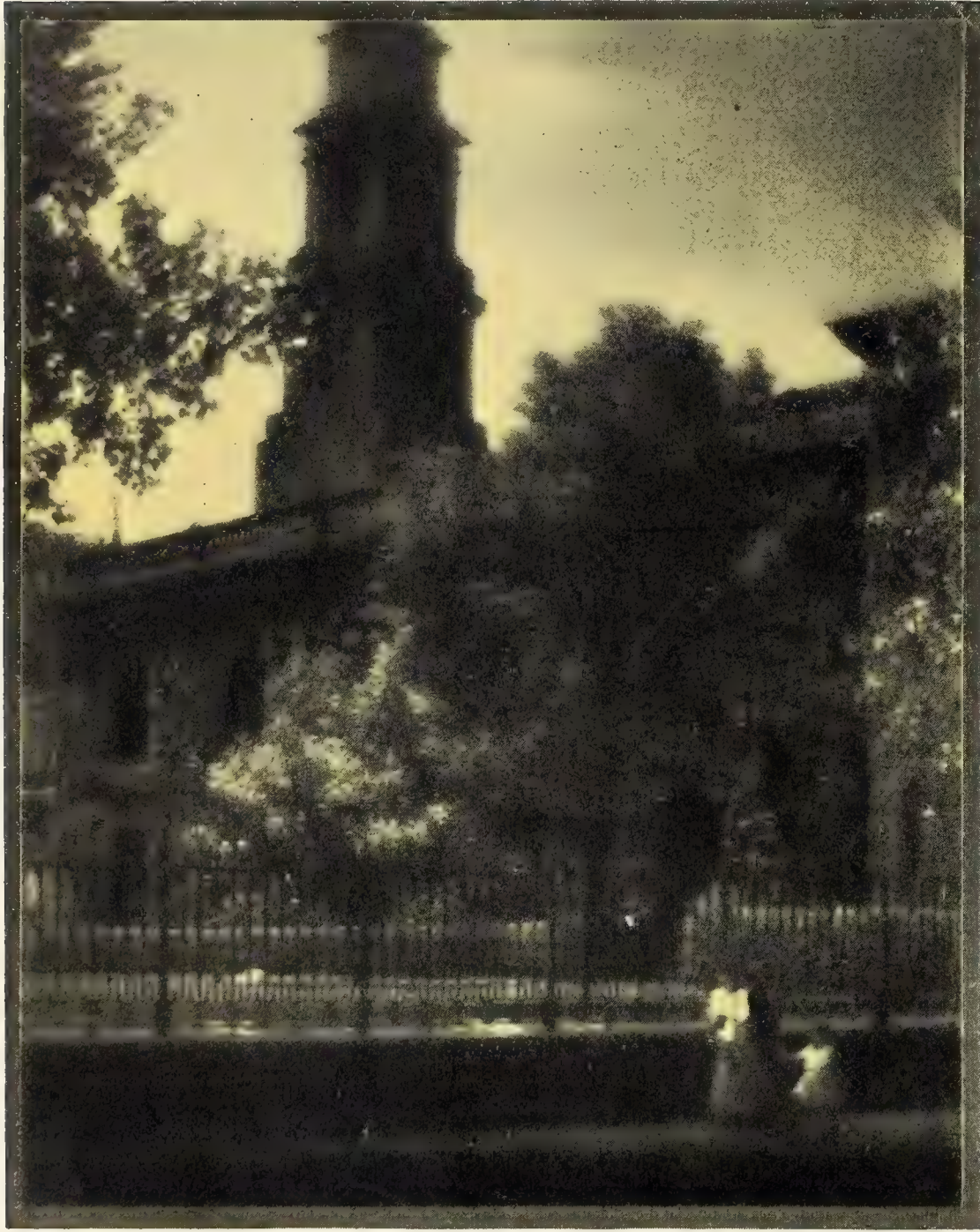
And farther west the thoroughfare can still show some solid mansions of the Dutch families.

Gramercy Park, Irving Place, and lower Lexington Avenue have all the *cachet* of an aristocratic respectability which is passing. And the process goes

ther from New York than the remotest Long Island or New Jersey suburb, and Greenwich Village, never the home of fashion, but rather of a prosperous shop-keeping *bourgeoisie*. In the latter are now clean quiet streets that might al-

most be those of some English provincial town. In fact, the whole quarter keeps a British flavor. Even in the Italian district you may find hints, in the names of public institutions, that once they called this Richmond Hill.

Greenwich has also its small surprises, its village grandiloquence. In a peaceful side street, in a pretty red-brick house of a modest size which unfortunately has gone out of fashion in New York, you will find the Catholic University of America! And some night at the opera you may catch in the boxes a glimpse of the admirable lady, in a quaint cap, who founded it. She herself with her papal title modestly employed, and her air of the early New York, would perhaps not resent being called a pleasantly



ST. MARK'S

on. Is it all imagination to think that now, when the rush is to the East Seventies, Eighties, and Nineties, there has crept over the side streets off Fifth Avenue below Thirty-fourth something of this same autumnal air? Are the houses not already a little quaint? The main current has swept by, but is it not pleasant, and a little romantic in the backwater?

There are special regions like Chelsea, which gathers around the quadrangle of the Episcopal Theological Seminary with something of the academic pride of a small college town, and is obviously far-

romantic figure in the latter-day town.

Proximity to the West Twenty-third Street ferries has made fairly familiar the curious houses on that street and Twenty-fourth between Ninth and Tenth avenues. The more pretentious houses on the more important thoroughfare, with their green dooryards, achieve a kind of symmetry and real dignity. And the tiny cottages back of them have an air of discreet gayety, with their small porches over-elaborate with lattices and iron-work in intricate designs that almost suggest Spain or the Orient.

So far our sentimental sightseer has only found the romance which is on the usual and daily path of each one of his readers. Undiscovered New York there is as well; even in that great uncouth crowded East Side there are pleasant promenades for any one who will carry there the holiday mood and the appreciative eye which he habitually takes abroad.

A recommended itinerary would perhaps begin under the Elevated at Chatham Square, and go first by that strange little fragment of the old Jewish burying-ground, which once lay "outside the walls," and is now forever disturbed by the clatter of trains passing over it. The saunterer would then plunge into the network of streets which extend toward the East River, into the atmosphere of the sea, and of days when there were American sailors and American clipper-ships.

It is the names of the churches of the region which more than anything else sound romantically in the ear, and would lure the most wearied sightseer to their side. Here are the Mariner's Church, the Mariner's Temple, and the Presbyterian Church of the Sea and of the Land. Quaint pleasant names, the last one with a kind of haunting loveliness in the very sound of the words which it would be hard to match the world over. The Temple is of sober brownstone, and has two great pillars and a cupola. The Mariner's Church is of pale-cream brick, with broad windows of tiny panes, and a ridiculous crenelated top. The Church of the Sea and of the Land, which boasts five trees on its south side, is in a thin Gothic style,

built of gray rubble. This rubble seems a favorite material in the region. There is a synagogue built of it, as is the little Church of All Saints in Henry Street, which has a homely rectory and one desolate tree in the best manner of a London city church. All these were built



CHAPEL OF THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY—CHELSEA

for the salvation and the care of the souls of our mariners. But since mariners are not frequent now, wisely the churches have managed accommodation for the small Protestant congregations of the various nationalities which swarm in the region. In the Mariner's Temple, for example, there are services each Sunday in English, Italian, German, Russian, and Danish. Here in this part of the town we are indeed at the very foot of the Tower of Babel. There is one open-air pulpit where in a single evening you may hear preaching in six languages.



A DOORWAY IN GRAMERCY PARK

The very spreading of the gospel takes on in this town of ours strange, grotesque, and romantic forms. You may have heard it in great churches, you may have listened to it on the greensward of Hyde Park in London. Now stand an evening at Fourteenth Street and Third Avenue, watch the flashing lights of vaudeville down the street, be deafened by the clang of surface cars and the rumble of Elevated trains above, and hear the gospel from some pale missionary standing in the gutter there. The message flashes intermittently in the thunderous night as the careless, indifferent town rushes by, the preacher cracking his throat to rise above the horrid tumult in which he has planted himself.

But we were lounging on the East Side. There are beautiful old houses there, too, in Henry and Rutgers streets, with elaborate doorways and fine iron railings. But the characteristic dwellings are less pretentious. The main street, and the most interesting, of this region is East Broadway, a long, wide thoroughfare to the easternmost point of Manhattan, a far and unknown region to most of us. The street has no need to be apologetic; it has not precisely gone to seed. Its houses were never fashionable, only comfortable; and comfortable on a somewhat reduced scale many of them evidently are still. In the down-town, west-end part, where are incidentally the best architecture and the best twisted-iron rails, there is the usual

invasion of business in a small, rather squalid way. But up-town—that is, in its eastern end—it is a placid, sleepy, residential street, stopping at a tiny green park. It begins near Chatham Square, but one would swear that it ended somewhere far outside New York. It is in its own mild way a strange, undreamt-of corner. A large part of the mystery of great towns for their lover lies in the endless riddle of just who it may be makes homes behind all the front doors by which he passes. It is easy to imagine who inhabits Fifth Avenue or the flats of Harlem. But who lives in the quiet streets of Greenwich, or in East Broadway?

The water-front of New York is to the eye not notably picturesque. Steamcraft have driven away much of the outward romance. Yet there by the East River they still fit out revolutions for South America and all the Indies, and there, by the waterside, gentlemen adventurers are forever swaggering and plotting. There they believe in hidden treasures and forlorn hopes.

One way and another, through the length and breadth of the town, the sentimental pilgrim will be given good quarters of an hour. While others may stare at the silly fish in the Aquarium, he will see in his mind's eye the round auditorium, the four slender columns by the stage blooming into quaint lily-shaped

capitals, and Jenny Lind kissing her hand to some thousands of her new-found admirers.

Fordham will be for him full of memories, and all through the Bronx he will pause before old wooden farmhouses and country-seats which look wistful and bewildered by these strange new streets that sprawl over everything. In Central Park he will stop idly to note how the style of the fountains, and of the great flight of steps that descends to the lake from the Mall, has grown oddly out of the mode, and to wonder how soon, in this quick-moving century, it will have the charm of quaintness. He will wander through the Park delighting in the queer old-fashioned people who still drive horses; by day watching children play and, toward the northern end, groups of old men who sit in the sun and discuss philosophy; by night regarding lovers come to walk, and also seeing queer derelicts and curious sinister wanderers prowl into the Park's obscurity from the flaring lights of the Plaza and the Circle.

But why should one make out his itinerary, write, star, and double-star his guide-book for him? All that need be done for the sentimental sightseer is to try to hint that New York, now one of the world's great capitals, waits only to be wooed. Few have as yet learned to know her as she can be, mysterious and lovely, true city of romance.

Snows of Yesterday

BY ROSAMUND MARRIOTT WATSON

OLD griefs remembered still, how strange they seem,
Down Life's long vista viewed through unveiled eyes—
Naught but the phantom fabric of a dream,
Only the shadow of a bird that flies.

When the Gods Sneer

BY LEO CRANE

"Turning, for them who pass, the common
dust

Of servile opportunity to gold."

—*Old Verse.*

YENG SOI was weary. He found a hillock, one side protected from the raw blustery wind, and huddled himself down to rest. It was cold comfort, but the bite of the wind could not reach him. Yeng Soi was not only troubled by his weariness, he was discouraged; he sighed at the contemplation of a wasted life. He had grown old like a leaf; now here he was in the wind.

The great gray plain stretched away before him, and when he grumbled the wind took up his voice and scattered it. Yeng Soi liked the sound of his own voice at times, and especially was he an adept in heaping curses. A little swirl of dust in the distance showed where a troop of Cossacks rode. Yeng Soi called down a frightful future to these, spitting upon the ground as he did so.

"That is all for you!" he cried out, shrilly. "Try to herd your beaten curs. They ran out of the city like pigs from a butcher—ran after they had destroyed everything. Before they came, a man did not need to go abroad for his dinner. The pickings of one city were enough to maintain a prince of the blood. But now—who would have thought to see Yeng Soi dinnerless, and quite the beggar!"

There sounded a gentle cough from the other side of the hillock, combining a warning and an apology. Yeng Soi feared evil because of knowledge, having associated with himself, and he scrambled up as quickly as his tired bones would permit. He saw a young fellow standing a few paces away, surveying him with an air of impudent curiosity and amusement.

"Certainly I never thought to see you in this plight, Yeng Soi, O most unhappy man!" said the newcomer. "I thought you were dead. Some one had told me of your passing to your ancestors, and I wept for you, O Yeng Soi . . ."

"Good men are scarce," replied the other, acridly, his yellow teeth showing. "They live long in the land."

"But dinnerless—that is poor living," sneered the younger in turn.

"I was dining like a mandarin when you were starving at your mother's breast," said Yeng Soi, finding his passion beyond control.

"Yet to-day you are . . . quite the beggar. I heard you say it. Yeng Soi, reflect—reflect how the world uses us . . ."

Yeng Soi gritted his teeth and was silent. Not quite close enough for a spring to the other's throat, he waited. The young man knew not, however, the brightness of the days in which he lived and strutted. He continued his pleasantries, barbing each sentence with an insult, and smiling at the twitch of Yeng Soi's hands.

"What are you now in this place? A coolie?" The question was put blandly and with affected simplicity.

"I am what you, and the long line of miserable ancestors who preceded you to your shame, have tried to be and failed. I taught your father to live before you could even bleat. I am a thief, and you disgrace me by imitation."

"A thief, indeed. When I asked after your honorable health in Hai Cheng, some one told me that you had grown old, and had gone to be a coolie since your weakened belly was empty of rice. One man said he thought you were an actor."

"Thy father's traits cling to thee well," said the old man, bitterly. "What a liar was your father! He would have stolen fowls in the market. Had I the money he let slip, I would be a mandarin."

"Thou art old, Yeng Soi; thy mind wanders."

"A man is never too old to forget the truth."

"Remember it was thyself that took the fowls . . ."

"By the Sneer of Buddha!" cried

Yeng Soi, who had drawn closer to him. He sprang forward and caught the other. Together they fell to the earth, striking and cursing and biting, as might struggle two maddened dogs. Laden with old age though he was, Yeng Soi beat the young one soundly. At length he kicked him away, as though he feared contamination.

"Go now, coxcomb!" he gasped, heavily, "and remember that when I am near that spot I shall spit on the grave of your father, a wretch who lies with his head under his arm, which is the worst disgrace of all."

The young man limped off, wiping the blood from his face. His garments were dirty from the dust into which he had rolled; his lips resembled an overripe fruit. When at a little distance, he stopped and called out:

"Where will you get your dinner, Yeng Soi? Coolie! Go rob the blind . . ."

And he continued these pleasing admonitions as he went his way, turning about now and then to launch a fresh series of invective, as though new thought had restored him. Soon his blatant howlings were lost in the intermittent gusts of the wind. But to Yeng Soi's febrile mind, even the blustery puffs caught up the insults and repeated them. He knew he had grown old, and the knowledge burdened him as a disgrace.

The pride of Yeng Soi was a holy thing. He had built it for himself in the days of a successful youth. Now, the building of a young man's pride is often upon sand, so that in time it is beaten flat to the ground; but in the case of Yeng Soi, master thief, this was not so. His calling had been a lucrative one in a nation of deceit, and when one has beaten the gods at their own game it is high time to be proud. Death had been the reward of blunderers, and to live one must be a master. Yeng Soi had added to his art an elusive touch of genius and no little science, the combination of which produced something of mystery.

But he had now arrived at that more than mature age when he could no longer deceive himself by old visions. Life was not the beautiful golden thing he had on a time imagined; it was an iron existence, immutable and pre-ordained. He had learned bitterly that every measure of success is balanced by

some portion of grief or failure. He had long wailed that the gods do not divide equally. The ill luck of men amused the devils as their triumphs rejoiced the gods. That cunning for which he had been famed was now leaving him. Age levies a ruthless tribute. It arrives to-day and remains patiently with its handicaps until the end. It attacks and conquers. Youth considers not this assault until suddenly it is made and carried. Yeng Soi, his face a stolid mask, reviewed these things stonily.

"It is the middle devil that we meet by chance, the devil of opportunity . . ." Upon this possibility he placed his hope to win.

Blows may punish the prophet, but the truth of his prophecies remains. The taunts of that one he had met cut him to the soul. His mask of pride, shown so jauntily to the world, now seemed riven, and Yeng Soi imagined every man could see his infirmities. He was dinnerless and quite the beggar. The nearest town was four miles away. He must go with those who retreated, hurrying as fast as possible, bemoaning silently his wrecked ambitions; for even a thief has ambitions, and Yeng Soi's was to be an honest man.

"One last booty," he had said, more than once, "and then—a life of respected domesticity. I would store the stuff carefully, I would change my name, going among strange peoples to the north; I would marry, possessing a house with a courtyard, and I would ride upon an ass, with a boy to cry out before me, extolling praises. I would go to the temple! By the Greatness of Confucius! I would pray. I would even give alms."

But the swiftly moving grayish clouds gave no promise to him of this long-desired happiness. He bent down his head and began again the long tramp across a cheerless plain, which in itself reflected life perfectly to his thinking. It was a bleak place. The rude wind swirled up great bags of dust, dun-capped, like dirty yellow balloons lunging at their tethers. There was ice in the breath of the wind. Above, a chill drab sky, studded with puff-cheeked clouds, rolled aimlessly, and stared at the world as if astounded at the sin of

it. In its vision were millions upon millions of atoms, each moving his way, head down and selfishly intent, each wrapped in a cloak of wondrous and supreme conceit. But Yeng Soi did not consider this. He felt himself alone, isolated, and accursed.

These were the gray days of the great retreat. An army soundly beaten at every point fell back doggedly, like sheep well ordered and huddled, fearing the wrath behind and haunted by dreams of decimating battle. A little ball of dust in the far distance showed where a troop of Cossacks rode.

Fugitive Chinese were also making the trail northward. Their villages had been burned, or wrecked, or they feared would be. During day and night, in the cold and the wind and the rain, these journeyed slowly toward other cities, where they might starve, but at least be safe from the dangers hovering about the pinions of war. Most of these were well inured to the pinching of the stomach, but that awful void caused by a stray rifle-bullet they had no desire to add to their suffering.

On the dreary moor over which Yeng Soi packed his troubles there were several of these groups. Some carried household goods of the queerest nature. A fleeing man is usually a foolish one. He passed one fellow staggering beneath the weight of a door. Yeng Soi asked him if he expected to find a house. Another bore an old woman on his back as though she were a sack, and he minded not her groanings. Then there tramped an old man, bent and weak, accompanied by a small boy, on whose shoulder the man leaned for support. They hobbled along sullenly, shielding their eyes from the dust swirls. Yeng Soi noted a goodly bit of meat-bone in the basket that hung from the old man's shoulder, and he deftly appropriated it. With a neat pass he concealed this bone beneath his quilted coat, and in some mysterious manner it remained there.

"Peace and ten thousand blessings," said Yeng Soi, in a whining tone.

"May they be yours," responded the old fellow's thin voice.

"The dust gets into the eyes," said Yeng Soi, striving to be sympathetic. To those who fed him on his way he

could afford to exhibit an interest. Within himself he was at that moment making silent comment on the ease with which he had procured his dinner. The claims of the prophet had been proven bombast, and once again Yeng Soi felt a flush of pride.

"My eyes do not bother me," answered the old man, simply.

"No—he is blind," added the boy.

Yeng Soi gasped and stopped short. His feet seemed to refuse their ordinary capacity; his jaw dropped. Blind! Cold, bead-like sweat suddenly oozed out from his pores. A prophet indeed had spoken to him, and this the bitter proof. He was even now robbing the blind!

Yeng Soi said no other word to them, but turned away toward the low hills. He sought a place in which to hide himself from sight.

A long time he wandered. Hunger did not gripe him sorely, for the trouble pressing upon him was of graver nature than the mere hunger of the stomach. He went on and on, as a man accursed, a blank expression upon his face, a feeling of desolation in his heart.

But hunger is banished only to return. It is a persistent thing, ever renewing the attack, each new assault fiercer, and when the gnawing pains returned later in the day he tried to conquer by a mental analysis of his fault. He had robbed the blind. Such food could not aid him much. But he was hungry. He took out the bone and looked at it. The temptation of the eyes is worst of all. Twice he sniffed at the bone and twice put it aside. Once he swung his arm as if to hurl it away, but this was only pretence, and his fingers refused to relinquish their hold. Then hastily, wolfishly, as though he would leap perdition, he took a bite. It was good sweet meat, and the morsel in his mouth condemned him. Yeng Soi gave a great sigh. His reputation, all blind men, the hope of future reward, prophecies and punishment, together with the string of philosophy that bound the whole, he flung to the winds, for here was meat and he had a stomach. He ate heartily. The bone had taken on a polish when he finally threw it away. Then he became reflective.

"At Hai Cheng," he muttered to himself, "I saw a man beaten for stealing rice. He complained that he had been hungry. They flattened the hunger out of him. It was a nasty sight to see him writhe. I wonder how many men are damned because of their stomachs? Many, no doubt, since between stomach and conscience there is no choice."

Night was coming on. Already the far-away rim of the plain was dimmed by a low-hanging belt of purple. The light of the gray day faded into a saffron murkiness. Out of this flung the dusk of night and a cold wind. The bitter blasts skimmed over the levels with a low moaning sound.

Yeng Soi, finding himself in the hills, went on in hope of shelter. If nowhere else, in these protecting hollows he could seek a place in which to pass the long hours between the death of one day and the agony of another's birth. It was a wild, sterile region, and Yeng Soi did not observe a single beaten track. Once he avoided the ruins of a tomb. He was not afraid of tombs, but he did not wish to invite further trouble from such a place. On this night especially did he hesitate to accept the first offering of a most inhospitable countryside. He felt that portentous things were about to occur. Retribution follows evil, and he had robbed the blind. As a man swayed by doubt he went into the hills, the curious unknown beckoning.

Stumbling on warily, avoiding the uncouth shapes that rushed up as horrible things and became bushes, he sought shelter for a long time. Despairing at length, and being now lost, he stopped to look about. Then he heard a low creaking—the sound of a cart. Going in this direction, he saw a black mass moving slowly, and he called out. There was no answer. Yeng Soi approached the object amid an ominous silence that did not assure him of good.

It was a cart. He looked all about for the drivers of it. The horse stuck out its muzzle in a friendly way, and there was nothing else of life to be seen. Yeng Soi was tired. He tethered the horse with one of the lines to a scrub tree, and crawled beneath the cart's curtain to stretch out on something that felt like a huge chest. Almost immediately he drifted away into dreams.

Yeng Soi awoke with a start. He was cold and cramped; a rain was falling and the drops beat a tattoo on the covering over his head. A dull light struggled to prove that it was morning. He sat up and looked about him. Then he gasped out:

"You— Where—"

Beside him, almost touching him, though on the cart's floor, lay a man. The man's posture was strangely contorted, his head supported by his arms, face downward.

"You . . ." called Yeng Soi, wetting his dry lips. The man might be a robber, with a keen knife and throat-cutting ideas. But the man did not move. Yeng Soi reached down and touched him, jumping away again with a little nervous squeal. The man's head lolled to one side, and Yeng Soi saw that he was bloody and dead. Shot through the neck, he seemed not to have died in the best of spirits, and there was upon his face a most unpleasant expression, a repulsive grin. Yeng Soi regarded him, and for some time he sat looking at the man, biting his fingers, while from fixed staring eyes the other stared back, as if sardonically congratulating Yeng Soi upon his discovery.

"He was hit," whispered Yeng Soi. "Then he drove into the hills and died . . ."

The courage of the thief returned slowly, and finally he mustered spirit to ransack the man's clothing. There was nothing of reward. The chest offered the only possible chance of spoil, and was all the cart contained, it being even devoid of food. Yeng Soi groaned at this evidence of poverty, yet he planned amid his covetous criticism. The horse would fetch a good price at some distant town, and the cart was worth much food if it could be converted by sale into cash. He had no doubt of this, or of his shrewd ability as a trader. As for the chest—it was a bulky box marked with a strange device, and there were iron clamps and a double lock. It was a strong affair, built to resist the examinations of the curious. This strength had not been devised for nothing, and the eyes of Yeng Soi glistened rapaciously. It was not the sort of wooden chest owned by the average countryman, such as was evidently the driver of the cart.

Yeng Soi tried to pick the locks with a thin bit of iron wrenched from the cart's bottom, but in this he failed signally. Then with a large stone he fell to hammering at the clamps. Only noise and a bruised finger resulted from this attempt, though he had labored with endeavor. The chest seemed as solid as the stone with which he battered it. At last he gave up the struggle, the sweat upon him, and he panting from his effort. He was weak now and angry. He sucked at his finger and swore strange oaths. He kicked the driver of the cart, and the man's head twisted into such a startling position that Yeng Soi regretted his lack of respect for the dead.

"Now the chances are," said Yeng Soi to himself, "that if I take the cart into a town, some honest meddler will claim the whole thing, while I, who am getting old in the age of wickedness, may receive a thrashing. They might ask me who killed the driver. No! I will hide the chest, drive the horse to market, sell it, and return with tools to the conquest. The horse will be worth . . ." Yeng Soi sighed. The steed was old and would bring little. But the chest remained, and he brightened in the thought of its mysterious possibilities.

First he disposed of the driver, carrying the dead man to one of the tombs and stuffing him away in a crevice to rest among strange peoples. Yeng Soi felt that in this he had performed a pious duty. Then he whipped up and drove into the hills until he came to a likely place, a ravine in which the cart would be concealed from chance view. Heaping brush over it as a blind, Yeng Soi loosed the horse and prepared to ride away. One last covetous look he gave to the chest which might contain a glorious future for him. A smile of trembling hope came to the face of Yeng Soi as he thought of his virtuous ambitions. He headed for a town.

A tiresome ride, for the horse was not gifted with rounded pads of flesh, and Yeng Soi arrived at his market. In an hour, though not until after several periods of spirited haggling with traders, he had disposed of the patient beast. Yeng Soi wept a little as they led away his horse. Posing as a peasant in hard

straits because of the villainous war, the effect of this acting was necessary to quiet any possible suspicion. He proclaimed to the bystanders that the foreign devils had killed his honorable mother, to say nothing of his four ungrateful children, and now the sale of a long-prized family servant convulsed him in a tremendous grief. One of the traders discovered later that he was minus his purse, and swore vicious things against the whole clan of thieves, ancient, modern, and to come, without once connecting Yeng Soi with the misfortune.

Now, being supplied with money, Yeng Soi purchased a meal and a warmer coat. His grin was fresh again. Success had met him half-way, and before the advance of it vanished his former gloom and pessimism. When the sun came out it laughed with Yeng Soi cheerfully.

He spent the night at an inn, and then began careful preparations for a return to the hidden cart and its inviting chest. He did not entirely forget his mission in life, however, relieving several girdles while passing through the crowds. The opportunities of the moment were not to be neglected, and he counted his gains in a happier mood.

"Ho! Ho! there are harvests to be gleaned in this place," he said to himself. "If there is nothing worth my trouble in that chest, I shall return and end my days here."

Purchasing tools necessary to his assault on the iron-clamped box in the hills, he set out, proceeding as rapidly as possible, and regaling himself with the plans for a splendid future. The same dust and wind assailed him, but he no longer considered these in the light of the day before. The world had taken on a new aspect. He had a snug coat, he had dined, and there were coins chinking in his belt.

But when about half the distance had been covered, Yeng Soi saw approaching a small troop of soldiers. These were behaving in a most peculiar manner. They seemed to be filled with the gayest spirits. And thinking them drunk, Yeng Soi prepared to give them the road, knowing that a drunken soldier is seldom charitable. Drawing closer to them, he perceived that they were overjoyed. He

could sympathize with any one burdened with good fortune, and made ready his finest smile.

Then a movement of the soldiers disclosed a cart, and he saw too that they drew it, some pulling, some pushing, and all laboring. He uttered a shrill scream of anguish. It was his cart, the one containing his magic chest, the coffer of his future hope. These soldiers had discovered it. A feeling of animal-like fury possessed him. He felt that he could fight the whole party, the world if need be, to recover his property. For the first time in his life of thieving he knew how it felt to be robbed.

He ran up to the soldiers and demanded his property. Yeng Soi grew virtuous as he made his claim, and a righteous indignation inflated his chest. He swore that he would appeal to the authorities. The law, that wondrous civic force which he had so long despised, now seemed to him as a noble thing builded for his preservation.

The soldiers had talked mirthfully among themselves until he fairly burst among them, a human bomb, explosive and threatening. It became necessary to yield some attention to this menace, for it was no longer possible to shove Yeng Soi aside.

"This is not your cart," said one of the men. "This chest belongs to the Tsar. There is the army lock and mark—see it? . . ."

"Robbers! Thieves!" he wailed, frantically. "It is my cart! I am a poor man! . . ."

But they would not listen; he was violently thrust out of their path, and one went so far as to bestow upon him a hearty kick.

Yeng Soi arose, dazed and breathless, spent with protestations, his pride bubbling in his throat. He felt the cruel indignity of it all, hearing their laughter. Grinding his teeth, he hurried after the soldiers, only to have the kicks repeated with astonishing variations. Bruised and beaten, he followed them at a distance.

It seemed to be many weary miles to the town, and quite doleful was his sec-

ond entrance. He had departed singing, laden with spoils, and the sun on his back; he returned dejected, embittered, cold, and bone-bruised. A crowd gathered about the cart, more soldiers appeared, followed by their officers, and a babble arose as these talked. Yeng Soi silently denounced such an army of vandals, which, coming in quest of a continent, had descended to stealing a cart.

Then a boy, running in excitement from the throng, passed close to the lip-bitten Yeng Soi.

"It was lost, and . . ." explained the boy, waving toward the crowd.

"What?" grunted Yeng Soi.

"The chest—the great money-chest."

Yeng Soi swayed as one drunk with wine.

"What did you say?" he cried out.

"Money!" said the boy, eager to astonish some one—"money to pay the foreign devils. They fight, they get killed, they pay money. It was lost in the hills, but they found it . . ."

Yeng Soi groaned as if he had received a death-blow. He flung himself down in the road and beat his head in the dust.

And for days after this, a bedraggled figure, unkempt, hollow-eyed, haunted the narrow streets of the town, pitifully listening to the story of the chest. Soon the recital became as tradition, some saying that the wealth of a thousand mandarins had been lost and found with the cart, while others declared that there had been no chest at all. Yeng Soi was overjoyed when he found a man to declare that the box contained nothing but old iron. But immediately he doubted this, since the man could be a liar, and Yeng Soi took no comfort from his assurance. From place to place he wandered as if the life had gone out from him, leaving a moving frame resembling a man, emotionless, vacant-eyed, dull.

"The gods sneer at the poor," he would say, bitterly.

And after four weary days he arrived at the point from which he had started—quite the beggar. He viewed his condition not without terror. A trembling emotion seized him. He must steal to live.

All Loves in One

BY JULIA C. R. DORR

ONLY in day-dreams do I dream of thee!
By day our Past moves ever by my side,
A mystic Presence of majestic mien,
In samite clad, white as its stainless soul,—
And eyes like his who sought the Holy Grail.

By day, by day, O thou beloved and lost!
Under the hidden current of my life
The thought of thee runs ever, tingeing all
With its own color, even as the sky
Lends its own azure to the sleeping lake.

By day, by day, the soft airs breathe thy name;
The strong winds bear it on their mighty wings;
The whispering pines repeat it to their kin;
Each flower speaks of thee, and the red rose breaks
Its box of precious ointment at thy feet.

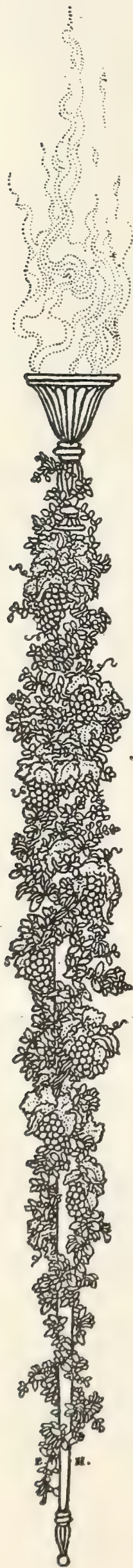
All times are thine. All seasons are thine own;
The joy of spring, fair summer's golden prime,
Autumn's rich splendor, and the winter snows;—
The flush of dawn, noontide and lengthening shades,
Sunset and moonrise and the evening star.

All poets sing of thee. All tender lays
Of ancient minstrelsy seem born of thee;
Music high-soaring to the gates of Heaven,
The martial drum, the trumpet's long appeal,
The requiem low,—taps, and the last salute.

Only in day-dreams dream I now of thee!
Once when night came and my glad soul sprang free
From the close bonds of sense, I dreamed and dreamed!
I was a young child sitting at thy knee
And shyly groping for thy tender hand;

Thy mother, in all humble, household ways
Ministering to thee, bringing food and wine;
Thy comrade, reading from the selfsame book
And conning life's hard lessons, one by one;
Thy friend, thy lover, giving kiss for kiss.

And sometimes through the world of dreams there swept,
Like the swift shadows over meadow grass,
Such strange, fantastic visions that I laughed
And wept—all in one breath. How will it be
When, after life's long day, I sleep indeed?





REMAINS OF THE WALL SURROUNDING THE CITY OF PEMAI

The Older Siam

SOME RECENT ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERIES

BY CHARLES S. BRADDOCK, JR., Ph.G., M.D.

Late Chief Medical Inspector, Royal Siamese Government

THE Siamese have very little authentic record of the history of their country beyond the present dynasty. Books they have of mythology, of religion, of medicine, and of history, made of palm leaves and written in the ancient Pali or Sanscrit. These few books, made, written, and illustrated by the Buddhist priests, are becoming more and more rare, the government now endeavoring to secure all in existence for the National Library. As far as can be learned by a foreigner these books are more or less modern. That is, none go back to the time when the inhabitants of the land were not the "Tai" or "Free" people, as the Siamese designate themselves.

But another people entirely Cam-

bodian in origin lived in the country before the Siamese, and with a civilization which shows strong traces of Indian origin, both as to religious rites and ceremonies and as to commerce and the arts.

The only records of this older people shown to the present generation are those carved in stone by human hands in the remote past. Yet some of these, in places protected from tropical rain and sun, are well preserved. This Cambodian race lived and flourished on the great plateau of northern and eastern Siam, from the head waters of the Menam across to the valley of the Nam Sakt and down the valley of this river, so little known even to this day that it is represented on the official maps by a dotted line. (I came

down the Nam Sakt in a native dugout boat for fourteen days, the second white man ever to descend it.) From the Nam Sakt the old Cambodia extended as far as to the great ruins of Angkor Wat, which, with the exception of the ruins of India, Java, and Egypt, are probably the most interesting of any in the world.

The Cambodians have left behind them the traces of a civilization that would shame some modern cities, and yet have vanished utterly. As in the case of the people who have built the great ruins of Central America, nothing is known of their arts, business, or mode of living, outside the few bas-reliefs still intact. A line of ruined cities, great reservoirs, and irrigation works stretches across the plain, standing in mute majesty in the eternal silence of the insatiable and relentless jungle.

How these people lived, worked, and died is a mystery. No written record tells us the cause of their disappearance. We can conceive of a nation disappearing only through some great calamity. We know from later history that wave

after wave of invasion and immigration has in more recent centuries come to the south from China and the foot-hills of the Himalayas, and some such invasion might account for the extinction of the Cambodians, but this is simply conjecture.

It is a significant fact that all the idols are distinctly Brahmic and not Buddhistic, showing that these walled cities with their huge temples and reservoirs existed probably centuries before Buddhism was introduced.

The Siamese government, under the energetic supervision of H.R.H. Prince Damrong, Minister of the Interior, and who is himself an ardent archæologist, is now going ahead in a modern way to investigate and care for these ruins. On several recent tours of inspection to different parts of the country the Minister of the Interior has for the first time visited some of these ruins, and it has been my privilege and fortune to accompany him. He personally took many photographs, and very kindly gave me permission to use them in any way I wished.

Several of these collections of ruins had never before been seen by a white



PART OF ARCHWAY OF THE TEMPLE AT PEMAI

man. Next to those at Angkor Wat, which the French have made known to the civilized world by numerous artistic publications, the city of Pimai is the most important. This ancient city lies in the eastern central part of Siam, near the head waters of the Korat River, one of the main tributaries of the Mekong in Siam, and about thirty miles east of the town of Korat, the north-eastern terminus of the Siamese government railways. Korat is two hundred miles north of the city of Bangkok—called officially by the Siamese not “Bangkok,” but “Krung Thaep.”

On the Mekong River we had seen the oldest Buddhist wat, or temple, in Siam, but this only dated back, according to the records, about eight hundred years. If I recollect rightly, Prince Damrong told me that this building had been the model from which all ideas had been taken, and explains why the general plans of pagodas all over Siam are the same.

It was very interesting travelling on the return trip through the Laos country, for besides visiting the numerous ruins, many of the Laos people had never before seen a white man, and when they came by thousands to pay their respects to the Prince, they stopped to see and to wonder at the three white men with him.

We followed partly the route taken by those intrepid explorers, Mouhot, Garnier, McCarthy, and Prince Henry of Orleans, but a good part of our journey was through Siamese territory where no white men had ever been before. Our outfit for the expedition to the north consisted of eleven elephants to carry the sick and their personal baggage, one hundred bullock-carts, four hundred porters,



PRINCE DAMRONG AND SUITE AT PIMAI

and fifty mounted police. At the different stations we were joined by the local officials and prominent men of the country, often to the number of fifty or seventy-five, so that the entire expedition would usually number from seven hundred to eight hundred persons.

The personal court of H.R.H. Prince Damrong, Minister of the Interior of Siam, consisted of the High Commissioner of Korat province, three personal aides, Major Kolles of the gendarmerie, the local governor of the province through which we passed, Mr. De Laroca, civil engineer, and myself as physician.

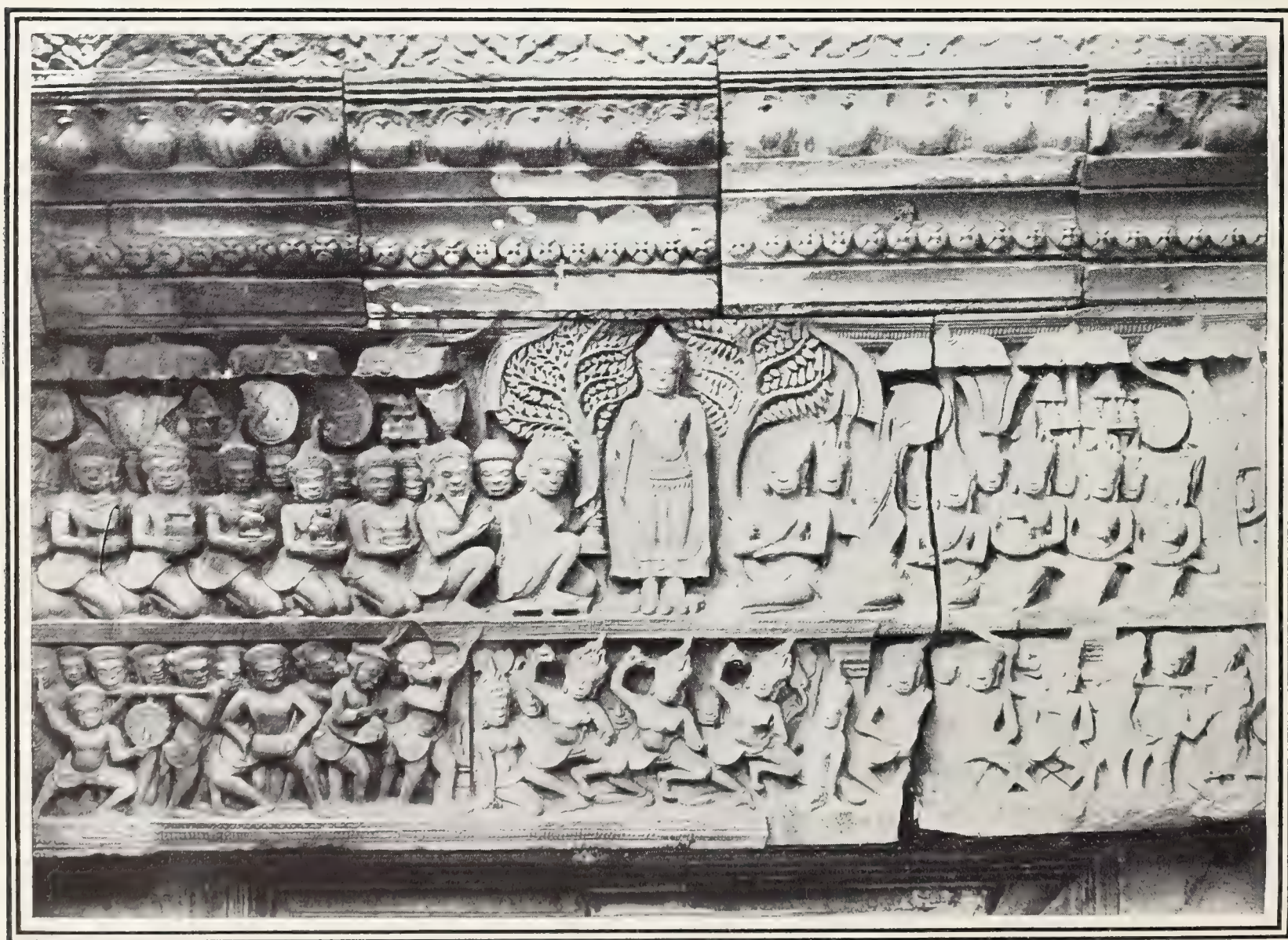
As we were to travel for many hundreds of miles through the jungle where there were few or no inhabitants, large parties of men were sent on ahead many months before by the local officials to clear away the jungle at the proper in-

tervals for halting-places, and to build bungalows for the Prince and escort to sleep in. In the bad tiger-country these were always built with bamboo fences around them, and with elevated sentry-boxes at the corners, but large camp-fires were mostly depended upon to keep the wild beasts away.

Our route led us from Bangkok by railway to Korat, the terminus of the northern railway, and from there to Nong Kai on the Indo-Chinese frontier. We followed the old jungle route which extended in a northeasterly direction, and which had been used for centuries as the main artery of commerce from China and Indo-China to Bangkok. A great deal of work in improving this road had been done by the Siamese government, principally in building bridges across the streams and cutting the timber back for several hundred feet on both sides of the trail. For days we travelled through great forests of hard wood, over one hundred varieties of which exist in Siam, and the amount of timber simply cut down to widen the trail would amount to millions of feet of rosewood, teak, mahogany, red cedar, ebony, and dozens of other kinds.

The old jungle trail goes almost directly north from Korat till you strike the Mekong River, a distance of nearly five hundred miles in a direct line, and which at Nong Kai, twelve hundred miles from its mouth in Cochin China, is nearly two miles wide; and can truly be called a majestic river, although in the dry season at this point of no great depth. In the wet season, when all of its tributaries are draining the province of Yunnan in southern China and the great table-land of Tibet, it becomes a mighty river, rising sixty feet from low-water level, its great floods sweeping away marks and buoys like chaff, so that the French government has found it impossible to make it a navigable stream, the difficulties of navigation being doubled by the large rocks and the rapids which make voyaging on it a terrible chapter of maritime accidents.

The French colonial government at Vientiane, the capital of French Laos, tendered H.R.H. Prince Damrong and his suite the use of a small river gunboat to take the party some three hundred miles down the river. This gunboat, built in France, drew only twenty



DETAIL OF THE WALL OF INNER COURT—TEMPLE AT PEMAI

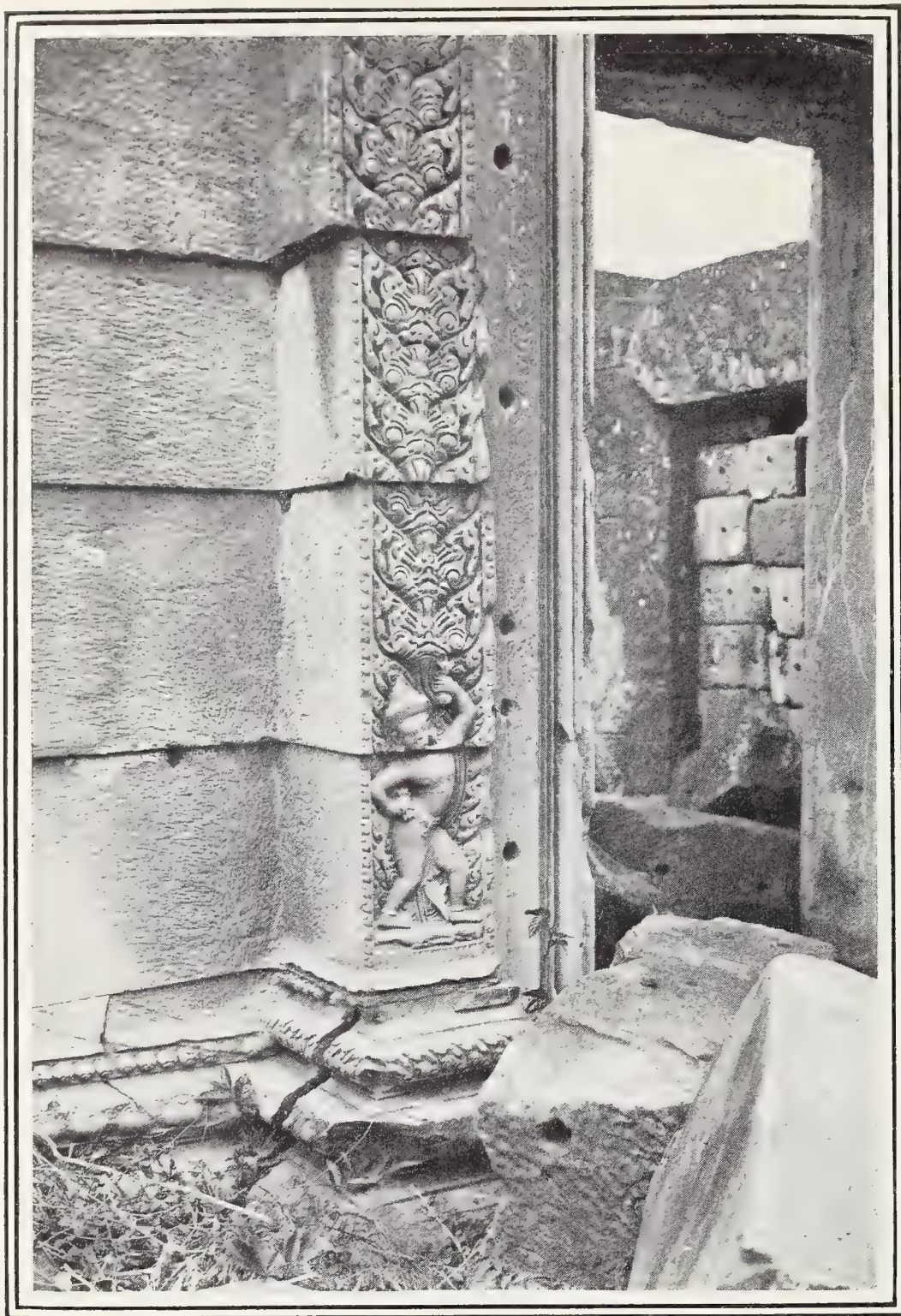


COURTYARD OF A BUDDHIST TEMPLE BUILT A.D. 1100

inches of water, and had at one time made an ascension of the river for two hundred miles inside Chinese territory, the farthest any white man had gone up the river. The journey was, however, not without incident, the steamer grounding on sand-bar after sand-bar, owing to the swiftly shifting channel of the river, to be hauled off by sheer weight of numbers by hundreds of men requisitioned from the surrounding villages. As the river was literally alive with alligators, it was very interesting to the men forced to walk up to their waists in the water. At night we would tie up to the

bank in the deep jungle and keep very close to the boat, owing to the great number of tigers in the neighborhood, the neighboring villagers bringing us news of their depredations among the cattle along the river.

The jungle on the banks of the upper Mekong is very much like that on the west coast of the Malay Peninsula. There are enormous trees covered with a heavy luxuriance of trailing vines, with beautiful orchids, and the jungle is literally alive with game, especially great numbers of peacocks, wild elephant, tiger, rhinoceros, bear, and deer.



INNER DOORWAY OF THE COURTYARD

After arriving at our destination at Muang Mmok Dahan it was determined to travel fifty miles down the river through a number of strong rapids, and this part of the trip was taken in war-canoes dug out of a single log eighty to one hundred feet in length, with forty paddlers in each canoe.

In these large canoes, with every man straining at the paddles and singing the war-songs, we shot at full speed through the boiling whirlpools, just missing rocks which would have meant death to the whole party if the canoes had struck them, the steersmen standing up and with their utmost strength swinging the huge paddle used as a rudder at the critical moments.

Owing to the enormous whirlpools and the strong suction, it was necessary to force the boats through at topmost speed.

When we disembarked we took to our elephants and ponies, which had been sent overland from Nong Kai down the river. It was here that I was told that much care must be taken in bathing the elephants in the river on account of the vast number of electric eels.

After leaving the river we started to the southwest on our return journey toward Korat.

At all of the towns along the river for hundreds of miles we had been received by Siamese officials and people with great rejoicing, bands of music, houses decorated, and fireworks and native lakons, or theatres, in full operation. This was owing to the fact not only of the visit of the Prince, the first member of the royal family to visit this part of the kingdom for many years, but also to the satisfaction caused by the completion of the treaty

with France, by which Siam was given control of her own territory up to the bank of the Mekong. Heretofore she was not allowed to have any troops within fifteen kilometres of the right bank on her own soil. For hundreds of miles down the Mekong on the right bank in Siamese territory were village after village, plantation after plantation, thousands and thousands of inhabitants living in peace and contentment, while across the river in French territory for hundreds of miles there was nothing but jungle. These people moved across the river by whole villages, voluntarily giving up their homes and property sooner than be ruled by an alien though civilized people.

After travelling for about ten days over a rolling upland country we came out on the grassy plain which stretches

for hundreds of miles to the north and south of the valley of the Korat River, which here runs east and west and empties into the Mekong. On this extensive plain was the seat of the great ancient Cambodian civilization. To the south was Angkor Wat, one of the largest ruins of antiquity, and now being carefully preserved by the French government, as under the last treaty it is now in French territory, and we passed daily the remains of extensive irrigation works, canals, and now and then ruins of towns, showing that in ages past a high state of civilization had been maintained on this vast plateau.

Crossing this plain sixty miles, which is like a broad sea of grass and entirely covered with water in the wet season to a depth of several feet, we came suddenly to a bit of tropical paradise, an ancient city embowered in tropical vegetation of the most luxuriant kind. The Korat River flows along one side, the other three sides having the ancient wall high and wide, with the remains of the moat outside, full and fragrant with huge red and white water-lilies. Wide gates led through the wall, and on the inside was the modern town, chiefly government buildings, the most important part being the magnificent remains of ancient temple and palace.

Of the columns of massive granite, the individual stones, each weighing tons, fitted so closely together that, after the lapse of centuries, in spite of tropical rains, a knife blade will hardly go between. The temples were approached by covered ways of brownstone with interior carvings and bas-reliefs of yellow sandstone, grotesque and odd, with carvings

of men and animals as fresh and clear as if they had been finished only yesterday.

On the fallen walls grow great boh trees, the sacred trees of Buddhism, under which Buddha is supposed to have sat during life; and devout Buddhists hope to again see him sitting there when he is reincarnated in the human form. These great trees, twelve feet in diameter, have grown possibly for a thousand years since the walls fell. Immense blocks of granite and sandstone which have been fastened together with dowels of red sandstone have fallen and lie as if some mighty earthquake had thrown them there.

On the ground, partly embedded, are stones with carved inscriptions in an unknown tongue. Carved dragons and angels of the ancient mythology lie at full length where they fell, while here and there scattered over acres are the bodies and limbs of stone idols. In the centre



DETAIL OF A PILLAR AT THE DOORWAY OF THE TEMPLE

the still graceful remains of the central pagoda points its finger like a church tower toward the sky, a landmark to be seen miles across the jungle.

I cannot add to the beautiful description given by Clifford in *Further India*, in which he describes "Angkor Wat," which is simply a larger description of "Pemai," and is as follows:

"Hidden under this splendid pall of verdure, reverently concealed beneath God's green coverlet, lies the city of the dead. Here are pagodas, now the lairs of forest creatures, in which men of a forgotten generation put up their prayer or plaint, houses in which they were born, in which they lived and planned and loved and labored and quarrelled and suffered and died, the great store - treasures which held the wealth of the empire, the gorgeous palaces within which dwelt kings and the fathers of kings.

" 'They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and
drank deep:
And Bahram, that great hunter—the
Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break
his Sleep.'

"The romance, the wonder of the lost story, of this once great city, of the lives of the men and women who dwelt in it, of the hopes and the ambitions, the passions and the desires, the joys and the sorrows, of the thousand trivial but to them all-important happenings which made up their myriad individual lives, even more than the thought of the great catastrophe which must have brought destruction upon them, grips you here

'at the quiet limits of the world,' as you look upon the traces they have left behind them—the silent stones, wrought with such love and labor, mouldering under the calm dome of the slumbering forest. With eager curiosity you grope amid the lumber of the centuries, seeking some hint that shall have the power to breathe

the spark of life into this buried skeleton of majesty; but when you have learned all that is at present known the enigma remains unsolved, and the conclusions indicated are of a character little calculated to satisfy the judgment of those who know Asia only at the second hand."

Siam's most ancient cities are: Suwanalok, 95 B.C.; Sukothai, 70 B.C.; Kampheng Phet, 457 A.D.; Lamphun, 527 A.D.; Chiangmai, 1296 A.D.; and Lopburi, 493 A.D. These, with Ligor in the Malay Peninsula, are all. On

these sites and in their vicinity are the oldest monuments of distinctive Siamese origin.

The oldest shrine is in Suwanalok, on Saong Samli Hill, which tradition says is as old as the city (95 B.C.). Laterite is used to a great extent in all of these ancient ruins, as well as brown granite and gray or granite-gray sandstone. Most of the bas-reliefs are cut in the sandstone. The most ancient ruins are, however, almost all of brickwork; now and then reddish or yellowish sandstone is seen in square blocks and in wall ornaments. The oldest monument in the southern part of Siam is the spire at Phrapatom, built of brick and enclosed under the modern edifice, A.D. 656. These are, however, all inferior in grandeur and architectural beauty to the ruins at



H.R.H. PRINCE DAMRONG
Minister of the Interior

Angkor, Angkor Thom, and Pimai. The ruins at Angkor Wat are simply the ruins at Pimai magnified many times, and it is conceded that those at Angkor are not to be equalled in the Far East with the exception of Egypt. At Lopburi, Pitsunalohe, Phrapatom, and Suwanalok are others of great antiquity, but they all show that they were built after Buddhism had become the religion of the country. The clay tablets found in the temple caves of the west coast, with the Pali inscriptions on the back and of Buddha on the front, date back to the tenth and eleventh centuries A.D. The rock temples in which they are found are of great size and beauty, but not in these respects equal to the rock temples of Ceylon and India. A few tablets are in possession of the Archæological Society of the University of Pennsylvania. The ruins at Pimai show the strong Indian influence in the idols which are of Brahmistic origin, and as Buddhism

was introduced into Siam 300 A.D., this must approximate the date of the building of this city and the height of its glory; likewise Angkor Wat must have been in existence about that time. Images of Buddha of a later date, made of jade, ivory, alabaster, and marble, found in these ruins, show that the art of carving and stone-cutting was highly developed.

Two solid bronze lamps of pure Greek design now in the possession of H.R.H. Prince Damrong, and found recently in one of the rock temples in the Malay Peninsula in Trang province near the Bay of Bengal, must have come in ages past from Greece by way of India, possibly following the invasion of this part of the world by Alexander the Great, although we know that for many centuries before and after the dawn of the Christian era commerce had been carried on between Egypt and the Mediterranean ports and this part of the world.

By This I Know

BY MILDRED MCNEAL SWEENEY

BY this I know that I have grown less young
 Since yesterday.
 For when this morrow fair, the lark had sung
 Above my door,
 My heart was leagues away—
 And sprang not up to meet him any more;
 But slowly came—
 And wondering and reluctant all the way—
 Trudging with weary foot as on a journey sore.

And when I came—and stood,—his measure seemed
 Wise as a thousand years,
 Sad as a thousand more. 'Twas this, I deemed,
 This very strain of his,
 This song as bright as tears,
 That fell, like a pearl, with Desdemona's bliss
 When last Iago came,—
 Sprang star-like over Roland's hundred spears,
 And trembled on with Dante's unimagined kiss.

The Offence of Stephen Danesford

BY R. E. VERNÈDE

NOTHING new, we are told, can be achieved without a struggle, and certainly the Literary and Philosophic Society of Port Allington was a good deal divided in spirit by the proposal that public lecturers should be invited down to speak before it.

Hitherto the custom had been to have papers read by members; visitors, if there happened to be any, only being asked to join in the debates. It was felt that the innovation might be a considerable one.

There were certain things to be said in its favor. One was that it was proposed by Miss Phyllis Watherstone, who had come to live in Port Allington with her aunt, Mrs. Watherstone, who in turn—and this was the chief thing to be considered—was President of the Society. All the meetings were held in Mrs. Watherstone's house. Phyllis used to speak of the house as her uncle's, but owing to Mr. Watherstone's lack of culture the place in which Literary and Philosophic Port Allington met was usually spoken of as Mrs. Watherstone's. That seemed more fitting.

However this might be, since Phyllis had proposed the motion, Mrs. Watherstone presumably favored it, and members felt that the lady who provided the salon and the refreshments ought to have some say in the matter.

Moreover, as Phyllis pointed out, all members were not as ready with papers as was desirable, and this led to certain other members—such as their energetic treasurer, Miss Tindal Atkey, and their vice-president, the Rev. Upton James—being called upon to do more than their fair share of work. Not, said Phyllis, that these keen philosophers ever failed them. Miss Atkey, she believed, had read four papers in the course of the summer. The Society could not be grateful enough to her. Still, that sort of thing was bound to prove a burden

in the end; and outside lecturers would lighten it.

This was all well and tactfully put, and the Rev. Upton James acknowledged as much in his opposition speech. Miss Phyllis, he declared, had made a very graceful allusion to the work done by certain older members. Speaking for himself, he would always be glad to do what he could in the way of reading papers to the Society. It was a task, of course, but personally he did not grudge it if it kept the Society a little private, a little cloistered from the outside world. Some people fancied, perhaps, that this would make them narrow, but they were wrong. Port Allington was not afraid to *think*. He would remind members that they had taken all literature and philosophy for their province. It was a province without limits or boundaries in one sense, and yet in another sense there were limits. They were uncharted, but all members recognized them, and would continue to do so if they kept the Society to themselves. Outsiders might not so easily know when and where to stop. To take a single example, public lecturers sometimes touched on theological matters in a way that was not always nice.

There was a good deal of clapping when Mr. James sat down, and still more when Miss Tindal Atkey rose. Miss Atkey supported Mr. James. She said that she too was ready to read as many papers as the Society desired. She agreed with Mr. James that there was little or no chance of their becoming narrow in their views. For her part she was prepared to pursue Truth to its uttermost bourne, but she could not see how lecturers would assist the Society. In her opinion they should adopt as their motto the lines of that great poet, Sir Lewis Morris:

“Alone, and yet daring
Our Infinite Fate.”

The trouble with strange lecturers was



Drawn by Will Foster

Half-tone plate engraved by W. H. Clark

"HE LOOKS MORE LIKE A FOOTBALL-PLAYER THAN A LECTURER"

that you never quite knew what you might be going to hear.

Phyllis, sitting next her uncle—a stout little man who always occupied the same Chippendale chair and looked terribly Philistine in his wife's salon—smiled at this peroration of Miss Atkey's, but other members were impressed by it. Luckily—from Phyllis' point of view—and most unexpectedly, Mrs. Bossington supported the proposal. She was an old and very weighty member of the Society; and Miss Atkey and she, though they were the best of friends, occasionally crossed swords. As a rule she was less daring in her views than Miss Atkey, who sometimes frightened her. On the other hand, she was in social matters bolder. She liked the company of new people, from whom Miss Atkey shrank. She approved of men, whom Miss Atkey denounced. There are, of course, all kinds of courage; Mrs. Bossington's was perhaps of a sluggish nature. She contended that if proper precautions were taken, the risks that Miss Atkey and Mr. James feared could be minimized. It was not as if they were all very young people liable to be carried off their heads by revolutionary doctrines. No doubt some lecturers were socialists and anarchists, but dear Mrs. Watherstone and the committee would not ask them to Port Allington. She would suggest trying to get a lecturer to give a course on Dante. The Middle Ages, she believed—and perhaps the Rev. Upton James would correct her if she were wrong—were usually safe in a moral sense. Dante was a Christian poet, though in many ways medieval in his ideas. Again, he wrote in Italian, which in her young day was considered an essential language for young ladies to learn. It was liquid and musical; and though, alas! she had forgotten most of it, she thought that she would soon be able to pick it up from Dante.

Mrs. Bossington's speech carried the day, and it was decided by a majority to have the lecturers. Mrs. Watherstone said that she would always be happy to put them up for the night if that were necessary; and it only remained for the committee to fix on the courses. Dante seemed to offer so many advantages that he was agreed upon unanimously. Rus-

kin hung in the balance for some time, because Miss Atkey had heard a canon of St. Paul's say that his later economic views were unsound. Browning also was objected to by some members on the ground that when poets are obscure, lecturers are apt to make them a jumping-board of their own possibly anarchistic theories. Mr. James, however, contended that Browning was a capital mental drill, and Miss Atkey said that *Sordello* had always fascinated her. The confession gave Phyllis the idea for a picture in which the poet should be represented as a large serpent mesmerizing a small rabbit-like Miss Atkey with big Sordello eyes. But Browning was finally carried. Christian Science fell through. It was regarded as Miss Atkey's especial province, and though she herself said that she would be very pleased to hear what a public lecturer had to say on the subject, members felt that to have such a course would be like bringing coals to Newcastle.

It was less easy to fix on the philosophy courses than it was to determine the literature ones. Few members could for the moment recall the names of the philosophers they were interested in, and though Miss Atkey had a list of her favorites in a book, the book happened to be at home, and Miss Atkey rather fancied that she had packed it away for the summer. Mrs. Bossington's suggestion, therefore, that they should try and get a lecturer who would familiarize them with the latest views in the philosophic world was welcomed, and it was decided to begin the new order of things with a lecture on Modern Philosophy.

To Mr. James was assigned the task of engaging lecturers; and his despatch may be gathered from the fact that within a week from the Society's decision notices came round to members saying that at the next meeting of the Society, which would be held as usual at their President's house, on June 2d, Mr. Stephen Danesford would lecture on the "Trend of Modern Philosophy."

Who was Mr. Stephen Danesford? That was the question which during the intervening days interested all keen members. Mr. James would only commit himself to the statement that he was "one of our thinkers," and that he

wrote for the leading reviews. Efforts to obtain his photograph from the metropolis were made by several lady members, but without success. Nor could they, as Mrs. Bossington pointed out, write to one of the home journals asking for a brief account of him. If he heard of it, it would seem so insulting. And it was not like wanting to know the best way of taking ink stains out of the sofa. The result was that the lecturer's personality remained unknown in Port Allington, till a first intimation of it was brought to Mrs. Bossington by Miss Tindal Atkey.

Miss Atkey arrived almost breathless, and the gleam behind her spectacles showed that she was greatly moved. "I have seen him, my dear Mrs. Bossington," she said, as she sank into a chair.

"Mr. Danesford—?"

"Yes. He is too dreadful. I don't know what we can do. I scarcely think that I can go and hear him to-night. One owes something to one's self-respect."

Mrs. Bossington was arranging carnations in a brass bowl, and but for a well-established habit of self-restraint she might have spilled some water at this outburst.

"What do you mean, Jessica?" she said, slowly revolving.

Miss Atkey primmed her lips—an almost unnecessary process.

"He swore!" she said. "It was at the station. I had gone to change a book at the stall. Quite by accident I got there as his train came in. I saw him get out—a mere boy. Indeed, he looks more like a youthful football-player than a lecturer. His language—"

"Are you quite sure of it?" asked Mrs. Bossington.

"I heard it," said Miss Atkey, "only too distinctly. It was about his evening clothes. It seems that they have got left behind somewhere, though he had seen them put on the train himself. He behaved like a maniac. The poor station-master was quite abashed. I do not think he had ever heard such language before."

"Good gracious!" said Mrs. Bossington, uneasily.

"Certainly I never have," said Miss Atkey, "and I imagine Phyllis Watherstone never has. She was waiting for

him. When he became aware of that, his manner changed from a navvy's to a French actor's. He swept off his hat in the most exaggerated manner and began begging her pardon."

"What did he say?" asked Mrs. Bossington, judicially.

"He said 'I trust you did not hear me. If I had known that the secretary—are you the secretary of the Literary and what's-its-name Club?—was so kindly meeting me, I should have been more prosaic.' Prosaic!" Miss Atkey tilted her nose. "Then he went galloping on about his clothes and the management of railways, and how, if he were appointed dictator, he would introduce some dreadful practice which it seems they have in Nepal of smearing railway officials with honey and tying them up on a pole for ants to eat—all at the top of his voice, my dear Mrs. Bossington, with the poor station-master at his side. He ended up by again remembering that Phyllis was there, and apologizing still more profoundly, and explaining that it all came—his language—from what he called 'the atrocious habit of writing poetry and getting inspirations at inopportune moments.' I call it almost blasphemous—as much as saying that Longfellow was in the habit of swearing."

"It certainly seems rather terrible," said Mrs. Bossington. "What did Phyllis do?"

Miss Atkey shook her head sombrely.

"Phyllis laughed and said what did he think clothes mattered to poets? She would give him a laurel wreath to wear. I suppose she thought it was clever. Very young girls of the present day have no reserve."

But Mrs. Bossington was for the moment more curious than critical.

"Did she succeed in calming him at all?" she inquired.

"Calming him!" said Miss Atkey, with indignation. "He raved. He said 'You are an angel. If all the members of the Philosophic-and-Thingummy set—that is the way he referred to us—are like you, I shall love them to distraction. It isn't safe for me to lecture to them. I shall go back. I am a bachelor. Why should I risk my freedom?' As if any of us would look at a man like that!"

"It seems a pity that he didn't go

back," said Mrs. Bossington, but not altogether regretfully.

"Not he," said Miss Atkey. "Of course Phyllis made no sign of taking him at his word, as I should have done; and they got into Mrs. Watherstone's carriage together and drove off, he apparently in a most jovial mood and explaining exceedingly loudly—how he got to the subject I cannot think—the way in which a field-battery goes into action."

"How very extraordinary!" said Mrs. Bossington. "I suppose he could not have been intoxicated?"

"I don't think so. I think it is second nature with him."

"A form of mania," suggested Mrs. Bossington.

"Exactly," said Miss Atkey, "and so bad a form that I have been wondering if I ought not to warn dear Mrs. Watherstone."

It was a mission not without its interesting side, but after much discussion Mrs. Bossington advised against it. She felt that, after her action in supporting the Society's new movement, it would be weakness to dismiss unheard the first lecturer that came.

The two ladies therefore contented themselves with throwing out guarded hints to such other members as they happened to meet in the course of the afternoon. So guarded had they been that it is safe to say that only on the famous occasion when the Princess Eugénie visited the Society had members been half so excited. The prevailing feeling as they entered Mrs. Watherstone's salon was that the lecturer was a dangerous person, and that it behooved them to be wary.

"He appears to have obtained his evening clothes," whispered Mrs. Bossington to Miss Atkey as the lecturer, who had been talking with Mr. and Mrs. Watherstone, stepped forward before his audience.

"No doubt the poor station-master was terrorized into getting them," replied Miss Atkey. "Look at Mrs. Watherstone's face. She is already dreadfully uneasy. She has heard him talk at dinner."

There was no time to say more, for Mr. Danesford had begun.

"Ladies and gentlemen,—When I am invited to lecture on extraordinarily in-

tricate and difficult subjects like 'Modern Philosophy,' I generally begin by asking myself who are the people I am to lecture to? Are they simple souls who merely wish to be mystified and then patted on the back and assured that they are philosophers? If so, I will pat them on the back. I will pat them very gently. They will be intensely gratified and think me a great lecturer. Ninety per cent. of the people I lecture to are of this sort. But I saw at once, as soon as I landed at your station, that you were of the remaining ten. Already at dinner I have met two of your members of the utmost intelligence—"

"I call it rude," whispered Miss Atkey, "his leaving out Mr. Watherstone so obviously."

Mrs. Bossington s-s-shed. The lecturer proceeded.

"Ex pede Herculem. It is the only Latin I remember, and it means I judge your Society by those members. Therefore I shall not be afraid to say what I think. My thoughts go a very little way, as you will find, but I shall at least make them go all the way of which they are capable—"

It was after these preliminary words that there came, as Miss Atkey said later, the deluge. Possibly Mr. Danesford was brilliant. Undoubtedly he spoke in a very loud voice. But the whole lecture was nothing more than shocking wildness. And the Society was almost unanimous in recognizing this. Any one less intent than Mr. Danesford might have noticed how the less prominent members began by staring and went on to look pained; how Mrs. Watherstone grew a pink spot in both her cheeks; how Miss Atkey closed her note-book with a bang that indicated at once disgust and challenge; how the Rev. Upton James half rose from his chair with a face such as Archbishop Cranmer might have worn when thrusting his hand into the flames, but sank back again, too overcome by his emotions to protest.

As Mr. Danesford came to the end of his short but wild and loud harangue, there was every sign that for the first time since it had been started Mrs. Watherstone's salon night was to prove a fiasco.

How the fiasco was averted by the wit

of a single maiden remains to be told. It had been decided by the committee that immediately after the lecture had come to an end there should be an interval for refreshment; after which members should be at liberty to make short informal speeches and to ask questions. Usually this interval was one of intellectual relaxation, in which ladies who perhaps a moment before had been deep in a discussion of Christian Science talked about fancywork or the best way to cure a cold in the head. Laughter and trivialities were, in fact, not unknown. To-night the room was filled with a suppressed murmur, such as might have gone on in the half-lighted meeting-places of the Jacobins during the French Revolution. Among all those gloomy faces, Mr. Danesford's, as he sought out Phyllis Watherstone, with a glass of claret in one hand and two large sandwiches in the other, seemed offensively cheerful.

"Well," he said, with a child-like vanity, which, however, Phyllis thought was rather nice, considering what a destructive talent the man had, "what do you think of me? Did I say the sort of things I ought to have said?"

Phyllis looked at him. He was quite genuinely persuaded that he had been successful; and that weakness pleased her. She had been rather afraid of the greatness of his intellect before.

"I don't know about that," she said, calmly; "you've certainly succeeded in shocking everybody."

"What!" he said, in a roar of hurt amaze.

Phyllis held up a small front finger.

"You're not to shout," she said.

"But you are criticising me. You are knocking me down. I will talk in a whisper, but remember that you are flattening me upon the ground."

Phyllis smiled at his notion of a whisper.

"You asked me to criticise," she said, warningly.

"But how—why—what have I done?"

"You have treated us as if we were a collection of advanced thinkers. Nothing," said Phyllis, "could be more offensive."

"You tell me that?" he answered, in loud reproach.

"Why shouldn't I?" asked Phyllis.

"Because, if I have done so, it is your fault. I have said that when I come to this sort of place I place great restraint upon myself. I am a lecturer. It is my living. I ask ten guineas from the benighted people who wish to hear me. But shock them? No. That is to kill the birds that lay the golden guineas. I bind myself not to make them think."

"But—" began Phyllis.

"But here I say it is your fault. At the very station I meet a secretary who is an angel."

"I am not the secretary, and I wish you would not talk so loud," interposed Phyllis.

"What does it matter? At any rate I meet a seraph of the utmost intelligence who is attached to the Society. She represents it. My heart is warmed. Instantly I say to myself, 'At last I have met the Society the lecturer dreams of—the Society to which he can speak all that he can think.' Is that reasonable?"

"No," said Phyllis. "Even if I had been that sort of person, why should you infer that I represent the others?"

"Why not? This is not the jungle. I am in the house of a great scientist, Mr. Watherstone, whose name I respect above most men's."

"But Port Allington," said Phyllis, "isn't scientific. In Port Allington we only like cultured people. We consider that my uncle wastes his time in poking about for shells. He is only a member on sufferance, because my aunt is president, and he likes to listen to her."

"But you did not," said Mr. Danesford, gloomily, "expect me to realize that these worthy members of yours were intellectually rabbits and dormice."

Phyllis with difficulty concealed a smile.

"Please try to remember that they are friends of my aunt's and mine."

"Oh, most certainly," he said, apologetic in spite of his gloom.

"Whose feelings you have already hurt very much," added Phyllis, severely.

"Gracious heavens!" he said. "What am I to do? Shall I retract? Shall I tell the small lady with the fierce spectacles that I admire Christian Science? Shall I tell the clerical, meek gentleman that Nirvana is good for his liver? I will make any reparation that you de-



Drawn by Will Foster

Half-tone plate engraved by F. A. Pettit

"YOU'VE CERTAINLY SUCCEEDED IN SHOCKING EVERYBODY"

mand. On my knees, if you wish it, I will read to them *The Old Arm-Chair* of the poetess Cook; also the *May Queen* of Tennyson; also— But you are angry with me?"

"I'm a little angry," said Phyllis, "because I know that my aunt will be vexed if one of her salon nights is a failure, and my uncle will be vexed for her. Apart from that I think I am only a little frightened."

"Of what?"

"Of being made your scapegoat," said Phyllis. "You see, everybody will attack you when you get back into the other room. You will retaliate with the horrid professional skill of a clever man. They will be still more annoyed, and when you have gone I shall be jumped upon for having proposed to get you down."

Mr. Danesford smote his head and put down his glass of claret.

"Never," he said. "You shall never suffer on my behalf."

"But how will you prevent it?" said Phyllis, seeing that he had begun eating more sandwiches.

"I will fly. I will pretend to be beaten, and I will make my escape. Now. I will tell you how I will do it. I have received a telegram. My aunt is dead. I must catch the last train up to town at all hazards—to be in time for her funeral." He put down his sandwich, evidently delighted with his own inventive powers. "I will go this moment," he said, "and announce it to your uncle."

Phyllis thought his precipitancy lovely, but there was one objection.

"If your aunt were dead, there would not be quite such a hurry, would there?"

"What a critic you are!" he said, damped.

"She might be dying," said Phyllis.

At that he brightened again.

"She shall be dying," he said. "Of double pleurisy. I desire to ask her pardon on her death-bed for my wildness. She brought me up from a child. I am off to Mr. Watherstone this moment."

Phyllis, brushed aside by his haste, saw him go to her uncle and buttonhole him, gesticulating violently. Mr. Watherstone went across to his wife. Perhaps members had been conscious that something unexpected was going to happen, for conversation ceased just at that moment.

Mrs. Watherstone took advantage of the silence to tap the table and say: "I regret to have to inform the Society that Mr. Danesford has just received news of the dangerous illness of a near and dear relative. He hopes to catch the last train to-night, and begs that you will excuse his hurried departure."

"The more"—Phyllis was horrified to hear Mr. Danesford suddenly speaking up for himself—"as much of my lecture was highly debatable and open to that criticism and correction which all lecturers rejoice in, especially when it comes from critics of the intelligence of those I see before me. Such criticism would have been for our mutual edification. But my aunt is old. I beg you to excuse her—me, I mean."

He had meant well at the last, Phyllis thought, even if he had not quite succeeded; and no doubt that was what induced Mrs. Watherstone to say graciously:

"I am sure we are all obliged by the trouble Mr. Danesford has taken in coming down and speaking to us."

There was some slight clapping, which he acknowledged with a bow. Then he turned to Mr. Watherstone.

"Do you know when my train starts?" he asked.

"It goes in about ten minutes," said Mr. Watherstone. "I'll walk down with you if I may."

They left the room together; and having completed its refreshment, the Literary and Philosophic Society trooped back into the drawing-room and began to ventilate its opinions upon Mr. Danesford's preposterous lecture.

Phyllis, listening to the speeches, of which for fire and tenacity Miss Atkey's excelled, while for subtlety and well-controlled mysticism the Rev. Upton James' might have been awarded the palm, felt that by despatching Mr. Danesford about his business she had done an excellent thing. If she had been guilty of introducing the nettle, she had also found the dock-leaves. Had he remained behind, the attack upon him would have been sullen but spiritless. There would, so to speak, have been no joy of fighting. Convinced though they would have been of the justice of their cause, the consciousness that they were amateurs against a professional would have de-

prived the Port Allington orators of their morale. Now it was different. They fell upon Mr. Danesford tooth and nail. But they did it joyously, light-heartedly. They still smarted from the wounds he had quite unconsciously dealt them, but they no longer cowered under the fear of his presence. The reaction was so great that, whereas solemnity was usually the mark of a good speech in Port Allington, to-night an almost frolicsome spirit of raillery prevailed. References to the audacity of young men were not uncommon. The Rev. Upton James conceived a happy metaphor about a boy who for sheer mischief tears the wings off insects of a higher development than his own.

Before an hour had passed, the sense of soreness and doubt had worn off and the Society was its self-contained, cultured self once more. Mrs. Bossington voiced a very general sentiment when, as the meeting was adjourned, she floated up to the President and said:

"Once again, my dear Mrs. Watherstone, we have had a delightful evening. We all feel, I am sure, that our first lecturer has been a great success."

"As a target for our arrows," said Miss Atkey. "It was a pity in my opinion that he had to go away. He would have learnt something if he had stopped."

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Bossington.

"Though he would have felt rather mercilessly riddled," added Miss Atkey.

Thus genially conversing, they had stepped into the hall, and there, talking away at the top of his voice, was Mr. Danesford. He had his ulster on, but no hat, and beside him was Mr. Watherstone with a hat on but no overcoat. Members came to a simultaneous halt. You might almost have said that a shiver ran through their intellectual ranks. Their President was the first to collect herself.

"What is the meaning of this, Mr. Watherstone?" she said, sharply. "Has Mr. Danesford lost his train?"

The engrossed Mr. Watherstone turned round, observed the influx, and faltered.

"N-n-not exactly."

"On the contrary," Mr. Danesford broke in, in his most extravagant manner and apparently quite unabashed, "may I be forgiven if we've not been so busy arguing that we forgot to start!" His buoyant self-possession under these

distressing circumstances was so complete that Phyllis in the background was seized with sudden irresistible laughter. He heard it and looked in her direction. "I wonder," he said, thoughtfully, "if I still have time for my train?"

"No," said Miss Atkey, snappily, "you have not. It went an hour ago at least. And I very greatly fear that your poor aunt—" she primmed her mouth and had her sentence finished for her by Mr. Danesford.

"Will die unrepentant," he said, mournfully. "I should say, unforgiving. What a pity!" With these extraordinary words and in the excessively exaggerated manner that Miss Atkey had disliked from the first, he bent toward Mrs. Watherstone. "I wonder," he said, "if I might trespass on your great hospitality so far as to spend the night here, after all?"

"Oh, of course," said Mrs. Watherstone, who was never lacking as hostess. "I shall be delighted."

"You are too kind," said Mr. Danesford, and strolled leisurely across to where Phyllis stood.

The members of the Literary and Philosophic Society trooped out, a little less elated than they had been. So might an army march which, having fought valiantly in the dark and conquered, finds in the morning that it has vanquished phantoms only. Miss Atkey and Mrs. Bossington were sharing a cab back, and for a while neither of them spoke. Miss Atkey was the first to break the somewhat oppressive silence.

"Well," she said, in a tone of finality, "thank Heaven I am no connection of that Mr. Danesford!"

"His aunt, you mean?" said Mrs. Bossington, absent-mindedly.

Miss Atkey had not meant that, but it was not worth controverting.

"Any connection of his," she said, shortly.

"Yes, indeed," said Mrs. Bossington, but scarcely with the fervor that Miss Atkey expected. Her thoughts were evidently wandering on some other subject. Presently it came out. "I wonder if Mr. Danesford lost his train on purpose?"

"What do you mean?" said Miss Atkey.

"So that he might see more of Phyllis," Mrs. Bossington explained.

The Dulcimore

BY EMMA BELL MILES

THE mounting summer had at last escaped the grasp of the April chill, and the season's growth came on with a headlong rush. The forest was one rustling loom of life-stuff, everywhere thrilling to million-tinted glories of summer beauty and abundance. Between twin hills that lay against the sky, dark and softly rounded as the breasts of a slave-mother, the old smithy nestled. It was a log structure, low and windowless, and lighted like a grotto with blue and greenish reflections from the hot sunshine outside.

The young giant in the leather apron was clanking steadily on with his task, albeit he had a visitor. Straight from trysting with the wind among the blossoming laurel on the hill, she came into this place of grime and toil, with perfume yet on her garments, and her dreams in her eyes. Georgia Carden, daughter of old Jared Carden and his wife Selina, who lived on a good farm under which coal had been found in fairly profitable quantities, was a noted figure in her environment.

"She sha'n't go with the young folks around here," her mother said, half fiercely. "Let her roam as she will; the woods 'll be all lumber and tan-bark soon enough; let her enjoy them while she can."

In the twenty years of her wifehood, which began with galling poverty, Selina Carden's pride had never faltered, yet she had not been so foolish as to prefer utter failure to makeshift. She adapted herself in order not to die, and she had so managed that all her children were actually rich. For each babe that came were the clean changes, constantly forthcoming on demand, that she could not afford for herself. For the new babe's sake she forbore cruel toil a while. Later, she furbished her early knowledge to set them in the way of permanent riches, by teaching them what she knew

of their immediate world, supplementing the crude schooling which was all they could have, to fit them to enjoy a life which had never been hers. But the Carden lads, as they grew, would have none of such impalpable possessions. Georgia alone, on the opening of the coal veins beneath the farm, asked the reason for the dainty fern-prints in the shale. Her brothers echoed only chance-caught information about freight rates and comparative values. Was it strange that the girl, her youngest, seemed of all Selina's children peculiarly her own—that the usual mother-dream of a relation to endure indefinitely was here intensified?

"Howdy, Return," the girl spoke from the doorway, her light lawn dress blowing about her, the sun at her back, facing the shadows. Her mother's indulgence had given her years of faerie wanderings and dreaming to remember; and now any day that dawned might hold ere sunset the hour of the Prince's coming, the morning of love, with music and white light. The consciousness of this imminence was aglow in her face as she flitted across the earthen floor and perched moth-like on the work-bench, where scraps and broken tools were piled in rusty confusion.

By way of welcome the young smith fetched her a drink of cool spring water in a dripping gourd. There was something about him that seemed near akin to the silent, incomprehensible, tireless earth itself. Toward her freshness and sweetness all his being drew with a yearning like that of the tides heaving moonward from unsounded depths; though one looking on would never have guessed it.

"I'll fix you a better place to sit," he said, and his voice had the sweetness of bees droning in honey-drunken meadows. It was an odd, murmuring speech, coming and lapsing like natural sounds, but very pleasant to hear.

"I can see better from here," Georgia

argued, tucking one foot under her. "What's that you're making? I want to watch you work."

"Jist a cow-bell," replied Return Ritchie. "Man up the valley's got two heifers might' near alike, and it's his notion to bell 'em as near the same as he can; so I'm aimin' to match this here." He showed his model, and sounded it so that the clear tone filled the cavern of liquid-cool shadow. They smiled at each other, and he turned to blow the forge fire. A red flare shot up and illumined the smoky walls.

With the big pincers he drew out of the coals a thin sheet of iron cut into the required shape. She watched him bend it round the anvil's beak and deftly seam the sides before the metal darkened. Afterward he riveted the seams, fixed a staple rivet in the top to hold the clapper, and added a bar through which to run the collar strap.

"Now it's ready for brazing?" she inquired, with interest.

"Now it's ready; only brass has got so high that they mostly have to be brazed with copper; and copper's copper these days, let me tell ye. You never see one made afore, Georgie?"

"I never did. You're always making things; that's why I stopped in—that and to see Aunt Lucy." She looked on while he laid the bits of copper over the outer surface, wrapped them in place with a wet rag, and packed the whole bell inside and out with clay. Then he fired the mass, pulling regularly on the bellows.

"Now, when I take it out the fire," he told her, "the copper 'll be run in a thin coat clean over hit—all ready to put a clapper into and hang on the cow. This one here's been coppered—see?—and the copper's all wore and knocked off." He leaned that she might take the old bell from his hand.

"I expect it's travelled many a hundred miles through these woods, along of the cow, into wilder places than ever I've been," said the girl, holding it up. "Listen! Don't it ring sweet?—Do-re-me-faaaa! Return, can you read music?"

"Any Jack can read them songs they've been learning at the Blue Springs church," he allowed. "But without shaped notes I'm liable to git lost. I can't read the words any too well yit."

"I told poppa I was sure I could pick out tunes if he'd only buy me an organ; I'd love to have all-day singing at our house, and so would mother. But you know he calls all instruments 'inventions of idleness.'" She laughed deprecatingly. "If I even had a fiddle, like yours— Could I play that, Return, you reckon?"

"You could learn. I'll learn you." If the words sounded gruff and ungracious, it was because he was taken unawares by the sudden opportunity. Here abruptly was the opening for which, all through the spring months, he had planned with such quiverings of hope and trepidation. Now the way was easy for presentation of his gift. Yet he found it necessary to make his approach obliquely, mountaineer fashion.

"D'you ever see a dulcimore?" he began, after a silence.

"One or two."

"How would one do, instead of a organ?"

"It would be music."

"I've—I've got one."

"You— What say, Return?"

"I've made ye one—a dulcimore." The new bell was imperilled while he groped into the recesses of his tool-box. Presently he held toward her a queerly shaped instrument of three strings, a little larger than a mandolin. It was whittled with innumerable patient touches out of dark-brown oak, unvarnished, the head resembling a fiddle's, but curiously carved in an attempt at ornamentation—a thing fitted only for the wild minors of native airs.

She took it and jumped to the ground; silent with surprise, she stood holding the dulcimore in both hands.

"I sent back where Aunt Lucy was raised, in the other valley, for the pattern," he said, uneasily. "They've got lots of 'em there. . . ."

"Did you make this for me, Return?"

He pulled at the bellows, and made believe not to hear.

"You did make this for me?" she asked again, slowly; and at her tone a tremor of joy went over his averted face.

"I knowed you liked music," he muttered, as though offering an apology.

Still wondering and admiring her gift, she seated herself in the main doorway,

gotten at their feet. But the gladness she looked for did not come at once into his face.

"I used to wonder sometimes, when we was little folks singin' by the falls, if you wouldn't come to me some day," he answered, gravely, with a deep tenderness. "I've always wanted you, but I had about give up. Have you thought, girl? . . . You must talk to your folks first."

"Whatever they say can't make any difference to me, Return," she promised. "I don't mind about the others; but mother—I'm afraid she's going to take it hard."

"I would do the very best I could for you, sister; you know that. But she'll think it's not good enough. . . . It's not good enough; but—"

Beyond the word there stood something too vague for expression, something great enough to face all opposing considerations with perfect calm. He wrinkled his big brows. "People have to put up with things sometimes," he brought out finally.

"And I couldn't see this coming," moaned Georgia's mother, as the two sat on the porch at twilight. "I could not see. I was afraid, too, for you to keep that dulcimore he made you; but music seemed to be your happiness—and your father wouldn't let you have the organ. Oh, I ought to have guarded you. But I never dreamed that such a man could have any attraction for a girl reared and taught as you have been. Why, Georgia, it can't be more than a passing fancy. Don't, don't think of it longer than you can help, dear, and it 'll go by. You can't mean to ruin your life!" And fear stood in her eyes.

To her, Return was little more than the freckled urchin with ready grin and a missing front tooth who had used to thank her for cookies. Georgia saw him transfigured by a light of dreams into something finer than he would ever appear to his fellows. He was still the bare-foot playmate, but he was also in some way the Sungod. Which were the truer estimate, let him say who has dwelt longest in that unearthly radiance. Into the mother's mind flashed two conflicting urgencies—the need for prompt action if she would save her daughter, and the

fear that one ill-considered word might fumble her slipping hold. Already she felt her grasp loosening, moment by moment, as Georgia before her eyes became a woman.

Her little girl!

Afraid to leave the subject where it had fallen, she hurried on: "Georgia, dear, you shall go down into the Valley—to the Academy—and have some music lessons. You've always wanted to; now you shall, honey; I'll manage it somehow. And time you come home I'll make your father buy you an organ. I can. I've never asked much of him; but I can make him do that."

"Music lessons—an organ!" echoed Georgia, piteously. "Why, that couldn't make any difference, mother—though I'd love to have them, to play for—him."

Her face expressed only wonder and pity. Poor mother! Did she believe the whole world of music would count for a minute against Return? There was no hesitation, no complexity, in the girl's mental processes. She had given herself to love—to her lover—she was wondering now how best to comfort her mother. It was as simple as a plant's attitude toward the sun.

The mother, leaning forward, clutched the slim wrists of the girl with both her dingy, toil-maimed hands. In her extremity she sought for help whence help had never come to her.

"Has he asked your father for you, then?" she inquired, huskily. "And you never spoke one word to me about it! Georgia, my poor child, this is worse than ever I thought. Oh, put it out of your mind. If you are too young to realize what is due to yourself, try to think, dear, is nothing due to me, your mother? I was nursing you and slaving for you when Return Ritchie was riding stick horses!"

"Yes, he asked father," the girl said, gently. "He says poppa told him I could do as I pleased. Poppa likes him." A little wistfully: "I'm sorry Return spoke to him before I named it to you."

"You're blinded," spoke Selina, heavily. "You can't see now; but when you wake up and find yourself dragged down to the level of his people, it will break your heart."

Looking into the young face, its

roseate velvet all atremble with new emotions, the mother felt as though striving in a nightmare with bending, splintering weapons. She had reason to know that she was impotently dashing herself upon no human adversary, but one of those laws that seemed always arrayed against her, always defeating her heart's hopes, always crushing her pitilessly. Had she not fought this same losing fight once before? She had never forgotten the days and weeks before her own marriage; the struggling, resisting, calling to her aid all habit and tradition, all maidenly reserve and family pride—in vain. She had suffered in withstanding; she had suffered in yielding; and her suffering had not mattered in the least, would not matter now. Oh, the big blind forces, the dark brute powers! Why was it allowed, this stupendous cruelty? Who allowed it? She was near to arraiging the great laws of the universe.

Yet she gathered herself for the battle. Before, it had been to save herself from she knew not what; now, with experience behind her, she would fight to save her daughter from a fate all too bitterly certain. She would appeal to Return also, to the rude and genuine good heart of him. There, if nowhere else, might be a chance. . . .

"Oh, listen to reason, Georgia, before it's too late. You don't know—" Her tongue ran into wild and futile repetitions. She became conscious of them and caught herself up. "Dear, you can't see what is ahead of you, or you would not think for a moment of doing this thing. Only let me tell you what it has been like with me. I never would let you know—I hoped I should never have to tell you. Just listen to me . . ."

She poured it all forth now, the story of the bitter years. . . . "And they don't care," she whispered. "They don't know. Nobody knows but your own self. You never saw your uncles. My brothers wouldn't visit us. When things were at their worst they wrote and wrote, urging me to come back, to leave him; offering a home, offering work, offering to educate the children—anything, if I only would. Seemed like they couldn't give me up to lead such a life. They don't write any more now, of course—but then . . . One baby after another. Yet the babies

were all that kept me alive. It's a miracle any of you got through; we hadn't any decent—arrangements. Oh, I suppose I was all that kept them alive, too—my body held between you-all and death. You look as though you thought that was something glorious! I tell you there's nothing romantic about cooking three meals a day with a teething baby on one arm and your face tied up with neuralgia. Nothing heroic about washing overalls, or following your man to the barn with a lantern at two o'clock on a February night to tend to young lambs, either. And look at me!" She stood up, a scarred and darkened ruin. "Look at me! It's what you'll be; it's the best you can hope to be. You that I slaved for—you that I nursed—the only one that is mine! Georgia, daughter, tell me you won't do it!"

"I won't, mother!" cried the girl, the heart wrung out of her by grief and compassion. "I'll stay with you. Return will understand. I'll take care of you—"

"No! I won't have you sacrifice your life for me any more than for him. Oh, you don't know. . . . It would be easy enough to die for a man; it's hard to live for him—to give him all your life just when you want it most yourself. And when you think you have given the last that is in you, comes a new demand. You can't back out; you've got to meet it. Why, I've done things I can't talk about even now—things any woman will tell you she can't do. I had to! Take care of me? Why, I'm easy now; I've reached the best life holds for me so far as rest and plenty are concerned. The hard work is over, and the long pain, and the cold. And the worry. But the disappointment will never be over."

She was striving for self-control now, overcoming by main strength an impulse toward the hysteric crying of despair.

"And it's no use! I see by your face that it's no use talking. Was it for this I have stood between you and the work and the hardships—have I carried the burden for years on my own shoulders only to see you take it up at last? Oh, I've waited and watched, praying for a chance to send you away—to lift you out of such a life. I want you to have a chance. . . ."



Drawn by W. Herbert Dunton

IN THEIR GREAT MOMENT THE SHYNESS OF YOUTH FELL FROM THEIR HEARTS

Poor woman! she had meant to be all in all to her child, at least until the coming of larger opportunity. And now here lay her treasure on the quicksands!

"But — Love?" whispered the girl, blushing exquisitely. "It was you, mother, taught me what love means. I—I used to wonder how you could bear—poppa's ways, until I came to see that you accepted them as parts of him, like his voice and hair; and you accepted him twenty years ago. People think their children don't notice; but—it's beautiful, beautiful, mother."

There was a wonderful light in the eyes she raised timidly, pleadingly, to the elder woman in the soft dusk.

"I taught you?" Selina's voice was hard. "Well, then, I can teach you the better, maybe, that this feeling you have now—won't last. It can't last. You believe it will, but it can't. Do you suppose I didn't have it? Ah! you think it lasted—for me?" She laughed bitterly. "Georgia, if you throw yourself away, I have lost all that made life bearable." Her face fell into lines of gloomy reverie as she looked away.

"She is remembering," thought the girl. "She had love once; she was young; she hardly knew what trouble was or pain. Now there is only heartache." She called up in her own memory as much as she had known or guessed of her mother's trials, and her eyes filled with tears. Yet it detracted nothing from the mysterious splendor of her own fate that its terror must be set over against its beauty. The glamour which invested her lover's figure would be no less bright if her crown promised to be one of thorns.

"Love," the woman's voice touched the word as though it were something hot which burned. The eyes of her spirit seemed to glance at it as though its brightness seared. "Love— Oh, Georgia, you don't know." Her tones sank, her head drooped forward; but she spoke again. "When I first came here, to teach the little school in the cove, I was as full of dreams as you are. I had money saved to finish my education; I wanted to be somebody. But I waked up and found myself married . . ."

The girl cried: "But you don't have to live so! What makes you?" Swift indignation at the man who had claimed

all this possessed her. Less wise than her mother, she did not see past him to the eternal law, the Way of Things, of which he was but an expression.

"What makes me?" A dull interrogation showed through the blank and beaten face.

"Why don't you go to your people?" pursued Georgia. "Why haven't you gone long ago? Back to your own life!"

Selina stared for a second, and then threw out both hands with a motion as of casting something from her.

"Oh, I couldn't do that," she wailed. "Georgia, what would become of *him*?"

The girl's eyes, already wonder-filled, widened and widened as the full significance of these words went home.

"You see!" she breathed.

"See what?" queried the elder, tonelessly, detecting a low note of something akin to triumph in the cry.

"Mother!" She clasped her warm young arms round the bent and quaking shoulders. "Mother! Don't you see, now—" The rest was a whisper. "Now you *have* showed me—what love is, what it means to us women."

Selina sobbed on un comforted for a time. At last she became quiet, and leaning her head on her hands, sighed wearily.

Dusk had deepened almost to night about them, sparkling with fireflies and throbbing to wilder songs than are heard by day. From the turn of the lane, where all the sweetness of the blossoming earth was being evoked by the dew, came suddenly the cooing of strings beneath a bow's caress. The girl's eyes lighted softly.

"I don't know," said Selina, without raising her head. "He's not fit for you. But . . . he will always be a good man. And"—nervelessly—"it's the only way to live, I suppose. Maybe—by and by—I can be reconciled. But— My poor daughter!"


The strings sounded again, nearer, and as though at the touch of the unseen wapentake the girl rose. She looked long down the shadowy vista with that light upon her face that can shine but once in a lifetime; then turning, she reached from its shelf within the house door the little dulcimore that held all of music her life would ever attain.

Friends with the World

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

THE World has played fair with me
(And I with the World, I trust!)—
Broken no pact nor plight;
No wrong but Love could adjust;
Or, if fight we must,
We ever shook hands with a will,
At the end of the fight.

If a Better World there be—
Let be! I can only say,
Here I have found delight
That steads me upon my way,
Going out with day. . . .
I have been good friends with you, World—
Good night, good night!



Editor's Easy Chair

OUR nation likes a bold stroke of fancy, the kind of bolt in which the electrical genius of Emerson often delivered its lightning; so that when, the other day, President Eliot said, or was said to have said, that if a man would read the books which he could put on a five-foot shelf for him, he would end an educated man, a thrill of joyous response ran through the Union. Here was something that the average American could take hold of with his teeth, natural or artificial, and Fletcherize upon, and swallow and inwardly digest; he felt richly nourished by the mere notion without any of the fatigue of knowing severally or collectively the five feet of masterpieces which were to educate him. The notion not only nourished him; there was the relish of a fine irony in it, the gust of a broad humor; and the average American felt himself capable

of the irony in being sensible of the humor. He beheld himself sawing off a five-foot plank in his wood-shed, and putting it up in his entry or his parlor, and waiting for Doctor Eliot's list of books to fill it; he had a glad vision of himself when he should go among university men as well educated as the best, and make those snails in the race of learning haul in their horns.

Nobody knows better than the average American how short a step it is from the sublime to the ridiculous, and if he has allowed himself to have some fun with that notion of five feet of books, it is because he realizes that from the ridiculous to the sublime there is only that short step back, and that when he has had his fun with it he can be as serious about it again as his severest critic could wish him to be. In like manner he indulged a constitutional gayety in watch-

ing through the newspapers the defeated endeavors of the Wright brothers to fly at the national capital, in the earlier stages of their recent experiment, knowing very well that he could resume all his pride in them with little or no exertion when the ultimate event justified him. After having seen, in print and picture, the brothers Wright smiling in easy converse with the reverent crowned heads of Europe, and noted with a glow of satisfaction the honors paid the aerial prophets by their fellow citizens of Dayton, Ohio, in contravention of the ordinary usage of prophets in their own country, why should he refuse such amusement as came his way from their provisional discomfiture? A few meagre minutes aloft, and then an earthward career, with or without disastrous contact with terrestrial objects, seemed at first to form the record of their aerostation at Washington, so different from the tale of those triumphal hours spent in the alien atmospheres of France and Italy. The inventors did not appear to have been disturbed by the opening incidents, but were able to share the joke, though they had to do all the hard work of the common experience. Their undiscouraged perseverance eventuated in that victory over the adverse powers of the air which the whole world knows of now, and all their failures, to the patriotic joy of the most ironical of the witnesses, were turned into successes far surpassing anything in their European annals. For anything we can assert at this writing to the contrary, they may since have been giving

"the first watch of the night
To the red planet Mars,"

in a picnic on the shores of one of its canals, with tea or coffee made from the flow of its melting ice-caps. If that shall have been the fact, we are sure that it will have followed the Wright brothers' timely perception of a peculiar quality of the American atmosphere, an electrical thinness, lightness, dryness penetrating it from the American humor which we all prize and strive to practise, but which they were finally able to overcome by charging the air with some pleasantries of the British mind, or some jokes Made in Germany, and so render-

ing it dense enough to support their aeroplane for hours and even days at a time.

So far as this is a conjecture after the fact, it is unscientific, for science proceeds from conjecture before the fact, and hinges the most precise mechanical result upon hypothesis. Still we think there may be something in it, though we advance it so modestly; but what we should more confidently note with the hope of engaging the philosophic mind is something which seems to have escaped it. Nothing has been more interesting to us in the recent experiments in aerostation than the spectacle of the collective human mind bending itself in so many times and places at once to the solution of the same problem. In America, in France, in Germany, in England itself, the experiments have proceeded with an impressive simultaneity. The success of the Wright brothers may be the Vespuccian avatar of the Columbian genius of Langley, but they will merit all the glory they will have won if they really reach the continent while he touched the shores of the islands in his little-regarded ventures. The Germans may be said to be only working forward from the old balloon ideas of the eighteenth century, with a cumbrous dirigibility for their supreme achievement. The French aviators, like the Wright brothers, have adopted and improved upon the principle of the aeroplane as Langley imagined and applied it; yet all these explorers and inquirers in the uncharted realms of space have worked together with one aim, and with a wonderful simultaneity have forced a tangible result from science, and proved, now more, now less convincingly, that the air is as navigable as the ocean. The event is apparently the effect of a consensus of minds on the point of central interest, and the fact contains the germ of a truth which may be made to flower and fruit perhaps in every field of inquiry. Out of the scattered hopes and vague beliefs instinct in the race ever since men began to watch the flight of birds, and wonder why men could not fly too, there had finally gathered a faith embodying itself in a unanimous effort which no misgiving or denial could resist. Some of us always thought we could fly, and in spite of those who said we could not fly, we thought with

a unanimous propulsive energy that we could, and upon trying, behold we do fly.

How long or how far we shall ultimately fly is a thing which has nothing to do with the undeniable fact that we fly, and the lesson is plain. Let us bend collectively the powers of our minds and souls upon any given point, and it must yield. Votes for women are wresting themselves from the grudging hold of ignorance and injustice by the sheer virtue of concentrated volition; and who shall say that the peace of the world, ever since the Spanish and Boer and Russo-Japanese wars, has not been kept by the world-wide intention and volition of peace? A generation ago the nationalities unified themselves through a universal impulse, which is not yet spent, and now the trend toward constitutionalism in Russia, Turkey, and Persia may be the effect of the same determination which we see working in the Philippines and Porto Rico. We have had in the last decade an explosion of romantic novelists in our literature comparable only to the discharge of a machine-gun in its apparent unisonance; and every candid student of literary history must own that this has been the effect of inventive criticism in many widely separated sources uniting simultaneously to produce these novelists as by a species of intensive culture. It can as little be denied that the many wonders of applied electricity have eventuated from the pressure of large numbers of creative minds converging upon the science with united energy. The arc light, the incandescent bulb, the wireless telegraph, the electric car, the electric cab, the electric chair, are only a few of the fruits forced by common effort in that field; and so it has been in so many others that we ought not to despair of equal results from equal efforts anywhere. The remarkable discoveries in medicine and in sanitation are the results of investigations as diffused in place as single in time, and the remedies applied seem the fulfilment of innumerable intents and wills acting as one force. It has been declared that the mosquito, the house-fly, the rat, and even the harmless necessary cat are the agents of infection, and that they must all go; when the power lodged in the human

race is applied with the same unanimity, who can doubt that they will go? The matter of interplanetary communication has of late commanded a good deal of attention from advanced thinkers, and the notion of a terrestrial display of electric lights on a vast scale has suggested itself to some of these by its inherent poetry, and its presumable attractiveness with a population so highly civilized as that, say, of our next neighbor Mars. But this notion is only a refinement upon the old idea of immense bonfires kindled at the same moment on many widely separated points of the earth's surface, in hopes of surprising the curiosity of beings who have as yet shown little interest in us. What we have to do is not perhaps to use the means already within our knowledge, but to bend the collective forces of the most ingenious minds among us to the invention of some altogether novel system of signalling, in the reasonable hope that the Martians will feel and manifest some small share of our own concern in the demonstration. It is but a step from aerostation to interplanetary communication, and the one logically follows the other if the same creative pressures are employed in both.

In some cases it must be owned that the consensus of intellectual energies has failed, or apparently failed. The large endeavor to condense the vapors of superstition and distil from them some drops of truth about another life which the Society for Psychical Research has made still lacks undeniable success; there are some such drops, but they have failed to run together in quantity to refresh the mind thirsting for final satisfaction. The experiments have not eventuated in the conviction which the many experiments in aerostation have carried to those who read about them in the newspapers; it may be said that as yet we know little more of the other world than we know about the planet Mars, and there remains a feeling that if there were a universal concentration of the inquiring forces made upon that mystery, its secret might be forced, as the consensus of invention has forced the secret of aerostation, and embodied it in aeroplanes and dirigible balloons; and it is by no means too late for such


a movement. Perhaps the means to this great end might be found in a symposium of newspapers; it is hardly imaginable that the question of man's survival after death could resist the investigations of an army of disciplined reporters attacking it from all sides, and a proportionate corps of journalists collating, comparing, and commenting the facts which the assignment men should turn in to the different managing editors.

What seems to be needed in the study of every problem of importance is the application of the principle of simultaneity, which has always existed, but which seems to have been discovered in its full effectiveness by our own age. When the minds of men press toward a common point from every side at the same moment it appears that their force is irresistible. Some intimation of the fact has appeared in the history of the arts, where we learn that the masterpieces of architecture, sculpture, and painting have been created in widely parted times and places, by large groups of artists contemporaneously working together in this country or that, or in all countries at the same epoch from the same impulse. The like fact is apparent in the history of literature. The revival of learning was not confined to one country, but the great things in the epic and the drama were done in every land and language at once, or so nearly at once that we may say so. It is not without supreme significance that Shakespeare and Cervantes were born on practically the same day, and that Bacon came into the world so nearly at the same time as to save the face of theory if he should happen to have written Shakespeare. It was not for no meaning that Napoleon and Wellington were contemporaries, or that the great day of science was adorned with the spectacle of many supreme intellects striving together for the truth in magnanimous emulation. It is said that the Germans no longer accept the Darwinian theory, but this does not disqualify for the purposes of our argument the fact that Darwin and Wallace were, unconscious of each other, forcing its proofs from nature together.

It is, however, the value of conscious team-work, to borrow the admirably graphic phrase of the baseball field (or

perhaps it is the football field), which is the lesson of our era. If a large number of astronomers were to adopt as an hypothesis the belief of Professor Lowell that Mars is inhabited, and putting aside their doubts for the present, were to join him in one confident rush upon that planet, is it imaginable that its mystery could resist the impact of their united equatorials? In like manner, if all the inquirers into psychical phenomena the world over were to concentrate their investigations upon some one point, such as, say, the materialization of spirits, what might not the advocates of immortality hope to prove?

Team-work, in fine, is the cry of the present, and it must be more and more the cry of the future. It may be, as Ibsen contends, that the strongest man is the man who stands alone, but it is a barren strength. The great results, the results far surpassing the strength of the strongest man, can come only from the power of the mighty men who stand together, and it is their joint effort from which the thoughts that shake mankind must proceed in the form of discoveries and inventions. Instinctively the race is everywhere recognizing this principle, with a simultaneity which is the first expression of its spontaneous energy. From day to day the proofs of the fact accumulate, and the latest proof will not be the latest when these divagations reach the eye of the reader. We ourselves have just now read of the formation of a society in London to cultivate the love of poetry. This passion, which has not been volcanically active since the time of the Victorian poets, has only lain dormant, and is to be awakened to new life by the organization of clubs devoted to reading and studying poetry, to the public and private recitals of verse, the publication of poetry by new poets, the offer of premiums for the best poems, the establishment of poetical lectureships, the publication of a poetical journal, and the commemoration of the great poets' births and deaths. If the achievements of team-work in other regions has been so prodigious, what may not we expect of it in this, what Shakespeares (Baconian or Unbaconian), what Miltons, what Wordsworths, what Byrons, what Tennysons, what Brownings?



Editor's Study

THE forthcoming December number begins the one-hundred-and-twentieth volume of the Magazine—the volume completing its sixtieth year. The Magazine has been intimate to four generations of readers, if we include its youngest at the start and its youngest to-day. At the outset it was a novelty, being the only illustrated magazine in the country, singular in its type, and without precedent or rival; and it had this advantage of position—a complete monopoly of the popular heart—for twenty years.

The decade, 1850-1860, veiled more surprises than any other in human history, for the world, indeed, but especially for these United States. Darwin was imminent and Herbert Spencer, with the psychical revolution that these names suggest. But, for America, was opening a new era of peculiar significance. The argonautic note had just been heard, heralding the quick expansion of civilization beyond the Rockies. The impending cloud of civil war shadowed activities which were to create a new nation and bind it together by transcontinental railways, leaving no space for provincial isolation or for a stagnant humanity between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts.

Yet this wonderful decade began for Americans in the quietest of moods, with no presage of the coming storm or of the instant quickening of physical and intellectual forces. It was into this serene mid-century season that *Harper's Magazine* was born—part of it, and reflecting its even poise and repose. More significantly, this Magazine was the mirror of Victorian literature, then in its summer solstice; was radiant with the fiction of Dickens, Thackeray, and Bulwer, and with the best English short stories and essays of the time. Of the time, we say, but what a blessed disregard of timeliness is shown in the reprinting, in the first volume, of Coleridge's essay on William Pitt, written and published half a century earlier!

Where then was our American literature? Were there not writers in this country upon whom a magazine could depend for its secure establishment in the popular favor? Poe died the year before *Harper's* was born, and the mention of his name recalls several magazines with which he had been editorially associated—the *Broadway*, *Graham's*, and the *Southern Literary Messenger*. James Russell Lowell had organized a monthly periodical of a higher type, depending largely, however, on eminent English contributors; but it had a brief career. *Graham's* was widely acceptable, but, like its few contemporaries that relied upon American authorship, it was only a miscellany. The only well-sustained periodical of high literary merit thus far had been a quarterly review—the *North American*; to which Motley, Lowell, Prescott, Longfellow, and the elder Dana had contributed scholarly articles.

In the middle of the century imaginative literature in America, except as disclosed in the fiction of Irving, Cooper, Poe, and Hawthorne, and in a few notable poems, was held in suspense behind the same veil which covered from view the greatest wonders of modern science and invention. *Harper's* was therefore doing the best thing any magazine could then do in spreading broadcast the treasures of Victorian literature. It sounded the right note in its initial promise to give the best, wherever found. Hence for a year or two it had the appearance of an eclectic. But it was not a miscellany. Its principle of selection was organic, permitting a natural evolution, the first stage of which involved the divestment of the eclectic feature—so that within three years it was at once American and cosmopolitan, as it has ever since continued to be. Its selection was creative, bringing into being entirely new species of magazine literature—the most signally distinctive of which was its illustrated articles of travel and

exploration. While *Harper's* included the writers of fiction who had made *Blackwood's*—its opposite type—illustrious, its unprecedented achievement in the field of travel and exploration elicited the tribute of its great British contemporary's envy.

It was the good fortune of the Magazine that the time of its emergence should be the most auspicious for the development of its novel type in every original feature of it. Europe, even in its superficial aspects, was unfamiliar to most of our people, then little accustomed to ocean travel, and such description of its people and scenery as could be had lacked the vivid complement of pictorial representation for those who could not visit art galleries or buy expensive books. Asia was still more unfamiliar, and the whole interior of Africa was deepest darkness. The sources of the Nile were not yet discovered. The polar mystery was then bafflingly impenetrable. How much of the earth's surface, then so strange, it has been the office of this Magazine to reduce to triteness! Through its successive volumes marches the never-ceasing train of adventurous travellers and explorers from Vámbéry to William Edgar Geil, who, in the latest of these volumes, has for the first time fully depicted the romance of the Great Wall of China that tormented the childish fancy of many now living septuagenarians. If the tribe of Vámbéry has increased, how much more has the tribe of Bayard Taylor, his contemporary, the young American traveller, whom the earliest readers of the Magazine followed in his journeys afoot over Europe from Scandinavia to the Levant! Later the tribe of Whymper has equally flourished.

America was in like manner rediscovered for Americans—the ever-shifting West, at least, illuminated by pen and pencil for stable Eastern dwellers—from the bold delineations of mining-camps by Ross Browne to the subtle portraiture of a now rapidly vanishing pioneer life by Owen Wister.

In the field of archæology the Magazine was as felicitous, being just in time for Layard in Nineveh, who inaugurated a new epoch in the history of modern excavation, and whose successors, in Greece, Italy, Egypt, and in South

and Central America, have for the readers of this periodical opened vistas of the past that are almost lost in prehistoric formlessness.

Navigation by steam was in its infancy when the Magazine began. Electricity had open praise only for the telegraph and a new stereotyping process. The most important chapter in the history of science had had many interesting preludes, but was not yet fairly opened. The leap about to be taken, not only for new knowledge but for surprising applications of it in every department of material progress, gave an illustrated periodical like *Harper's* a great and fruitful opportunity; and the direct sociological implications of the whole movement, especially as affecting the conditions of labor, afforded it a fresh field—which it has diligently cultivated—completing its exposition of modern social dynamics.

Considering the sudden quickening and reinforcement—almost, we might say, the transformation—of human activities which was so soon, and so fortunately for the happiest development of its peculiar type and scope, to follow this Magazine's undertaking, we can better appreciate the contrasting situation at its birth, in the low-lying metropolis and in the brooding quiet of that summer of 1850—so far away, it now seems, as to belong to antiquity.

The extensive consumption of the best literature, of which this Magazine was the principal purveyor, even in the most remote of American settlements, along with other quickening influences, stimulated and brought quickly into the literary field a number of young authors, known first as magazine contributors. To their credit, it must be said that they were impelled more by genuine aspiration than by commercial motives. The prizes of literature, expressed in terms of finance, were then inconsiderable. The English serial novel held its place, but in everything else the young Americans—artists as well as writers—speedily made the magazine the arena of their triumphs. Donald G. Mitchell, then at the beginning of his career, and George William Curtis, just returned from his Nile journey, were the earliest regular contributors of editorial departments,

gracefully decorating the substantial feast, cheek by jowl with the Rev. Dr. Irenæus S. Prime, the editor of the "Drawer"—all these with their sunniest graces and humors reflecting the deep quiet of those first years.

Soon began the notable career of the American short story in a new type, which was as much a departure from the fantastic brilliance of Poe as from the sentimentality of T. S. Arthur. Some characteristics of Poe marked the stories of Fitz-James O'Brien, and the T. S. Arthur vein was continued in the gentle romances of Louise Chandler Moulton and other female contributors, but a distinctly new and more virile type was developed by such writers as W. D. O'Connor, J. D. Whelpley, Fitzhugh Ludlow, and Elizabeth Stoddard. A spirit of buoyant humor pervaded the better short fiction of that period, of which Ludlow and George William Curtis furnished excellent examples. The influence of Victorian literature was perceptible in the style of these writers; independence of this influence coming later in every sort of American fiction, with those pains and inspirations of a more troubled era which intensified the national consciousness and awakened individual genius to a fresh, unexampled expression of its powers and to a sense of the possibilities of native themes, treated really and idiomatically. From that time, when the writers of the East were strongly reinforced by those of the South and West, to the present, the short story has had its most remarkable period of development.

When we contrast the American magazine of to-day with that of the sixties and seventies, we have to take into account the swift currents of the world's psychical progress, profoundly affecting human thought and feeling and transforming literature, as to motives, content, and form. It is imaginative literature mainly that shows the effects of this transformation; but in our time not only poetry and fiction, but all forms of literature, in the degree of their excellence, have become imaginative. Our prose, even that of our higher journalism, is creative. Co-ordination, in the essay and in whatever form the criticism of life may take, has become our intel-

lectual habit. Instead of the conceits of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the polished elegance of the eighteenth, and the romantic fancies of the early nineteenth, we have interpretation—which is something beyond the bald statement of facts, or such statement embellished by outward ornament, heightened by picturesque effects, or embodying a generalization through typical outward insignia; it is an illumination of living truth in terms of life. It is poetic, with the rhythmic pulse of life—a vision more real than science gives us of the world, because it does not rest on the basis of a working hypothesis but on that of experience. This is what realism in our literature of to-day means.

Thus, after sixty years, our readers have a fiction quite different from that presented to the readers of its earliest volumes. The readers themselves are not the same in their tastes and interests and in their sense of life. The organic scheme of the Magazine is the same as to fields of human activity included within its general scope, but in these varied fields it has both stimulated and reflected the world's intellectual progress. It has kept to its original note—its promise to give its readers the best literature attainable and the best illustrations. The style of descriptive articles which well served the need of an older time has been displaced by a higher order—more deeply interpretative—contributed by writers of greater imaginative power. In the departments of travel, exploration, archæology, sociology, and pure science, the disclosures have grown more vitally interesting and important with every successive decade.

It is in these fields, even more than in that of fiction, that the Magazine is especially a treasury of romance. The modern writer of fiction deals with the familiar elements of human experience. It is his office to make his most novel disclosures seem familiar to us, a matter of real and sympathetic comprehension—the highest function of the most human of all arts. But, however creative his genius, he must to a considerable extent depend, for the complete effect of his presentment, upon his invention and his dramatic skill. If we should call the illusion he produces romantic, he would

probably resent it. On the other hand, the traveller, the explorer, the archæologist, and the scientific investigator must be romantic. These deal with people and things unfamiliar and that cannot quite be brought home to us; their realism goes hand in hand with romance. Pure science, touching the extreme strangeness of things, is supremely romantic. Sociology, because its materials are human and near at hand, comes nearest to our idea of modern fiction in its unromanticism. But the traveller, though he most of all appeals to our interest when he deals with humanity, is always romantic, if he tells the truth, because he satisfies our curiosity, depicting the novel aspects of peoples, in strange environments. The explorer may pass beyond the bounds of human habitation, but he appeals to the same curiosity, giving us a new geography and a new meteorology—disclosures of the greatest interest, even if they do not dissipate such mysteries as once brooded over the sources of the Nile and the North Pole. The archæologist, intensely realistic, has, for the purposes of romance, this advantage over the traveller and explorer—that all the periods of human time on the earth await his new or more complete discovery, and that it is his privilege to satisfy a curiosity which, as to matters of earthly interest, is deeper than any other.

The scheme of this Magazine, maintained from its start, is especially fortunate because it combines so many means of appeal to the higher curiosity of thoughtful readers. The publishers' announcements for the coming year furnish a striking illustration of this harmonious design, but one far from adequate, because the forecast of features already arranged for at the opening of the Magazine year cannot more than begin to cover its whole course. To a considerable extent those things which have to be arranged for beforehand—as, for example, articles of travel—are fairly well represented; but the most important things in imaginative literature, in science, in archæology, and even in exploration, most novel because of their unexpected disclosure, are not subject to prearrangement. The expectation of a new serial story by Margaret Deland is a definite satisfaction. So are the

promised scientific papers by Prof. Robert Kennedy Duncan, which will carry far forward the pioneer line of original research in European laboratories. But extending still beyond the limit thus brought in sight will be the contributions from time to time of the investigators themselves, revealing fresh advances. The special value of Charles H. Caffin's comment on the work of newly recognized artists will be apparent to those who have followed his previous interpretations. The promised travel articles speak for themselves. Furlong will carry us from the region of Terra del Fuego, which he has so well described and illustrated, into unknown Patagonia. The Eastern field will be freshly illuminated by Ellsworth Huntington's report of a year's work by the Yale Expedition to Palestine, and by W. J. Aylward's "Capitals of the East," illustrated by the author in vivid pictures in color and in black and white. Nearer home, in the unfamiliar wilds of Canada, Kirk Munroe will make his way from Winnipeg to Hudson Bay and thence to Newfoundland—a journey full of adventure, and for the young readers of the Magazine especially interesting. The Hebrides, Orkneys, and other Western islands are not unknown, but they have inexhaustible imaginative values. A visit to this region, including the strange island of Arran, will give Maude Radford Warren, the charming novelist, unusual opportunities for the fresh, realistic portraiture of nature and humanity against a mystical and legendary background.

The progress which has recently been made in organized social helpfulness toward the poor, not as a class but as individual fellow beings, will be the subject of an interesting exposition by Robert Bruère, of the New York Association for Relieving the Condition of the Poor, showing the real situations encountered and the wise and sympathetic methods adopted by the agents of this organization. No story could have a wider appeal.

But our readers have learned what to expect from the Magazine, whose record is more suggestive than any prospectus. They know that it will reflect all that is essential in our present-day humanities, and as resolutely ignore what is merely accidental and occasional.

Editor's Drawer

Beverly's Protective Mechanical Goat

BY THOMAS A. JANVIER

"MY friend Beverly, gentlemen," said the Colonel, "possessed—as you may have gathered from some of my previous statements concerning him—one of those rare creative minds in which the practical and the theoretical were poised so perfectly, and both so perfectly were at the command of his massive yet most versatile imagination, that the manifold expressions of his inventive energy uniformly were as commendably useful as they were daringly original. As you also will remember, among his more notable achievements were numerous mechanical devices of a strictly practical sort—in every case brilliantly evolved from ingenious concepts worked out in strict accordance with scientific principles—for the simplification or the amelioration of the affairs of every-day life. His invention of the Domestic Protective Mechanical Goat falls into this latter category, and to a marked degree illustrates—"

"Sit down right there, Colonel!" put in the Doctor. "Goats can't be hired to protect anybody but themselves—and their only notion of being domestic is to butt all the members of the family into the middle of next week!"

"Pardon me, Doctor," said the Judge. "I really must take issue with you. We had a goat at home when I was a boy that was far from being so savage a monster. We used to drive him in a little cart, and he was as nice a goat as you ever saw. I must admit, however, that when we angered William—we called him William—he did butt with a good deal of energy. He even butted me on one occasion. The incident is of so laughable a nature that I really must tell you about it. You see, William—"

"One moment, Judge," interpolated the Bishop, "my cloth will not permit me to let pass without a timely word of remonstrance the Doctor's too hasty generalization concerning the ungrateful natures of the lower or-

ders of animals. Even the fiercest of them are amenable to loving kindness. Take, for instance, the many touching legends of which St. Francis is the centre; and, as an extreme case, take that of his encounter with the savage wolf of Agobio. As you will remember, the ravening beast 'became as a lamb' when that seraphic man—"

"Did that seraphic man ever get up against the business end of a goat and find anything lamb-like about it?" asked the Doctor.

"Really, for the moment, I cannot recall any such incident in the life of St. Francis,"



THAT ILLUMINATIVE HINT SUFFICED TO SET INSTANTLY IN ACTION MR. BEVERLY'S INVENTIVE GENIUS

replied the Bishop, coldly. "But, no doubt—"

"Well, it's goats we're talking about," went on the Doctor, breezily; "and unless—"

"Precisely," said the Judge, pouring kindly oil upon the waters. "The subject of our present discussion is goats. To be exact, it is mechanical goats. Inadvertently, we have wandered from it, and from the very interesting story that the Colonel—"

"I beg, gentlemen," said the Colonel, bitingly, "that you will not in the least consider my feelings. In this company I am accustomed—"

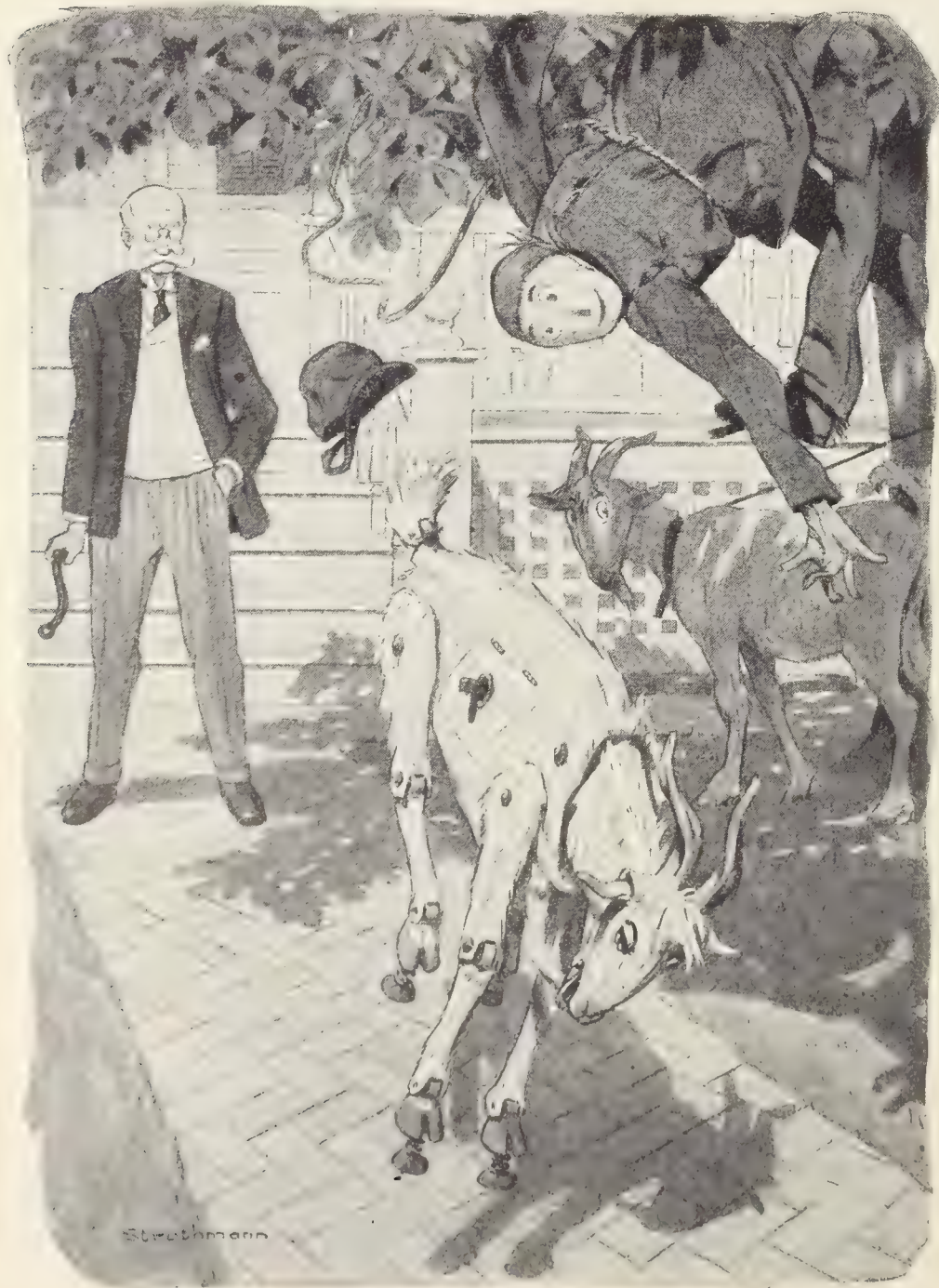
"And we earnestly desire," continued the Judge with a genial insistence, "to hear all about Mr. Beverly's curious invention; and especially to have explained to us how so artificial a creation as a mechanical goat could be domestic and protective."

"Mr. Beverly's mechanical goat," resumed the mollified Colonel, "was not 'domestic and protective'—as you have phrased it, Judge—but 'domestic protective'—that is to say, it was intended to be a protector of domesticity, a safeguard of the home. Especially was it intended to be the protector of isolated homes, in rural communities, liable to be annoyed or to be endangered by the

incursions of tramps. Indeed, Mr. Beverly's point of departure—his keenly active mind ever was alert to suggestion—was seeing a real goat butt a tramp from the kitchen door of a farmhouse, and keep on butting him all the way down the lane until he landed him in a heap in the public road. The tramp was not seriously injured—the goat, being the pursuer, had no opportunity to assail him in a vital part—but he was scared out of his seven senses; and he confided to Mr. Beverly—when he somewhat had recovered himself—that had he suspected the presence of a goat upon the premises nothing would have induced him to approach the farmhouse: adding that goats were regarded by all tramps as far more to be feared than were the most savage dogs. That illuminative hint sufficed to set instantly in action Mr. Beverly's inventive genius. Scarcely had he and the bruised tramp parted ere his admirable project for the mechanical goat protection of isolated rural homes was conceived."

"Why wasn't he satisfied to goat-protect isolated rural homes with real goats—and let it go at that?" asked the Doctor.

"Precisely because the belief concerning goat habits, to which you yourself but a moment ago gave expression, has a wide prevalence. An ordinary mind—you will pardon, I trust, this implied reflection upon your own intellectual equipment—would have gone no farther than projecting a stock company that should purchase real goats in wholesale quantities; and that should resell them at retail, as watch-goats, for isolated home protective purposes. As Mr. Beverly's mind was not ordinary, he perceived that even the owners of exceptionally isolated homes, urgently in need of protection, almost certainly would refuse to protect them in that way—because of their well-grounded dread that animate watch-goats—when there are no tramps about to operate on—would keep in training by butting all the members of the household all over the place. Thence came his brilliantly imaginative but severely practical project for making mechanical watch-goats: which—being kept wound-up and all ready to be started by pressing a suitably placed button—would get down to business in a hurry when their expulsive services were needed; but which, in between-times, when offensive action was not required of them, would be inert and harmless—easily disposed of in the kitchen closet, or in a conveniently accessible goat-house in the back yard."



MR. BEVERLY USED A STUFFED FIGURE REPRESENTING A TRAMP AS ITS OBJECTIVE

"Was Mr. Beverly a heavy drinker, Colonel?" inquired the Judge, absently.

"He was not!" replied the Colonel, with severity. "On the contrary, he was a total abstainer. Having answered your irrelevant question, sir, I will proceed. With my friend, thinking and acting practically were simultaneous conditions. He therefore set himself to the immediate realization of his useful project: purchasing the necessary materials for his goat-simulacrum—of which the most important were exceptionally powerful springs to energize a butting force of great intensity—and personally directing a corps of skilled workmen in the making and in the assembling of its several parts.

"The essential matter being merely to produce what looked enough like a goat to lead a scared tramp being butted by it to think it was one, there was no need to make the simulacrum conform accurately to its original. Mr. Beverly, however, with a characteristically painstaking conscientiousness, purchased a real goat to serve as a standard pattern; and with this standard the mechanical goat, at every stage of its construction, critically was compared."

"Such patient endeavor bore its fitting fruit. As his creation approached completion even Mr. Beverly—whose requirements of his own extraordinary talents ever were most exigent—was satisfied with it. Not merely did the mechanical goat duplicate the real goat in outward appearance: it had also—so ingeniously contrived and so powerfully energized was its interior—the very walk and, what was still more to the inventor's purpose, the very butt of life. Being wound up and started at its objective—Mr. Beverly used a stuffed figure representing a tramp as its objective—the mechanism would charge with great celerity to the required spot; there—on the automatic loosing of a trigger connected by a simple interlocking mechanism with a cogged wheel carrying a disk indicating distances—it would rise upon its hind legs with a perfect naturalness; then it would pause for an instant, in accord with goat habits; and then, lowering its head to a suitable level, it would come downward and forward in such a manner as to deliver with its forehead upon the stuffed figure a crushing blow. Presumably, a tramp so treated, having regained an upright posture, would be disposed to immediate flight. But, to make the contrivance still more effectively intimidating, a supplementary system of springs was provided that caused the mechanical goat to continue its extrusive operations with a series of charg-



MR. BEVERLY FLUNG HIMSELF BETWEEN THEM AND RESOLUTELY EXTENDED TOWARD EACH A REPELLING HAND

ings and buttings which could be relied upon to make the most determined tramp give up the contest and run away."

"I haven't seen any of 'em about anywhere," said the Doctor. "Didn't Beverly's notion ketch on? Or did he die in an asylum before he put it through?"

"Mr. Beverly still is alive, and his sanity remains normal," replied the Colonel, coldly. "That his 'notion' did not 'ketch on'—I use, Doctor, your own elegant phraseology—was due solely to the fact that he never placed it upon the market. In the very moment of its demonstratedly practical success an unhappy accident occurred—involving both the invention and the inventor—that most regrettably caused him to abandon his beneficently utilitarian scheme.

"As I have stated, the mechanical goat was compared at short intervals while in course of construction with the standard real goat. For a considerable time the real goat exhibited during these comparisons—the framed mechanism bearing little resemblance to any living creature—a mere moody indifference. But as the framework got to be more and more goat-like, both in appearance and in action, the real goat became restive; and during the later stages of comparison—when the mechanism went jumping and butting about in a very goatish fashion—the real goat got so excited that he had to be tied to a tree.

"Out of these conditions—at what Mr. Beverly had decided should be the conclud-

ing test—came the catastrophe to which I have made reference. By that time, in outward appearance, his creation was absolutely goat-like: being coated with goat-pelt, and having yellow glass eyes which blinked evilly—under the impulse of a simple subsidiary mechanism—with a dangerously aggravating realism. The only remaining concern of the inventor, therefore, was to make sure of the equally realistic action of the mechanism as a whole; and to this end, having suitably lengthened the tethering-rope, he sought to provoke the real goat to run and to plunge and to butt with angered violence—in order that any errors in the running and plunging and butting of the mechanical goat might be observed and rectified.

“So far as arousing the real goat to angry action was concerned, his purpose most fully was accomplished. In a very short time the real goat became positively furious: as the mechanical goat, exasperatingly snapping its wicked eyes, went through all the motions of a goat-fight—yet did not (the trigger on the cogged distance-wheel being set to stop it just outside of the real goat's radius of action) come within fighting distance. With the pride of a true artist, Mr. Beverly perceived that correction of any sort in his invention was unnecessary; and, wholly satisfied, he was about to end his triumphal comparison when the sinister mischance that dashed his hopes occurred. As the mechanical goat was making what he intended should be its final charge, the real goat—maddened beyond all endurance—also made a charge; and of such energy that the tethering-rope snapped like pack-thread and the infuriated animal was free to satisfy the lust for battle that was rampant in its heart. An instant later the mechanical goat rose on its hind legs to deliver the butt prompted by its artificial interior. Simultaneously, up went the real goat on *his* hind legs to do some butting prompted by an interior full of natural rage!

“In that crisis moment Mr. Beverly's action—while inadequately reasoned—was heroic: of a piece, and equally admirable, with the heroism of a father who dares death by entering a burning house to save his child. The fact was patent to him that his masterly creation—the offspring of his genius, the fruit of his months of patient toil—was in most imminent danger of destruction; and with a lightning-like rapidity his high resolve was taken that the impending conflict—at no matter what risk to his own person—should be stayed. With an equally lightning-like rapidity his intrepid purpose was realized. As the two goats, the real and the mechanical, stood up facing each other and paused—the one by force of his natural instinct, the other by force of its realistically contrived mechanism—Mr. Beverly flung himself between them and resolutely extended toward each a repelling hand! In another instant—”

“Pardon me, Colonel,” said the Bishop. “I regret the necessity of interrupting your interesting narrative, but my cloth compels

me to point out that in purposely arousing the evil passions of the real goat—and for no more justifiable end than the perfection of a curious piece of mechanism of but dubious utility—Mr. Beverly committed what I admit may be regarded as a minor, but scarcely as a venial, sin. His act was less in degree, of course, but in kind it was identical with the classical crime of Parrhasius: the Greek painter who, as you all know, tortured to death a slave in order that his portrayal of the agonies of Prometheus—”

“Permit me just one word, Bishop,” said the Judge. “I am in entire accord, I assure you, with your humane views in regard to Mr. Beverly's reprehensible treatment of the goat; but I cannot suffer to pass unchallenged your use in support of them of the now utterly discredited story about Parrhasius. It is a pure myth that—”

“That rests,” interrupted the Bishop, speaking with a cold distinctness, “upon the reputation for credibility of no less a personage than Seneca; who—”

“Who,” struck in the Judge, hotly, “flourished some centuries after the period assigned to the fictitious event to which he gave currency—”

“Concerning which,” interpolated the Bishop with chill irony, “you, Judge, I infer, are in a position to give contemporaneous testimony!”

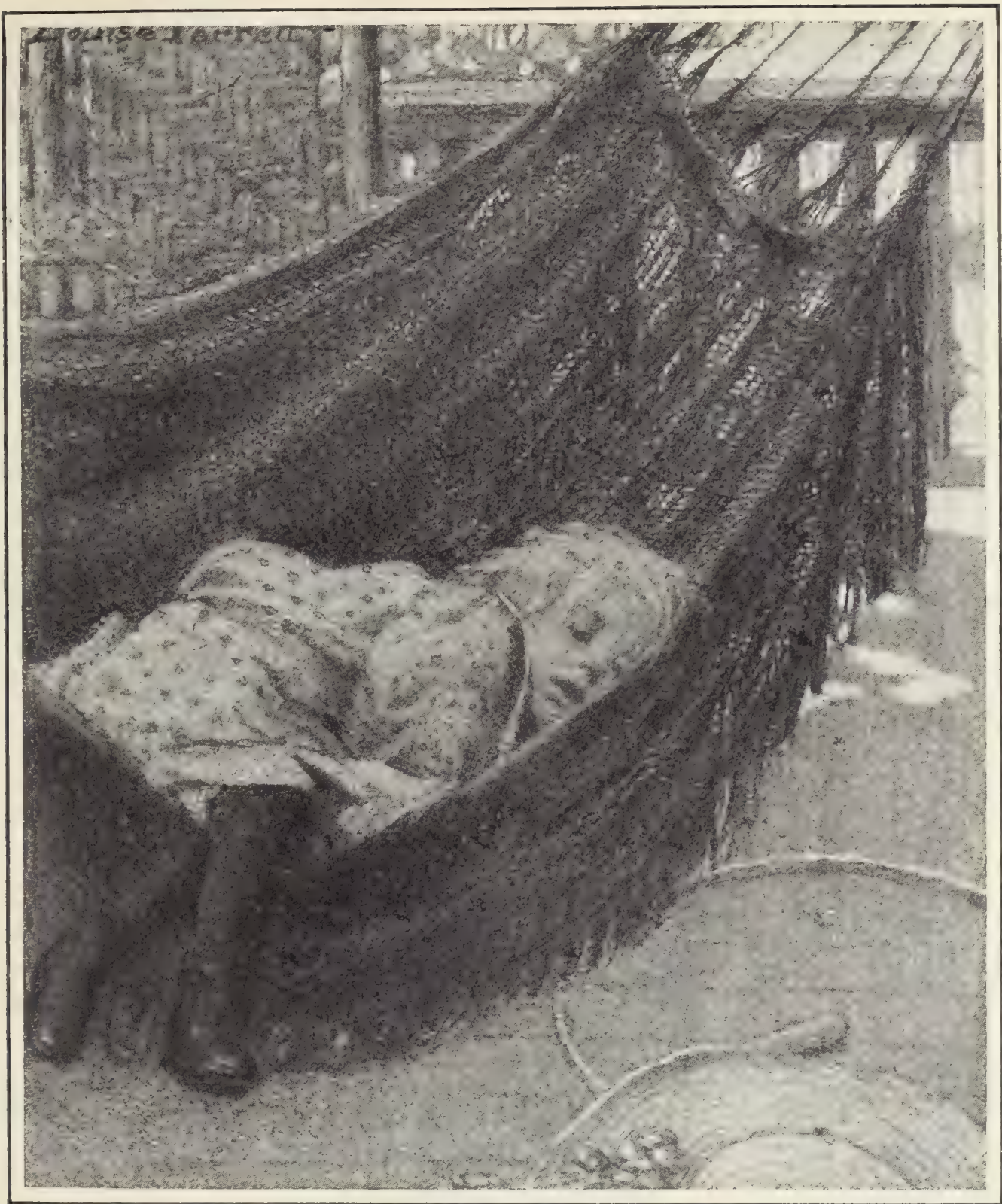
“—and who totally neglected to harmonize, in his fanciful narrative, two radically irreconcilable facts. Seneca has the effrontery to tell us that Parrhasius bought for artistic torturing purposes one of the captives taken at Olynthus; an assertion conclusively nullified by the certainty that Parrhasius died, as has been demonstrated by Brun in his authoritative ‘Geschichte der griechischen Künstler’—”

“Holy smoke!” exclaimed the Doctor. “Where are you and the Bishop getting to, Judge? Let up on your back-number dead Greeks, and stop spoiling a first-class goat-story! Go ahead, Colonel. Let's have the rest of it. Did the goats everlastingly smash him?”

“I ask your pardon, Colonel; and I heartily join in the Doctor's request,” said the Bishop. “In justice to my cloth I could not withhold my adverse comment upon Mr. Beverly's treatment of the goat; but my argument with the Judge certainly has been ill-timed. I beg that you will proceed.”

“The Bishop is quite right, Colonel,” said the Judge, cordially. “I add my apology to his, and I join with him in begging that your very interesting story may be resumed.”

“My story, obviously, is so far removed from being interesting,” said the Colonel, rising from his seat, “that I prefer leaving the remainder of it untold: and so also leaving to the Judge and the Bishop a clear field wherein to continue the archaic discussion in which they have seen fit, at the most critical point in my narration, so learnedly to engage. I have the honor to wish you collectively, gentlemen, a very good day!”



Strategic

BY *BURGES JOHNSON*

WHENEVER I am playing and I want to rest a bit,
I can't lie down a minute, or even stop to sit,
But I hear a Grown-up say:
"You're tired out at play!
Come! Lay aside your little toys—they'll do another day."

And so I have decided that I really can't afford
To have 'em find me resting of my very own accord,
'Cause some one comes along
Who says, "You are not strong—
You hadn't oughta play so hard, it certainly is wrong."

That's why I keep a-skipping and a-running in and out
Until I'm really positive no Grown-ups are about;
And then I slip away
Just a minute from my play
And rest as hard as possible to last me through the day.

The Wrong Catalogue

RECENTLY a party of tourists were visiting the Louvre. By mistake one of the tired number carried a catalogue of the Luxembourg. Upon being confronted by a fantastically modern nude study with a black cat in the background, she turned to the corresponding number and complacently announced to the astonished listeners, "This is Whistler's Mother."

Who Will Answer?

"NOW, children," said the history teacher, in her most impressive manner, "I wish you to remember that the time to ask questions in my class is whenever anything is said which you wish explained. Do not wait until the time comes for recitation and then complain that you did not understand when I talked."

"Yes'm," chorused the scholars, cheerfully.

"Very well," said the teacher. "We will begin to-day with James I., who came after Elizabeth."

The new scholar raised his hand.

"What is it?" asked the teacher, graciously.

"What made him come after her?" asked the new scholar.

Satisfied

SMALL Charlotte, not yet four years old, was gifted with so vivid an imagination that her mother began to be troubled by her fairy-tales and felt it time to talk seriously to her upon the beauty of truthfulness. Not sure of the impression she had made, she closed with the warning that God could not love a child who spoke untruthfully and would not want her in heaven.

Charlotte considered a moment and then said:

"Well, I've been to Chicago once and to the theatre twice, and I don't s'pose I can expect to go everywhere."

A Practical Device

A NEGRO preacher, whose supply of hominy and bacon was running low, decided to take radical steps to impress upon his flock the necessity for contributing liberally to the church exchequer. Accordingly, at the close of the sermon he made an impressive pause and then proceeded as follows:

"I hab found it nec'arry, on account of de astringency of de hard times an' de ginerall dificiency of de circulatin' mejum in connection wid dis chu'ch, t' interduce ma new ottermatic c'lection-box. It am arranged dat a half-dollar or a quah-tah falls on a red plush cushion without noise; a nickle will ring a small bell distinctly heard by de congregation; an' a button, my mawtals, will fire off a pistol. So you will gov'n yo'selves accordingly. Let de c'lection now p'ceed, while I take off my hat an' gibbs out a hymn."

Her Money's Worth

A BUFFALO preacher tells a story of a woman who, after hearing him preach, informed a friend that she did not like the services at all. The seat was hard, she said, the singing was not good, and the preaching was poor. Her little girl, who overheard her remarks and who was present with her at church, said,

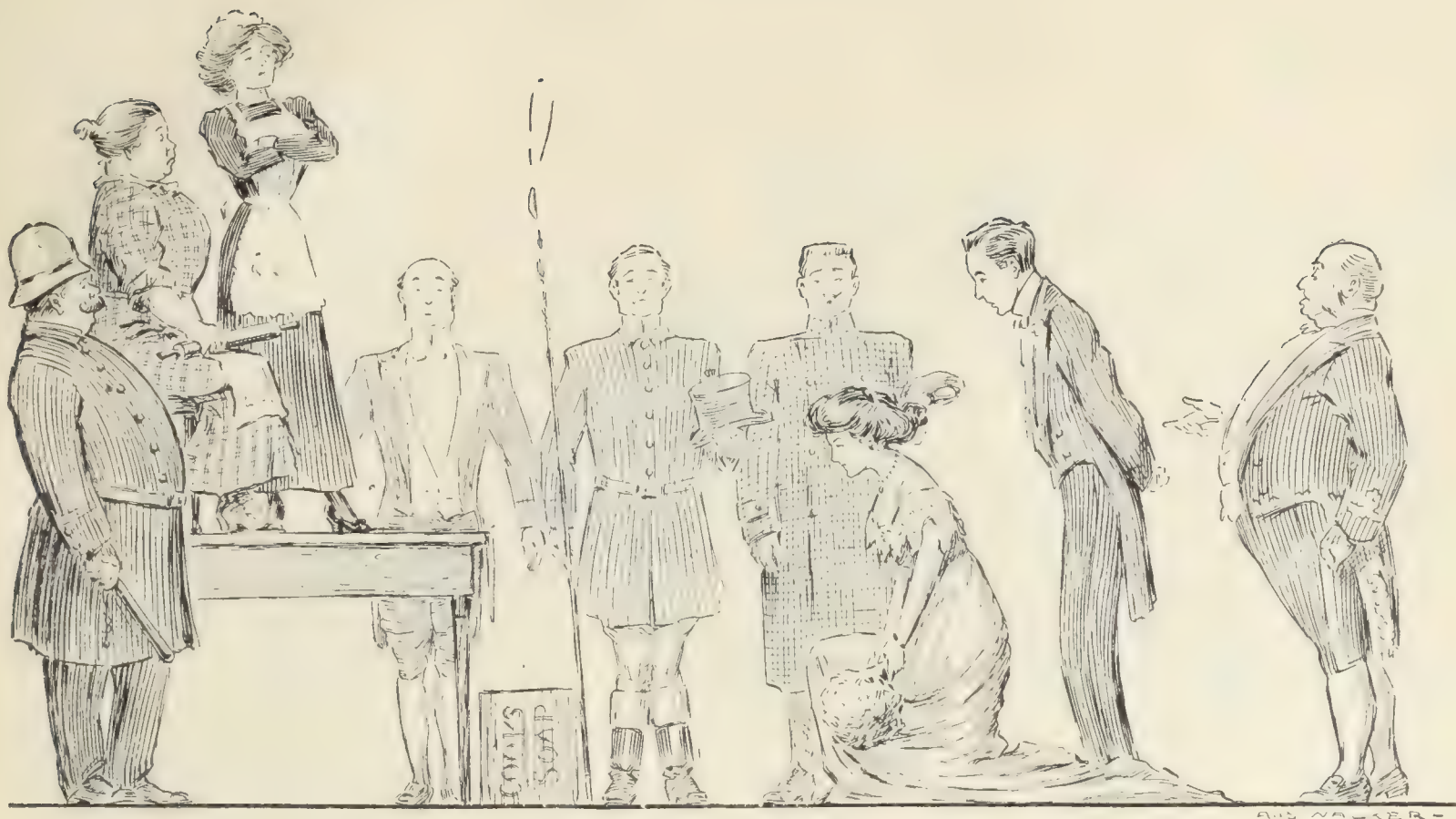
"But, mamma, what can you expect for a penny!"



A Mysterious Disappearance

"My child, why is it that you cry?
You shock me, I declare!"

"Oh, ma'am, my hat blew off an' I
Can't find it anywhere!"



American Royalty

The Bride and Groom are presented to her Royal Highness the cook and the royal family.

A Modern Lochinvar

BY CAROLYN WELLS

OH, young Lochinvar has come out of the west,
In all the wide country his air-ship is best.
To save his good dollars, he chauffeur had none,
He rode unafraid, and he rode all alone.
So plucky his flight and so clever his car,
Have ye e'er heard of Smarty like young Lochinvar?

He stayed not for wind and he stopped not for rain,
He flew straight along in his aeroplane.
But ere he alighted at Rocks-By-The Sea,
His girl had consented another's to be.
For a man with a 90 H. P. Touring-Car
Was to wed the fair Gladys of brave Lochinvar.

Then boldly he entered the pink onyx hall,
'Mong climbers and waiters and family and all.
Then spoke the Bride's father, "My word! Well, I say!"
(For the poor craven bridegroom just faded away).
"Did you come for a match to light your cigar,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I used to court Gladys, you gave me the sack—
I went away vowing I'd never come back.
But now, passing by, I've just dropped in to lunch,
To dance but one two-step, drink one glass of punch.
There are maidens in Denver, more wealthy by far,
Who would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

One wink of his eye and one word in her ear
When they reached the hall door, for his air-ship was near.
Right into the craft the fair lady he swung,
Right into the small seat beside her he sprung!
"Let her go! We are off!" over tree-top and scar,
"I'll be hanged if they follow!" cried young Lochinvar.

There was hustling and bustling at Rocks-By-The-Sea!
Guests, bridesmaids and ushers were mad as could be.
There was racing and chasing and yelling like mad,
There was weeping by Mother and swearing by Dad.
While away overhead, like a luminous star,
Shone the light on the air-ship of young Lochinvar.



The Architect

Almost

TWO Irishmen were discussing the death of a friend by the name of Tim Dooly.

"Sure Dooly was a good fellow," said Mike.

"He was that," replied Pat. "A good fellow, Dooly."

"And a cheerful man was Dooly, the cheerfulest I ever knew," said Mike.

"Dooly was a generous man, too," said Pat.

"Generous, you say? Well, I don't know so much about that. Did Dooly ever buy you anything?"

"Well, nearly," replied Pat, scratching his head. "One evening he came into Casey's, where me and my friend were drinking, and he said to us, 'Well, men, what are we going to have—rain or snow?'"

Her Task

LITTLE Minna was saying her prayers. When she had finished her usual petitions her mother said,

"You have forgotten, dear, 'Make Minna a good girl,' you know."

"Oh, mother," she answered, reproachfully, "don't let's bother God about that, that's your lookout."

Unfair

HAZEL, aged seven, while feeding the cat at the dinner table, was reproved by her father, who told her that the cat must wait until later, whereupon the small girl wept and said,

"I think it is a shame, just because she is a poor dumb animal, to treat her like a hired girl."

He Had Learned It

WILLIE, aged five, was in his father's office one afternoon waiting to go home with him. Mr. S—— was very much occupied—in fact so much so that he had quite forgotten that his young son was sitting behind him. At length the telephone rang and Mr. S—— was told that there was a long-distance call for him. He called "Hello!" a number of times, and just when his patience had about given out central rang vigorously while the receiver was still at his ear. At this Mr. S—— uttered a terrible and forbidden word.

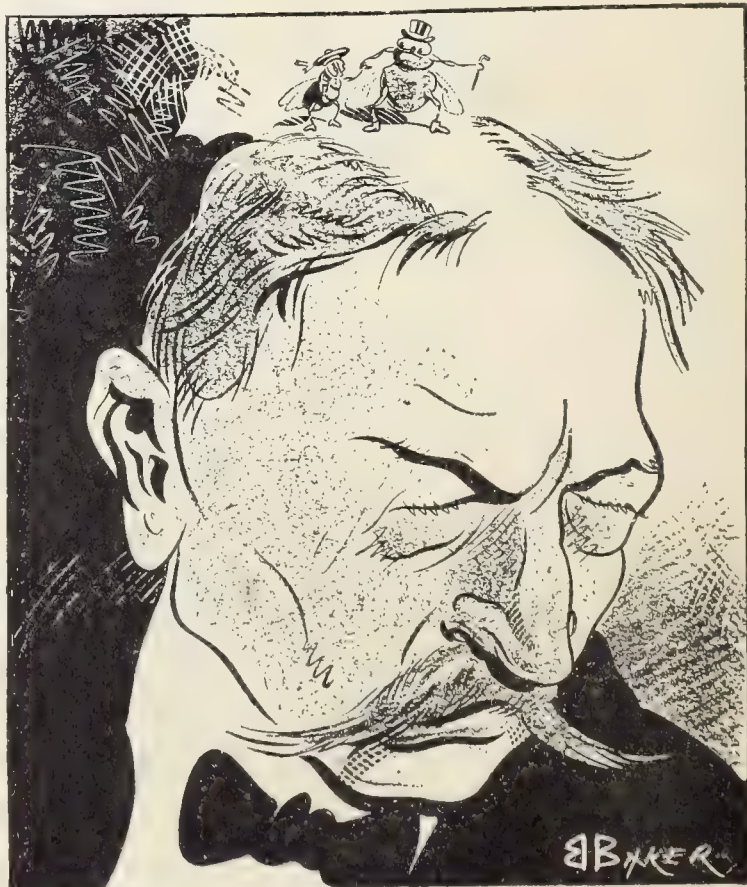
The words were no sooner out of his mouth than he remembered that his son was but a few feet from him. Wheeling about in his chair, he said, with humility:

"That was very wrong of father to say those naughty words, Willie. I hope," he added, "that my little boy will never use such dreadful language."

"I—I won't never say it, papa," replied the child, with a mischievous twinkle in his eye, "but I've l-learned it all the same!"

Just As Effective

BOBBS. "Have you a fireless cooker?"
LOBBS. "No; but I have a cookless firer."



Time Flies

FATHER FLY. "When I was a boy, my son this road was only a foot-path."

